



DAVID O. MCKAY
LIBRARY

OCT 31 2006

BYU-IDAHO

m. C. Roentsch

HARPER'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOLUME CIII.

JUNE, 1901, TO NOVEMBER, 1901



NEW YORK AND LONDON
HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
1901



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2014

CONTENTS OF VOLUME CIII

JUNE—NOVEMBER, 1901

- Across the Bridges. A Story
Mary M. Mears 302
Illustration by L. Loeb.
- Alice's Adventures in Wonderland: from
an Artist's Stand-point... Peter Newell 712
Illustrated by the Author.
- Animal and Vegetable Rights
Rupert Hughes 852
- Athenian Conceptions of a Future Life
Dr. Daniel Quinn 923
Illustrated by Photographs.
- August Days..... John Burroughs 443
- Babes in the Wood... John Burroughs 785
- Baby, The..... Grace Lathrop Collin 279
- Beldonald Holbein, The... Henry James 807
Illustrated by Lucius Hitchcock.
- Birth and Death of the Moon, The
Edward S. Holden, LL.D. 387
Illustrated from Photographs.
- Bottom of the Sea, The... C. C. Nutting 861
Illustrated from Photographs.
- Boy, The.... Annie Hamilton Donnell 415
- Buddhist Discovery of America, The
John Fryer, LL.D. 251
From Photographs by C. B. Waite.
- Calling of Jeremy, The
Florence Wilkinson 929
Illustrated by C. Grunwald.
- Case of Thomas Phipps, The
T. B. Aldrich 628
Illustrated by F. Luis Mora.
- Cast of the Apple, The. A Story
Maurice Hewlett 402
Illustrated by Albert Sterner.
- Cathode Rays
J. J. Thomson, D.Sc., F.R.S 564
Illustrations drawn from Photographs.
- Cleansing of the Lie, The... A. Ollivant 329
Illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy.
- Colonies and Nation
Woodrow Wilson 115, 285, 465, 639, 791, 923
Illustrated by F. Luis Mora, Howard
Pyle, Frederic Remington, Harry Fenn,
Howard Chandler Christy, C. Harding,
G. M. Bruestle, and with Portraits, old
Documents, etc.
- Confessions of a Caricaturist
Harry Furniss 890
Illustrated by the Author.
- Distinctly a Plight. A Story
Paul Leicester Ford 733
Illustrations by Henry Hutt.
- Donald's Experiment.... C. W. Flynn 113
- Editor's Drawer, Conducted by Hayden
Carruth..... 154, 319, 499, 663, 831, 1013
- INTRODUCTORY STORIES
- Lady Burglar, The. Illustrated by Wil-
liam L. Jacobs... Henry Sydnor Harrison 154
- Fall of James Potter, The. Illustrated by
A. B. Frost..... Frederick Veeder 319
- In the Country..... Hayden Carruth 499
- Love Laughs at Locksmiths
Henry Sydnor Harrison 663
- Pinkerton's Nightmare. Illustrated by
Peter Newell..... John Kendrick Bangs 831
- Mrs. Pellet's Pies. Illustrated by Fletcher
C. Ransom..... Arthur Colton 1013
- Editor's Easy Chair... W. D. Howells
146, 311, 490, 655, 822, 1004
- Editor's Study..... By the Editor
151, 315, 495, 660, 822, 1009
- Embryo Americans... Elizabeth Robins 598
Illustrations by E. L. Blumenschein.
- English Language, The: its Debt to King
Alfred Brander Matthews 141
- English of the English, The
Julian Ralph 446
- Fourth Gentleman, The.... E. Duvall 259
Illustration by Howard Chandler Christy.
- German Navy, The New. H. W. Wilson 529
Illustrations drawn by H. Reuter dahl.
- Glimpses of the Great Plateau
T. Mitchell Prudden 745
Pictures by Ferdinand Lungren.
- Hidden Republic, A.... Lucia Purdy 61
Illustrated by G. Rose.
- Hills of Habersham, The... M. A. Bacon 688
Illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens.
- His Primeval Conscience. A Story
Jennie Bullard Waterbury 244
Illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy.
- His Wife.... E. S. P. Ward 518, 701, 895
Illustrated by Albert Sterner.
- Hotel of the Beautiful Star, The
William Sharp 673
Illustrations by W. Hatherell.
- Hundred Years' War of To-day, A
Ralph D. Blumenfeld 369
Ill. from Photographs, Sketches, Maps, etc.
- Idyl of the Sands, An... A. C. Wheeler 103
Illustrated by Harry Fenn.
- Imp Disposes, The..... J. D. Daskam 474
Illustrations by D. J. Rosenmeyer.
- In Lovers' Land..... Agnes Repplier 696
- In the Library..... W. W. Jacobs 51
Illustration by Maurice Greiffenhagen.
- In the Mixing of the Waters. A Story
Chester Bailey Fernald 538
Illustrated by C. D. Weldon.
- Joe. A Story..... John Paul Bocock 779
Picture by A. B. Frost.
- Johnny Shark..... T. Jenkins Hains 626
- Just Like Love... Mrs. Henry Dudeney 997
- King Custom... Maud Stepney Rawson 718
Pictures by Howard Pyle.
- Larkspur.... Mary Applewhite Bacon 52*
Last Letter of Ernest Arnold, The
Cora Maynard 888
Illustrated by E. M. Ashe.
- Liebchen. A Story.... Arthur Colton 393
Illustrated by Peter Newell.
- Lion in the Way, A... George Hibbard 175
Illustrated by Fletcher C. Ransom.
- Little Girl who should have been a Boy,
The Annie Hamilton Donnell 788
- London Folk Tale, An old
Moncure D. Conway 459
Illustrated from Portraits, old Prints, etc.
- Madonna of the Ermine Mantle, The.
Elizabeth W. Champney 775
Ill. by G. M. Bruestle and F. L. Mora.
- Mahnet. A Story.... W. A. Fraser 268
Illustrated by C. D. Weldon.
- Miss Noel's Reason... A. F. Redbranche 556
Illustrated by E. M. Ashe.
- Municipal Art in Paris
Charles Mulford Robinson 200
Illustrated by Henry S. Watson.

- Newport in Summer....Eliot Gregory 165
Illustrated by Henry Hutt.
- Old Country House, An
Richard Le Gallienne 449
Illustrated by Elizabeth Shippen Green.
- Old St. Saviour's, Southwark
Charles E. Russell 878
Illustrated by Photographs.
- One Man in a Million
R. W. Chambers 944
Illustrated by C. S. Chapman.
- Our Last Cannibal Tribe
James Mooney 550
Illustrated from Photographs.
- Party at Madeira's, A...E. S. Martin 590
Illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy.
- Passing of a Shadow, The. A Story
Mary Applewhite Bacon 483
- Pawns.....E. S. Chamberlayne 240
- Phenomenal Memories...E. S. Holden 906
- Pilgrim, A.....Robert W. Chambers 358
Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy.
- Plea for Cultivating the English Language, A.....Alfred Ayres 265
- Portion of Labor, The. A Novel. Parts IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX..Mary E. Wilkins 69, 183, 344, 603, 751, 957
Ill. by A. I. Keller and Jay Hambidge.
- PragueArthur Symons 509
Illustrated by Lucius Hitchcock.
- Princess and the Poet, The. A Story
Stewart Edward White 374
Illustrated by F. Luis Mora.
- Psychology, The New..G. Stanley Hall 727
Illustrated from Photographs.
- Reciprocal Influence in Hypnotism
John Duncan Quackenbos 110
- Reminiscences of George Eliot
Frederic Harrison 577
Illustrated by fac-simile Letter.
- Rescue, The. A Story..Eugene Wood 94
Illustration by W. T. Smedley.
- Right of Way, The. A Novel. Parts VI., VII., VIII.....Gilbert Parker, 20, 208, 418
Illustrations by A. I. Keller.
- Royal Tombs at Abydos, The.
W. M. Flinders-Petrie 682
Illustrated from Photographs.
- Scope of Modern Love, The
Henry T. Finck 277
- Sea Turn, A..Thomas Bailey Aldrich 4
Illustrated by W. T. Smedley.
- Strolling Mountebanks..A. Castaigne 841
Illustrated by the Author.
- Surrender of Sister Philomene, The. A StoryElizabeth G. Jordan 570
Illustration by A. I. Keller.
- Terra Incognita..Van Tassel Sutphen 909
Illustrated by E. M. Ashe.
- Trial Path, The.....Zitkala-Sa 741
Illustrated by F. Luis Mora.
- Tropical Renaissance, The...S. Baxter 283
- Truants from Heaven
Virginia Yeaman Remnitz 919
Illustrated by Elizabeth Shippen Green.
- Two Converts.....Onoto Watanna 585
- Whirlwind Wooing, A.
Cyrus Townsend Brady 88
Illustration by W. T. Smedley.
- White Penitent, A..Thomas A. Janvier 131
Illustrations by F. Luis Mora.
- Window to the South, A...M. Harris 867
- Winter Ramble, A.....S. Hartmann 989
Illustrated by Photographs.
- Wisdom of the Serpent, The
Duffield Osborne 236
- Women are Made Like That
Eleanor Hoyt 854
Illustrated by Albert Sterner.
- Women in Emotional Expression
Lucy C. Bull 1002
- Wrecked on the Shores of Japan
Poultney Bigelow 57
Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

POETRY

- Angus the Lover.....Ethna Carbery 908
- Another May-time...Lilian Whiting 19
- Apart.....Frances Bacon Paine 300
- Baby Stars.....Richard Le Gallienne 821
- Banditti....William Hamilton Hayne 340
- Betrayal.....L. R. Cautley 49
- Better Heritage, The...M. A. Bacon 928
- Blind.....Marian Warner Wildman 489
- Chanson Breton.....R. M. Watson 310
- Child Eternal, The.....I. F. Brown 711
- Child's Garden, A.....R. M. Watson 922
- Codfish and the Maiden, The
Charles Battell Loomis 506
Illustrated by O. Herford.
- Columbine, The.....John Burroughs 56
- Dawson Trail, The...Tappan Adney 869
Illustrated by the Author.
- Death and a Child..Arthur Stringer 988
- Dream and a Day.....J. V. Cheney 744
- Dream-Child, The. Louise Morgan Sill 490
- Dream of Young Summer, A
Edith M. Thomas 3
Illustrated by Howard Pyle.
- Fruition..Martha Wolcott Hitchcock 50
- Grave's Compass, The.....S. M. Best 680
Illustrated by Ethel F. Betts.
- Her Protest.....Curtis Hidden Page 275
- Hop o' My Thumb.....G. W. Carryl 326
- If You Would Address....C. H. Webb 276
- Last Meeting, The...Ruth Underhill 787
- Life.....Hildegard Hawthorne 700
- Margaret of Cortona..Edith Wharton 884
Illustrated by Howard Pyle.
- New Eve to the Old Adam, The
Annie L. Muzzey 199
- Our Dwelling-Place..S. T. Livingston 589
- Puss in the Boots.....G. W. Carryl 700
- Root and Rose...Mary Boole Hinton 549
- Sapling, The.....J. P. Peabody 602
- Secret, The.....E. A. Ireland 894
- Silence....Charlotte Elizabeth Wells 264
- SongRobert Loveman 400
- Song of Life...Florence Earle Coates 877
- Venus de Milo..Howard V. Sutherland 109
- With a Rose....Charles Henry Webb 140
- Withered Rose, The...E. W. Watson 481
Illustration by E. P. Abbott.
- Wonder of the World, The...E. Rhys 341
Illustrated by Albert Herter.



A DREAM OF YOUNG SUMMER

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CIII

JUNE, 1901

NO. DCXIII

A Dream of Young Summer

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

O HAUNTER of the budding forest-side,
O mirrored pleasure of the happy stream
When into silent shade its ripples glide,
Who art thou, sovereign Dream within a dream?
Thy wings with many a prism-lighted gleam
Are overshot, and from a magic reed
Thou drawest forth those melodies supreme
That with unnamed delight the spirit feed.—
Who art thou, Vanisher; and whither wilt thou lead?

Once, wandered far in sunken lands of Sleep,
I, winter-weary, an enchantress met;
The rain-fed brook did at her coming leap;
From nether gloom arose the violet;
And music sweeter than Love's long regret
Cadenced her passing! But I woke to hear
The muted chord upon the icy fret,
While glittering frost-fire lit the wintry sphere.—
Of thee I dreamed—of thee, Desire of all the Year!

Thou leadest me unto a seat of joys
Long uninvaded, in a world antique;
For lo! that reed which all thy thought employs,
That reed of thine—it was not far to seek;
And still its strains of Pan and Syrinx speak.
Thy many-colored wings did Iris give;
Aurora fanned the rose upon thy cheek;
Love gave thee breath, and bade thee, conquering, live;
And Dian lent thee fleetness, thou so fugitive!

So fugitive, so sweet,—heart-breaker thou!
But yet not thee, thy beckoning Fate, I chide.
The blossom-wind from off the orchard bough
Hath blown the flaky petals far and wide:
Borne, wingèd as thou art, upon the tide
Of never-staying hours, borne singing too,
Thou fadest from the stream and forest-side,
Leaving a tearful splendor of the dew—
A world of sighing leaves—an arc of empty blue.

A SEA TURN.



By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

den walk, like one of the bayadere butterflies that haunted the place, and so into the house.

Mr. Brandon went to Boston each day by the 8.15 A.M. train, and returned on the noon express. Twice in the month, however, he was detained in the city until late in the afternoon. On these occasions the parting at the garden gate was especially loverlike, and the wireless telegraph was worked to its fullest capacity. The separation was too brief to entail any serious gloom, and their partings were nearly always as cheerful as their meetings.

But one July morning a cloud, the faintest shadow of a cloud, seemed to rest upon their farewell for the day. There was an almost imperceptible dimness in the blue of Mrs. Brandon's eyes, and though a smile illuminated her features, it was a little on one side of the mouth, and had something perfunctory about it. The deflection of a thousandth part of an inch in the curve of the upper lip would have turned that smile into a pout. Mr. Brandon, as he lingered a moment at the gate, displayed the physiognomy of one not completely satisfied with himself. He had not gone more than three yards from the paling when he hesitated, and retraced his steps.

"The truth is, Helen," he said, "I don't like the Barters."

"Why not, Ned?"

"I don't know, and that makes me dislike them all the more. It's a clear case of 'Dr. Fell.' They take their wealth so placidly, I suppose that's it. They seem



ANY one catching a casual glimpse of the Brandons in their summer cottage on Marblehead Neck would have inferred that the young couple were basking in the light of their honey-moon, though in point of fact that ineffable satellite had waxed and waned—if it had ever really waned—five years before. In front of the cottage was a small garden with a profusion of clove-pinks, hollyhocks, and cinnamon-roses, through which tangle of color and perfume a shell-paved walk ran from the piazza steps to a gate opening on the rustic street. Every morning, at precisely the same hour, Mrs. Brandon, in a pretty breakfast gown of some bright-tinted material, might have been seen standing by the gate and waving good-by to Mr. Brandon on his way to the station. By means of a wireless telegraph, a supplementary kiss was exchanged between them just as he was vanishing round the corner. Then Mrs. Brandon fluttered up the gar-

to me to have the unassuming arrogance of ample income."

"I wish we had it, dear—the income. I don't see anything arrogant in them. They strike me as straightforward, kindly people, and quite unspoiled by money. The Barters have been very polite to us. They are rich, and they live richly, and so would you and I, if we were in their place, and make a good deal more dash, too. There's no iniquity in keeping an expensive yacht, when one can afford it."

"And there's no harm in a neighbor taking an afternoon cruise in it, if she's invited. I'm sorry that I raised the slightest objection. I really don't care."

"But you said you did, and you do. You said the Barters were not the kind of persons you would prefer to see me intimate with, and they can't have reformed and become quite desirable acquaintances in the space of five minutes."

"Don't be a wilful little goose, Helen. It is I who have reformed. I can do it any time in two minutes. I've done it repeatedly. The Barters are all right. Go and have your sail, dear."

"No, Ned; you give in to me because you are so good; but I know that down deep in your heart you disapprove of them—not of them really, but Mrs. Barter's brother. You can't forgive him for seeming to think me very nice at the regatta two weeks ago, and I'm sure I was. He didn't do a thing but overfeed me with macaroons. Well, I give up the sail quite willingly. Your objection has taken the possible pleasure out of it."

"But I don't object."

"Oh, Ned! you will miss your train! You haven't a second to lose. There!—quick now."

As Mr. Brandon hurried away, he said, looking back over his shoulder: "I don't care two coppers about that hand-made dude—what's-his-name?—Mitchell."

With the light chestnut hair blown about her face, and such blue in her eyes as Neptune's daughter might have had, the young woman made a winsome picture lingering there by the fence under the elm boughs.

II

The composite smile still rested on Mrs. Brandon's lips as she re-entered the

cottage and passed into the sitting-room. On a desk between two windows lay the note which had furnished the text for their breakfast-table talk that morning. Stamped at the top of the sheet was a tiny reproduction in colors of Commodore Barter's private yacht-signal. The note-paper was obviously his, though it gave forth a faint breath of vervain and bore the penmanship of Mrs. Barter. Mrs. Brandon, with a half-unconscious sigh, picked up the epistle and read it again.

"It is just a family party," wrote Mrs. Barter; "there will be nobody but the Commodore, the two children, my brother, and myself. I learn that Mr. Brandon is to pass the day in town, or the invitation would eagerly include him. His absence, however, makes me feel more confident of securing you. Do come! The launch will be at the wharf at ten o'clock. I will call for you or meet you there, whichever you like. We promise to have you safely on shore in time to welcome Mr. Brandon by the 6.30 train—if that's his train. You see I know your exemplary habits!"

Mrs. Brandon, with a complete sigh this time, replaced the note on the desk, and glanced wistfully out of the bay-window which overlooked the sea. It was a heavenly blue and gold day, following a week of rain. The breeze swayed the elm boughs in the old-fashioned garden and made white-caps on the stretch of azure water glimpsed beyond. In the distance the sails of diminutive fishing-boats flashed in the sun like silver fins. At her moorings, half a mile from shore, lay the Barter yacht, rising and falling with the gentle swell as gracefully as a pond-lily. The busy black specks on the deck were sailors swinging out the boat-boom. Presently the quartermaster's whistle sent a faint birdlike trill through the air, and they could be seen lowering the naphtha-launch from the davits. Then a sailor ran out on the slender boom, probably with the boat-cushions under one arm.

Mrs. Brandon turned away her eyes; she could not bear to look any more, such a sea-longing stirred in her bosom. Her gaze wandered idly round the room and rested by chance on Mrs. Barter's invitation lying on the desk. At that instant a mysterious flurry of wind lifted the



STANDING BY THE GATE AND WAVING GOOD-BY

half-folded sheet and dropped it at Helen Brandon's feet. She stooped and picked up the note. Her fingers no sooner touched the paper than she felt that the thing was hypnotizing her.

"I've half a mind to go," she dreamily murmured to herself. "It was unreasonable for Edward to object, in the first place. I shall be alone all day, and I think it very unkind of him to wish to deny me so innocent a pleasure, simply because he doesn't happen to fancy Mrs. Barter's brother. It's going to be dreadfully hot here, as well as in the city. Edward was obliged to go to town; that couldn't be helped; but there's no reason why I should suffer also. My being uncomfortable isn't likely to make it any cooler for him. Besides, I can get back by five or six o'clock, and he needn't know anything about it, though of course I shall tell him before he's been home five minutes—I'm just that foolish where Ned is concerned—and then he may scold as much as he wants to; I shall have had a delightful sail along the coast, and escaped the heat. Dear Ned! he's as full of prejudices as he can hold; but I wouldn't have him changed in any particular. It wouldn't be the same Ned if he didn't have his little faults"—and Mrs. Brandon blew a condoning message to him through the air from the tips of her fingers.

Thus the innocent-looking missive, held lightly in her hand, had succeeded in working its occult spell. Helen seated herself at the desk, wrote a few lines accepting with pleasure Mrs. Barter's "sweetest invitation," and despatched them to their address by Mr. Peevey, the gardener. On leaving the house, an hour or so later, Mrs. Brandon did not confide her intended movements to Liza, the maid, but merely remarked:

"I am to lunch out, Liza, and shall probably not return before five or six o'clock—if any one calls."

III

When Edward Brandon reached his office that morning he was not slightly vexed to learn that the afternoon business conference had been postponed—not that he was desirous of spending the entire day in the broiling city, but he had given up one or two pleasant schemes in order

to do so. He was at liberty to return to Marblehead by the noon express, and he took his way to the Union Station in no amiable mood. The purchasing of a bunch of violets at a florist's on Tremont Street was instrumental in partly restoring his good-humor.

"It's rather absurd of me," he reflected, "to grumble because I've got an unexpected half-holiday. I must have turned out wrong side up this morning. I didn't mean not to be nice to Nelly about the BarTERS. They're well enough, I dare say; but old Barter—I don't know why I call him old Barter, for he is not more than five years my senior—somehow always gets on my nerves with his blue yachting-togs, and red nose, and salty manner generally. However, I can stand the Commodore; but that brother of Mrs. Barter, with his talk about 'the Venus de Medici' and 'the Uffizi Gallery at Florence' (as if it could be anywhere else!), is a horror. Nelly will be surprised to see me back so soon. After lunch we'll drive over to Gloucester and call on the Bellamys. They are certain to keep us to dinner, and the ride home in the moonlight will be charming."

Brandon had hardly selected his place on the shady side of the Pullman when three young men entered the car—three excellent specimens of elegant Young Boston. Their athletic figures and bronzed faces told of polo and golf and sea weather. One of the three had the remains of a rich tan lately caught in the trenches before Santiago. The trio were clad in blue flannel suits, and might have been taken for naval officers in *mufti*. They were respectively known to their prosperous world, and perhaps beyond, as Morton Bangs, John Beverly, and Peabody Preston.

"There's Brandon now," cried Mr. Bangs, the knight of the copper countenance. "We have just looked in at your office to ask you to take a spin with us. The yacht's at Marblehead."

"What's the *Spitfire* doing at Marblehead?" asked Brandon, giving a hand to each of the three graces in turn.

"We scuttled in there out of the wet the other night, and I ran up to town by rail. Preston and I are to lunch with Beverly at the club, and then we are going to try our new jibs and topsails. We

got blown to ribbons Friday night off Cape Ann. Won't you come along?"

"I wish I could, Bangs, but I am to drive Mrs. Brandon over to Gloucester, where we have a sort of engagement to dine with the Bellamys."

"Devilish sorry—with kindest regards to Mrs. Brandon all the same. Couldn't we run into Gloucester—there'll be a moon, you know—and bring the pair of you back to Marblehead?"

"Carriage and all?"

"Confound the carriage!—leave it," suggested Preston.

"I couldn't do that."

Brandon was both glad and sorry to have so good an excuse for declining the invitation. The *Spitfire* was the fastest yacht in the Eastern Squadron, and it was always a pleasure to be on her; but the *Spitfire*—were one to give heed to envious talk—was no faster than her owner. Now, if Commodore Barter was Mr. Brandon's *bête noire*, Morton Bangs was Mrs. Brandon's, and in view of the conversation with Helen that morning, it struck Edward as diplomatic, on the present occasion at least, to respect her deplorable prejudice.

"If this wind holds," said Morton Bangs as the train slowed up and stopped in the Marblehead station, "we shall have a blooming spin. I'm awfully sorry, my boy, you can't come. Should madam have a headache, or anything change your plans, you'll find the gig at the landing at two o'clock sharp. If you're a bit late, give us a whistle. We sha'n't get off immediately. Don't intend to be out over three or four hours. God go with you, señor, as they say down in Cuba, and usually mean quite a different accompaniment."

Edward Brandon could not justify to himself his sense of personal grievance on not finding Helen at the cottage. Why should she have remained at home? It was only natural that she should not care to eat her lunch alone and mope the rest of the day in solitude. She had left no word for him—of course she hadn't—not expecting him back until after seven. Yet in spite of his reasoning he vaguely resented Helen's absence.

"Didn't say where she was going, Liza?"

"No, sir; she only said she shouldn't be in for the afternoon."

There were a dozen places along the North Shore to which Helen might have been invited unceremoniously. She had had no engagement when he quitted her. Somebody had dropped in by chance, and, seeing his wife alone, had asked her to lunch. It was plainly an impromptu affair.

"Did they come in a carriage, Liza?"

"Who, sir?"

"The persons who took Mrs. Brandon away."

"Nobody took her, sir. She didn't go in a carriage. She walked."

Then Helen must have gone to some place in the immediate neighborhood. Edward wondered where; but he had no intention of looking her up. The day was a failure from beginning to end, and there was nothing to do but to take the matter philosophically. A book and a cigar, and perhaps a stroll by the water-side, would help kill time until she came home. A glimmering consciousness of how dependent he was on Helen came over him.

"Tell Susan to cook a chop for me, Liza, or send up a slice of cold ham, or something; I don't care what. If there's a bottle of Bass on the ice, serve that."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Brandon was on the point of sitting down to his silent meal when the *Spitfire* swept into his mind, and dropped anchor, so to speak.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, pushing away the empty plate in front of him, "I wasn't due before 7.30 anyhow. There's no use in my mooning about the house all the afternoon. The boys can't have finished tiffin yet—maybe they haven't begun. I'll join them. Nothing but a dash of blue water will cure me of my dumps. If I don't get back at precisely 7.30—why, the train wasn't on schedule time. It isn't necessary to bother Nelly about it. I am sorry she doesn't like Morton Bangs. What a breeze for the *Spitfire*!"

It is to be noted that the husband's conscience was an easier-working piece of mechanism than the wife's. Hastily snatching a light overcoat from the hat-rack in the hall, Mr. Brandon started for the front door.

"By-the-way, Liza, I wasn't expected back until evening, and you needn't say anything about me when Mrs. Brandon

returns. It would only make her sorry that she went out."

"I wonder what's up, I do?" was the comment of Liza, the maid, standing by the parlor window. "He hasn't touched a mouthful of food. The cook'll be mad, that's one comfort. The mistress being away seems to have upset Mr. B. She went off queerly, I must say. There's something gone wrong, more's the pity, and the two just like a pair of cooing doves on a roof ever since I've been in the place."

IV

Champagne-cup in the middle of the day is perhaps not quite good form, but it is wholly palatable, and deviled crab, like Mr. Emerson's rhodora, is always its own excuse for being. Helen Brandon pronounced the lunch delicious, exquisitely prepared and served; and indeed Commodore Barter's *chef* was worth his weight in truffles. The invigorating salt air had given everybody an appetite. The two little Barters had to have sandwiches applied to them before the *Pelican* was well out of the harbor.

As Mrs. Brandon sat in a bamboo chair near the companion-hatch, with the main-sail looming above her like a vast snowy cloud, it was to be seen that her face had lost the touch of pensiveness which had marked it when she came aboard. Mrs. Barter had been very sweet and matronly with her, and the Commodore in his bluff, hearty fashion had been charming. He was a short gentleman, inclined to stoutness, with grayish hair and florid complexion, and a more prominent nose than perhaps he himself would have chosen had he been consulted in the matter; but not at all an ill-looking person. It was too bad of Edward to liken him to the carving on Baron Puck's umbrella-handle in *La Grande Duchesse*. But that was Edward's wicked way. And Mr. Mitchell, Mrs. Barter's brother, he was not in the least a dude. He had spent much time abroad, and if something in America was always reminding him—or not reminding him—of something on the Continent, where was the harm? One must expect to be bored a little by persons who have travelled.

The town of Marblehead, with its weather-stained roofs and spires, had

long since crumbled on the horizon and now lay sunken in the sea like some fabulous city of old. Presently there was nothing to be seen but sky and ocean, with here and there a spectral sail, or a coastwise steamer leaving a trail of black smoke against the blue. With what grace the *Pelican* dipped and rose, shaking the white crystals from her beak! Mrs. Brandon had come of a breed of sailors, and there was true sea in her blood. The sense of space and the contagious exhilaration in the air added a color to her cheeks as she sat there, looking supremely content, save at intervals, when her thought reverted to dear Edward sweltering in his stuffy office on Court Street—bending fagged at his desk in a mephitic odor of calf-skin and Russia-leather, instead of facing these heavenly breezes and drinking in all this invisible liquid silver. Poor dear Edward!

Mr. Mitchell, who had been assiduous in fetching wraps and footstools for the two ladies, was standing at Mrs. Brandon's side with a glass at his eye intently inspecting some object in the distance. After a minute or two he lowered the glass, and said:

"That's the *Spitfire*—Morton Bangs's boat. She seems to be heading for Boston."

(At the same instant, as it happened, Morton Bangs turned to Edward Brandon and remarked:

"The Commodore's flag over yonder."

"Yes, I knew he was to take a run this afternoon. He invited my wife, but she couldn't go."

"Quaint old boy—Lemuel Barter."

"Very. Ought to have been born in the seventeenth century. I don't want him.")

"Is Mr. Bangs a friend of yours, Mr. Mitchell?" asked Mrs. Brandon, looking up.

"Oh, Bangs is everybody's friend; he's very popular. He and I were in Switzerland together two summers ago. We had quite a thrilling adventure in the Simplon Pass. Our *vetturino*, a Piedmontese named Martelli, got grossly intoxicated one day, and"—here Mr. Mitchell, detecting a lack of breathless interest in Mrs. Brandon's expression, adroitly brought his narrative to a close by adding—"and Bangs behaved in the pluckiest manner. Don't you know him?"

"My husband is acquainted with him. I know Mr. Bangs only slightly. He is rather fast, isn't he?"

"Nautically or personally?"

"Personally."

"Well, no, I don't think so," replied Mr. Mitchell. "He is not slow. He's an agreeable fellow, and a most delightful host. His yachting parties are always lively."

"So I have heard," said Mrs. Brandon.

The two yachts were now dipping their colors, and the conversation ended.

For the last hour or more the breeze had gradually lessened, and though the *Pelican* now and then made one of those plunges which, aided by too much fruit cake, had eliminated the two small Barterers from general society, it was only a half-hearted plunge. The vessel was gliding on a comparatively level keel. The gentler motion was provocative of reverie, and Mrs. Brandon yielded herself up to it unresistingly. She did not care to talk, and when Mr. Mitchell retreated to a camp-stool on the other side of the deck, she scarcely noticed the movement. Mrs. Barter was below with the children, the Commodore had gone to the chart-room, and Helen was left alone to her sea-dreams. With partly closed eyes she leaned back on the cushions. After a while she was aroused by the Commodore's voice.

"That certainly looks like fog, Captain Jones, but I don't think it will amount to much. You can keep on our course, and go about just before we come to Thatcher's Island. There'll be time enough to get back."

Then Mrs. Brandon drifted off into a delicious drowse again, a semi-conscious trance in which she had the sensation of floating through interminable stretches of gray and silvery clouds. How long this lasted she could not tell, when something caused her to sit bolt-upright in her chair. The boat was making so slight headway as to seem almost stationary. The day had strangely darkened. A thick haze enveloped everything. The faint melancholy throb of a bell came from across the water.

"The wind is leaving us entirely, sir," the Captain was saying.

"And the fog seems to be closing in. Can't we manage to make a harbor, Captain?"

"I'm afraid not, sir, with this wind. It's almost gone, sir."

"Then we shall probably have to lie here all night."

"You don't mean it!" cried Mrs. Brandon, springing to her feet.

"Unfortunately it looks that way," said the Commodore. "But don't worry, my dear lady; we can make you very comfortable."

Comfortable!—and Edward not knowing where she was and going crazy about her! Comfortable! Oh, why did she disregard his wishes, almost positively disobeying him! Would he ever forgive her? How could she explain it to him! And Mr. Mitchell! It was particularly awkward having him on board. He had been polite with his wraps and Apollinaris and things, and had not once passed the limit of mere politeness, but if Mrs. Brandon could have had her will this moment, she would have fed that innocent gentleman over the side to the sharks. He was the only person that had ever stirred the slightest grain of jealousy in Edward, and there were a dozen other men she had liked ten times as well. It appeared as if the hand of destiny had selected him as the instrument with which to punish her.

What would Edward think had become of her? She had covered up her tracks like a criminal, as she was. If it occurred to him to go to the Barter mansion for information, he would get none; for she had gone directly from the cottage to the boat-landing, and met nobody. It would soon be time for Edward to take his train. She pictured his arrival, his surprise, his increasing anxiety, and then his despair. She saw him, with men and lanterns in wherries, searching the water-front throughout the livelong coming night. The adjacent woodlands would be ransacked; the whole neighborhood would be discussing her mysterious disappearance.

Helen cast a terrified look around her. The fog was shutting down in every direction. The only objects visible were the two phantomish light-houses on Thatcher's Island in the distance, and they were rapidly dissolving. An unseen bell-buoy, somewhere, kept up its dismal iteration.

With a gasp of dismay Mrs. Brandon sank down in the bamboo chair, where



WITH PARTLY CLOSED EYES SHE
LEANED BACK ON THE CUSHIONS

she sat until it was too damp for her longer to remain on deck. At dinner she made heroic attempts to join in the conversation and mask her anguish, the uncomplimentary nature of which could not be revealed to the Barthers. They must not suspect that her husband had opposed her acceptance of their invitation and was wholly unaware that she had accepted it. How could she tell them that? The cook had spread himself on the *menu*; but the fabrics of his skill lay untasted on her plate. A thimbleful of sherry was all she could swallow.

As soon as the gentlemen took to their cigars, Mrs. Brandon pleaded a headache and retired to the small cabin assigned her. Kneeling on the locker, and with one cheek pressed against the open port, she tried to pierce the pallid darkness that surrounded them. The twin lights on Thatcher's Island, like a pair of eyes blurred with grief, were just distinguishable through the fog. While she was watching them the faintly luminous spots faded out, and the fog wrapped the becalmed vessel in a great black pall of velvet. Not a breath stirred the stagnant air, and the motionless water lay as smooth as oil.

"What shall I say to him to-morrow—if to-morrow ever comes?" was Mrs. Brandon's agonized reflection. "He will not have gone to town, of course. Having perhaps spent the entire night walking up and down the room, he will be waiting for some tidings of me. If the Barthers were alone concerned, it would be bad enough; but how can I make Edward understand that Mr. Mitchell had nothing whatever to do with my going on the excursion—that not so much as a thought of the man ever entered my head? And Edward is so sensible on every other subject. What an agreeable meeting that will be to-morrow!" and she immediately fell to dramatizing it. With a sudden little shudder she fancied herself opening the garden gate in the broad daylight and wearily dragging her feet up the piazza steps—like a returned repentant wife terrified at the thought of her probable reception. Then she tried to imagine a happier dénouement, Edward's wild joy at holding her in his arms again—but here her invention somehow flagged and failed.

Finally Helen threw herself, partly disrobed, on the narrow berth; but not to sleep. Throughout the endless night she heard the ship's bell strike the hours and half-hours.

V

"I rather guess we are in for it," said Morton Bangs, removing the beaded moisture from his cap by striking it smartly against the taffrail. "This fog means business."

"For how long, do you think?" asked Brandon, anxiously.

"As long as it pleases. Maybe it will lift by the next tide, and maybe it will hold on until daybreak."

"The devil!"

A colloquy similar in essence, though different in form, had taken place somewhat earlier in the day on the deck of the *Pelican*.

"What's the correct time?" inquired Preston.

"It will be two bells in a minute," said Beverly, looking at his watch.

"Where are we, anyhow?"

"Well, we are nowhere in particular," observed Bangs. "Lynn is over there in some direction. I sighted Egg Rock on the port bow just before the fog got its back up."

"Can't we run into Lynn Harbor?" asked Brandon, "or Swampscott, or some other infernal place?"

"Some other infernal place, maybe," answered Bangs, "but not Lynn Harbor."

"Can't we, can't we?" cried Brandon, whose face had grown sharp and pallid within the last half-hour.

"My boy," said Morton Bangs, "the wind's as dead as Julius Cæsar."

"But I've got to be home by 7.30!"

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home,"

hummed Beverly, with an instinct for appropriate music.

"Well, then, Brandon," said Bangs, "perhaps you had better get out and walk."

"Steward," Preston shouted down the hatchway, "Mr. Brandon's overshoes!"

This levity so little harmonized with Brandon's unhappy frame of mind that he turned his shoulder on the group and went forward.



"THAT CERTAINLY LOOKS LIKE
A FOG, CAPTAIN JONES"

"What will Nelly say to me?" he muttered. "How will she take it? I can fancy! I vow I shall actually be afraid to face her to-morrow morning. Her disapproval of me, even in a slight matter, is a thing I can't stand. I may put on superior airs and carry my nose as high as I will, but there's no disguising the fact that I'm tied to the apron-string of that dear little woman."

The sudden rush of anchor-chains, followed by the vicious plunge of the anchor, interrupted him for an instant. A dense white fog, like a wall, had now shut them off from the rest of the world.

"She will have just cause to reproach me," Brandon went on, in his meditation; "my thoughtlessness was simply cruel. She can't of course have the dimmest idea of my whereabouts. Her first thought will be that I've tumbled into the harbor, and she's entirely capable of setting the drag-nets at work. Why didn't I have the manhood to tell Liza where I was going? Then this cursed fog would have explained my detention, and though Nelly might have worried more or less, she wouldn't have been torn to pieces by every horrible conjecture. I am not worthy of her; she ought to be glad to have me disappear permanently. I wonder what she is up to now. If she's fretting about me as I'm fretting about her, the poor child is not having a good time. Not one of the boys here has any more heart than a brickbat. I've told them that my wife doesn't know I'm off yachting, and they seem to think the situation facetious." At this point Brandon paused, and sent a scowl aft, where his shipmates were chatting and laughing unconcernedly. "When I listen to those fellows, I begin to understand what a holy joy it must be to a mob now and then to destroy a man and a brother."

"Brandon, my dear boy," cried Preston, "this will never do. You look like the Ancient Mariner after he'd eaten the canary—I mean after he'd shot the albatross. Cheer up!"

"Peabody Preston, if I had been the Ancient Mariner, and you had been a passenger on board that ship, it isn't the albatross that would have got shot."

It was very merry in the cabin that night, with bright talk at dinner, and afterward over the cigars and coffee; but

nothing could dispel Edward Brandon's gloom. It was impossible to laugh him or chaff him out of his dejection, and benevolent efforts to that end were not wanting on the part of his companions. There seemed to Brandon a demoniacal note in their gayety. He turned in early, and lay in his bunk sleepless, smoking incalculable cigarettes. Somewhere towards midnight he called out:

"I wish to the Lord that somebody wouldn't bang that bell every two minutes!"

"Silence that dreadful bell!" cried Beverly, throwing himself into the attitude of the Moor of Venice; "it frights the yacht from her propriety."

Brandon got up and slammed to his door, which had sprung open. It was not until the lantern in the fore-rigging began to pale in the dawn that the wretched man fell asleep.

VI

Liza sat up until nearly twelve o'clock that night, awaiting the return of her master and mistress, and then went to bed in a state of wonderment. In the same state of wonderment she was mechanically laying the breakfast table the next morning, when Mrs. Brandon walked into the dining-room. There were dark circles under her eyes, and her manner betrayed suppressed agitation. She had a hundred questions to put to Liza, but only one rose to Helen's lips as she hurriedly laid aside her wraps—

"Has Mr. Brandon come down yet, Liza?"

Now Mr. Brandon had always been especially pleasant with Liza, and, to use her own phrasing of it, she was not going to give him away; so she replied, very demurely:

"No, ma'am;" but the girl had no sooner spoken the words than she caught her breath, and added: "Yes, ma'am. I didn't know he had left his room. He's in the garden, ma'am."

Helen glanced through the window and saw her husband leisurely shutting the gate behind him, as if he had just returned from one of his eccentric morning strolls. He carried a light overcoat on his arm—a circumstance that did not impress her, for there was always a chill in the early day at the sea-side. Mr.



"BUT I'VE GOT TO BE HOME BY 7.30!"

Brandon halted abstractedly half-way up the walk, and plucked a rose from an overhanging bush.

When Mr. Brandon entered the room his wife was seated at the coffee-urn and in the act of reaching out one hand to take a cup from the tray. There was a wan, tentative smile on her face as she lifted the fatigued blue eyes and said:

"Good morning, dear!"

The reception was so vastly different from anything he had expected as to stagger him for a second or two, until he reflected that of course Helen was not going to make a scene in the presence of the servant. She was too proud and too

tactful for that. It was a piece of comedy on the part of his wife—a bit of that adroit acting in which women excel; and he gratefully accepted the situation. He crossed over to Helen's chair, and laying the rose beside her plate, stooped down and kissed her as usual. She shot a swift glance at him out of the tail of her eye, and foreboded the storm that lay behind all that assumed composure.

The breakfast proceeded as on ordinary mornings, except that both were unwontedly silent and preoccupied. The inevitable explanation lay heavily on them. Every instant Edward was expecting that Liza would be dismissed,

and then he should catch it! But nothing was farther from Helen's desire than to be left alone, just yet, with her husband. Liza was quick enough to perceive this, and lent herself to the sundry little stratagems employed to detain her.

The girl meanwhile was dying with curiosity and perplexity. The master and mistress had spent the night away, and neither appeared to be aware that the other had done so. They had quitted the house separately, and returned separately. What did it mean? Liza in her time had assisted at various domestic dramas, but nothing resembling this.

One seemingly perilous interval occurred near the close of the meal, when Liza was summoned from the room by a ring at the door-bell. "Now he's going to speak!" said Helen to herself with a tremor. "Here's her opportunity!" thought Edward. But nothing happened, to their mutual surprise and relief.

The breakfast was late, and had scarcely come to an end when it was time for Mr. Brandon to take his train to Boston. A momentary panic seized both husband and wife at the prospect of those one or two minutes alone together at the garden gate; but the reflection that the spot was of all spots the least adapted to a family discussion reassured them.

The parting took place, a more hurried parting than customary, and neither had spoken of what lay nearest to their hearts. Mr. Brandon went to town wondering at Helen's singular forbearance, while Helen began to feel a chill creeping over her as she reflected on Edward's suppression of his just displeasure. Her transgression had been very great, every moment it seemed to her less and less forgivable, and he had treated the matter with cold indifference. He no longer loved her!

On re-entering the house Mrs. Brandon called Liza into the parlor.

"Liza," she said, "I am in very great trouble. Unfortunately I did not let Mr. Brandon know yesterday that I was going with Mr. and Mrs. Barter for a short sail in their yacht. We got caught in a fog and were unable to reach land until seven o'clock this morning. I am afraid Mr. Brandon is very angry with me, so angry that he has not trusted himself to speak to me on the subject. What happened

yesterday? What did he say when he returned home?"

"He asked where you had gone, ma'am, and I told him I didn't know. Then he asked who came and took you away, and I told him nobody."

"Was he not much surprised and disturbed?"

"He didn't seem quite pleased, ma'am."

"Pleased! What else did he say?"

"He didn't say anything else."

"You mean that that was *all* he said?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And when he came down this morning?"

"I didn't see him, ma'am. He was standing in the garden when I saw him first."

"Did he sit up very late last night?"

"I'm not sure, ma'am, but I think so. He looked it," added Liza, who was growing restless.

"And this is absolutely everything you have to tell me?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then it was scarcely worth while questioning you. That will do, Liza."

The coolness with which her husband had seemed to accept her unexplained disappearance mystified and appalled Helen. Even if he had suspected, or in some way ascertained, where she was, a slight show of interest would have been becoming in him. Liza's report was inadequate, and possibly inaccurate. There was an indefinable something in the girl's manner that vexed Mrs. Brandon, and her vexation was farther increased during the forenoon by the fancy that she detected from time to time a curious, enigmatical expression on Liza's face. Could it be possible that the girl, who had been made much of by both Mr. Brandon and herself, and perhaps a little spoiled, was daring for an instant to sit in judgment on what had occurred? "No; my nerves are all broken up," thought Helen, "and I am just imagining that she looks at me strangely. Now she is doing it again!"

Mr. Brandon came home on the noon express. The lunch was marked by the same reticence and embarrassment as the morning repast. It was one of Mrs. Brandon's Wednesdays, when a number of outlying friends and acquaintances always dropped in to take a cup of tea

with her. Mr. Brandon was seldom in evidence at these functions, and this day he took himself off earlier than usual, with no word of notice to Helen, who was engaged in a forlorn fashion in preparing for her guests. She had been very unhappy that night on the *Pelican*, but her unhappiness, compared with the present state of suspense, began to fade out in the recollecting. Why did he not call her to an account for what she had done? Why this inexplicable silence? Was he waiting for her to come to him and implore his pardon? She was ready to do that now, if he would but give the slightest sign that such was his desire. As Edward Brandon went down the piazza steps, Helen stood in the middle of the sitting-room and impulsively reached out her arms, as if to bring him back. But he was gone.

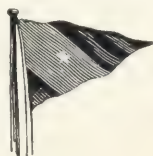
Mr. Brandon wandered over to the Eastern Yacht Club in a very dejected mood. Helen had not reproached him even by a look for his unfeeling treatment of her, and this angelic patience was becoming a heavier punishment to him than any angry word could have inflicted. From the moment he met Helen at breakfast until now he had been in purgatory. A more advanced stage of expiation was becoming almost preferable. It was not possible to bear it much longer. He resolved to go and beg her forgiveness the moment that stupid tea business was over. She evidently had already forgiven him, like the seraph she was, but he wanted to hear her tell him so. How pale the dear girl looked, at breakfast and lunch, and how bravely she hid the hurt, like—what was his name?—the Spartan boy with the fox tucked under his tunic.

"It will be hard for me to explain my utter thoughtlessness," he reflected. "I haven't the ghost of an excuse, and I shall be sure to say the wrong thing; I always do. Perhaps I had better write what I have to say. By Jove! I'll do it this instant, and send it to the cottage by messenger. Maybe it will make the rest of the afternoon happier for her."

He was standing in the reading-room of the club-house when this expedient occurred to him. In the apartment were several desks amply furnished with stationery. Edward seated himself at the

one nearest at hand, and proceeded with much deliberation to select a stub-pen.

"I wish the note-paper didn't have the club's burgee stuck up in the corner—it's too suggestive; but it can't be helped;" and he began writing.



Eastern Yacht Club.
Marblehead, Mass.

My dear girl:

When I married you, five years ago, I more than half suspected that I was marrying an angel, and now I am positive of it. I can never forgive myself for the anxiety and suffering I must have caused you last night, and your divine sweetness in not upbraiding me with it is something I shall ever

"I beg pardon for interrupting you, Mr. Brandon," said Commodore Barter, approaching him from the other end of the room, "but I wish to say how sorry I am that we were obliged to keep Mrs. Brandon a prisoner all night. That devilish fog was unfortunate. But you're an old yachtsman, you understand these mishaps, and I trust that your wife's prolonged absence didn't give you too much uneasiness."

Brandon dropped his pen, and stared at the Commodore.

So Helen had gone with the Barters after all—and been away the whole night! The same fog that had nipped him had nipped her! Talk about the hand of Providence! Was it possible that she was ignorant of his own little adventure, as he had been ignorant of hers? It was absolutely certain—unless Liza had chattered. No wonder Helen hadn't pitched into him!

"Don't mention it, Commodore!" cried Brandon, rising quickly from his chair and wringing the elder man's hand with a cordiality that slightly surprised him; "I knew that my wife was perfectly safe with you."

If Edward Brandon was ever glad of

anything in his life, it was of Helen's deceitful behavior. He had to shake hands again with the Commodore before that gentleman departed, and could have passed the remainder of the day pleasantly in doing nothing else. Then Brandon tore his half-completed note into minute pieces, which he sifted into the waste-paper basket. Descending from the club-house veranda to the seaward-facing lawn, where he halted a few seconds to light a cigar, Mr. Brandon treated himself to the following reflections:

"I'll just loaf round here until Nelly has scattered her tea leaves. It's as clear as day she doesn't dream of the scrape I got into last night, and I don't see why I shouldn't have a bit of fun with her before she discovers it. I'll be very angry and deeply mortified, and accuse her of coquetting indecorously with Barter's brother-in-law. I'll make a strong point of that. Come to think of it"—here he paused and snipped off his cigar ash a trifle impatiently—"that fellow Mitchell is a public nuisance. Nelly knew very well that he was to be of the party, and a little serious talking to—but, confound it! what shall I have to say by-and-by touching the *Spitfire* transaction? That's a bad handicap for me. What in the devil possessed me to set foot in that old tub, anyway! Perhaps I had better drop Mitchell, and stick to the main issue. It will be more dignified. In going with Bangs I didn't deceive Nelly; in going with the Barters, after pretending to refuse their invitation, she did deceive me. The two cases are not in the least analogous."

Mr. Brandon continued to pace up and down the lawn, pursuing his masculine train of reasoning, until his cigar was finished; then he returned to the reading-room and occupied himself by looking over the magazines for August.

Mrs. Brandon's supposed last caller had come and gone, and she was sitting meditatively on an ottoman near the fireplace, when Liza appeared at the parlor door and announced:

"Mr. Morton Bangs."

"My dear madam," said Mr. Bangs, advancing towards her in his confident, breezy manner, "I come to lay my apologies at your feet. I cannot sufficiently express my regret for what happened. I

didn't mean to keep your husband out all night."

"All night!"

"Well, practically all night. The fog didn't leave us until five o'clock this morning, and we made directly for Lynn Harbor. I never saw a man in such a state of mind. At one time, I assure you, I thought that Brandon was going to try to swim ashore. I don't believe I shall ever get him on board the *Spitfire* again."

"My husband was on the *Spitfire* yesterday?"

"What! didn't you know?" gasped Mr. Bangs, with a chilling impression that he was somehow putting his foot into it.

"I—I knew he was somewhere, but not just where."

"Hasn't he told you all about it?"

"Mr. Brandon went to town by the early train this morning," said Mrs. Brandon, completely recovering herself, "and he had no opportunity to tell me any of the particulars of his outing. The pleasure of hearing those interesting details is in store for me," and such a radiant smile broke over her face as seemed to fill the whole dingy little parlor with bloom. "Won't you let me give you a cup of tea, Mr. Bangs?"

"Thanks, awfully. I want to say again that Brandon was deeply distressed—we all were deeply distressed," he added, shamelessly, "at the thought of the anxiety he was occasioning you."

"I was, indeed, anxious last night."

"So sorry, Mrs. Brandon."

"It was not your fault, Mr. Bangs," said Helen, magnanimously.

"So kind! It wasn't Brandon's either. The fog did it all. When we met him coming down on the noon train—"

"The noon train!" Helen repeated to herself, and the perplexity went up into her eyebrows. Why didn't Liza tell her that?

"—Brandon flatly refused to go with us; but just as we were taking a—some Apollinaris before lunch he dropped into the club and said he had changed his programme. Of course we were glad, he's such delightful, animating company; but we were sorry enough afterward. The state of that youth when we got becalmed off Egg Rock (*he* didn't get becalmed!), and the language he used—only one lump, dear lady."

Mrs. Brandon was oblivious of the exact moment when Mr. Morton Bangs took his leave. The room was too small and hot to hold her; she could not breathe indoors. Pushing aside the portière which draped one of the windows, she stepped out on the piazza. The cool air revived her and gave her a chance to think.

Edward had evidently returned home earlier than he expected, and finding her absent, had gone off with Mr. Bangs and his horrid friends and got befogged on the *Spitfire*, just as she had got befogged on the *Pelican*. And here the two of them had been going about in deadly fear of each other, neither having the faintest suspicion of the other's reprehensible conduct. Was there ever anything so deliciously absurd! If no one had told Edward—and who was to tell him?—he was still in the dark relative to her, and she decided to make a little

scene when he came home. Her nerves had been at such a tension ever since yesterday afternoon that a few honest tears would be easy to shed. And hadn't Edward been expecting them!

This idea was passing through Helen's brain when she saw her husband come swinging down the street with an elasticity of gait that had been a lost art to him for the last twelve or fourteen hours. He came smiling along the shell-paved walk, and stood in front of her. Then Helen's malicious plan instantly fell to pieces, for she saw by his face that he knew, and he saw that she knew, and with a great laugh, to which Helen added a merry contralto, Edward sprang up the piazza steps and took her in his arms.

Any one passing the cottage at the moment would have been dead certain that it was a honey-moon.

Another May-time

BY LILIAN WHITING

THE May's fair mornings dawn for me and mine,—
 Bird, bough, and blossom, with their hints of spring;
 And thoughtful twilight with its lingering,
 Its opalescent light on sea and shore;
 And in the luminous air I feel the thrill
 Of life, pervading wood and vale and hill.
 What lacks the May-time? Rose-flushed buds unfold;
 A thousand fragrances are on the air;
 The legend of new hopes again is told;
 And sweet rejoicings that the world is fair;
 But I—I turn from all this radiant bloom
 With blinded eyes that only see through tears
 A sculptured cross—blue eyes forever closed—
 And all the lonely hours of all the years!

The Right of Way*

PART VI

BY GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER XXXI

CHARLEY STANDS AT BAY



CHARLEY turned quickly to the woodsman. "Listen," he said, and he told Jo how things stood.

"You will not hide, Monsieur? There is time," Jo asked.

"I will not hide, Jo."

"What will you do?"

"I'll decide when they come."

There was silence for a moment, then the sound of voices on the hill-side.

Charley's soul rose up in revolt against the danger that faced him—not against personal peril, but the danger of exposure, of being dragged back again into the old life he had come from, with all that it involved—the futility of this charge against him. To be the victim of an error—to go to the bar of justice with the hand of injustice on his arm.

All at once the love of this new life welled up in him, as water gushes upwards from a spring and overflows its bounds. A voice kept ringing in his ears, "I will pray for you." Subconsciously his mind kept saying, "Rosalie—Rosalie—Rosalie!" There was nothing now that he would not do to avert his being taken away upon this ridiculous charge. Mistaken identity? To prove that he must at once prove himself—who he was, from whence he came. Tell the Curé, and make it a point of honor for his secret to be kept? But once told, the new life would no longer stand by itself as the new life, cut off from all contact with the past. Its success, its possibility, must lie in its absolute separateness, with obscurity behind—as though he had come out of nothing into this very room on that winter

morning when memory came back, when his soul, emerging from the dark, entered a remade being, flushed of all evil save one seed of vice which had borne black harvest of late.

It was clear that he must, somehow, evade the issue. He glanced at Jo, whose eyes were fixed upon the door with a look strained and painful. Here was a man who suffered for his sake— He took a step forward, as though with some sudden resolve, but there came a knocking, and, pausing, he motioned Jo to open the door. Then turning to a little cupboard, he took something from it hastily, and kept it in his hand.

Jo roused himself with an effort, and opened to the second knocking.

Three people entered: the Seigneur, the Curé, and the Abbé Rossignol, an ascetic, severe man, with a face of piety, intolerance, and inflexibility. Two constables in plain clothes followed—one stolid, one alert, one English and one French, both with grim satisfaction in their faces—the successful exercise of his trade is pleasant to every craftsman. When they entered, Charley was standing with his back to the fireplace, his eye-glass adjusted, one hand stroking his beard, the other held behind his back.

The Curé came forward and shook hands in an eagerly friendly way.

"My dear Monsieur," said he, "I hope that you are better."

"I am quite well, thank you, monsieur le Curé," answered Charley quietly. "I shall get back to work on Monday."

"Ah, yes, that is good," responded the Curé, and seemed confused. He turned uneasily to the Seigneur.

"You have come to see my friend Portugais," Charley remarked quietly, almost apologetically. "I will take my leave." He made a step forward. The two constables did the same, and would

have laid their hands upon his shoulder but that the Seigneur said, tartly,

"Stand back, Jack-in-boxes!"

The two stood back without more ado, and looked covertly at the Seigneur, whose temper seemed unusually irascible. Charley's face showed no surprise, but he looked inquiringly at the Curé.

"If they wish to be measured for uniforms—or manners—I will see them at my shop," he said.

The Seigneur chuckled. Here was a tailor rarer than the three of Tooley Street. Charley stepped again towards the door. The two constables stood before it. Again he turned inquiringly, this time towards the Curé. The Curé did not speak.

"It is you we wish to see, tailor," said the Abbé Rossignol.

Irony leaped to Charley's lips—soft-tongued irony: "Have I, then, the honor of including monsieur among my customers? I cannot recall monsieur's figure. I think I should not have forgotten it."

He was now the old Charley Steele, with the new body, the new spirit, but the old skilful mind, aggravatingly polite, *non-intime*—the spiteful, intolerant face of this father of souls irritated him.

"I never forget a figure which has idiosyncrasy," he added, with a bland eye wandering over the priest's gaunt form. It was his old way to strike first and heal after, to chafe and then to soothe—"a kick and a lick," as old Paddy Turl, whom he once saved from prison, said of him. It was like bygone years of another life to appear in defence when the law was tightening round a victim. The secret spring had been touched, and the ancient machinery was working almost automatically in repetition of those exercises which had made him one of the most marked figures who ever pleaded a cause in a court-room.

The illusion was considerable, for the Seigneur had taken the only arm-chair in the room, a little apart, so, as it were, filling the place of judge. The priest-brother, cold and inveterate, was like the attorney for the crown. The Curé was the clerk of the court, who could only echo the decisions of the Judge. The constables were the machinery of the Law, and Jo Portugais was the unwilling wit-

ness, whose evidence would be the crux of the case. The prisoner—he himself was both prisoner and prisoner's counsel.

A good struggle was forward.

He had enraged the Abbé as much as he had delighted the Abbé's brother, for nothing gave the Seigneur such pleasure as the discomfiture of the Abbé Rossignol, Chaplain and Ordinary to the Archbishop of Quebec. The genial, sympathetic nature of the Seigneur could not even be patient with the excessive piety of the rigid Churchman, who in rigid righteousness had thrashed him cruelly as a boy. At Charley's words concerning the idiosyncrasy of the Abbé's figure, gaunt and precise as a swaddled ramrod, he pulled his nose with a grunt of satisfaction which exasperated the decorous priest.

The Curé, the peace-maker, intervened. The tailor's meaning was sufficiently clear: if they had come to see him personally, then it was natural for him to wish to know the names and stations of his guests, and their business. The Seigneur was aware that the tailor did know, and he enjoyed the *sang-froid* with which he was meeting the situation.

"Monsieur," said the Curé, in a mollifying voice, "I have ventured to bring the Seigneur of Chaudière"—the Seigneur stood up and bowed gravely—"and his brother, the Abbé Rossignol, who would speak with you on private business"—he ignored the presence of the constables.

Charley bowed to the Seigneur and the Abbé, then turned inquiringly towards the two constables.

"Friends of my brother the Abbé, monsieur," interrupted the Seigneur, with malicious humor.

"Their names, monsieur?" asked Charley, quietly.

"They have numbers," answered the Seigneur, whimsically, to the Curé's great pain, for levity seemed dreadful to him at such a time.

"Numbers of names are legally suspicious, numbers for names are suspiciously legal," rejoined Charley.

"You have pierced the disguise of discourtesy," said the Seigneur, and on the instant he made up his mind that whatever the tailor might have been, he was an able and interesting man, and was

deserving of the respect due to intelligence.

"You have private business with me, monsieur?" said Charley to the Abbé.

The Abbé shook his head. "The business is not private in one sense. These men have come to charge you with having broken into the cathedral at Quebec and stolen the gold vessels of the altar; also having tried to blow up the Governor's residence."

One of the constables handed Charley the warrant. He looked at it with a curious smile. It was so natural, yet so unnatural, to be thus in touch with the habits of far-off times!

"On what information is this warrant issued?" he asked.

"That is for the law to show in due course," said the priest.

"Pardon me; it is for the law to show now. I have a right to know."

The constables shifted from one foot to the other, looked at each other meaningly, and instinctively felt their weapons.

"I believe," said the Seigneur, evenly, "that—"

The Abbé interrupted. "He can have information at his trial."

"Excuse me, but the warrant has my endorsement," said the Seigneur, "and as the justice most concerned I shall give proper information to the gentleman under suspicion." He waved a hand at the Abbé, as at a fractious child, and turned courteously to Charley.

"Monsieur," he said, "on the tenth of July last the cathedral at Quebec was broken into, and the gold altar vessels were stolen. You are suspected. The same day an attempt was made to blow up the Governor's residence. You are suspected."

"On what ground, monsieur?"

"You appeared in this vicinity three days afterwards with an injury to the head. Now the incendiary received a severe blow on the head from a servant of the Governor. You see the connection, monsieur?"

"Where is the servant of the Governor, monsieur?"

"Dead, unfortunately. He told the story so often, to so much hospitality, that he lost his footing on Mountain Street steps—you remember Mountain

Street steps possibly, monsieur?—and cracked his head on the last stone."

There was silence for a moment. If the thing had not been so serious, Charley must have laughed outright. If he but disclosed his identity, how easy to dispose of this silly charge! He did not reply at once, but looked fixedly and calmly at the Abbé. In the pause, the Seigneur added: "I forgot to add that the man had a brown beard. You have a brown beard, monsieur."

"I had not when I arrived here."

Jo Portugais spoke. "That is true, monsieur; and what is more, I know a newly shaved face when I see it, and M'sieu's was tanned with the sun. It is foolish, that!"

"This is not the place for evidence," said the Abbé, sharply.

"Excuse me, Abbé," said his brother; "if monsieur wishes to have a preliminary trial here, he may. He is in my seigneurie; he is a tenant of the Church here—"

"It is a grave offence that an infidel, dropping down here from, who knows where!—that an acknowledged infidel should be a tenant of the Church!"

"The devil is a tenant of the Almighty, if creation is the Almighty's," said Charley, quietly.

"Satan is a prisoner," said the Abbé.

"With large domains for exercise," answered Charley, "and in successful and powerful opposition to the Church. If it is true that the man you charge is an infidel, how does that warrant suspicion of him?"

"Other thefts," answered the Abbé, quickly. "It is a singular coincidence that a sacred iron cross was stolen from the door of the church of Chaudière. I have no doubt that the thief of the gold vessels of the cathedral was the thief of the iron cross."

"It is not true," broke in Jo Portugais, sullenly.

"What proof have you?" said the Seigneur.

Charley waved a deprecating hand towards Jo.

"I shall not call Portugais as evidence," he said.

"You are conducting your own case?" asked the Seigneur, with a grim smile.

"It is dangerous, I believe."

"I will take my chances," answered Charley, coolly. "Will you tell me what object the criminal could have in stealing the gold vessels from the cathedral?" he added, turning to the Abbé.

"They were gold!" said the Abbé, meaningly.

"And for taking the cross from the door of the church in Chaudière?"

"It was sacred, and he was an infidel, and hated it."

"I do not see the logic of the argument. He stole the vessels because they were valuable, and the iron cross because he was an infidel! Now how do you know that the suspected criminal was an infidel, monsieur?"

"It is well known."

"Has he ever said so?"

"He does not deny it."

"If you were charged with being an opium-eater, does it follow that you are one because you do not deny it? There was a Man who was said to blaspheme, to have all 'the crafts and assaults of the devil'—was it His duty to deny it? Suppose you were accused of being a highwayman, would you be less a highwayman if you denied it? Or would you be less guilty if you denied it?"

"That is beside the case," said the priest, with acerbity.

"Faith, I think it is the case itself," said the Seigneur, with a satisfied pull of his nose.

"But do you seriously suggest that only infidels rob churches?" Charley persisted.

"I am not here to be cross-examined," answered the Abbé, harshly. "You are charged with robbing the cathedral and trying to blow up the Governor's residence. Arrest him," he added, turning to the constables.

"Stand where you are, officers!" sharply threatened the Seigneur. "There are no *lettres de cachet* nowadays, François," he added tartly to his brother. "Wait a little. You are too mediæval, Abbé."

"If it is the exclusive temptation of an infidel to rob a church, has infidelity also an inherent penchant for arson? Is it a patent? Why did the infidel blow up the Governor's residence?" continued Charley.

"He did not blow it up, he only tried," interposed the Curé, softly.

"Ah, I was not aware," said Charley. "Well, did the man who stole the patens from the altar—"

"They were chalices," again interposed the Curé, with a faint smile.

"Ah, I was not aware," again rejoined Charley. "I repeat, what reason had the person who stole the chalices to try to blow up the Governor's residence? Is it a sign of infidelity, or—"

"You can answer that for yourself," angrily interposed the Abbé, for the strain was telling on his nerves.

"It is fair to give reasons for the suspicion," urged the Seigneur, acidly. "As I said before, François, this is not the fifteenth century."

"He hated the English government," said the Abbé.

"I do not understand," responded Charley. "Am I then to suppose that the alleged criminal was a Frenchman as well as an infidel?"

There was silence. "It is an unusual thing for a French Abbé to be so concerned for the safety of an English Protestant's life and housing—the Governor is a Protestant—eh? That is scarcely mediæval. It is, indeed, a zeal almost Christian—or millennial."

The Abbé turned to the Seigneur: "Are you going to interfere longer with the process of the law?"

"I think monsieur has not quite finished his argument," said the Seigneur, with a twist of the mouth.

"If the man was a Frenchman, why do you suspect the tailor of Chaudière?" asked Charley, softly. "Of course I understand the reason behind all: you have heard that the tailor is an infidel; you have protested to the good Curé here, and the Curé is a man who has a sense of justice, and will not drive a poor man from his parish by Christian boycott and persecution—without a cause. Because certain dates coincide and certain impulses urge, you find cause to suspect the tailor. Again, according to your mind, a man who steals holy vessels must needs be an infidel; therefore a tailor in Chaudière, suspected of being an infidel, stole the holy chalices. It might seem a fair case for a grand jury of clericals. But it breaks down in certain places. Your criminal is a Frenchman; the tailor of Chaudière is an Englishman."

The Abbé's face was contracted with stubborn annoyance, though he held his tongue from violence.

"Do you deny that you are French?" he asked, tartly.

"I could almost endure the suspicion because of the compliment to my accent and my command of your charming language."

"It is necessary for you to prove you are an Englishman. No one knows where you came from; no one knows what you are. You are a fair subject for suspicion, apart from the evidence shown," said the Abbé, trying now to be as polite as the tailor.

"This is a free country. So long as the law is obeyed, one can go where one wills without question, I take it."

"There is a law of vagrancy."

"I am a householder, a tenant of the Church, not a vagrant."

"Monsieur, you can have your choice of proving these things here or in Quebec," said the Abbé, with angry impatience again.

"I may not be compelled to prove anything. It is the privilege of the law to prove the crime against me."

"You are a very remarkable tailor," said the Abbé, sarcastically.

"I have not had the honor of making you even a cassock, I think. Monsieur le Curé, I believe, approves of those I make for him. He has a good figure, however."

"You refuse to identify yourself?" asked the Abbé, with asperity.

"I am not aware that you possess any right to ask me to do so."

The Abbé's thin lips clipped to like shears. He turned again towards the officers.

"It would relieve the situation," said the Seigneur, quietly, "if monsieur could find it possible to grant the Abbé's—demand."

Charley bowed to the Seigneur. "I do not know why I should be taken for a Frenchman or an infidel. I speak French well, I presume, but I spoke it from the cradle. I speak English with equally good accent," he added, with a glimmer of a smile; for there was a kind of exhilaration in the little contest, even with so much at stake. This miserable, silly charge had that behind it which might

open up a grave, make its dead to walk, fright folk from their senses, and destroy their peace forever. Yet he was cool and thinking clearly. He measured up the Abbé in his mind, analyzed him, found the vulnerable spot in his nature, the avenue to the one place lighted by a lamp of humanity. He leaned a hand upon the ledge of the chimney where he stood, and said, in a low voice:

"Monsieur l'Abbé, it is sometimes the misfortune of just men to be terribly unjust. 'For conscience' sake' is another name for prejudice—for those antipathies which, natural to us, are, at the same time, trap-doors for our just intentions. You, monsieur l'Abbé, have a radical antipathy to those men who are unable to see or to feel what you were privileged to see and feel from the dawn of life in you. You *know* that you are right. Do you think that those who do not see as you do are wicked because they were not given what you were given? If you are right, may they, poor folk! not be the victims of their blindness of heart—of the darkness that was born in them, or of the evils that overtake them? For conscience' sake, you would crush out evil. To you an infidel—so called—is an evil-doer, a peril to the peace of God. You drive him out from among the faithful. You heard that a tailor of Chaudière was an infidel. You did not prove him one, but you, for conscience' sake, are trying to remove him, by fixing on him a crime of which he may, with slight show of reason, be suspected. But I ask you, would you have taken the same deep interest in setting the law upon this suspected man did you not believe him to be an infidel?"

He paused. The Abbé made no reply, but looked at him at intervals with quick inquisitive glances. The Curé was bending forward eagerly; the Seigneur sat with his hands over the top of his cane, his chin on his hands, never taking his eyes from him, save to glance once or twice at his brother. Jo Portugais was crouched on the bench—watching.

"I do not know what makes an infidel," Charley went on. "Is it an honest mind, a decent life, an austerity of living as great as that of any priest, a neighborliness that gives and takes in fairness—"

"No, no, no," interposed the Curé, eagerly. "So you have lived here, Monsieur; I can vouch for that. Charity and a good heart have gone with you always."

"Do you mean that a man is an infidel because he cannot say, as Louis Trudel said to me, 'Do you believe in God?' and replies, as I replied, 'God knows!' Is that infidelity? If God is God, He alone knows when the mind or the tongue can answer in the terms of that faith which you profess. He knows the secret desires of our hearts, and what we believe, and what we do not believe; He knows better than we ourselves know—if there is a God. Does a man conjure God, if he does not believe in God? 'God knows!' is not a statement of infidelity. With me it was a phrase—no more. You ask me to bare my inmost soul. I have not learned how to confess. You ask me to lay bare my past, to prove my identity. For conscience' sake you ask that, and I for conscience' sake say I will not, monsieur. You, when you enter your priestly life, put all your past behind you. It is dead forever: all its deeds and thoughts and desires, all its errors—sins! Who dare disinter that dead past? I have entered on a life here which is to me as much a new life as your priesthood is to you. Shall I not have the right to say, it may not be disinterred? Have I not the right to say, Hands off? For the past I am responsible, and for the past I will speak from the past; but for the deeds of the present I will speak only from the present. I am not a Frenchman; I did not steal the little cross from the church door here, nor the golden chalices in Quebec; nor did I seek to injure the Governor's residence. I have not been in Quebec for three years."

He ceased speaking, and fixed his eyes on the Abbé, who now met his look fairly.

"In the way of justice, there is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed, nor secret that shall not be made known," answered the Abbé. "Prove that you were not in Quebec on the day the robbery was committed"

There was silence. The Abbé's pertinacity was too difficult. The Seigneur saw the grim look in Charley's face, and touched the Abbé on the arm. "Let us walk a little outside. Come, Curé," he added. "It is right that monsieur should

have a few minutes alone. It is a serious charge against him, and reflection will be good for us all."

He motioned the constables from the room. The Abbé passed through the door into the open air, and the Curé and the Seigneur went arm in arm together, talking earnestly. The Curé turned in the doorway.

"Courage, Monsieur!" he said to Charley, and bowed himself out. Jo Portugais followed.

One officer took his place at the front door and the other at the back door, outside.

The Abbé, by himself, took to walking backwards and forwards under the trees, buried in gloomy reflection. Jo Portugais caught his sleeve.

"Come with me for a moment, m'sieu' l'Abbé," he said. "It is important."

Without a word the Abbé followed him.

CHAPTER XXXII

JO PORTUGAIS TELLS A STORY

JO PORTUGAIS had fastened down a secret with clasps heavier than iron, and had stood guard over it ever since. But life is a wheel, and natures move in circles, passing the same points again and again, the points being distant or near to the sense as the courses of life have influenced the nature. Confession was an old principle, a light in the way, a rest-house for Jo and all his race, by inheritance, by disposition, and by practice. Again and again Jo had come round to the rest-house since one direful day, but had not found his way therein. There were passwords to give at the door, there was the tale of the journey to tell to the doorkeeper. And this tale he had not been ready to tell. But the man who knew of the terrible thing he had done, who had saved him from the consequences of that terrible thing, was in sore trouble, and this broke down the gloomy guard he had kept over his dread secret. He fought the matter out with himself, and, the battle ended, he touched the doorkeeper on the arm, beckoned him to a lonely place in the trees, and knelt down before him.

"What is it you seek?" said the doorkeeper, whose face was set and forbidding.

"To find peace," answered the man;

yet he was thinking more of another's peril than of his own soul.

"What have I to do with the peace of your soul. Yonder is your shepherd and keeper," said the doorkeeper, pointing to where two men walked arm in arm under the trees.

"Shall the sinner not choose the keeper of his sins?" said the man, huskily.

"Who has been the keeper all these years? Who has given you peace?"

"I have had no keeper; I have had no peace these many years."

"How many years, my son?" The Abbé's voice was low and even, and showed no feeling, but his eyes were keenly inquiring and intent.

"Seven years."

"Is the sin that held you back from the comfort of the Church a great one?"

"The greatest, save one."

"What would be the greatest?"

"To curse God and die."

"The next?"

"To take a human life."

The other's whole manner changed on the instant. He was no longer the stern Churchman, the inveterate friend of Justice, the prejudiced priest, rigid in a pious convention, who could neither bend nor break. The sin of an infidel breaker of the law, that was one thing; the crime of a son of the Church, which a human soul came to relate in its agony, that was another. He had a crass sense of justice, but there was to him a deeper thing still: the revelation of the human soul, the awful responsibility of speaking to the heart that has dropped the folds of secrecy and exposed the skeleton of truth, grim and staring, to the eye of a secret earthly mentor.

"If it has been hidden all these years, why do you tell it now, my son?"

"It is the only way."

"Why was it hidden?"

"I have come to confess," answered the man, bitterly.

The priest looked at him anxiously. "You have spoken rightly, my son. I am not here to ask, but to receive."

"Forgive me, father; but it is my crime I would speak of now. I choose this moment that another should not suffer for what he did not do."

The priest thought of the man they had left in the little house, and the crime

with which he was charged, and wondered what the sinner before him was going to say.

"Tell your story, my son, and God give your tongue the very spirit of truth, that nothing be forgotten and nothing excused."

There was a moment's pause, in which the color left the priest's face, and as he opened the door of his mind—of the Church, secret and inviolate—he had a pain at his heart; for beneath his arrogant churchmanship there was an almost fanatical spirituality of a mediæval kind. His sense of responsibility was painful and intense. The same pain possessed him always, were the sin that of a child or a Borgia. He understood why this man came to him—he, the priest, was not in touch with his past, or with those connected with the crime. Therefore now was his responsibility the greater.

As he listened to the broken tale, the forest around was vocal, the chipmonks scampered from tree to tree, the woodpecker's *tap-tap, tap-tap*, went on over their heads, the leaves rustled and gave forth their divine sweetness, as though man and nature were at peace, and there were no storms in sky above or soul beneath, or in the waters of life that are deeper than "the waters under the earth."

It was only a few moments, but to the doorkeeper and the wayfarer it seemed hours, for the human soul travels far and hard and long in moments of agony and revelation; and the priest at this moment suffered as much as the man who did the terrible thing. When the man had finished, the priest said,

"Is this all?"

"It is the great sin of my life."

There was silence again, and then the priest, in low firm words, yet pregnant with anxiety, suggested the course the man should follow, on receiving absolution. He should bear the penalty of the law. He should confess his crime before the world, and so satisfy all demands of justice. There was something martyr-like in his attitude. It seemed to him that the man would best win eternal peace by making restitution—and there was but one restitution to be made. He had no power; he could only counsel. He spoke with the authority of a divine Justice.



HE CEASED SPEAKING AND FIXED HIS EYE ON THE ABBÉ

The man shuddered, but answered: "I have no love of life; I have no fear of death; but there is the man who saved me years ago, who got me freedom. He has had great sorrow and trouble, and I would live for his sake—because he has no friend."

"Who is the man?"

The other pointed to where the little house was hidden among the trees. The priest almost gasped his amazement, but waited.

Thereupon the woodsman told the whole truth concerning the tailor of Chaudière.

"To save him, I have confessed my own sin. To you I might tell the truth in confession, and the truth concerning him would be buried forever. I might not confess at all unless I confessed my own sin. You will save him, father?" he asked, anxiously.

"I will save him," was the tardy reply of the priest.

"I am willing to give myself to justice; but he has been ill, and he may be ill again, and he needs me." He told of the tailor's besetting weakness, of his struggles against it, of his fall a few days before, and the cause of it—he told all to the man of silence.

"For one year longer go on as you are, then give yourself to justice—one year from to-day, my son. Is it enough?"

"It is enough."

"*Absolvo te!*" said the priest.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE EDGE OF LIFE

MEANTIME Charley Steele was alone with his problem. The net of circumstances seemed to have coiled inextricably round him. Once, at a trial in court on other days, he had said, "It is not the penalties of one's sins one has to fear, it is the damnable accident of discovery."

To try to escape now, or, with the assistance of Jo Portugais, when *en route* to Quebec in charge of the constables, and find refuge and seclusion elsewhere? There was nothing he might ask of Portugais which he would not do. To escape—and so acknowledge a guilt which was not his! Well, what did it matter? Who mattered? He knew only too well. The

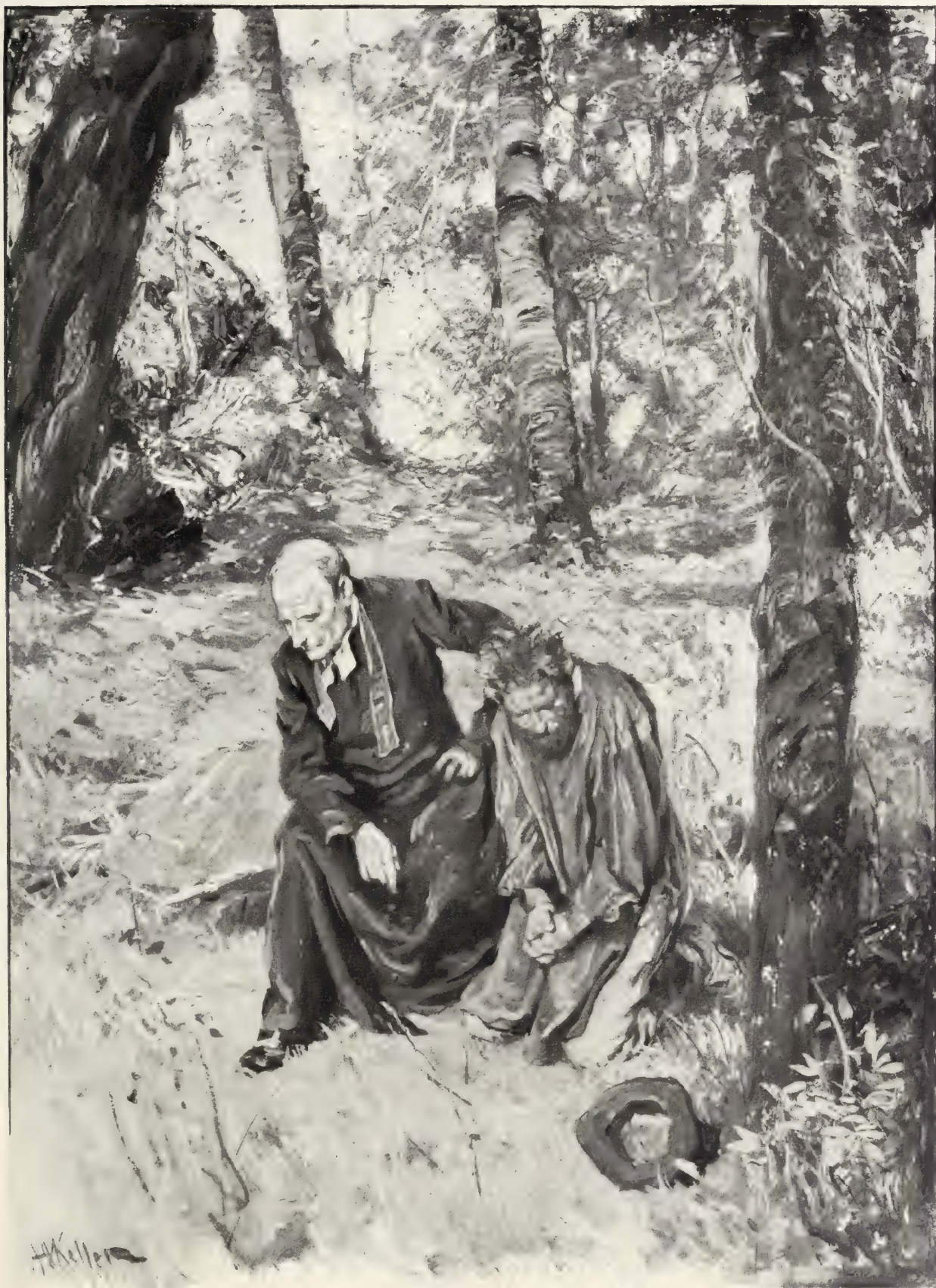
Curé mattered—that good man who had never intruded his piety on him; who had been from the first a discreet friend, a gentleman,—a Christian gentleman, if there were such a sort of gentleman apart from all others! Who mattered? The Seigneur, whom he had never seen before, yet who had showed that day a sort of brusque sympathy, a kind of crass belief in him? Who mattered?

Above all, Rosalie mattered. She had touched him in the remote sources of being, had given him in manhood a simple youthfulness never before his—born old, with the golden spoon of luxury in his mouth, with a nature involuntarily closed against the deepest influences of life, always the *non-intime*. She had made life intimate to him, had brought him pulse to pulse with the realities of existence.

To escape, to go from Rosalie's presence by a dark way, as it were, like a thief in the night—was that possible? His escape would work upon her mind. She would first wonder, then doubt, then be troubled, and then believe that at last he was the common criminal. Independent, proud, and indifferent to all the world as he had been, he was deeply anxious to stand well with her. She was the one who mattered in that thought of escape—escape to some other parish, to some other province, to some other country—to some other world!

To some other world! He looked at a little bottle he held in the palm of his hand.

Escape to some other world? And why not, after all? On the day his memory had come back he had resisted the idea in this very room. As the fatalist he had resisted it then. Now how poor seemed the reasons for not having ended it all that day! "If his appointed time had been come, the river would have ended him then." That had been his argument. Was that argument not belief in Somebody or Something which governed his going or staying? Was it not preordination? Was not fatalism, then, the cheapest sort of belief in an unchangeable Somebody or Something, which represented purpose and law and will? Attribute to anything power, and there was God, whatever His qualities, personality, or being.



JO'S CONFESSION

The little phial of laudanum was in his hand to loosen life into Knowledge. Was it not his duty to eliminate himself, rather than be an unsolvable quantity in the problem of many lives? It was neither vulgar nor cowardly to pass quietly from forces making for ruin, and so avert ruin and secure happiness. To go while yet there was time, and smooth forever the way for others by an eternal silence—that seemed well. Punishment thereafter, the Curé would say. But was it not worth while being punished, even should the Curé's fond belief in the noble fable be true, if one saved others here? Who—God or man—had the right to take from him the right to destroy himself, not for fear, not through despair, but for others' sake? Had he not the right to make restitution to Kathleen for having given her nothing but himself, whom she had learned to despise? If he were God, he would say, "Do justice and fear not." And this was justice. Suppose he were in a battle, with all these things behind him, and, to save others, put himself, with daring and great results, in some forlorn hope—where he must die; and he died, ostensibly a hero for his country, but, in his heart of hearts, to throw his life away to save some one he loved—not his country, which profited by his sacrifice—suppose that were the case, what would the world say?

"He saved others, himself he could not save"—flashed through his mind, possessed him. He could save others; but it was clear he could not save himself. It was so simple, so kind, and so decent. And he would be buried here in quiet, unconsecrated ground, a mystery, a tailor who, finding he could not mend the garment of life, cast it away, and took on himself the mantle of eternal obscurity. It would be quiet indeed, and no problems would perplex, and no vice ceaselessly dog his steps, haply one day to find him weak or depressed or ill, and then to take him by the throat and drag him down. No reproaches would follow him; and he would not reproach himself, for Kathleen and Billy and another would be safe and free to live their lives.

Far, far better for Rosalie! She too would be saved—free from the peril of his presence. For where could happiness come to her from him? He might not

love her; he might not marry her; and it were well to go now, while yet love was not a habit, but an awakening, a realization of life. His death would settle this sad question forever; and to her he would be a memory—a softening memory as time went on, which could do her no harm in the end, which would fade into a placid recollection of a confidence which was more than the man.

"I will do it," he said aloud. "It is better to go than to stay—to go to the grave of shame they made for me a year ago, than to stay and see their hopes buried in the grave of despair and shame. I have never done a good thing for love of any human being. I will do one now. And I will do it for love's sake!"

He turned towards the window through which the sunlight streamed. Stepping forwards into the sun, he uncorked the bottle.

There was a quick step behind him, and a woman's voice said, clearly:

"If you go, I go also. If you do it for love's sake, I too will do it for love's sake."

He turned swiftly, cold with amazement, the blood emptied from his heart.

Rosalie stood a little distance from him, her face pale, her hands clinched to her side.

"I have heard all. I came back and hid in the next room"—she pointed to a room where a bear-skin hung as a curtain behind it—"and I know why you would die. You would die to save others."

"Rosalie!"—he protested in a hoarse voice, and for a moment could say nothing more.

"You think that I will stay, if you go! No, no, no—I will not. You taught me how to live, and I shall die with you, if you die. I will follow you wherever you go."

He saw the strange determination of her look. It startled him; he knew not what to say. "Your father, Rosalie—"

"My father will be cared for. But who will care for you in the place where you are going? You will have no friends there. You shall not go alone. You will need me—in the dark. We will be outcasts together."

"It is needful that I go," he said. "It is good that I go. It would be wicked, it would be horrible, for you to go."

"I go if you go," she said. "I will die when you die. I will lose my soul to be with you; you will need me—there!"

There was no mistaking her intention. There were footsteps outside. The others were coming back. To die here before her face? To bring her to death with him? He was sick with despair.

"Go into the next room quickly," he said. "No matter what comes, I will not—on my honor!"

She threw him a look of gratitude, and as the bear-skin curtain dropped behind her, he put the bottle of laudanum in his pocket.

The door opened, and the Abbé Rossignol entered, followed by the Seigneur, the Curé, and Jo Portugais. Charley faced them calmly, and waited.

The Abbé's face was still cold and severe, but his voice was human as he said, quickly: "Monsieur, I have decided to take you at your word. I am assured you are not the man who committed the crime. You probably have reasons for not establishing your identity, and I feel now that they are not bad ones—I feel it so, monsieur!"

Had Charley been a prisoner in the dock, he could not have had a moment of deeper amazement—as though even after the jury had said *Guilty*, a piece of evidence had been handed in which, proving his innocence, averted the death sentence. A wave of excitement passed over him, leaving him cold as ice and very still. In another room a girl put her hand to her mouth to stifle a cry of joy.

Charley bowed quietly to the Abbé. "You made a mistake, monsieur—pray do not apologize," he said.

CHAPTER XXXIV

IN AMBUSH

SUMMER was done and autumn was upon the land. Harvest-home had gone, and the "fall ploughing" was forward. The smell of the burning stubble, of decaying plant and fibre, was mingling with the odors of the orchards and the balsams of the forest. The leafy hillsides, far and near, were resplendent in scarlet and saffron and tawny red—a melody of color in harmony with plain-

tive sunsets and eastern dyes of morning, which occasional showers washed out, only to give them to the sun again more radiant and appealing. A chastened splendor; for the pathos of changing seasons was upon the land. The middle life of the year was come to early old age in the mellow sadness of decay, over which flickered the ruined fires of energy.

The valley of Vadrome Mountain was given to a cool, sequestered quiet, and from the Chaudière River peace widened to far hills, to be there absorbed in the trackless glades. It had been a prosperous summer in the valley. Harvests had been reaped such as the country had not known for years—and for years there had been great harvests. There had not been a death in the parish all summer, and births had occurred out of all proportion to usual years. Disregarding all proportion, Nature seemed to be making a festival of increase.

When Filion Lacasse commented on these things, and mentioned the fact that even the Notary's wife had had the gift of twins as the crowning fulness of the year, Maximilian Cour, who was essentially superstitious, tapped on the table three times, to prevent a turn in the luck.

The baker was too late, however, for the very next day the Notary was brought home with a nasty gunshot wound in his side. He had been lured into duck-hunting on a lake twenty miles away, in the hills beyond Vadrome Mountain, and had accidentally shot himself in a half-breed's hut on an Indian reservation, called Four Mountains, where the Church sometimes held a mission and presented a primitive sort of passion-play. From there Dauphin had been brought home by his comrades, the doctor from the next parish had been sent for, and every effort made to save his life. The Curé assisted the doctor at first, but the task was difficult to him, despite his brave effort to fight it down. At the moment when the case was most critical the tailor of Chaudière set his feet inside the Notary's door. A moment later the Curé was relieved, and Charley was helping to probe for shot and care for an ugly wound.

Charley had no knowledge of surgery, but his fingers were skilful, his eye was true, and he had intuition. The long operation over, the rural physician and

surgeon washed his hands and then studied Charley with curious admiration.

"Thank you, monsieur," he said to Charley, as he dried his hands on a towel. "I could not have done it without you. It is a pretty good job; and you share with me the credit."

"Thank you, monsieur," answered Charley, "but it is a good thing not to halloo till you are out of the woods. Our friend there has a bad time before him—*hein?*"

"I take you. It is so." The man of knives and tinctures pulled his side-whiskers with smiling satisfaction as he looked into a small mirror on the wall. "Do you chance to know if madame has any cordials or spirits?" he added, as he straightened his waistcoat and adjusted his cravat.

"It is likely," answered Charley, and turned away to the window looking upon the street.

The doctor turned in surprise. He was used to being waited on, and he had expected the tailor to make himself useful at once.

"We might—eh?" he said, suggestively. "It is generally the custom to provide refreshment, but the poor woman, madame, has been greatly occupied with her anxiety, and—"

"And the twins," Charley remarked, dryly. "And a house full of work, and only one old crone in the kitchen to help. Still, I have no doubt she has thought of the cordials too. Women are the slaves of custom—ah, here they are, as I said, and—"

He stopped short, for in the doorway, with a tray, stood Rosalie Evanturel. The surgeon beamed, and was so intent upon his own comfort that he did not see the look which passed between Rosalie and the tailor. Rosalie had been absent for two months in Quebec with her father, who had there undergone an operation, and meanwhile her place had been taken at the post-office by the sister of the Curé. Her father had been taken seriously ill the day after the momentous scenes in the hut at Vadrome Mountain, and Rosalie had gone with the Abbé Rossignol to Quebec to be near her father at the hospital there. Jo Portugais had been chosen by the Curé to accompany her father. To this the Abbé had made

no objection, for, in disposing of the suspicion against the tailor of Chaudière, Jo Portugais might be useful, even necessary.

There had been a hasty leave-taking between Charley and Rosalie, but it was in the presence of others, and they had never spoken a word privately together since the day she had said to him that where he went she would go, in life or out of it.

"You have been gone two months," Charley said, after their touch of hands and voiceless greeting.

"Two months yesterday," she answered.

"At sundown," he replied, in an even voice.

"The Angelus was ringing," she answered in a voice as even and calm, though her heart was leaping and her hands were trembling. The doctor, instantly busy with the cordial, had not realized what they said.

"Won't you join me?" he added, offering a glass to Charley.

"Spirits do not suit me," answered Charley, quietly.

"Matter of constitution," rejoined the doctor, and buttoned up his coat, preparing to depart. "Always after work, never before. That's my motto. Look at my hand"—he held it out—"steady and sure as a clock. Plenty of work, good food, good liquor in its proper place—not in taverns, in your own house—a good wife and a couple of children, somebody to kiss you when you go out and when you come in—that's the ticket, eh, monsieur?—eh, my dear?"

"Matter of constitution, perhaps, monsieur," answered Rosalie, dryly, but with heightened color.

"Right—right—I take you!" He came close to Charley. "Now, I don't want to put upon you, monsieur," he said, "but this sick man is valuable in the parish—you take me? Well, it's a difficult, delicate case, and I'd be glad if I could rely on you for a few days. The Curé would do, but you are young, you have a sense of things—take me? Half the fees are yours if you'll keep a sharp eye on him—three times a day, and be with him at night awhile. Fever is the thing I'm afraid of—temperature—come here, please!" He went to the win-

dow, and for a minute engaged Charley in whispered conversation closely. "You take me?" he said cheerily at last, as he turned again towards Rosalie.

"Quite, monsieur," answered Charley, and drew away, for he caught the odor of the doctor's breath, and a cold perspiration broke out over him. He felt the old desire for drink sweeping through him. "I will do what I can," he said.

"Come, my dear," the doctor said to Rosalie. "We will go and see your father."

Charley's eyes had fastened on the bottles avidly. As Rosalie turned to bid him good-by, he said to her, almost hoarsely, "Take the tray back to Madame Dauphin—please!"

She flashed at him a glance of inquiry. She was puzzled by the fire in his eyes. With her soul in her face as she lifted the tray, in a low thrilling tone, out of the warm-beating love of life in her, out of her heart's abundance, she said,

"It is good to live, isn't it?"

He nodded and smiled, and the trouble slowly passed from his eyes. The woman in her had conquered his enemy.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE COMING OF MAXIMILIAN COUR AND ANOTHER

"IT is good to live, isn't it?" In the autumn weather, when the air drank like wine, it seemed so indeed, even to Charley Steele, who worked all day in his shop, his door wide open to the sunlight, and sat up half the night with Narcisse Dauphin, sometimes even taking a turn at the cradle of the twins, while Madame Dauphin sat beside her husband's bed.

To Charley, the answer to Rosalie's question lay in the fact that his eyes had never been so keen, his face so alive, or his step so buoyant as in this week of double duty; his nervous force was an inexhaustible battery of strength which would last when his body should be worn to tenuity. Pale, reserved, and lonely as was his face, his mind was more hopeful than it had ever been since the day he awoke with memory restored in the silence of a mountain hut.

He had found the antidote to his great temptation, to the lurking habit which had so often sprung up relentless and

furious; which had almost killed him the night John Brown had sung "Champagne Charley" from behind the flaring lights. From an inherent pride, a determination to fight his own fight with no material aids, he had never once used the antidote sent him by the Curé's brother.

On St. Jean Baptiste's day his proud will had failed him; intellectual force, native power of mind, had broken like reeds under the weight of severe temptation. The futility of his struggle was borne in upon him even as he put the *habitant's* bottle to his lips. With the voice of a lost soul he had sung the refrain which had driven John Brown panic-stricken from the parish.

He had lived more lives than one, and he must die more deaths than one: so the game had gone on, and he had heavily lost in the past ineffectual strife. But now a new force had entered into him. As his fingers were about to reach for the spirit-bottle in the house of the Notary, and he had, for the first time in his life, made an appeal for help, a woman's voice had said, "It is good to be alive, isn't it?" and his hand was stayed. A woman's look had solved to the clear crystal of peace the trouble in his eyes, had stilled the raging strife of his brain and will. Never before in his life had he relied on a moral or a spiritual thing in him. What of these existed in him were in unseen quantities—for which there was neither multiple nor measure—had been primitive and hereditary, had flowed in him like a feeble tincture diluted to inefficacy.

Rosalie had resolved him back to the primitive elements. The quiet days he had spent in Chaudière, the self-sacrifice he had been compelled to make, the human sins, such as those of Jo Portugais and Louis Trudel, with which he had had to do, the simplicity of the life around him—the uncomplicated lie and the unvarnished truth, the obvious sorrow and the patent joy, the childish faith and the rude wickedness, so pardonable because so frankly brutal—had worked upon him. The elemental spirit of it all had so invaded his nature, breaking through the crust of old habit to the new man, that when he fell before his temptation and his body became saturated with liquor, the healthy natural being and the

growing natural mind were overpowered by the coarse poisonous onslaught. Death had nearly followed; and a murderer had saved him from its shameful humiliation—in such a case it could only have been shameful—as shameful as the death he died at the Côte Dorion.

For the first time in his life he had appealed to a force outside himself, to an active principle unfamiliar to the voluntary working of his nature, and the answer had been immediate and adequate. Yet what was it? He did not ask; he had not got beyond the mere experience, and the old questioning habit was in abeyance for the moment. Each new and great emotion had its dominating moment, its supreme occasion, before taking its place again in the modulated moral mechanism. Well and wisely working it may be the power which makes the whole machinery thereafter a thing of creation, not of habit and convention. Sometimes, however, in its short career of absolute rule, it destroys the whole mechanism.

Noble in itself, it has its dangers. Reckoning must be made with the perils of an exultant force. Even as an army in its excess of achievement may do injury as well as good, pillaging where it can make no return, destroying where there is no resistance—and because there is no resistance, in the sheer wantonness of its force—so a righteous and splendid emotion may on the very verge of estimable government of life be the cause of utter undoing.

Charley was touched with helplessness. His intellectual cleverness seemed absorbed in a huge unused emotion set free on the plane of his life.

He was busy, however, night and day, knowing no rest, and seemingly needing none, content to feel. Momentary peril to himself had passed. He had not questioned why very closely; for it seemed not unnatural to him that the Curé and the Seigneur had influenced the Abbé, and also that his own reasoning had had its effect upon the rigid, intolerant Churchman. Jo Portugais also having gone to Quebec with Rosalie, her father, and the Abbé, his mind soon ceased to consider the painful matter. He had no idea what gossip was abroad in the parish, nor would he have concerned himself

had he known of it. It satisfied him that the Seigneur and the Curé visited him at his shop, and talked with him as though there was no shadow over him. For the first time since coming to the Chaudière he had a sense of peace and security, only darkened by the temptation to drink which still assailed him at times. Hungering for her presence as he did, yet he had scarcely regretted Rosalie's absence; for he had dreaded meeting her alone again. She had shown her love for him, but in so naïve, so nobly simple and natural a way, that she could be no more charged with immodesty than a native of Polynesia who warms his naked brown body in the divine sun, untaught in the shame-saving virtue of clothes.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend." As he sat beside Narcisse Dauphin's bedside one evening, the sick man on his way to recovery, these words came to him, the text of a sermon he had once heard John Brown preach in the other life. Rosalie would not only have died with him, but she would have died for him, if need had been. It would have been to die for him if, as she meant to do, she had willingly condemned her own soul that it might be with his. What might he give in return for what she gave?

The Notary interrupted his thoughts. He had lain watching Charley for a long time, and his brow had been drawn down with thought. At last he said,

"Monsieur, you have been very good to me."

Charley smiled, and laid a hand on the arm of the sick man.

"I don't see that. But if you won't talk, I'll believe you think so."

The Notary shook his head. "I've not been talking for an hour, I've no fever, and I want to say some things. When I've said them, I shall feel better—*voilà!* I want to make the *amende honorable!* I once thought you were this and that—I won't say what I thought you. I said you interfered—giving advice to people, as you did to Filion Lacasse, and taking the bread out of my mouth. I said that!"

He paused, raised himself on his elbow, smoothed back his gray hair behind his ears, looked at himself in the mirror

opposite with satisfaction, and added, oracularly: "But how prone is the mind of man to judge amiss! You have put bread into my mouth—no, no, monsieur, you shall hear me! As well as doing your own work, you have done my business since my accident as well as a lawyer could do it; and you've given every penny to my wife; and I don't know how much besides."

"Nothing besides, my friend," answered Charley, smiling; "and as for the work I've done, it was nothing—you notaries have easy times. You may take your turn with my shears and needle one day."

With an air of acumen and a dash of patronage true to his nature, the Notary rejoined, "You are wonderful for a tailor!"

Charley laughed—seldom, if ever, had he laughed since coming to Chaudière. It was, however, a curious fact that he took a real pleasure in the work he did with his hands. In making clothes for *habitant* farmers, and their sons and their sons' sons, and jackets for their wives and daughters, he had had the keenest pleasure of his life, not excepting those moments when he had wrested an unexpected *Not guilty* from a jury.

He had taken his earnings with pride, if not with exultation. He knew that the Notary did not mean that he was wonderful as a tailor, but he answered to the suggestion.

"You liked that last coat I made for you, then," he said, dryly; "I believe you wore it when you were shot. It was the thing for your figure, man."

The Notary looked in the large mirror opposite with sad content. "Ah, it was a good figure, the first time I went to that hut at Four Mountains!"

"What's the matter with you, man? We can't always be young. Your figure has a waist yet, and your chest-barrel gives form to a waistcoat. Tut! tut! don't be so vain of your figure. Think of the twins in the way of vainglory and hypocrisy."

"'Twins' and 'hypocrisy'; there you have struck the nail on the head, tailor. There is the thing I'm going to tell you about."

After a cautious glance at the door and the window, Dauphin continued in quick

broken sentences: "It wasn't an accident at Four Mountains—not quite. It was Paulette Dubois—you know the woman that lives at the Seigneur's gate! Ten years ago she was a handsome girl. I fell in love with her, but just then she left here. There were two other men. There was a lumber-merchant, and there was a lawyer after. The lumber-merchant was married; the lawyer wasn't. She lived at first with the lumber-merchant. He was killed—murdered in the woods."

"What was the lumber-merchant's name?" interrupted Charley Steele in an even voice.

"Turley—but that doesn't matter!" continued the Notary. "He was killed, or murdered, and then the lawyer came on the scene. He lived with her for a year. She had a child by him. Suddenly he sent the child away to a safe place and told her that he was going to turn over a new leaf—he was going to stand for Parliament, and she must go. She wouldn't go without the child. Then, at last, he said the child was dead; and showed her the certificate of death. Then she came back here, and for a while, alas! she was a disgrace to the parish. But all at once she changed—she got a letter that her child was alive. To her it was like being born again. It was just then that they'd been going to drive her from the parish. But the Seigneur and then the Curé spoke for her, and so did I—at last."

He paused and pathetically admired himself in the mirror. He was grateful that he had been clean-shaved that morning, and he was content to catch the odor of the bergamot in the oil upon his hair. New phases of the most interesting case that Charley Steele had ever defended spread out before him—the case which had given him his friend Jo Portugais. Yet he could not quite trace in it the vital connection of this vain Notary now in the perfect mood for confession.

"You undoubtedly did a noble act," said Charley, tentatively.

"Ah, you say that, knowing so little. What will you say when you know all—ah! That I should take a stand also was important. Neither the Seigneur nor the Curé was married; I was. I have been long-suffering for a cause. My marital felicity has been bruised—bruised—but not broken!"

"There are the twins," said Charley, with a half-closed eye, for absorbing as the Notary's tale was, his sense of humor intervened, and his old cynicism flashed out in whimsical comment.

"Could any woman ask greater proof?" said the Notary, seriously, for the other's voice had been so well masked that he did not catch its satire. "But see my peril, and mark the ground of my interest in this poor wanton! Yet a woman—a woman—frail creatures, as we know, and to be pitied, not made more pitiful by the stronger sex!...But, see now! Why should I have perilled mine own conjugal peace, given ground for suspicion even—for I am unfortunate, unfortunate in the exterior with which Dame Nature has honored me!" Again he looked in the mirror with sad complacency.

On these words his listener offered no comment, and he continued:

"For this reason I lifted my voice for the poor woman. It was I who wrote the letter to her that her child was alive. I did it with high purpose; for I foresaw that she would change her ways if she thought her child was living. Was I mistaken? No. I am an observer of human nature. Intellect conquered. *Io triumphe*. The poor fly-away changed, led a new life. Ever since she has tried to get the man—the lawyer—to tell her where her child is. He has not done so. He has said the child is dead—always. When she seemed to give up belief, then would come another letter to her, telling her the child was living—but not where or with whom. So she would keep on writing to the man, and sometimes she would go away searching—searching. To what end?—Nothing! She had a letter some months ago, for she had got restless, and a young kinsman of the Seigneur had come to visit at the seigneurie for a week, and took much notice of her. There was danger. *Voilà*, another letter."

"From you?"

"Monsieur, of course. Will you keep a secret—on your sacred honor?"

"I can keep a secret without sacred honor."

"Ah, yes, of course. You have a secret of your own—pardon me, I am only saying what every one says! Well, this is the secret of the woman Paulette Dubois. My cousin, Robespierre Dauphin,

a notary in Quebec, is the agent of the lawyer, the father of the child. He pities the poor woman. But he is bound in professional honor to the lawyer fellow not to betray what he knows. When visiting Robespierre once I found out the truth—by accident. I told him what I intended doing. He approved, but gave no further permission than to tell the woman her child was alive; and, if need be for her good, to affirm it over and over again."

"And this?" said Charley, pointing to the injured leg, for he suddenly associated the accident with the secret just disclosed.

"Ah, you apprehend—you have an avocat's mind—almost. It was at Four Mountains. Paulette is superstitious; so not long ago she went to live there alone with an old half-breed woman who has second-sight. Monsieur, it is a gift, unmistakably. For as soon as the hag clapped eyes on me there in the hut, she said, 'There is the man that wrote you the letters.' Well—what! Paulette Dubois came down on me like an avalanche, monsieur—like an avalanche! She believed the old witch; and there was I lying with an unconvincing manner"—he sighed—"lying requires practice, alas! She saw I was lying, and in a rage snatched up my gun. It went off by accident, and brought me down. Did she relent? Not so! She helped to bind me up, and the last words she said to me were: 'You will suffer; you will have time to think. I am glad. You have kept me on the rack. I shall only be sorry if you die, for then I shall not be able to torture you till you tell me where my child is!' Monsieur, I lied to the last, lest she should come here and make a noise; but I'm not sure it wouldn't have been better to break faith with Robespierre Dauphin, and tell the poor wanton where her child is. What would you do, monsieur? I cannot ask the Curé or the Seigneur—I have reasons. But you have the head of a lawyer—almost—and you have no local feelings, no personal interest—eh?"

Charley raised his eyebrows and smiled a little, but when he turned his head towards the bed again, his face was grave—for the story of the woman touched him, as much as the melodramatic chivalry of the Notary amused him.

"I should tell the truth to the poor wanton, as you call her," he said.

"Your reasons, Monsieur?"

"Because the lawyer is a scoundrel. Your betrayal of his secret is not a thousandth part so bad as one lie told to this woman, whose very life is her child. Is it a boy or a girl?"

"A boy."

"Good. What harm can be done? A left-handed boy is all right in the world. Your wife has twins. Then think of the woman, the one ewe lamb of 'the poor wanton.' If you do not tell her, you will have her here making a noise, as you say. I wonder she has not been here on your door-step before."

"Perhaps she is waiting till I am better—ah, *mon Dieu!*"

"Well, you are better now."

There was a tap at the window. The Notary started. "Ah, Heaven, here she is now!" he gasped, and drew over to the wall.

A voice came from outside. "Shall I play for you, Dauphin? It is as good as medicine—quite!"

The Notary recovered himself at once. His volatile nature sprang back to its pose. He could forget Paulette Dubois for the moment.

"Ah, it is Maximilian Cour in the garden," he said. Then raised his voice. "Play on, baker,—but something appropriate to convalescence. The return of spring, as it were."

"A September air, and a gush of spring," said the baker, trying to crane his long neck through the window. "Ah, there you are, Dauphin! I shall give you a sleep to-night like a balmy eve." He nodded to the tailor. "M'sieu', you shall judge if sentiment be dead. I have racked my heart to play this time. I have called it, 'The Baffled Quest of Love.' I have taken the music of the song of Alsace, 'Le Jardin d'Amour,' and I have made variations on it, keeping the last verse of the song in my mind. You know the song, M'sieu':

'Quand je vais au jardin, jardin d'amour,
Je crois entendu des pas,
Je veux fuir, et n'ose pas.
Voici la fin du jour . . .
Je crains et j'hésite,
Mon cœur bat plus vite
En ce séjour . . .
Quand je vais au jardin, jardin d'amour.'

The baker sat down on a stool he had brought, and began to tune his fiddle. From inside came the voice of the Notary.

"Play 'The Woods are Green' first," he said. "Then the other."

The Notary possessed the one high-walled garden in the village, and while folk gathered outside and said that the baker was playing for the sick man, there was no one in the garden save the fiddler himself. Once or twice a lad appeared on the top of the wall, looking over, but he disappeared at once when he saw Charley's face at the window. Long ere the baker had finished, the song was caught up from the outside, and before the last notes of the violin had died away, twenty voices were singing it in the street, and forty feet marched away with it into the dusk.

Darkness comes quickly in this land of no twilight. Presently out of the soft shadowed stillness, broken by the note of a vagrant whippoorwill, crept out from Maximilian Cour's old violin the music of "The Baffled Quest of Love."

Maximilian Cour was not a great musician, but he had a talent, a rare gift of pathos, and an imagination untrammelled by rigorous rules of harmony and construction. Whatever there was in his sentimental bosom he poured into this one achievement of his life. It brought tears to the eyes of Narcisse Dauphin. It opened a gate of the garden wall, and drew inside a girl's face, shining with feeling—an intent face, earnest eyes which first sought the window from which a man had drawn back, and then listened to the music with an overflowing soul.

Maximilian Cour spoke for more than himself that night. His philandering spirit, which had done no wilful evil, had, at middle age, begotten a desire to house itself in a quiet place, where the blinds could be drawn close, and the room of life made ready with all the furniture of love. So he had spoken to his violin, and it had answered as it had never done before. The soul of the lean baker touched the heart of a man whose life had been but a baffled quest, and a girl whose love was her sun by day and her moon by night, and the starlight of her dreams.

From the shade of the window the man the girl loved watched her as she sank on the ground and clasped her hands before her in the eager abandonment of her being to the music. He watched her when the baker, at last, overcome by his own feelings—and ashamed of them—got up and stole swiftly out of the garden. He watched her till he saw her drop her face in her hands; then, opening the door and stealing out, he came and laid a hand upon her shoulder, and she heard him say,

“Rosalie!”

CHAPTER XXXVI

BARRIERS SWEEPED AWAY

ROSALIE came to her feet, gasping with pleasure. She had been unhappy ever since she had returned from Quebec, for though she had sometimes been brought in contact with Charley in the Notary's house since the day of the operation, nothing had passed between them save the necessary common-places of a sick-room, given a little extra color, perhaps, by the sense of responsibility which fell upon them both, and by that importance which hidden sentiment gives to every act and motion. The twins had been troublesome and ill, and Madame Dauphin had begged Rosalie to come in for a couple of hours every evening. Thus the tailor and the girl who, by every rule of wisdom, should have been kept as far apart as the poles, were played into each other's hands by human kindness and damnable propinquity. The man, manlike, felt no real danger, because nothing was *said*—after everything had been virtually said for all time that day at the hut on Vadrome Mountain. He had not realized the true situation, because of late her voice, like his, had been even and her hand cool and steady. He had not noticed that her eyes were like hungry fires, eating up her face—eating away its roundness, and leaving rare pathetic beauty behind.

It seemed to him that because there was silence—neither the written word nor the speaking look—that all was well. He was hugging the chain of denial to his bosom, as though to say, “This way is safety”; he was hiding his face from

the beacon-lights of her eyes, which said, “This way is home.”

Home? Pictures of home, of a home such as Maximilian Cour painted in his music, had passed before him now and then since that great day on Vadrome Mountain. A simple fireside, with frugal but comfortable fare; a few books; the study of the fields and woods; the daily humble task over which he could think and think and think as his hands worked mechanically; the bright fire on the hearth; the happy face of a happy woman near, and other happy faces looking up to happy eyes looking down to meet them—he had thought of home; yet he had put it from him, because, no matter what the temptation, his must be, perhaps forever, the bed and board unshared. He had had his chance in the old days, and he had thrown it away with an insolent indifference to consequences and an unpardonable contempt for the opinion of the world.

Now, with a blind fatuousness which had nothing to do with his old intellectual power, but was evidence of a new and primitive life of feeling, welling up in him, he fondly and vaguely imagined that because there were no clinging hands, or stolen looks, or any vow or promise, that all might go on as at present—upon the surface. With a curious absence of his old accuracy of observation he was treating the immediate past—his and Rosalie's past—as if it did not actually exist; and only the other and farther past was a tragedy, and this nearer one was a dream.

But the film of dream fell from his eyes as Maximilian Cour played his “Baffled Quest of Love,” with its quaint, intense, searching pathos and truth of feeling; and as he saw the figure of the girl alone in the shade of the great rose-bushes, past and present became one, and the whole man was lost in that one word “Rosalie!” which called her to her feet with outstretched hands. The tears sprang to her eyes; her face upturned to his was a mute appeal, a speechless “*Viens ici.*”

Past, present, future, duty, apprehension, consequences, suddenly fell away from Charley's mind like a garment slipping from the shoulders, and the new man, swept off his feet by the onrush of

unused and ungoverned emotions, caught the girl to his arms with a desperate joy.

"My dear, my love!" wept the girl, and hid her face in his breast.

A voice came from inside the house: "Monsieur, Monsieur—ah, come, if you please, tailor!"

The girl drew back quickly, looked up at him for one instant with a triumphant happy daring, then, suddenly covered with confusion, turned, ran to the gate, opened it, passed swiftly out, and was swallowed up in the dusk.

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE CHALLENGE OF PAULETTE DUBOIS

"**M**ONSIEUR, Monsieur," came the voice from inside the house, querulously and anxiously. Charley hurried inside the house and entered the bedroom.

"Monsieur," said the Notary, excitedly, "she is here—Paulette Dubois is here. My wife is asleep, thank God, but old Sophie has just told me that the woman asks to see me. Ah, Heaven above, what shall I do?"

"Will you leave it to me?"

"Yes, yes, Monsieur."

"You will do exactly as I say?"

"Certainly."

"Very well. Keep still. I will see her first. Trust to me." He turned and left the room.

Charley found the woman in the Notary's office, which, while partly detached from the house, did duty as sitting-room and library. When Charley entered, the room was only lighted by two candles, and Paulette's face was hidden by a veil, but Charley observed the tremulousness of the figure and the nervous decision of manner. He had seen her before several times, and he had always noticed the air, half bravado, half shrinking, that had marked her walk and movements, as though two emotions were fighting in her. She was now dressed in black, save for one bright red ribbon round her throat, incongruous and garish.

When she saw Charley she started, for she had expected the servant with a message from the Notary to come to him—her own message had been peremptory.

"I wish to see the Notary," she said, defiantly.

"He is not able to come to you."

"What of that?"

"Did you expect to go to his bedroom?"

"Why not?" She was abrupt to discourtesy.

"You are neither physician, nurse, nor relative."

"I have important business with him."

"I transact his business for him, madame."

"You are a tailor."

"I learned that; I am learning to be a notary."

"My business is private business."

"I transact his private business too—that which his wife does not do. Would you prefer his wife to me? It must be either the one or the other."

The woman started towards the door in a rage. He stepped between. "You cannot see the Notary."

"I'll see his wife, then—"

"That would only put the fat in the fire. His wife would not listen to you. She is quick-tempered, and she fancies she has reasons for not liking you."

"She's a fool. I haven't been always particular, but as for Narcisse Dauphin—"

"He has been a good friend to you at some expense, the world says."

The woman struggled with herself. "The world lies!" she said at last.

"But he doesn't. The village was against you once. That was when the Notary, with the Seigneur, was for you—it has cost him something ever since, I'm told. You've never thanked him."

"I hate him. He has tortured me for years, the oily, smirking, lying—"

"He has been your best friend," he interrupted. "Please sit down, and listen to me for a moment."

She hesitated, then did as he asked.

"He tells me that years ago he was in love with you. Hasn't he behaved better than some who said they loved you?"

The woman half started up, her eyes flashing, but met a deprecating motion of his hand and sat down again.

"He knew that if you knew your child lived, you would think better of life—and of yourself. He has his good points, the Notary!"

"Why doesn't he tell me where my child is?"

"He is in bed—you shot him! Don't you think it is doing you a good turn not to have you arrested?"

"It was an accident."

"Oh no, it wasn't. You couldn't make a jury believe that. And if you were in prison, how could you find your child? You see, you have treated the Notary very badly."

She was silent, and he added, quietly: "He had good reasons for not telling you. It wasn't his own secret, and I fancy he hadn't come by it in a strictly professional way. Your child was being well cared for, and he told you simply that it was alive—for your own sake. But he has changed his mind at last; and—"

The woman sprang from her seat. "He will tell me—he will tell me?"

"I will tell you."

"Monsieur—Monsieur—ah, my God, but you are kind! How should you know—what do you know?"

"I do not know yet; but I give you my word that by to-morrow evening you shall know where your child is."

For a moment she was bewildered and overcome, then a look of gratitude, of luminous hope, covered her face, softening the hardness of its contour, and she fell on her knees beside the table, dropped her head in her arms, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"My little lamb! my little, little lamb—my own dearest!" she sobbed. "I shall have you again! I shall have you again—all my own!"

He stood and watched her meditatively. He was wondering why it was that grief like this had never touched him so before. His eyes were moist. Though he had been many things in his life, he had never been abashed; but a curious timidity possessed him now.

He leaned over and touched her shoulder with a kindly abruptness, a friendly awkwardness. "Cheer up!" he said. "You shall have your child, if Dauphin can help you to it."

"If he tries ever to take him from me"—she sprang to her feet, her face like that of a tigress—"I will—"

For an instant her overpowering passion possessed her, and she stood violent and wilful; then, under his fixed, exacting gaze, her trembling rage ceased; she became still and gray and quiet.

"I shall know to-morrow evening, Monsieur? Where?" Her voice was weak and distant.

"At my house—at nine o'clock," he answered.

"Monsieur," she said, in a choking voice, "if I get my child again, I will bless you to my dying day."

"No, no; it will be Narcisse Dauphin that you should bless," he said, and opened the door for her. As she disappeared into the dusk and silence he adjusted his eye-glass, and stared fixedly after her, though there was nothing to see save the summer darkness, nothing to hear save the croak of the frogs in the village pond.

"Monsieur, Monsieur," called the voice of the Notary from the bed-room.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE CURE AND THE SEIGNEUR VISIT THE TAILOR

IT had been a perfect September day. The tailor of Chaudière had been busier than usual, for winter was within hail, and careful *habitants* were renewing their simple wardrobes. The Seigneur and the Curé arrived together, each to order the making of a greatcoat of the Irish frieze which the Seigneur kept in quantities at the Manor. The Seigneur was in rare spirits. And not without reason; for this was Michaelmas eve, and to-morrow would be Michaelmas day, and there was a promise to be redeemed on Michaelmas day! He had high hopes of its redemption according to his own wishes; for he was a vain Seigneur, and he had had his way in all things all his life, as everybody knew. Importunity with discretion was his motto, and he often vowed to the Curé that there was no other motto for the modern world.

The Curé's visit to the tailor's shop on this particular day had unusual interest, for it concerned his dear ambition, the fondest aspiration of his life: to bring the infidel tailor (they could not but call a man an infidel whose soul was negative—the word *agnostic* had not then been discovered) out of darkness into light; from the chains of captivity into the freedom of the Church. The Curé had ever clung to his fond hope;

and it was due to his patient confidence that there were several parishioners who now carried Charley's name before the shrine of the blessed Virgin, and to the little Calvaries by the road-side. The wife of Filion Lacasse never failed to pray for him every day. The thousand dollars gained by the saddler on the tailor's advice had made her life happier ever since, for Filion had become saving and prudent, and had even got her a "hired girl." There were at least a half-dozen other women, including Madame Dauphin, who did the same.

That he might listen again to the good priest on his holy hobby, inflamed with this passion of missionary zeal, the Seigneur, this morning, had thrown doubt upon the ultimate success of the Curé's efforts.

"My dear Curé," said the Seigneur, "it is true, I think, what the tailor suggested to my brother—on my soul, I wonder the Abbé gave in, for a more obstinate fellow I never knew!—that a man is born with the disbelieving maggot in his brain, or the butterfly of belief, or whatever it may be called. It's constitutional—maybe criminal, but constitutional! It seems to me you would stand more chance with the Jew, Greek, or heretic, than our infidel. He thinks too much—for a tailor, or for six tailors, or for one man."

He pulled his nose, as if he had said a very good thing indeed. They were walking slowly towards the village during this conversation, and the Curé, stopping short, brought his stick emphatically down in his palm several times, as he said:

"Ah, you will not see. You will not understand. With God all things are possible. Were it the devil himself in human form, I should work and pray and hope, as my duty is, though he should still remain the devil to the end. What am I? Nothing. But what the Church has done, the Church may do. Think of Paul and Augustine, and Constantine!"

"They were classic barbarians to whom religion was but an emotion. This man has a brain that must be satisfied."

"I must count him as a soul to be saved through that very intelligence, as well as through the goodness of his daily life, which, in its charity, shames us all.

He gives all he earns to the sick and needy. He lives on fare as poor as the poorest of our people eat; he gives up his hours of sleep to nurse the sick. Narcisse Dauphin might not have lived but for him. His heart is good, else these things were impossible. He could not act them."

"But that's just it, Curé. Doesn't he act them? Isn't it a whim? What more likely than that, tired of the flesh-pots of Egypt, he comes here to live in the desert—for a sensation. We don't know."

"We do know. The man has had sorrow and the man has sin. Ah, believe me, there is none of us that suffers as this man has suffered. Believe me, Maurice, I speak the truth. My heart bleeds for him. I think I know the thing that drove him here amongst us. It is a great temptation, which pursues him here—even here, where his life is so commendable. I have seen him fighting it. I have seen his torture, the piteous, ignoble yielding, and the struggle—the struggle, with more than mortal energy, to be master of himself."

"It is—" the Seigneur said, then paused.

"No, no; do not ask me. He has not confessed to me, Maurice—naturally, nothing like that. But I know. I know and pity—ah, Maurice, I almost love! You argue, and reason, but I know this, my friend, that something was left out of this man when he was made, and it is that thing that we must find, or he will die among us a ruined soul, and his gravestone will be the monument of our shame. If he can once trust the Church, if he can once say, 'O Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit,' then will his temptation vanish, and I shall lead him in—I shall lead him home."

For a moment the Seigneur looked at him in amazement, for this was a Curé he had never known.

"Dear Curé, you are not your old self," he said, gently.

"I am not myself—ah, that is it, Maurice! I am not the old humdrum Curé you knew. The whole world is my field now. I have sorrowed for sin, within the bounds of this little Chaudière. Now I sorrow for unbelief. Through this man, through much thinking on him, I have come to feel the woe of all the world.

I have come to hear the footsteps of the Master near. My friend, it is not a legend, not a belief now, it is a presence. I owe him much, Maurice. In bringing him home, I shall understand what it all means—the faith that we profess. I shall in truth feel that it is all real. You see how much I may yet owe to him—to this infidel tailor! I only hope I have not betrayed him,” he added, anxiously. “I would keep faith with him—ah, yes, indeed!”

“I only remember that you have said the man suffers. That is no betrayal.”

The Seigneur pulled his nose meditatively, and dropping a hand on the other's shoulder, they entered the village in silence. Presently, however, the sound of Maximilian Cour's violin, as they passed the bakery, set the Seigneur's tongue wagging again, and it wagged on till they came to the tailor's shop.

“Good-day to you, monsieur,” he said, as they entered. “Have you a hot goose for me?”

“I have, but I will not press it on you,” replied Charley, dryly.

“Should you so take my question—eh?”

“Should you so take my *anser*?”

The pun was new to the Seigneur, and he turned to the Curé, chuckling. “Think of that, Curé! He knows the classics.” He laughed till the tears came into his eyes.

The next few moments Charley was busy measuring the two potentates for greatcoats. As it was his first work for them, it was necessary for the Curé to write down the Seigneur's measurements, as the tailor called them off, while the Seigneur did the same when the Curé was being measured. So intent were the three it might have been a conference of war. The Seigneur ventured a distant but self-conscious smile when the measurement of his waist was called, for he had by two inches the advantage of the Curé, though they were the same age, while he was one inch better in the chest. The Seigneur was proud of his figure, and, unheeding the passing of fashions, held to the knee-breeches and silk stockings long after they had disappeared from the province. To the Curé he had often said that the only time he ever felt heretical was when in the pres-

ence of the stockinged calves of a Protestant dean. He wore his sleeves tight and his stock high, as in the days when William the Sailor was king in England, and his long gold-topped Prince Regent cane was the very acme of dignity.

The measurement done, the three studied the fashion plates—mostly five years old—as Von Moltke and Bismarck might have studied the field of Gravelotte. The Seigneur's remarks were highly critical, till, with a few hasty strokes on brown paper, Charley sketched in his figure with a long overcoat in style much the same as his undercoat, stately and flowing and confined at the waist.

“Admirable, most admirable!” said the Seigneur. “The likeness is astonishing”—he admired the carriage of his own head in Charley's swift lines—“the garment in perfect taste. Form—there is nothing like form and proportion in life! It is almost a religion.”

“My dear friend!” said the Curé, in amazement.

“I know when I am in the presence of an artist and his work. Louis Trudel had rule and measure, shears and a needle. Our friend here has eye and head, sense of form and creative gift. Ah, Curé, Curé, if I were twenty-five, with the assistance of monsieur, I would show the bucks in Mountain Street how to dress. What style is this called, monsieur?” he suddenly asked, pointing to the drawing.

“*Style à la Rossignol*, Seigneur,” said the tailor.

The Seigneur was flattered out of all reason. He looked across at the post-office, where he could see Rosalie dimly moving in the shade of the shop.

“Ah, if I had but ordered this coat sooner!” he said, regretfully. He was thinking that to-morrow was Michaelmas day, when he was to ask Rosalie for her answer again, and he fancied himself appearing before her in the gentle cool of the evening, or the freshness of the morning, in this coat, gently thrown back, disclosing his embroidered waistcoat, seals, and snowy linen. “Ah, monsieur, I am highly complimented, believe me,” he said. “Observe, Curé, that this coat is invented for me on the spot.”

The Curé nodded appreciatively. “Wonderful! Wonderful! But do you

not think," he added, a little wistfully—for, was he not a Frenchman, susceptible as are all his race as to "the appearance of things"?—"do you not think it might be too fashionable for me?"

"Not a whit—not a whit!" replied the Seigneur, generously. "Should not a Curé look distinguished—be dignified? Consider the length, the line, the eloquence of design! Ah, monsieur, once again, you are an artist! The Curé shall wear it—indeed but he shall! Then I shall look like him, and perhaps get credit for some of his perfections!"

"And the Curé?" said Charley.

"The Curé?—the Curé? *Tiens!* a little of my worldliness will do him good. There are no contrasts in him. He must wear the coat!" He waved his walking-stick complacently, for he was thinking that the Curé's less perfect figure would set off his own well as they walked together. "May I have the honor to keep this as a souvenir?" he added, picking up the sketch.

"With pleasure," answered Charley.

"You do not need it?"

"Not at all."

The Curé looked a little disappointed, and Charley, seeing, immediately sketched on brown paper the priestly figure in the new-created coat, *à la Rossignol*. On this drawing he was a little longer engaged, with the result that the Curé was reproduced with a singular fidelity—in face, figure, and expression a personality gentle yet important.

"On my soul, you shall not have it!" said the Seigneur. "But you shall have me, and I shall have you, lest we both grow vain by looking at ourselves." He thrust the sketch of himself into the Curé's hands, and carefully rolled up that of his friend.

The Curé was amazed at this gift of the tailor, and delighted with the picture of himself—his vanity was as that of a child, without guile or worldliness. He was better pleased, however, to have the drawing of his friend by him, that vanity might not be too companionable. He thanked Charley with a beaming face, and then the two friends bowed and moved towards the door. Suddenly the Curé stopped.

"My dear Maurice," said he, "we have forgotten the important thing."

"Think of that—we two old babblers!" said the Seigneur. He nodded for the Curé to begin.

"Monsieur," said the Curé to Charley, "you may be able to help us in a little difficulty. For a long time we have intended holding a great mission with a kind of religious drama like that performed at Oberammergau, and called *The Passion Play*. You know of it, Monsieur?"

"Very well through reading, monsieur."

"Next Easter we purpose having a Passion Play in pious imitation of the famous drama. We will hold it at the Indian reservation of Four Mountains, thus quickening our own souls and giving a beautiful and touching object-lesson of the great History to the Indians."

The Curé paused rather anxiously, but Charley did not speak. His eyes were fixed inquiringly on the Curé, and he had a sudden suspicion that some devious means were forward to influence him. He dismissed the thought, however, for this Curé was simple as man ever was made, straightforward as the most heretical layman might demand.

The Curé, taking heart, again continued: "Now I possess an authentic description of the Oberammergau drama, giving details of its presentation at different periods, and also a book of the play. But there is no one in the parish who reads German, and it occurred to the Seigneur and myself that, understanding French so well, by chance you may understand German also, and would perhaps translate the work for us."

"I read German easily and speak it fairly," Charley answered, relieved; "and you are welcome to my services."

The Curé's pale face flushed with pleasure. He took the little German book from his pocket, and handed it over.

"It is not so very long," he said; "and we shall all be grateful." Suddenly an inspiration came to him; his eyes lighted.

"Monsieur," he said, "you will notice that there are no illustrations in the book. It is possible that you might be able to make us a few drawings, perhaps, if we do not ask too much? It would aid greatly in the matter of costume, and you might use my library—I have a fair

number of histories." The Curé was almost breathless, for his heart thumped as he made the request. After a slight pause he added, hastily: "You are always doing for others. It is hardly kind to ask you; but we have some months to spare—there need be no haste."

Charley hastened to relieve the Curé's anxiety. "Do not apologize," he said. "I will do what I can when I can. But as for drawing, monsieur, it will be but amateurish."

"Monsieur," interposed the Seigneur, promptly, "if you're not an artist, I'm damned!"

"Maurice!" murmured the Curé, reproachfully.

"Can't help it, Curé. I've held it in for an hour. It had to come; so there it is exploded. I see no damage either, save to my own reputation. Monsieur," he added to Charley, "if I had gifts like yours, nothing would hold me. I should put on more airs than Beauty Steele."

It was fortunate that, at that instant, Charley's face was turned away, or the Seigneur would have seen it go white and startled. Charley did not dare turn his head for the moment. He could not speak. What did the Seigneur know of Beauty Steele?

To hide his momentary confusion, he went over to the drawer of a cupboard in the wall, and placed the book inside. It gave him time to recover himself. When he turned round again his face was calm, his manner composed.

"And who, may I ask, is Beauty Steele?" he said.

"Faith I do not know," answered the Seigneur, taking a pinch of snuff. "It's years since I first read the phrase in a letter a scamp of a relative of mine wrote me from the West. He had met a man of the name, who had a reputation as a clever fop, a very handsome fellow. So I thought it a good phrase, and I've used it ever since on occasions. 'More airs than Beauty Steele.' It has a sound; it's effective, I fancy, monsieur?"

"Decidedly effective," answered Charley, quietly. He picked up his shears. "You will excuse me," he said, grimly, "but I must earn my living. I cannot live on my reputation."

The Seigneur and the Curé lifted their hats—to the tailor.

"Au revoir, monsieur," they both said, and Charley bowed them out.

The two friends turned to each other a little way up the street. "Something will come of this, Curé," said the Seigneur. The Curé, whose face had a look of happiness, pressed his arm in reply.

Inside the tailor shop, a voice kept saying, "More airs than Beauty Steele!"

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE SCARLET WOMAN

SINCE the moment in the garden when she had thrown herself in Charley's arms, and then fled from them in joyful confusion, Rosalie had been in a dream. She had not closed her eyes all night, or, if she closed them, they still saw beautiful things flashing by, to be succeeded by other beautiful things. It was a roseate world. To her simple nature it was not so important to be loved as to love. Selfishness was as yet the minor part of her. She had been giving all her life—to her mother, as a child; to Sisters at the Convent who had been kind to her; to the poor and the sick of the parish; to her father, who was helpless without her; to the tailor across the way. In each case she had given more than she had got. A nature overflowing with impulsive affection, it must spend itself upon others. The maternal instinct was at the very core of her nature, and care for others was as much a habit as an instinct with her. She had love to give, and it must be given. It had been poured like the rain from heaven on the just and the unjust; on animals as on human beings, and in so far as her nature, undeveloped, and in the first spring—the very April—of its powers, could do. Till Charley Steele had come to Chaudière, it had all been the undisciplined ardor of a girl's nature. A change had begun in the moment when she had tearfully thrust the oil and flour in upon his excoriated breast. Later came real awakening, and a riotous outpouring of herself in sympathy, in observation, in a reckless kindness which must have done her harm but that her clear strong intelligence balanced her actions with judgment, and because secrecy in one thing helped to restrain her in all. Yet with

all the fresh, affectionate outpouring of her spirit, which, assisted by her new position as postmistress, made her a conspicuous and popular figure in the parish, where officialdom had rare honor and little labor, she had prejudices which seemed almost unworthy of her, due though they were to radical antipathy. These prejudices, one against Jo Portugais and the other against Paulette Dubois, she had never been able entirely to overcome, though she had honestly tried. On the way to the hospital at Quebec, however, Jo had been so careful of her father, so respectful and by no means familiar when speaking of "Monsieur," so respectful of her own comfort, while always reserved in manner, that her antagonism to him was lulled. But the strong prejudice against Paulette Dubois remained, casting a shadow on her bright spirit.

The summer of her life was coming upon her, as the summer of the year died away in a golden and saffron splendor, in the sweet odors of plenteous orchards. All this day she had moved about in a mellow dream, very busy, scarcely thinking. New feelings dominated her, and she was too primitive to analyze them and too occupied with them to realize acutely the life about her. Work was an abstraction, resting rather than tiring her.

Many times she had looked across at the tailor shop, but once only did she see Charley. He had smiled, and nodded to her, and a mist of feeling had come before her eyes. She did not want to speak with him now, she did not want to be near him yet; she wanted this day for herself only. She loved this riot of inner personal experience, this thrill, this memory of the rose-garden and the melodious dusk, this first reminiscence of love's enfoldings—a river of emotion on which she could glide from her rising up to her lying down.

So it was that, an hour after the Curé and the Seigneur had bade good-by to Charley, she left the post-office and went quickly through the village to a spot by the river, where was a place called "The Rest of the Flax-beaters." It was an overhanging rock which made a kind of canopy over a sweet spring, where, in the days when their beating sounded through the valley, the flax-beaters from

the level below came to eat their meals and to rest.

This had always been a resort for her in the months when the flax-beaters did not use it, for the spring bubbled on, the balsams and firs gave out their odors, the ground was carpeted with pine needles, the kingfisher hovered near, and her old friends the squirrels came to be fed with the nuts she brought. Since a child she had made the place her own. To this day it is called "Rosalie's Dell"; for are not her sorrows and joys still told by those who knew and loved her, though she was one of those who "erred and are deceived"? and is not the parish still fragrant with her name, her worshipped sweetness, and her dear prejudices—accounted to her now for virtues? Has not her history become a living legend thrice thirty times told, even as men tell of the battles of Levis and Châteaugay? Has not the most distinguished poet of her people, writing of her, said:

Time, the ruthless idol-breaker,
Smileless, cold iconoclast,
Though he rob us of our altars,
Cannot rob us of the past.

Leaving the village behind her, Rosalie passed down the highroad till she came to a path that led off through a grove of scattered pines. There would be yet a half-hour's sun and then an hour's twilight, and the river and the woods and the "Rest of the Flax-beaters" would be her own; and she could think of the wonderful thing that was come upon her. She had brought with her a book of English poems, and as she went through the grove she opened it, and in her pretty, slightly broken English over and over to herself repeated:

"My heart is thine, and soul and body render

Faith to thy faith; I give nor hold in thrall:

Take all, dear love! thou art my life's defender:

Speak to my soul! Take life and love; take all!"

She was lifted up by the abandonment of the verse, by the fulness of her own feelings, which had only needed the touch of beauty to give it exaltation. The touch had come.

She went on abstractedly to the place where she had trysted with her thoughts

only, these many years, and sitting down, watched the sun sink beyond the trees, and the shades of evening prevail. All that had happened since Charley came to the parish she went over in her mind. She recalled the day he had said this, the day he had said that; she brought back the night—how it was etched upon her mind!—when he had said to her, “You have saved my life, mademoiselle!” She recalled the time she put the little cross back on the church door, the ghostly footsteps in the church, the light, the lost hood. A shudder ran through her now, for the mystery of that hood had never been cleared up. But the words on the page caught her eye again—

My heart is thine, and soul and body render
Faith to thy faith.

It swallowed up the moment's agitation. Never till this day, never till last night, had she dared to say to herself, “He loves me.” He seemed so far above her—she never had thought of him as a tailor!—that she had given and never dared hope to receive, had lived without anticipation lest there should come despair. Even that day at Vadrome Mountain she had not thought he meant love, when he had said to her that he would remember to the last. When he had said that he would die for love's sake, he had not meant her, but others—some one else whom he would save by his death. *Kathleen*, that name which had haunted her—ah, whoever Kathleen was, or whatever Kathleen had to do with him or his life, she had no reason to fear Kathleen now! She had no reason to fear any one; for had she not heard his words of love when he had clasped her in his arms last night? Had she not fled from that enfolding, because her heart was so full in the hour of her triumph that she could not bear more, could not look longer into the eyes to which she had told her love before his was told to her?

In the midst of her thoughts she heard footsteps. She started up. Paulette Dubois suddenly appeared in the path below. She had taken the river path down from Vadrome Mountain, where she had gone to see Jo Portugais, who had not yet returned from Quebec. Paulette's face was agitated, her manner nervous. For nights she had not slept, and

her approaching meeting with the tailor had made her tremble all day. Excited as she was, there was a wild sort of beauty in her face, and her figure was lithe and supple. She dressed always a little garishly, but now there was only that band of color round the throat, worn last night in the talk with Monsieur.

To both women this meeting was as a personal misfortune—a mutual affront. Each had a natural antipathy, and Rosalie, in her luminous joy, roused in the other that hatred which covered envy, disappointment, and misery undeserved. To Rosalie the invasion of her retreat, but made sacred by her hidden thoughts, was as hateful as though the woman had purposely intruded.

For a moment they confronted each other without speaking, then Rosalie's natural courtesy, her instinctive good-heartedness, overcame her irritation, and she said, quietly,

“Good-evening, madame.”

“I am not *madame*, and you know it,” answered the woman, harshly.

“I am sorry. Good-evening, mademoiselle,” rejoined Rosalie, quietly.

“You wanted to insult me. You knew I wasn't *madame*.”

Rosalie shook her head. “How should I know? You have not always lived in Chaudière, you have lived in Montreal, and people often call you madame.”

“You know better. You know that letters come to me from Montreal addressed *mademoiselle*!”

Rosalie turned as if to go. “I do not recall what letters come and go in the post-office. I have a good memory for forgetting. Good-evening,” she added, with an excess of courtesy, which sent the other mad with anger. Paulette read the placid scorn in the girl's face; she did not see and would not understand that Rosalie did not scorn her for what she had ever done, but for something that she was.

“You think I am the dirt under your feet,” she said, now white, now red. “I'm not fit to speak with you! I'm a rag for the dust pile!”

“I have never thought those things,” answered Rosalie, quietly. “I have not liked you, but I am sorry for you, and I never thought those things.”

“You lie!” was the rejoinder; and Rosalie, turning away quickly with

trouble in her face, put her hands to her ears, and hastening down the hill-side, did not hear the words the woman called after her.

"To-morrow every one shall know you are a thief. Run, run, run! You can hear what I say, white-face! They shall know about the little cross to-morrow."

She followed Rosalie at a distance, her eyes blazing, every nerve alert with unreasonable anger. As fortune would have it, she met on the highroad the least scrupulous man in the parish, an inveterate gossip, the keeper of the general store, whose only opposition in business was the post-office shop. He was the centre of the village tittle-tattle and worse. With malicious rapidity Paulette told him when and how she had seen Rosalie Evanturel nailing the little cross on the church door of a certain night. If he wanted proof of what she said, let him ask Jo Portugais!

Having spat out her revenge, she went on to the village, and through it to her house, where she prepared to visit the shop of the tailor. Her sense of retaliation satisfied, Rosalie passed from her mind—her child only occupied it. In another hour she would know where her child was—the tailor had promised that she should. Then perhaps she would be sorry for the accident that had befallen the Notary; for it was an accident, in spite of appearances—due to her, but an accident. Once before there had been an accident which was intended. An "accident"—she shuddered, put her head in her hands, and rocked herself to and fro before the empty fireplace, till the time came for her to go to the tailor shop.

It was dark when she entered the back door of the tailor's house, and she thought no one saw her. When she came out, a half-hour later, with elation in her carriage, and tears of joy running down her face, she did not look about her; she did not care whether or not any one saw her: she was possessed with only one thought—her child! She passed like a swift wind down the street, making for home and for her departure to the place where her child was.

She had not seen a figure in the shadow of a tree near by as she came from the tailor's door. She had not heard a smothered cry behind her. She was not aware

that in unspeakable agony another woman knocked softly at the door of the tailor's house, and, not waiting for an answer, opened it and entered.

It was Rosalie Evanturel.

CHAPTER XL

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING

THE kitchen was empty, the little hall was dark, but light fell through the door of the shop opening upon the hall. Rosalie crossed the hall quickly and stood in the doorway, a figure of concentrated indignation, trouble, despair, and shame. Charley was bending over a book in the light of a candle on the bench beside him, leaning on his elbow. He was reading aloud, translating into English the German text of the narrative the Curé had given him:

"And because of this divine interposition, consequent upon their faithful prayers and their oblations, they did perform these holy scenes from season to season, with solemn proof of piety and godly living, so that it seemed the life of the Lord and Shepherd was ever present with them, as though, indeed, Oberammergau were Nazareth or Jerusalem. And the hearts of all in the land did answer daily to that sweet and lively faith, insomuch that even in times of war the zeal of the people became an holy zeal, and their warfare noble, so that they did accept both victory and defeat with equal humbleness. Because there was no war in their hearts, but peace, and they did fight to defend and not to acquire, they buried their foe with tears and their own with singleness of heart and quiet joy, for that they did rest from their labors. In this manner was the great tragedy and glory of the world made to the people a living thing, transforming them to the body of the Life that hath neither spot nor blemish nor—"

Charley had not heard Rosalie knock or enter, nor her footsteps in the hall. But now there ran through his reading a thread of something that was not of himself or of it. He had thrilled over the old-fashioned but clear-hearted style of the old German chronicler, and the warmth he felt had passed into his voice, so that it became louder. But as he read of those who rested from their labors, his

voice dropped, for his mind flashed to another scene: a picture of childhood, when he had seen his father and mother, ever disagreeing in life, laid away in the same grave on the same day, making an everlasting peace at the last causeway. Upon their tombstone had been put—"For they rest from their labors"; and sometimes in the past he had smiled grimly recalling the wordy strife, the vain conflict of temperament. From that unlovely wedlock, wherein there had been no real intimacy, he had come, the *non-intime*.

As Rosalie listened to his reading, a hundred thoughts rushed through her mind. Paulette Dubois, the wanton woman, had just left his doorway secretly, yet there he was, a moment after, calmly reading some pious book! Her mind was in tumult. She could not reason, she could not rule her judgment. She only knew that the woman had come from this house, and hurried guiltily away into the dark. She only knew that the man the woman had left here was the man she loved—loved more than her life, for he embodied all her past—she had wondered and wondered that she had ever lived an hour without knowing him; all her present—she knew that she could not live without him; all her future—for where he went she would go, whatever the fate!

Her judgment had been swept from its moorings; she had been carried on the wave of her heart's fever into this room, not daring to think this or that, not planning this or that, not accusing, not reproaching, not shaming herself and him by black suspicion, but blindly, madly demanding to see him, to look into his eyes, to hear his voice, to know him, whatever he was—man, lover, or devil. She was a child-woman—a child in her primitive feelings that threw aside all convention, because there was no wrong in her heart; a woman because she was possessed by jealousy, a jealousy that shamed her, that angered her because its very existence put him on trial, condemned him. Her soul was the sport of emotions and passions greater than herself because the heritage, the instinct, of all the race of women, the eternal predisposition. At the moment her will was not strong enough to rule them to obedience. She was in the first subservience to that power

which feeds the streams of human history.

As she now listened to Charley reading, a sudden revulsion of feeling came over her. Some note in his voice reassured her heart—if it needed reassuring. The quiet force of his presence stilled the tumult in her, so that her eyes could see without mist, her heart beat without agony. But every pulse in her was throbbing, every instinct was alive. Suddenly there rushed upon her the words that had rung in her ears and chimed in her heart at the "Rest of the Flax-beaters":

Take all, dear love! thou art my life's defender;
Speak to my soul! Take life and love; take all!

Feelings lying beneath all this mad conflict of emotion which had sent her into this room in such unmaidenly fashion—feelings that were her deepest self—surged up. Her breath came hard and broken.

As Charley read, a breathing seemed to answer his own. It became quicker than his own, it pierced the stillness, it filled the room with feeling, it came calling to him out of the silence. He swung round in his seat, and saw the girl standing in the doorway.

"Rosalie!" he cried, and sprang to his feet.

With a piteously pathetic outburst of her soul, she flung herself on her knees beside the tailor's bench where he worked every day, and burying her face in her arms as they rested on the bench, wept bitterly.

"Rosalie!" he said, leaning over her. "What is the matter? What has happened?"

She wept more bitterly still; she made a despairing gesture. His hand touched her hair; he dropped on a knee beside her.

"Oh, I am so ashamed, so ashamed! I have been so wicked!" she said, looking up for an instant.

"Rosalie, what has happened?" he urged, gently and anxiously. His own heart was beating hard, his own eyes were responding to hers. The new feelings born in him, the forces his love had awakened, which, last night, had kept him awake, and had been upon him like

a dream all day—they were at their height in him now, and he knew not how to command them, the unused emotions of a lifetime.

“Rosalie, dearest, tell me all!” he persisted.

“I shall never—I have been—oh—you will never forgive me!” she said, brokenly. “I knew it wasn’t true, but I couldn’t help it. I was mad with anger. I saw her—the woman—come from your house, and—”

“Hush! For God’s sake, hush!” he broke in almost harshly. Then a better understanding came upon him, and it made him gentle with her.

“Ah, Rosalie, you did not think! But—but it was natural you should wish to see me—”

“Oh, as soon as I saw you, I knew that—that—” She broke down again and wept.

“I will tell you about her, Rosalie—” His fingers stroked her hair, and bending over her, his face was near her hands.

“No, no, tell me nothing—oh, if you tell me—”

“She came to hear from me what she ought to have heard from the Notary. She has had great trouble—the man—her child—and I have helped her, and—”

His face was so near now that his breath was on her hair. She suddenly raised her head and clasped his face in her hands.

“I knew—oh, I knew, I knew—!” she cried, and her eyes drank his.

“Rosalie, my life!” he said, brokenly, clasping her in his arms. The love that was in him, new-born and but half understood, poured itself out in broken words like her own.

For him there was no outside world; no past, no Kathleen, no Billy; no suspicion, or infidelity, or unfaith; no fear of disaster; no terrors of the future. Life was *Now* to him and to her: nothing brooded behind, nothing lay before.

The candle spluttered and burnt low in the socket.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Betrayal

BY L. R. CAUTLEY

ONE day Love came to her: no virgin flame
Blazoned her cheek; for pride and maiden shame
Held o’er her heart’s dear secret fast control,
And shuttered all the windows of her soul.
And no one guessed her happy hidden weakness,
Through lowered eyelids and pure front of meekness.

But once she sang, when Joy arose and wove
Into the strain a telltale Song of Love.
And all the little world around her smiled,
By memories of their own fair youth beguiled.
For in her happiness, as in a glass,
They saw their own loves delicately pass.

One day Love went, and none her anguish guessed;
For still she laughed and jested with the rest.
Her fair proud forehead faced the world about,
And every prying peeper put to rout.
Until she sang. Then Sorrow burst his bounds,
And passion’s chord broke off in jarring sounds.
All turned and gazed, drawn by a piteous crying,
And saw a broken heart, in her bared bosom, dying.

Fruition

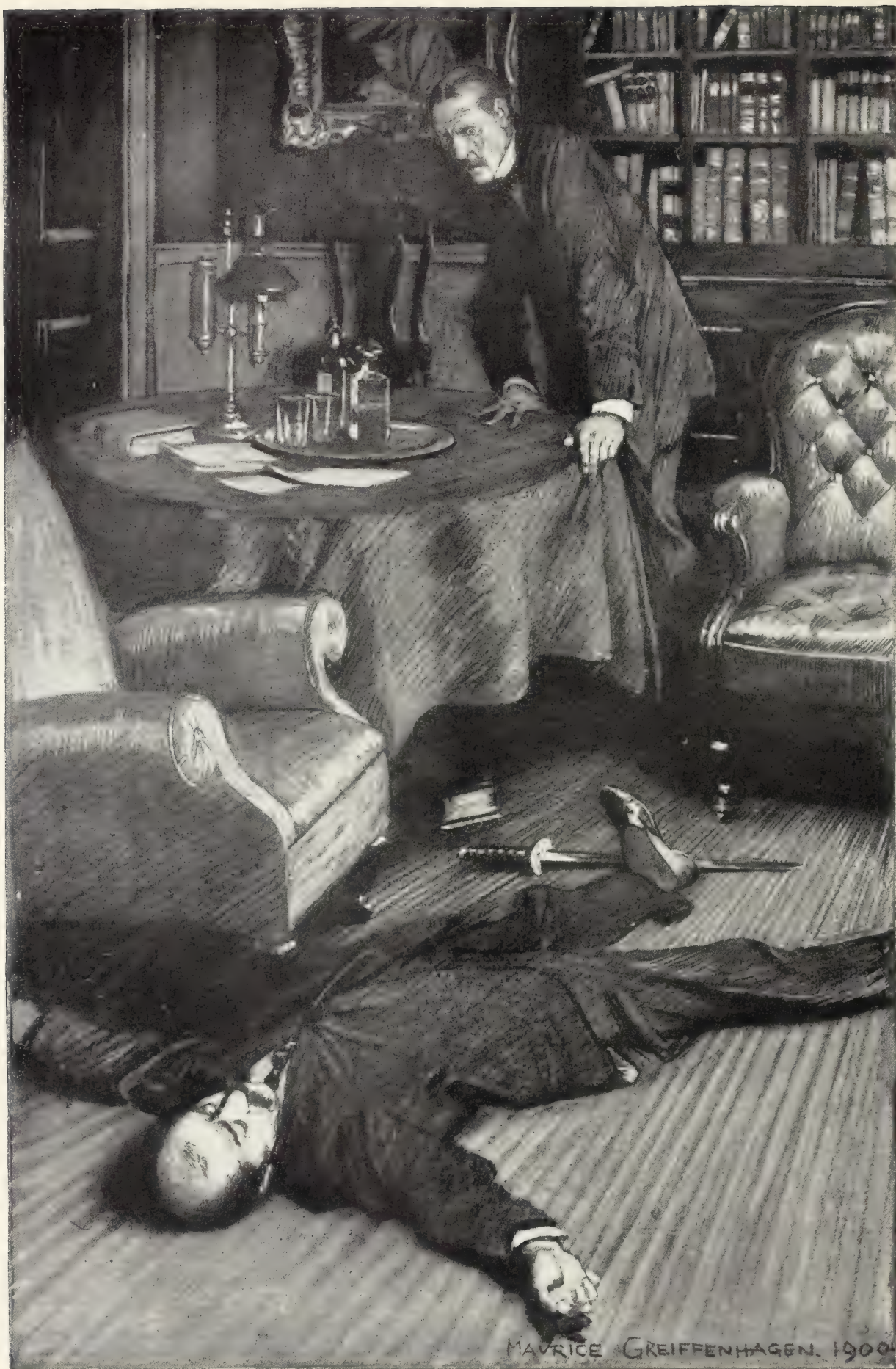
BY MARTHA WOLCOTT HITCHCOCK

“**T**O have my heart’s desire, O Lord,
To do the deed my brain has planned,
Nor pass till I have plucked the fruit,
And offered Thee, with brimming hand:
O Lord, to see the hope fulfilled,
And bear, as once my mother bore;
This is to throb with those who live
And are alive for evermore.”

Nay, but the cost. Give all thy heart,
Thy youth, thy power, and count it loss.
Thy whole is not enough to win
That crown upon the Victor’s cross.
E’en Earth, to bear her tiniest seed,
Will have the perfect flower to die,
And nourishes with martyr blood
Her broods in field and sea and sky.

“Let me, too, die. But let my life
Glow in the deed I died to free.
If bearing cost the mortal pang,
Yet let this hope survive in me:
The book, the work, the cause, the name,
Are vital, for I willed it so,
And with a glad heart gave to them
My heritage of life below.”

Still dark the truth to thee. But learn
The Master’s word, with meaning old,
And lose thy life that thou mayst find
And take again, with joy untold.
For, lo, the living soul of thee
In thy true thought is multiplied,
To live forever with the stars,
Though thy base self be crucified.



BURLEIGH, WITH A FEELING OF NAUSEA, DREW BACK TOWARDS THE DOOR

In the Library

BY W. W. JACOBS

THE fire had burnt low in the library, for the night was wet and warm.

It was now little more than a gray shell, and looked desolate. Trayton Burleigh, still hot, rose from his arm-chair, and turning out one of the gas-jets, took a cigar from a box on a side-table and resumed his seat again.

The apartment, which was on the third floor at the back of the house, was a combination of library, study, and smoke-room, and was the daily despair of the old housekeeper who, with the assistance of one servant, managed the house. It was a bachelor establishment, and had been left to Trayton Burleigh and James Fletcher by a distant connection of both men some ten years before.

Trayton Burleigh sat back in his chair watching the smoke of his cigar through half-closed eyes. Occasionally he opened them a little wider and glanced round the comfortable, well-furnished room, or stared with a cold gleam of hatred at Fletcher as he sat sucking stolidly at his brier pipe. It was a comfortable room and a valuable house, half of which belonged to Trayton Burleigh; and yet he was to leave it in the morning and become a rogue and a wanderer over the face of the earth. James Fletcher had said so. James Fletcher, with the pipe still between his teeth and speaking from one corner of his mouth only, had pronounced his sentence.

"It hasn't occurred to you, I suppose," said Burleigh, speaking suddenly, "that I might refuse your terms."

"No," said Fletcher, simply.

Burleigh took a great mouthful of smoke and let it roll slowly out.

"I am to go out and leave you in possession?" he continued. "You will stay here sole proprietor of the house; you will stay at the office sole owner and representative of the firm? You are a good hand at a deal, James Fletcher."

"I am an honest man," said Fletcher,

"and to raise sufficient money to make your defalcations good will not by any means leave me the gainer, as you very well know."

"There is no necessity to borrow," began Burleigh, eagerly. "We can pay the interest easily, and in course of time make the principal good without a soul being the wiser."

"That you suggested before," said Fletcher, "and my answer is the same. I will be no man's confederate in dishonesty; I will raise every penny at all costs, and save the name of the firm—and yours with it—but I will never have you darken the office again, or sit in this house after to-night."

"You won't," cried Burleigh, starting up in a frenzy of rage.

"I won't," said Fletcher. "You can choose the alternative: disgrace and penal servitude. Don't stand over me; you won't frighten me, I can assure you. Sit down."

"You have arranged so many things in your kindness," said Burleigh, slowly, resuming his seat again, "have you arranged how I am to live?"

"You have two strong hands, and health," replied Fletcher. "I will give you the two hundred pounds I mentioned, and after that you must look out for yourself. You can take it now."

He took a leather case from his breast pocket, and drew out a roll of notes. Burleigh, watching him calmly, stretched out his hand and took them from the table. Then he gave way to a sudden access of rage, and crumpling them in his hand, threw them into a corner of the room. Fletcher smoked on.

"Mrs. Marl is out?" said Burleigh, suddenly.

Fletcher nodded.

"She will be away the night," he said, slowly; "and Jane too; they have gone together somewhere, but they will be back at half past eight in the morning."

"You are going to let me have one more breakfast in the old place, then," said Burleigh. "Half past eight, half past—"

He rose from his chair again. This time Fletcher took his pipe from his mouth and watched him closely. Burleigh stooped, and picking up the notes, placed them in his pocket.

"If I am to be turned adrift, it shall not be to leave you here," he said, in a thick voice.

He crossed over and shut the door; as he turned back Fletcher rose from his chair and stood confronting him. Burleigh put his hand to the wall, and drawing a small Japanese sword from its sheath of carved ivory, stepped slowly towards him.

"I give you one chance, Fletcher," he said, grimly. "You are a man of your word. Hush this up and let things be as they were before, and you are safe."

"Put that down," said Fletcher, sharply.

"By —, I mean what I say!" cried the other.

"I mean what I said!" answered Fletcher.

He looked round at the last moment for a weapon, then he turned suddenly at a sharp sudden pain, and saw Burleigh's clinched fist nearly touching his breastbone. The hand came away from his breast again, and something with it. It went a long way off. Trayton Burleigh suddenly went to a great distance and the room darkened. It got quite dark, and Fletcher, with an attempt to raise his hands, let them fall to his side instead, and fell in a heap to the floor.

He was so still that Burleigh could hardly realize that it was all over, and stood stupidly waiting for him to rise again. Then he took out his handkerchief as though to wipe the sword, and thinking better of it, put it back into his pocket again, and threw the weapon on to the floor.

The body of Fletcher lay where it had fallen, the white face turned up to the gas. In life he had been a commonplace-looking man, not to say vulgar; now—

Burleigh, with a feeling of nausea, drew back towards the door, until the body was hidden by the table, and relieved from the sight, he could think more clearly.

He looked down carefully and examined his clothes and his boots. Then he crossed the room again, and with his face averted, turned out the gas. Something seemed to stir in the darkness, and with a faint cry he blundered towards the door before he had realized that it was the clock. It struck twelve.

He stood at the head of the stairs trying to recover himself; trying to think. The gas on the landing below, the stairs and the furniture, all looked so prosaic and familiar that he could not realize what had occurred. He walked slowly down and turned the light out. The darkness of the upper part of the house was now almost appalling, and in a sudden panic he ran down stairs into the lighted hall, and snatching a hat from the stand, went to the door and walked down to the gate.

Except for one window the neighboring houses were in darkness, and the lamps shone up a silent street. There was a little rain in the air, and the muddy road was full of puddles. He stood at the gate trying to screw up his courage to enter the house again. Then he noticed a figure coming slowly up the road and keeping close to the palings.

The full realization of what he had done broke in upon him when he found himself turning to fly from the approach of the constable. The wet cape glistening in the lamp-light, the slow, heavy step, made him tremble. Suppose the thing upstairs was not quite dead and should cry out? Suppose the constable should think it strange for him to be standing there and follow him in? He assumed a careless attitude, which did not feel careless, and as the man passed bade him good-night, and made a remark as to the weather.

Ere the sound of the other's footsteps had gone quite out of hearing, he turned and entered the house again before the sense of companionship should have quite departed. The first flight of stairs was lighted by the gas in the hall, and he went up slowly. Then he struck a match and went up steadily, past the library door, and with firm fingers turned on the gas in his bed-room and lit it. He opened the window a little way, and sitting down on his bed, tried to think.

He had got eight hours. Eight hours

and two hundred pounds in small notes. He opened his safe and took out all the loose cash it contained, and walking about the room, gathered up and placed in his pockets such articles of jewelry as he possessed.

The first horror had now to some extent passed, and was succeeded by the fear of death. With this fear on him he sat down again and tried to think out the first moves in that game of skill of which his life was the stake. He had often read of—people of hasty temper—evading the police for a time, and eventually falling into their hands for lack of the most elementary common-sense. He had heard it said that they always made some stupid blunder, left behind them some damning clew. He took his revolver from a drawer and saw that it was loaded. If the worst came to the worst, he would die quickly.

Eight hours' start; two hundred-odd pounds. He would take lodgings at first in some populous district, and let the hair on his face grow. When the hue-and-cry had ceased, he would go abroad and start life again. He would go out of a night and post letters to himself, or better still, post-cards, which his landlady would read. Post-cards from cheery friends, from a sister, from a brother. During the day he would stay in and write, as became a man who described himself as a journalist.

Or suppose he went to the sea? Who would look for him in flannels, bathing and boating with ordinary happy mortals? He sat and pondered. One might mean life, and the other death. Which?

His face burned as he thought of the responsibility of the choice. So many people went to the sea at that time of year that he would surely pass unnoticed. But at the sea one might meet acquaintances. He got up and nervously paced the room again. It was not so simple, now that it meant so much, as he had thought.

The sharp little clock on the mantelpiece rang out "one," followed immediately by the deeper note of that in the library. He thought of the clock, it seemed the only live thing in that room, and shuddered. He wondered whether the thing lying by the far side of the table heard it. He wondered—

He started and held his breath with

fear. Somewhere downstairs a board creaked loudly, then another. He went to the door, and opening it a little way, but without looking out, listened. The house was so still that he could hear the ticking of the old clock in the kitchen below. He opened the door a little way and peeped out. As he did so there was a sudden sharp outcry on the stairs, and he drew back into the room and stood trembling before he had quite realized that the noise had been made by the cat. The cry was unmistakable; but what had disturbed it?

There was silence again, and he drew near the door once more. He became certain that something was moving stealthily on the stairs. He heard the boards creak again, and once the rails of the balustrade rattled. The silence and the suspense were frightful. Suppose that the something which had been Fletcher waited for him in the darkness outside?

He fought his fears down, and opening the door, determined to see what was beyond. The light from his room streamed out on to the landing, and he peered about fearfully. Was it fancy, or did the door of Fletcher's room opposite close as he looked? Was it fancy, or did the handle of the door really turn?

In perfect silence, and watching the door as he moved, to see that nothing came out and followed him, he proceeded slowly down the dark stairs. Then his jaw fell, and he turned sick and faint again. The library door, which he distinctly remembered closing, and which, moreover, he had seen was closed when he went up stairs to his room, now stood open some four or five inches. He fancied that there was a rustling inside, but his brain refused to be certain. Then plainly and unmistakably he heard a chair pushed against the wall.

He crept to the door, hoping to pass it before the thing inside became aware of his presence. Something crept stealthily about the room. With a sudden impulse he caught the handle of the door, and closing it violently, turned the key in the lock, and ran madly down the stairs.

A fearful cry sounded from the room, and a heavy hand beat upon the panels of the door. The house rang with the blows, but above them sounded the loud hoarse cries of a human fear. Burleigh,

half-way down to the hall, stopped with his hand on the balustrade and listened. The beating ceased, and a man's voice cried out loudly for God's sake to let him out.

At once Burleigh saw what had happened and what it might mean for him. He had left the hall door open after his visit to the front, and some wandering bird of the night had entered the house. No need for him to go now. No need to hide either from the hangman's rope or the felon's cell. The fool above had saved him. He turned and ran up stairs again just as the prisoner in his furious efforts to escape wrenched the handle from the door.

"Who's there?" he cried, loudly.

"Let me out!" cried a frantic voice. "For God's sake, open the door! There's something here."

"Stay where you are!" shouted Burleigh, sternly. "Stay where you are! If you come out, I'll shoot you like a dog!"

The only response was a smashing blow on the lock of the door. Burleigh raised his pistol, and aiming at the height of a man's chest, fired through the panel.

The report and the crashing of the wood made one noise, succeeded by an unearthly stillness, then the noise of a window hastily opened. Burleigh fled hastily down the stairs, and flinging wide the hall door, shouted loudly for assistance.

It happened that a sergeant and the constable on the beat had just met in the road. They came towards the house at a run. Burleigh, with incoherent explanations, ran up stairs before them, and halted outside the library door. The prisoner was still inside, still trying to demolish the lock of the sturdy oaken door. Burleigh tried to turn the key, but the lock was too damaged to admit of its moving. The sergeant drew back, and, shoulder foremost, hurled himself at the door and burst it open.

He stumbled into the room, followed by the constable, and two shafts of light from the lanterns at their belts danced round the room. A man lurking behind the door made a dash for it, and the next instant the three men were locked together.

Burleigh, standing in the doorway, looked on coldly, reserving himself for the

scene which was to follow. Except for the stumbling of the men and the sharp catch of the prisoner's breath, there was no noise. A helmet fell off and bounced and rolled along the floor. The men fell; there was a sobbing snarl and a sharp click. A tall figure rose from the floor; the other, on his knees, still held the man down. The standing figure felt in his pocket, and striking a match, lit the gas.

The light fell on the flushed face and fair beard of the sergeant. He was bare-headed, and his hair dishevelled. Burleigh entered the room and gazed eagerly at the half-insensible man on the floor—a short, thick-set fellow with a white, dirty face and a black mustache. His lip was cut and bled down his neck. Burleigh glanced furtively at the table. The cloth had come off in the struggle, and was now in the place where he had left Fletcher.

"Hot work, sir," said the sergeant, with a smile. "It's fortunate we were handy."

The prisoner raised a heavy head and looked up with unmistakable terror in his eyes.

"All right, sir," he said, trembling, as the constable increased the pressure of his knee. "I 'ain't been in the house ten minutes altogether. By —, I've not."

The sergeant regarded him curiously.

"It don't signify," he said, slowly; "ten minutes or ten seconds won't make any difference."

The man shook and began to whimper.

"It was 'ere when I come," he said, eagerly; "take that down, sir. I've only just come, and it was 'ere when I come. I tried to get away then, but I was locked in."

"What was?" demanded the sergeant.

"*That*," he said, desperately.

The sergeant, following the direction of the terror-stricken black eyes, stooped by the table. Then, with a sharp exclamation, he dragged away the cloth. Burleigh, with a sharp cry of horror, reeled back against the wall.

"All right, sir," said the sergeant, catching him; "all right. Turn your head away."

He pushed him into a chair, and crossing the room, poured out a glass of whiskey and brought it to him. The glass rattled against his teeth, but he drank it greedily, and then groaned faint-

ly. The sergeant waited patiently. There was no hurry.

"Who is it, sir?" he asked at length.

"My friend—Fletcher," said Burleigh, with an effort. "We lived together." He turned to the prisoner.

"You damned villain!"

"He was dead when I come in the room, gentlemen," said the prisoner, strenuously. "He was on the floor dead, and when I see 'im, I tried to get out. S' 'elp me he was. You heard me call out, sir. I shouldn't ha' called out if I'd killed him."

"All right," said the sergeant, gruffly; "you'd better hold your tongue, you know."

"You keep quiet," urged the constable.

The sergeant knelt down and raised the dead man's head.

"I 'ad nothing to do with it," repeated the man on the floor. "I 'ad nothing to do with it. I never thought of such a thing. I've only been in the place ten minutes; put that down, sir."

The sergeant groped with his left hand, and picking up the Japanese sword, held it at him.

"I've never seen it before," said the prisoner, struggling.

"It used to hang on the wall," said Burleigh. "He must have snatched it down. It was on the wall when I left Fletcher a little while ago."

"How long?" inquired the sergeant.

"Perhaps an hour, perhaps half an hour," was the reply. "I went to my bed-room."

The man on the floor twisted his head and regarded him narrowly.

"You done it!" he cried, fiercely. "You done it, and you want me to swing for it."

"That'll do," said the indignant constable.

The sergeant let his burden gently to the floor again.

"You hold your tongue, you devil!" he said, menacingly.

He crossed to the table and poured a little spirit into a glass and took it in his hand. Then he put it down again and crossed to Burleigh.

"Feeling better, sir?" he asked.

The other nodded faintly.

"You won't want this thing any more," said the sergeant.

He pointed to the pistol which the other still held, and taking it from him gently, put it into his pocket.

"You've hurt your wrist, sir," he said, anxiously.

Burleigh raised one hand sharply, and then the other.

"This one, I think," said the sergeant. "I saw it just now."

He took the other's wrists in his hand, and suddenly holding them in the grip of a vise, whipped out something from his pocket—something hard and cold, which snapped suddenly on Burleigh's wrists and held them fast.

"That's right," said the sergeant; "keep quiet."

The constable turned round in amaze; Burleigh sprang towards him furiously.

"Take these things off!" he choked.

"Have you gone mad? Take them off!"

"All in good time," said the sergeant.

"Take them off!" cried Burleigh again.

For answer the sergeant took him in a powerful grip, and staring steadily at his white face and gleaming eyes, forced him to the other end of the room and pushed him into a chair.

"Collins," he said, sharply.

"Sir?" said the astonished subordinate.

"Run to the doctor at the corner hard as you can run!" said the other. "*This man is not dead!*"

As the man left the room the sergeant took up the glass of spirits he had poured out, and kneeling down by Fletcher again, raised his head and tried to pour a little down his throat. Burleigh, sitting in his corner, watched like one in a trance. He saw the constable return with the breathless surgeon, saw the three men bending over Fletcher, and then saw the eyes of the dying man open and the lips of the dying man move. He was conscious that the sergeant made some notes in a pocket-book, and that all three men eyed him closely. The sergeant stepped towards him and placed his hand on his shoulder, and obedient to the touch, he arose and went with him out into the night.

Larkspur

BY MARY APPLEWHITE BACON

BY the coming of the railroad, Greenville lost its exclusiveness, its poverty, and its private schools. Its past was symbolized in the two prim little "academies," deserted in their weedy enclosures, and in the dozen or more two-story white houses with wide piazzas, falling into dignified decay behind avenues of cedars or magnolias. Across the railroad track were the dwellings of many colors, the new churches, the brick stores, and the cotton-mills, erected on farm-lands that had been bought for a song.

When the public schools were opened, Miss Fannie Harrell was elected to a place in them, because she belonged to one of the old families (although, except an invalid brother, all her kin were scattered and dead), and because Colonel Avery said she had to be. From the first, Mr. Wilson, the superintendent, regarded her with suspicion. Her pupils were often disorderly; they were never unhappy except when Mr. Wilson had made a visit and left a little note on Miss Harrell's desk.

One dismal January morning, cold and rainy, the assistant principal met Mr. Wilson coming out of Miss Harrell's room, his face white with wrath. Even for that room the confusion was dire. Miss Fannie was down on her knees near the stove before a miserable-looking little boy, pulling off his wet shoes and stockings, and rubbing his thin feet with her small checked shawl.

"What a good heart Miss Harrell has!" Miss Adams said softly to the superintendent as she turned away from the open door.

"Oh yes, she is all *heart*," he said, trying to be just, but too angry to refrain from sarcasm.

But these more awful exhibitions of Miss Fannie's unfitness for teaching became less frequent as time went by, though occasional reminders of them oc-

curred as long as she remained with us. Perhaps her failures in this respect were more than counterbalanced by Miss Mill's superiority. Miss Mill was the finished product of a system of schools in the neighboring city. She had entered those schools at the age of six; been promoted every year, her name appearing as regularly on the honor roll published once a month in the leading daily paper; graduated at the high-school when she was eighteen, and "cadetted" a half-year in the room of a famous disciplinarian. Why should she not have been principal of the Walker Street school, and have known all about teaching? The one thing in the Greenville schools which she could never get over was that so old-fashioned a teacher as Miss Harrell should have been allowed a place in them. I never thought Miss Fannie stupid except in the Normal Class, which Miss Mill conducted once a month for the improvement of the under-teachers. There Miss Harrell's excited remarks and irrelevant questions were trying to her friends, and must have been exasperating to her foes. Yet she was always Miss Mill's warm supporter, and often enlarged on her merits.

I once spoke to Mr. Wilson of Miss Fannie's refreshing originality. He looked bored,

"It is her greatest drawback," he said. "She cannot be satisfied to teach numbers uniformly with sticks or cubes; she must have china dolls an inch long, and tin soldiers in paper tents, and fifty other things to distract the children's minds from what they are supposed to be learning. She is always teaching them something not in the prescribed course of study. Her pupils are never up with those from the other second grades."

But then neither were they up with the other pupils in a rage for high marks and being on the honor roll, Miss Fannie

never having taught them the value of such distinctions. Many of them came from across the river, where the factory people lived, in houses exactly alike—two rooms, unceiled, unpainted; a little flight of steps leading down to the dog-fennel in front, another to the small garden-plot in the rear. Miss Harrell was the only teacher who ever went into the neighborhood.

"Miss Fannie," I said to her one day, "it is a shame for you to be kept forever in this second grade. You ought to be promoted as the other teachers are."

"Oh, I like the grade," she replied, "and I like to teach in this part of the town, though the long walk is rather bad for my lame knee. You see, Bertha, I don't know anything about these new ways of teaching as you young girls do. I was brought up to learn things myself, and then recite them to the teacher; on parsing, and map questions, and turning down in spelling, and all those other nice things that children used to like so much and that were so bad for them. And imagine my two years at Madame Aubrey's finishing-school, where I suppose nobody ever thought of connecting education with public schools, or with anything else of a strictly useful character! Think of Italian songs and wax flowers and French conversation, then of these public schools, with their phonics and language and number stories! Why, I had never heard the words, at least in their present use. Mr. Wilson's patience with me, considering his views on education, has just been wonderful."

"But the salary!" I expostulated.

She pulled at the ruffle of her black overskirt. Everybody else was wearing narrow, untrimmed skirts. And Miss Fannie's odd little figure looked queerer than ever in her old-fashioned clothes.

"Forty dollars a month isn't much," she admitted; "but then my place has its compensations. I am never disturbed, as the rest of you are, about whether I am going to rise or fall; whether anybody wants my place, or whether I can get somebody else's. I did use to suffer agonies for fear of being dropped, but I have got over that now, although of course I try to do my duty."

"Well, tell me, then, why you take

so much from those miserable little Higbees, and how you can endure to listen to their rich, ill-bred mother when she comes to you with complaints."

Miss Fannie looked distressed. "My dear," she said, "their mother never had the opportunity of learning good manners, and their father, years ago, was my father's overseer. The children will improve as they get older. And they do wear such pretty, clean percale bodies and such neat little trousers. You can't think what a comfort it is to teach such sweetly dressed children."

As Mr. Wilson said, it was useless to argue with Miss Harrell. She used to let her pupils, especially the factory children, take home overnight, or keep for good, the marvels that she made to illustrate their lessons. Made, not bought. She never bought anything. The merchants and the milliners would let her rummage in their old boxes and take what she liked; the toy-man gave her his headless dogs and tailless cats; there was always plenty of Manila paper and colored chalk. Out of such materials she put together, at infinite expense of time and pains, curious things which disgusted Miss Mill and delighted the children. Even now a visitor in East Greenville would be likely to find some of those strange products of Miss Harrell's genius hanging over the mantel-piece or the looking-glass, dusty and fly-specked, but dear.

I told her one day, after hearing her break into the penmanship lesson with an enchanting story, that she ought to write.

"I know it," she said, "and I do. I've wasted quires of paper trying to improve my hand-writing, but it's of no use. That is why the children write so badly."

"Oh, I don't mean that. Books, stories, novels!"

She colored and laughed a little. "I wish I could, but it's too late now. I seem to have started life too late, and never can catch up."

"But you are always making up some pretty song or story for the children. Why not put these things in print?"

She shook her black curls. "Writing and telling are two different things. Besides, I haven't time, I tell you. I have to make a living."

Such a poor little living as it was, and shared at that by the invalid brother! The very house they lived in had once belonged to one of Dr. Harrell's servants, who had received it as a legacy from the doctor, and then actually willed it back to Miss Fannie.

But a September morning came when Walker Street school opened with a new teacher, a girl of seventeen, in charge of the second grade. The poor lame knee had given out at last. Miss Fannie would never walk any more.

"It is really surprising," Mr. Wilson remarked at the end of the third week, "how well Miss Harrell had become adapted to her work. I fear we shall never find any one who can exactly fill her place."

The rest of us thought so too. There was no one to find out our good points and talk about them, and it became surprisingly easy, in her absence, to discover each other's weak ones. We lost confidence in ourselves, in the management of the school, in the perennial goodness of school-children. Even Miss Mill acknowledged our loss, and discussed pityingly with us how the two invalids were to live.

I carried the question to Colonel Avery. "They ought to give her a pension," he stormed. "To think how she has worked for years over those wretched children! We were a thousand times better off before there was such a thing as a public school in the State. In the old days teachers were persons of consequence. The town didn't have the right to work them to death and then turn them out to die."

"It doesn't do so now," I replied, with dignity. "If we keep our health and are economical, we can save something for old age just as other people do."

He looked his contempt and incredulity. "When you get sick you have to pay a substitute out of your munificent salary. I suppose your doctor has to go unpaid. When our teacher was ill—the one who taught my children and Dr. Harrell's—my son or Judge Hutchinson's daughter took charge of the school, and the teacher's pay went on. Dr. Harrell never thought of presenting a bill. But I suppose this public-school business is what you all want. There ought to

be a pension *somewhere* in the *machine*." The Colonel brought out the words in fine scorn.

But when I went to see her she greeted me exultantly. "Just to think," she cried, "two of the high-school teachers have agreed to give me their composition-books to correct, and pay me well for doing it. And I am sure when it is known that I want such work, I can get all I wish. So, instead of having to tramp through the mud and dust to school, I can just lie here and correct books all day long."

"I would die first!" I said, extravagantly. "My own papers nearly wear me out. It is the hardest part of a teacher's work."

"Oh, well," she answered, serenely, "you are not fond of such work, and I am. Exercise-books always interest me—they are so full of variety."

Her old boys carried the books back and forth for her, and quarrelled over the privilege. Indeed, a special appeal had to be made to the children she had taught not to go to see her too often nor stay too long. Miss Mill wanted to add that they must not take her presents, because they loaded into her room so much rubbish; but we at last decided to leave that matter with her and the children. She had shown a good many of the factory people how to cultivate the hardy annuals, and the products of their flower-gardens now accumulated about her bed, just as they used to litter up her desk at school.

In the spring some child brought her one day a branch of the wild sweet-brier rose.

"It is just like you," I said—"simple and sweet and dear."

She smiled a little. "No; it is like Bessie Conger, with her pretty cheeks and childlike ways."

The fancy seemed to please her, and she was quiet for several minutes. "You can find a flower to match every one of us," she said at last. It touched me to see how she seemed always to regard the teachers, so often at strife with one another, as a united family in which, as one otherwise a solitary, she was glad to set herself. "Miss Mill, now, is like a tall lily," she continued; "and Emma Wallace makes one think of the sweet-

pease I am so fond of. Don't you think, dear"—with her drollest face—"that Mr. Wilson is like a Lombardy poplar?"

"Oh yes," I said, joining in the fun, "and Mrs. Higbee is—purslane. You know how it spreads all over the garden, and looks like Hamlet's 'fat weed on Lethe wharf.'"

"I know one person who will do for a blackberry-bush—some blossoms, some fruit, and a good many briers," she said, reprovingly. "As for Fannie Harrell"—she stopped to think. "Well, I'm only larkspur. Have you ever noticed what a trying flower it is? If you put it with other flowers, it spoils the bouquet. If you place it by itself, it is stiff. And it never looks right in well-regulated flower-beds. In short, it is an irreconcilable."

I think Miss Fannie had been having a bad time that month with the composition-books. But pretty soon her mind went off from herself to a pleasant memory.

"Bertha," she said, "do you remember those great patches of larkspur that used to grow over in East Greenville on that burnt lot back of the factory? It must have been planted in the garden long years before the factory was built, and have just kept on living and trying to cover up the rubbish. It certainly was pretty, especially under a very blue May sky."

"The children like larkspur," I said. "Haven't you made rings of it time and again, when you were a child, by sticking one spur into another, and then pressed them in the big Bible—blue circles, and pink ones, and blue and pink together? I know I used to like it better than any flower in grandma's garden."

"Yes, indeed," she said, "the children like it; I suppose it was made for them."

I went yesterday to the cemetery, and sat for a long time by a grave marked by only a plain wooden cross. I thought of the strife, quiet but intense, between two other teachers and myself over the principalship of the new school soon to be opened. Our little world is too small; there are no heaven-kissing hills for aspiring feet, and we are so near each other that every blemish shows. My bit-

ter heart grew sweet as I sat there. I tried to love as *she* had loved.

A woman in faded calico dress came near and stood looking down humbly and reverently upon the green mound. Her face was sallow and wrinkled, her shoulders bent.

"She used to be Joey's teacher," she said, laying her hand gently on the wooden cross. "He went to her that first year the public schools opened, and that was the only year he ever got to go. But she learnt him a heap that one year. And after he had to go to work in the fact'ry, she learnt him on Sundays and Saddy evenin's. You know the fact'ry shuts down early on Saddys. And she let him have a heap of her books to read."

"Joey's been making a book himself sence Miss Harrell died." She spoke of such a mystery with much diffidence. "Some men up North that prints books is goin' to print Joey's. He don't have to pay 'em to do it. They air goin' to pay him. He just cried when he got the letter from 'em. I don't see how folks ever can think up things to go in books. Joey says Miss Harrell learnt him how. He says some of the things Miss Harrell told 'em all, when they was little children, is goin' to be in his book. He says he thinks she will know about it and be glad." She looked up at the blue sky and spoke softly.

The woman went away, and a child with a face almost as old as hers came up the hill. She was carrying very carefully in one hand a small brown paper parcel, and in the other a broom made of the old-field straw which grows back of the factory people's houses. I moved away a few steps and sat down under the shade of a Cape jessamine in another lot. The child was too intent upon her task to notice my presence. Her expression was sweet and serious. She swept neatly around the grave, and took away the faded tiger-lilies and red hollyhocks which some other child had left in the broken glass pitcher at the foot. Then she unfolded the brown paper parcel and took something out, which she laid painstakingly along the low mound. When she had gone, I went to see what it was. In the gray grass lay rings of larkspur.

The Columbine

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I STROLLED along the beaten way,
Where hoary cliffs uprear their heads,
And all the firstlings of the May
Were peeping from their leafy beds,
When, dancing in its rocky frame,
I saw the columbine's flower of flame.

It filled a niche, or clung in dent,
Or did it leap from out a seam?—
Some hidden fire had found a vent
And leaped to light with vivid gleam.
It thrilled the eye, it cheered the place,
And gave the ledge a living grace.

The redstart flashing up and down,
The oriole whistling in the elm,
The kinglet with his ruby crown,—
All wear colors of thy realm;
And starling with his glowing coals,—
So shine thy lamps by oak-tree boles.

I saw them a-flaming
Against the gray rocks;
I saw them in couples,
I saw them in flocks.
They danced in the breezes,
They glowed in the sun,
They nodded and beckoned,
They were glad every one.

Some grew by the way-side,
Some peered from the ledge,
Some flamed from a crevice,
And clung like a wedge;
Some rooted in débris
Of rocks and of trees,
And all were inviting
The wild banded bees.

Nature knoweth the use of foils,
And knoweth well to recompense;
There lurks a grace in all her toils;
And in her ruder elements
There oft doth gleam a tenderness
The eye to charm, the ear to bless.

Wrecked on the Shores of Japan

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW

THE pilot was drunk, but we did not learn that until after it was too late—that is to say, when our good ship struck a sunken rock somewhere about the entrance of Yedo Bay.

It was a bitterly cold but clear day, the 2d of February, 1876. Our ship, the *Surprise*, a famous tea-clipper, of over a thousand tons burden, was owned by Mr. Low of New York. The pilot was a European—from Australia, he said—and the captain warned him of a sunken reef, marked on the charts as *Plymouth Rocks*—a reminder perhaps of the soundings taken here by Commodore Perry and his American fleet, who visited these waters in 1853.

“No fear, captain,” was the answer; “there’s 600 fathoms of water all about them, and I know just where they are.”

We all did, in fact, for no sooner was this complacent assurance out of the pilot’s mouth than—crash, bang, bumpety-bump—the good old ship shook and heaved; a block came crashing from aloft; ropes snapped; there was a crackling of strained timber, and then slowly the great mass commenced to lean over to port, and the water to curl up over the side.

The captain ordered the best two able-bodied seamen to man his gig, and within half an hour of the striking we found ourselves with fifteen souls, all told, and not a boat left at the davits. As the captain went down into his gig he remarked to me, who stood near him, that he was going to fetch help. I told him that he might as well be hanged as drowned, and so we parted. The men sent him a volley of select profanity, which he probably did not notice, for he had to bail for his life as the men pulled him away. He had dressed himself in anticipation of landing at the Yokohama Bund in time for tiffin, and when the ship struck he wore a black frock-coat and a high silk hat, which now proved

useful in bailing out the gig. He was a picture worth remembering, standing straddling the stern, his tails slathering in the high wind, his bald head bobbing up and down, his black hat rising and falling as he desperately fought against the seas that were breaking in upon him. In the rhythmic cadence of his work he seemed like some mechanical toy, salaaming and salaaming to the Japanese shore. We would have prayed for the capsize of his boat, had it not been that the other two were men.

There were two boats left on board the *Surprise*; and at last—it seemed an eternity—the first was launched safely, but the second one came with a lurch against the iron cleat of the port davit, and staved a hole into her side big enough for the body of a fox-terrier, and that hole was at my thwart. The water bubbled in voluminously, but I rammed my knee into the aperture, and between that and bailing we managed to keep her afloat. After rowing a mile we came close enough to see that the slopes of the snow-clad mountains appeared alive with dusky savages with shaven heads, and nothing on excepting shaggy skins of wild beasts. They carried huge axes, which they brandished with great fluency; and I could see some of them grinning—no doubt in anticipation of a gorgeous cannibal feast. Not a soul knew a word of Japanese. Not a soul knew even the whereabouts of the nearest town, and our imagination was heated with tales of murder committed by patriotic Japanese upon inoffensive foreigners. Furthermore, we had nothing but our clasp-knives and oars. We grounded our keels at the same moment, and sprang out of the boats with one accord at the orders of the first mate, who had assumed the generalship of this little army. So there we stood, fifteen of us, at the stems of our respective boats, each armed with a



I TOLD HIM THAT HE MIGHT AS WELL BE HANGED AS DROWNED

sweep, which he was prepared to use as a club or spear, according to circumstances. The natives appeared surprised by this manœuvre, and some of them talked together. Their axes were uncommonly sharp and shiny—indeed, Japan is famous for its cutlery. Then they said something to us which sounded very threatening, and we clutched our oars the tighter.

At last the mate was suddenly reminded that he had left his log-book on board

the wreck, and insisted upon going off to fetch it at any cost. The wreck was still there; so were the white-caps—but so also were the fur-clad natives with axes. He called for volunteers, and I hesitated not a moment. As between the stormy water and the well-whetted axe, I preferred the caprices of the waves to the mercy of my fellow-man, and the mate soon had four more who reasoned in the same manner.

So leaving nine to face the natives,

we six worked our way out to the *Surprise*, and climbed aboard. The first mate went to get his log, and I went below to the after-cabin in search of my own papers—my diary, sketches, and, above all, my letters of introduction, without which I should, indeed, have been alone in the world. My trunk was floating about in my cabin, and I had to wade in it up to my waist in order to get at these few things, which were in the top tray. Of course all my clothing was wet through, but I had no time to bother about that. All I saved was my banjo and the model of the ship which had been made for me by a Finn sailor. On the way back I picked up a few blankets and threw them into the boat, and then once more we pushed off for shore.

When we once more got close under the land we noticed a boat rowing towards us from the northward. At first we thought it might be one of our boats, but counted twelve sweeps, and soon saw that they were manned by as many Japanese. Once more we were perplexed, but recovered our spirits on discovering in the stern-sheets a white man, who hailed us in English. No music ever sounded sweeter.

He said he belonged to the then new Japanese light-house service, had received news of the wreck, and had at once rowed to our relief, and at the same time his assistant had prepared quarters for us in a native village close by.

I asked him where we were—about thirty miles below Yokohama. Who were these savages crowding the hill-sides with their tomahawks? "Oh, those were the kindest of people—Japanese wood-choppers; they had been told to come down and lend us a hand with the boats!" And we had treated them as pirates or bandits!

It was too bad! I wanted to apologize, but did not know how. The light-house-keeper laughed heartily when he learned how we had been standing for an hour or more at *charge bayonets* with our oars, against people who only had one purpose in coming, namely, to give us food and lodging.

It was now pitch-dark, barring stars, and we followed in the wake of the light-house barge through an archipelago of rocks to a little cove, where we once more

beached our keels. Then we followed our guide, who led us up a steep path to a cluster of houses, which looked from the outside like big lantern transparencies. Our guide did some shouting, the transparencies responded, some paper panels were slid aside, and some natives dressed in plum-colored wrappers came to the door, rubbed their hands on their knees, smiled, and then sucked wind through their teeth. That was to say that we were welcome.

Then they took my wet clothes out to dry, and dressed me in a loose quilted silk gown, in which I felt enormously venerable; and under the stimulating influence of bright smiles and the promise of supper, I commenced to forget all about the morning's work.

We heard nothing about the other half of the ship's company, and we cared less. At that moment we fifteen thought of nothing but shovelling in a good hot mess of salt beef and potatoes—anything that would fill out our aching stomachs.

At last a Japanese lady brought in a wooden tub or firkin with a wooden lid on it. She knocked her forehead on the matting floor, and otherwise did everything to show that she thought highly of us; but we wanted more. The firkin contained delicious rice, every grain of which stood out plump, white, and soft. But there was nothing with which to eat it—no spoons or forks or even knives. She passed around a bunch of knitting-needles, which are sometimes called chopsticks, but to us famished souls those things were merely tantalizing. We could scarce pick up one grain at a time. A sweet maid took pity on me, and tried to show me how chopsticks are held. She took my hand in hers, squeezed it around the long thin sticks, and deftly carried both my hand and hers to the neighborhood of my mouth. This manœuvre at any other time would have been mildly intoxicating, but on this occasion hunger dominated all other appetites; and be it said to my shame, along with the rest we dipped into that vat of rice with our hollowed hands, and scooped up our evening meal with scant regard for the table conventions of Japan—or any other country. That night we slept in heavy wadded quilts. There were no beds, and the pillow consisted of a little bamboo



SHE TOOK MY HAND IN HERS

foot-stool about six inches high. Yet I slept very well, and came to like this form of couch.

My next move was to get identified somehow and get to Yokohama. And here just at the right moment there dropped as though from heaven the very man I needed—the agent of the globe-encircling Lloyd's. He had heard of the

wreck, and had immediately taken a jinrikisha and been dragged down through the snow in order to take whatever measures were possible for saving some of the cargo, if not the ship herself. He had been told of my being on board by the agents of the ship, to whom I had been recommended, and therefore was on the lookout for me.

A Hidden Republic

BY LUCIA PURDY



HERE is a little republic in the Pyrenees, looked upon on one side by Spain, on the other by France; about it, in protective sentinel-like groups, range the peculiarly impassable mountains of its own territory, while the peaceful valley beneath slumbers undisturbed by the faintest echo from an outer yet not far-distant world. Thus has Andorra rested for more than a thousand years, never during one day of the entire period ceasing to enjoy an independence, willingly purchased at the cost of obscurity.

The entire domain of this little republic is 175 square miles, scarcely more than one-half the number of square miles covered by Greater New York city alone, while its whole population is but little greater than the number of men and women who are daily employed in many of our great office buildings.

Its government is vested in twenty-four consuls and a syndic, chosen by the people, and its only resources of wealth are the flocks and herds which feed upon its pastures, and the iron which is produced from its few mines.

I attempted to fathom the secret of its hiding-place while wandering among the Basque settlements and resorts of the Hautes-Pyrénées. I journeyed to Perpignan, whose Spanish characteristics tempted me to linger, and from there moved on to Prades, the place of residence of M. Charles Romeu, Viguiier d'Andorre en France.

The note-book used during the excursion contains a brief sketch of the history of Andorra, written as a sort of preface on the opening pages. I remember to have read it over before my first interview with the Viguiier, and for the benefit of the reader it may be well to go over it again.

In the beginning of the eighth cen-

tury Spain fell into the hands of the Saracens. Once in possession of the peninsula, they swept in triumph through Catalonia, pushing their advantage to the very border of the Pyrenees, where they ended by chasing an unfortunate band of Visigoths from its place of refuge—a plain wound by the river Segre, and in the midst of which stood the already ancient city of Urgel.

The Visigoths, retreating to the adjacent mountains, penetrated to the gorge of the Valira, only, however, to be pursued and taken into captivity by their invincible enemies the Moors. Later, when Catalonia had been reconquered and the Franks had in turn driven the Moors from Urgel, the oppressed remnant of a once powerful ally turned to Charlemagne for relief, and the Emperor's son, Louis le Débonnaire, was in-



LAS ESCALDAS

trusted with the mission. Louis, who was religious and of an impressionable temperament, rode forth from Urgel with thoughts bent on exterminating the heathen, and after a decisive victory (805) achieved on the spot where Andorra la Villa, the capital of the republic, now stands, Louis gave the valley its



CHAPEL OF OUR LADY OF MIRICELL

name. Selecting from among his soldiers those who would best raise an enduring monument to his fame as a Christian prince, he declared that from that time forth Andorra, and all who inhabited it, should be free. Not wishing to leave his followers at the mercy of possible invaders, Louis placed them under the protection of Sicfrid, Count of Urgel, reserving for himself and his successors the nominal right of sovereignty, and demanding as a proof of continued allegiance that a few trout, caught in the waters of the Embalire, should be sent to him each year.

When Louis's kingdom came to be

divided between his three sons, Charles the Bald, to whose lot Catalonia had fallen, waived his claim, as his father's successor, to Andorra in favor of Count Sicfrid. Charlemagne had previously given the tithes of the region to Possidonius, Bishop of Urgel, and out of the struggles between conflicting temporal and spiritual powers grew wars in which the house of Foix became involved.

During these passing centuries the Andorrese had formed themselves into a frugal and industrious race of shepherds. The sheltered position of their valley, and the inspiring influence of a tradition permitting those who dwelt there to consider themselves a race apart, achieved the miraculous in enabling them to conquer warlike instincts that were theirs by right of inheritance. As a result of arbitration, in 1278, certain "Pariatges" or partitions were drawn up, to dispose permanently of the question of precedence and to settle the matter of obligations. Those occupying governmental positions in the republic were to be appointed by the ruling powers of Foix and Urgel, who were to receive on alternate years certain small sums, in return for which the neutrality of the section was to be respected. The French government and the Bishop of Urgel alike share the honors of a mere nominal sovereignty. They each select a *viguier*,* the bishop's appointment covering a given term of years, and naming as its recipient a resident of Andorra, while the *viguier* of France is nominated from among the prominent officials of the Pyrénées-Orientales, and enjoys the special distinction of a life appointment, bestowed in acknowledgment of his greater measure of responsibility.

The administration of civil law brings into requisition the services of a long list of officials, prominent among whom are the two indispensable "battles,"** and a judge of appeal nominated alternately by the bishop and the representative of the French government. When crime is in question the "battles"

* *Veguers de los Valles*—those who watch over the valleys.

** A corruption of the title *bajulas*, discarded by the *viguers* in 1278. The Spanish and French battles are appointed by the *viguers* for a term of three years.

are expected to conduct the preliminary trial, simultaneously issuing a summons that serves to warn the non-resident viguier that he is needed at his post. His authority and influence are of great weight, and when it becomes imperative to impose the extreme penalty of the law, it is on him that the painful duty of pronouncing the sentence of death devolves. Giving his services gratuitously, upholding the laws, customs, and traditions of a people whose peace of mind and welfare call for his constant surveillance, the French viguier inspires a peculiar veneration and an unbounded trust. His visits to the region are anticipated as being of inestimable benefit to the community.

A few days at Prades enabled me to gain much valuable information. At our first meeting M. Romeu's courtesy forbade direct opposition to my plans, but he could not, he assured me, conceive of a lady's having to endure that which taxed the physique of a man as robust as himself.

But when he realized that I was bent on continuing the trip, the Viguier set to work in the most whole-hearted way. A certain José Moles, familiarly known as Pepe, was bidden to cross the mountains, bringing with him a mule—the mule used by the Viguier. Juan, the Viguier's own guide, was to accompany him, or join him at Porté. This Jean, as M. Romeu called him, was a young Andorrese, and, marvellous to relate—for marriages were rare in Andorra—was probably on his wedding journey. He was an honest, capable fellow; and as for Pepe, he was one of the best-known individuals in Andorra. The Viguier always stopped at his house, and looked upon him as highly responsible.

When I started from Prades it was to go forth armed with a list of instructions, and also with letters and notes addressed to the various innkeepers and citizens who were likely to prove of service to me. The remainder of the trip through the Pyrénées-Orientales must be passed over as an intermezzo. There had been a steady decrescendo so far as comfort was concerned, and my mind misgave me when, after a day spent in wholly Spanish Puigcerda and a night in the detestable Hôtel Salvat of its neighbor Bourg-Madame, I realized that

Porté, the last station this side of Andorra, was at hand. Up to this time the weather had been glorious, but now, as if to add a still greater weight to my gloomy forebodings, the sky darkened and the rain descended in torrents.

I left Bourg-Madame between showers, and drove for more than two hours in a covered vehicle of the most antediluvian shape to Porté. Porté proved to be an irregular collection of hamlets built upon hilly ground, and when the driver's heavy blows upon a barn-yard door finally succeeded in bringing an enormous peasant woman with kilted skirts and sabots, we followed her through the collection of cows, pigs, and chickens to an inner sheep-pen, from which by way of a steep flight of narrow stone steps we found our way to a long dark kitchen. The sheep odor was insupportable, but once inside the building its warmth and



RUINS OF ST. VINCENT

the genial air of those who came forward to greet me restored my shaken confidence.

I was awakened next morning by a vigorous splashing of water interspersed with ejaculations and groans. Clearly my neighbor was suffering from the effects of his rough ride of the previous

evening. Should I utterly succumb to the fatigue of two such days, I wondered, when it came my turn to cross the mountains? At noon the arrival of Pepe Moles with Gallen, the Viguiers' mule, was announced by a terrific uproar in the barnyard. The animal had ceased braying and was standing motionless under my window when I first caught sight of it. The gorgeous scarlet trappings and cushioned saddle were in sharp contrast to the plain cloth suit and cap worn by the man who was engaged in unfastening the gear. He did not turn to look for the possessor of a rasping voice that called from an upper window, "Are you the guide for the young lady?" contenting himself with delivering a laconic "None other," as he led his charge to a vacant stall under the shed. When I came to talk with him, Pepe struck me as being ridiculously like a New-Englander. In its curious mixture of straightforwardness,

Finding on the Viguiers' list of instructions a suggestion as to the expediency of discussing the "question de la bonne" with my hostess at Porté, I made a final attempt to find a woman courageous enough to face, in my service, the terrors of the republic. The household drudge—whose manly appearance even included the suspicion of a beard—was found willing to accompany me; but Pepe was distinctly the more feminine of the two, and it was a relief when he vetoed the idea of taking her, as impracticable.

Early the following morning Gallen was led a little distance down the road, so that I might mount with ease from a stone wall, and away we marched—Pepe walking by my side with noiseless tread, and in the rear a troop of children, bent on seeing the last of "the lady who had all her teeth"—a difference that proved my chief claim to distinction in their eyes.

The view immediately broadened into towering crags and abrupt canyons, the severity of its general aspect being tempered by the mellow coloring of the Ariège Ridge, rolling to one side in graceful lines. Large herds of cattle, mules, cows, sheep, and an occasional shepherd in solitude on the heights, marked our progress, until with the Ariège River the Paso de la Casa was reached. I had crossed the boundaries of my terra incognita before realizing that its gateway was at hand. There was a brief halt on coming to a squalid hovel where fodder for the mule was obtainable. I wandered off to a stream, and kneeling, caught up a drink of its clear water in the palm

of my hand. A fearless little thrush placed itself near me, and trilled and warbled ecstatically, only taking flight when Pepe advanced to offer some squares of chocolate that looked as if it might have antedated the Visigoths.



LA MASSANA

reserve, honesty, shrewdness, independence, and caution, the expression of his lean countenance might easily have served for that of a typical "Down-Easterner." It was no wonder that I felt at home with him from the first!

He always carried it, he said. One ought never to drink cold water without eating something.

We pressed forward, the mule winding from side to side, after the peculiar habit of his kind. Distributed along a road that overhung the valley, and was set in a background of deep rich green, moved men and boys accompanying files of heavily laden mules; and a foaming cascade—the Cascade de Montaup—glittered in sunshine that seemed much the brighter for having forced its way through enveloping clouds.

The cheeriest old woman imaginable—Rosa by name—was found standing at the door of the inn. There were warmth and light in her clean little kitchen, with its big caldron hung gypsy fashion over blazing logs, and I was thankful to be made comfortable on the wooden settle close to the fire, for Soldeu is six thousand feet above the sea, and the bleak wind encountered in approaching it had left me chilled to the bone.

Suddenly a branch of leaves was dashed against the window, a laughing face looked in upon us, and the Viguiers' guide strode into the room. His wife entered with him, carrying a green bough, over which she had slung her bundle, and as she threw it down such a torrent of questions and explanations broke loose that I turned to Pepe in despair. Pepe explained the contretemps. Juan had expected to bring back Antonia in state. His father owned many mules, and it had been agreed that one should be waiting at a certain *paso* for their return. Unfortunately the promised mule was sent no farther than Soldeu, and still rested in the stable without, while Antonia had walked every step of the way from Puigcerda, where the honeymoon had been spent. I studied the young couple with

curiosity, knowing that they, like their forefathers, had been born and brought up in Andorra la Villa—or Andorra, as it is called by citizens of the republic. One could not desire to see finer specimens of



ANDORRA LA VILLA

the ancient race. Juan possessed a stalwart frame with the muscles of an ox, and his dark eyes, bright coloring, and ingenuous, open-hearted expression formed a type that is only to be associated with a manly and expansive nature.

We were on our way by six o'clock the next morning. I had forgotten that it was Sunday, but the others had already attended mass, and were troubled lest I should reproach them for having left me to enjoy a needed rest. Juan's superabundant vigor impelled him to take hundreds of unnecessary steps. He would run far ahead, calling lustily to the mules to follow him (Antonia had at length come into possession of her rights as a bride, and was mounted with due magnificence), and then slip back to ad-

just my foot-rest, or to ask, with a beaming smile, if all was well with *made-moiselle*. The mules knew that they had nothing but kindness to expect from him, and it was amusing to see how they waited to be coaxed onward with lumps of sugar, towards the end of each defile. Pepe, who was a born philosopher, permitted the younger man to attend to everything. While he rolled and smoked countless cigarettes I plied him with questions about those mysteriously august bodies the Supreme Tribunal, Grand Council, and Parish Council. For Pepe,

pretty gesture and chastened look she touched the holy water and extended her hand, that I might make the sign of the cross from it, and enter in advance of her. Above the altar rails and suspended from the walls were infants' robes decorated with needle-work, little kid shoes—all sorts and kinds of votive offerings, and Antonia's beloved "images" kept watch over all.

When Juan drew off the blouse that covered his bright shirt, and unwinding a long fringed scarf worn about the waist, tossed it over one shoulder, I felt Canillo* could not be far distant.

A narrow path was now visible, and following it we drew near to a tower, said to have been built by the Saracens, and to an ancient church, which, with its companion buildings, stood on a rocky knoll near the centre of a lovely valley.

Canillo, Encamp, Ordino, and La Massana proved the very strangest of ancient cities, placed a considerable distance apart. At Las Escaldas (the Hot Springs) women were washing clothes in the steaming hot water that flowed over the rocks; and only a little distance beyond—for Las Escaldas

and Andorra belong to the same parish—I caught my first glimpse of the valley I had journeyed so far to discover.

One may say that it extends over an area of six miles, is completely surrounded by immense mountains, possesses a wonderfully beautiful river, and holds to its heart a unique city, without suggesting that which makes the valley of Andorra different from all other valleys in the world. There is infinite peace in the pastoral loveliness of the scene, yet the immemorial hills are austere, the forests sombre, and although way-side shrines and a great iron cross mark the irregular

* The six municipalities of the republic are: Canillo, Encamp, Ordino, La Massana, Andorra—the capital—and San Julian de Loria.



THE SQUARE IN ANDORRA

be it understood, had filled the honorable office of *Rahonador* (pleader), and was actively interested in all that went on in Andorra. I was following Antonia on foot (or, more literally, was propelling myself with the aid of both feet and hands, for the precipices were really dangerous, and the way almost impassable), when she turned and impulsively drew my arm through hers, saying that she wanted to show me some "beautiful images." I could not fully understand what she meant until we suddenly came upon a little chapel that seemed to have been thrown down among the stones that even encroached upon its entrance.

"It is a church to which pilgrimages are made—a place of miracles: Our Lady of Mirichell," said Antonia, and with a

path, from which one gazes down upon Louis's battle-field, the atmosphere of the place seems in harmony with the spirit of the Old Testament rather than the New. In Andorra's square tower and outlying houses I beheld the counterpart of a toy village.

Whoever hopes to gain admittance to the capital must be prepared to clamber up the steep rocky side of a knoll that is littered over with all the surplus stones in creation. Once at the top, there remains nothing more disconcerting to encounter than an array of linen, stretched upon the stony ground to bleach, and perhaps a couple or more of women engrossed in attendant cares. We came immediately in sight of quite an imposing square; but the rest of the city proved to be cut up into short narrow streets, often blocking each other in with turnings and cross-turnings worthy of a maze.

I went to Las Escaldas the next afternoon to purchase one of the woollen blankets that are woven there. In the valley I ran across Juan. He explained that the animated hay-loads which occasionally blocked my path were borne by men. It was a matter to be taken on faith, for no trace of their forms was discoverable. A group of those who were on their way back for a fresh supply passed us near the great iron cross, carrying



A WAY-SIDE SHRINE

coils of rope and wearing head drapery that seemed a distinct relic of Moorish influence. I was most unmercifully swindled by the workman in charge of the mill at Las Escaldas, for, noticing my confusion in regard to the respective values of French and Spanish franc pieces, he more than doubled the price of a red blanket.

I devoted one morning to the Casa del Valle,* whose chief object of interest is an iron-bound chest, with six locks—only to be opened in the presence of six prominent members of the different communes.

M. Romeu had in vain tried to induce the Andorrese to place the contents of this chest in the hands of experts. He

* Government House.



SAN JUAN DE LORIA

himself had barely seen the documents, which were, in his opinion, extremely curious, many of them being inscribed on sheets of metal, and even in a few instances on leaves.

The post-office and telegraph bureau—contributed by France—were not to be taken too seriously. At the Vigui-er's request I sent him an announce-ment of my safe arrival, and a re-turn message of congratulation ar-rived the following day, but my at-tempt to communi-cate with a friend in Paris was less successful. When

I saw an aged, half-blind imbecile start off with the mail-bag one morning it was borne in upon me that letter-writing might with wisdom be deferred. Pepe seemed surprised at my disapproval of the mail-carrier. She was a poor creature, unfit for better work, and the pittance

thus gained en-abled her to live.

Under the protec-tion of my faith-ful guides I re-traced my steps to Soldeu, rested over-night, and after eight hours of wearisome descent sighted l'Hospita-let, just in time to catch the diligence for Ax.



THE PORTION OF LABOR

BY

MARY E. WILKINS.

PART IV.



CHAPTER XI



THE next spring Ellen went to school. When a child who has reigned in undisputed sovereignty at home takes her place among other children at school, one of

two things happens: either she is scorned and rebelled against, and her little crown of superiority rolled in the dust of the common playground, or she extends the territories of her empire.

Ellen extended hers, though involuntarily, for there was no conscious thirst for power in her.

On her first morning at school she seated herself at her desk and looked forth from the golden cloud of her curls,

her eyes full of innocent contemplation, her mouth corners gravely drooping. She knew one little girl who sat not far from her, since she had been often invited to tea at her house with her mother. The little girl's name was Floretta Vining. Floretta was built on the scale of a fairy, with tiny fine waxen features, a little tossing mane of flaxen hair, eyes a most lovely and perfect blue, with no more depth in them than in the blue of china, and an expression of the sweetest and most innocent inanity and irresponsibility. Nobody ever expected anything of this little Floretta Vining. She was al-

ways a negative success. She smiled around from the foot of her curving class, and never had her lessons; but she never disobeyed the rules, except that of punctuality.

Floretta was late Ellen's first morning at school. She came daintily up the aisle, a cheap bangle on one little wrist slipping over a slim hand, and tinkling. Floretta's mother had a taste for the cheaply decorative. There was an abundance of coarse lace on Floretta's frock, and she wore a superfluous sash which was not too fresh. Floretta toed out excessively, her slender little feet pointing out sharply, almost at right angles with each other, and Ellen admired her for that. She watched her coming, planting each foot as carefully and precisely as a bird, her lace frills flouncing up and down,

her bangle jingling, and thought how very pretty she was.

Ellen felt herself very loving toward the teacher and Floretta Vining. Floretta leaned forward as soon as she was seated and gazed at her with astonishment, and that deepening of amiability and general sweetness which one can imagine in the face of a doll after persistent scrutiny. Ellen smiled decorously, for she was not sure how much smiling was permissible in school. When she smiled guardedly at Floretta, she was conscious of another face regarding her, twisted slightly over a shabby little shoulder covered with an ignominious blue stuff, spotted and faded. This little girl's wisp of brown braid was tied with a shoestring, and she looked poorer than any other child in the school; but she had an honest light in her brown eyes, and apple-curves of red cheeks, and Ellen considered her to be rather more beautiful than Floretta.

She was Maud Atkins, Joseph Atkins's second child. Ellen sat with her book before her, and the strange new atmosphere of the school-room stole over her senses. It was not altogether pleasant, although it was considered that the ventilation was after the most approved modern system. She perceived a strong odor of peppermints, and Floretta Vining was waving ostentatiously a coarse little pocket-handkerchief scented with New-Mown Hay. There was also a strong effusion of stale dinners, and storm-beaten woollen garments, but there was after all that savor of festivity which Ellen was apt to discover in the new. She looked over her open book with utter content. In a line with her, on the boys' side, there appeared a covertly peeping face under a thatch of black hair, and Ellen, influenced insensibly by the boy's shyly worshipful eyes, looked and saw Granville Joy. She remembered the Christmas top, and she blushed very pink without knowing why, and flirted all her curls toward the boys' side.

The teacher, coming down the aisle, laid a caressing hand on Ellen's curls, and the child looked up at her with that confidence of good-will which is exquisite flattery.

After she had passed and was standing at the blackboard near the desk,

Ellen heard a subtle whisper somewhere at her back; it was half audible, dissyllabic, but intelligible, and its meaning was entirely plain. It signified utmost scorn and satirical contempt. It was fine-pointed and far-reaching. A number looked around. It was as expressive as a whole sentence, and being so concentrated, was fairly explosive with meaning.

"H'm, ain't you pretty? Ain't you dreadful pretty, little dolly-pinky-rosy. H'm, teacher's partial. Ain't you pretty? Ain't you stuck up? H'm."

Ellen, not being used to the school vernacular, did not fairly apprehend all this, and least of all that it was directed toward herself. She cast a startled look around, then turned to her reader. She leaned back in her seat and held her book before her face with both hands, and began to read, spelling out the words noiselessly. All at once she felt a fine prick on her head, and threw back one hand and turned quickly. The little girl behind was engrossed in study; all Ellen could see was the parting in her thick black hair, for her head was supported by her two hands, her elbows were resting on her desk, and she was whispering the boundaries of the State of Massachusetts.

Ellen turned back to her reading-book, and recommenced studying with the painful faithfulness of the new student. Then came again that small, fine, exasperating prick, and she thrust her face around quickly to see that same faithfully intent little girl.

Ellen rubbed her head doubtfully, and tried to fix her attention again upon her book, but presently it came again; a prick so small and fine that it strained consciousness; an infinitesimal point of torture; and this time Ellen, turning with a swift flirt of her head, caught the culprit. It was that faithful little girl, who held a black-headed belt-pin in her hand: she had been carefully separating one hair at a time from Ellen's golden curls, and tweaking it out.

Ellen looked at her with a singular expression, compounded of bewilderment, of injury, of resentment, of alarm, and of a readiness to accept it all as a somewhat peculiar advance toward good-fellowship and a merry understanding. But

the expression on that dark, somewhat grimy little face, looking out at her from a jungle of coarse black locks, was fairly impish, almost malicious. There was not merriment in it so much as gibing; instead of that soft regard and worshipful admiration which Ellen was accustomed to find in new eyes, there was resentful envy.

The little face was really terrifying. Ellen shrank, and bristled with defiance at the same time, for she had the spirit of both the Brewsters and the Louds in her, in spite of her delicacy of organization. She saw that the little girl who was treating her so was dressed very poorly, that her dress was not only shabby, but actually dirty; that she, as well as the other girl whom she noticed, had her braid tied with an old shoe-string, and that a curious smell of leather pervaded her. Ellen continued to regard the little girl; then suddenly she felt a hand on her shoulder, and the teacher, Miss Rebecca Mitchell, was looking down at her. "What is the trouble?" asked Miss Mitchell. That look of half-wondering admiration to which Ellen was accustomed was in the teacher's eyes, and Ellen again thought her beautiful.

One of the first, though a scarcely acknowledged principle of beauty is that of reflection of the fairness of the observer. Ellen, being as innocently self-seeking for love and admiration as any young thing for its natural sustenance, was quick to recognize it, though she did not understand that what she saw was herself in the teacher's eyes, and not the teacher. She gazed up in that roseate face with the wide mouth set in an inverted bow of smile, curtained, as it were, with smoothly crinkled auburn hair clearly outlined against the cheeks, at the palpitating curve of shiny black silk bosom, adorned with a festoon of heavy gold watch-chain, and thought that here was love, and beauty, and richness, and elegance, and great wisdom, calling for reverence, but no fear. She answered not one word to the teacher's question, but continued to gaze at her with wide-eyed and contemplative regard.

"What is the trouble, Ellen?" repeated the teacher. "Why were you looking around so?" Ellen said nothing. The little girl behind had her head bent over

her book so low that the sulky curves of her mouth did not show. The teacher turned to her. "Abby Atkins," said she, "what were you doing?"

Abby Atkins did not raise her studious head. She did not seem to hear.

"Abby Atkins," said the teacher, sharply, "answer me. What were you doing?" Then the little girl answered with a sulky note, half growl, half whimper, like some helpless but indomitable little trapped animal, "Nothin'."

"Ellen," said the teacher, and her voice changed indescribably, "what was she doing?" Ellen did not answer. She looked up in the teacher's face, then cast down her eyes and sat there, her little hands folded in tightly clinched fists in her lap, her mouth a pink line of resistance. "Ellen," repeated the teacher, and she tried to make her voice sharp, "you must answer me," she said, but Ellen sat still.

Ellen had no more trouble during the session. Abby Atkins was commendably quiet and studious, and when called out to recitation made the best one in her class. She was really brilliant in a defiant, reluctant fashion. However, though she did not again disturb Ellen's curls, she glowered at her with furtive but unrelaxed hostility over her book. Especially a blue ribbon which confined Ellen's curls in a beautiful bow fired her eyes of animosity. Abby Atkins cared no more for personal ornament than a wild-cat, but she wanted her just allotment of the booty of the world. So at recess she watched her chance. Ellen was surrounded by an admiring circle of big girls, gushing with affection. "Oh, you dear little thing," they said. "Only look at her beautiful curls. Give me a kiss, won't you, darling?" Little apples were thrust forward for her to take bites, sticky morsels of candy were forced secretly into her hands. Abby Atkins stood aloof.

"She's an ugly little thing," said the big girls among themselves, as they went edging gently and imperceptibly away toward a knot of big boys, and then Abby Atkins's chance had come. She advanced with a spring upon Ellen Brewster, and pulled that blue ribbon off her head, threw it on the ground, and stamped on it. Then she seized Ellen by the shoul-



"SAY! IF SHE'D BEEN A BOY, I'D LICKED HER FOR YOU"

ders and proceeded to shake her for wearing a blue ribbon when she herself wore a shoestring. But she reckoned without Ellen. One would as soon have expected to meet fight in a little child angel as in this Ellen Brewster, but she did not come of her ancestors for nothing.

Although she was so daintily built that she looked smaller, she was in reality

larger than the other girl, and as she straightened herself in her wrath, she seemed a head taller, and proportionately broad. She tossed her yellow head and her face took on an expression of noble courage and indignation, but she said never a word. She simply took Abby Atkins by the arms and lifted her off her feet and seated her on the ground. Then

she picked up her blue ribbon and walked off, and Abby scrambled to her feet and looked after her with a vanquished but untamed air. Nobody had seen what happened except Abby's younger sister Maud and Granville Joy. Granville pressed stealthily close to Ellen as she marched away, and whispered, his face blazing, his voice full of confidence and congratulation, "Say! if she'd been a boy, I'd licked her for you, and you wouldn't hev had to tech her yourself"; and Maud walked up and eyed her prostrate but defiantly glaring sister. "I ain't sorry one mite, Abby Atkins," she declared, "so there!"

"You go 'long," returned Abby, when she had regained her feet, and shaking her small skirts energetically. But, curiously enough, her personal ire against Ellen vanished.

At the afternoon recess she gave Ellen the sound half of an old red baldwin apple which she had brought for luncheon, and watched her bite into it—which Ellen did readily, for she was not a child to cherish enmity—with an odd triumph. "The other half ain't fit to eat; it's all wormy," said Abby Atkins, flinging it away.

"Then you ought to have kept this," Ellen cried out, holding toward her the half, minus one little bite. But Abby Atkins shook her head forcibly. "That was why I give it to you," said she. "Say, didn't you never have to tie up your hair with a shoestring?" Ellen shook her head, looking at her wonderingly. Then, with a sudden impulse, she tore off the blue ribbon from her curls. "Say, you take it," she said; "my mother won't care. I'd jest as lief wear the shoestring, honest."

"I don't want your blue ribbon," Abby returned, stoutly; "a shoestring is a good deal better to tie the hair with. I don't want your blue ribbon; I don't want no blue ribbon unless it's mine."

"It would be yours if I give it to you," Ellen declared, with blue eyes of astonishment and consternation upon this very strange little girl.

"No, it wouldn't," maintained Abby Atkins.

But it ended in the two girls, with that wonderful and inexplicable adjustment of childhood into one groove after

harsh grating on different levels, walking off together with arms around each others' waists, and after school began Ellen often felt a soft catlike pat on her head, and turned round with a loving glance at Abby Atkins.

Ellen talked more about Abby Atkins than any other of the children when she got home, and while her mother looked at it all easily enough, her grandmother was doubtful. "There's others that I should rather have Ellen thick with," said she. "I 'ain't nothin' against the Atkinses, but they can't have been as well brought up as some, they have had so little to do with, and there's so many of them, and their mother's been ailin' so long."

"Ellen may as well begin as she can hold out, and be intimate with them that will be intimate with her," Eva said, rather bitterly. Eva was married by this time, and living with Jim and his mother.

Ellen was as yet too young, and too confident in love, to have new affections plunge her into anything but a delightful sort of ante-blossom tumult. There was no suspense, no doubt, no jealousy, only utter acquiescence of single-heartedness, admiration, and trust. She thought Abby Atkins and Floretta Vining lovely and dependable; she parted from them at night without a pang, and looked forward blissfully to the meeting next morning. She also had sentiments equally peaceful and pronounced, though instinctively more secret, toward Granville Joy. She used to glance over toward the boys' side and meet his sidelong black eyes without so much a quickening of her pulses as a quickening of her imagination.

"I know who your beau is," Floretta Vining, who was in advance of her years, said to her once, and Ellen looked at her with a half-stupid wonder. "His first name begins with a G and his last with a J." Floretta tittered, and Ellen continued to look at her with the faintest suspicion of a blush, because she had a feminine instinct that a blush was in order, not because she knew of any reason for it.

"He is," said Floretta, with another exceedingly foolish giggle. "My! you are as red as a beet."

"I ain't old enough to have a beau."

Ellen said, her soft cheeks becoming redder, and her baby face all in a tremor.

"Yes, you be," Floretta said, with authority, "because you are so pretty, and have got such pretty curls. Ben Simonds said the other day you were the prettiest girl in school."

"Then do you think he is my beau too?" asked Ellen, innocently. But Floretta frowned, and tittered, and hesitated.

"He said except one," she faltered out, finally.

"Well, who was that?" asked Ellen.

"How do I know?" pouted Floretta. "Mebbe it was me, though I don't think I'm so very pretty."

"Then Ben Simonds is your beau," said Ellen, reflectively.

"Yes, I guess he is," admitted Floretta.

That night, amid much wonder and tender ridicule, Ellen told her mother and Aunt Eva and her father that Ben Simonds was Floretta's beau and Granville Joy was hers. But Andrew laughed doubtfully.

"I don't want that little thing to get such ideas into her head yet awhile," he told Fanny afterward, but she only laughed at him, seeing nothing but the childish play of the thing; but he, being a man, saw deeper.

However, Ellen's fondest new love was not for any of her little mates, but for her school-teacher. To her the child's heart went out in worship. All through the spring she offered her violets—violets gathered laboriously after school in the meadow back of her grandmother's house. She used to skip from hillock to hillock of marsh-grass with wary steps, lest she might slip and wet her feet in the meadow ooze, and incur her mother's displeasure; for Fanny, in spite of her worship of the child, could speak with no uncertain voice. She pulled up handfuls of the flowers, gleaming blue in the dark green hollows. Later she carried roses from the choice bush in the yard; and later, early pears from her grandmother's tree. She used to watch for Miss Mitchell at her gate and run to meet her, and seize her hand with triumph, and walk at her side, blushing with delight. Miss Mitchell lived not far from Ellen,

in a tidy white house with a handsome smoke-tree on one side of the front walk, and a willow with upside-down branches on the other. She lived alone with her mother, who was an old friend of Mrs. Zelotes. Ellen privately thought her rather better-looking than her own grandmother, though her admiration was based upon wholly sentimental reasons. Old Mrs. Mitchell might have earned more money in a museum of freaks than her daughter in a district school. She was a mountain of rotundity, a conjunction of palpitating spheres; but the soul that dwelt in this painfully ponderous body was as mellow with affection and kindness as a ripe pear, and the voice that proceeded from her ever-smiling lips was a hoarse and dovelike coo of love. Ellen at first started a little, aghast at this gigantic fleshiness, this general slough and slump of outline, this insistency of repellent curves, and then the old woman spoke and thrust out a great soft hand, and the heart of the child overleapt her artistic sense and her reason, and she thought old Mrs. Mitchell beautiful. Mrs. Mitchell never failed to regale her with a superior sort of cookie, and often with a covert peppermint.

Often of a Saturday afternoon Ellen went to visit Miss Mitchell and her mother, and really preferred them to friends of her own age. Miss Mitchell had a store of superannuated paper dolls which dated from her own childhood. Their quaint costumes and old-fashioned coiffures and simpers were of overwhelming interest to Ellen. Even at that early age she had a perception of the advantages of an atmosphere to art, and even to the affections. Without understanding it, she loved those obsolete paper dolls and those women of former generations better because they gave her breathing scope for her imagination. She could love Abby Atkins and Floretta Vining at one bite, as it were, and that was the end of it, but she could sit and ponder and dream over Miss Mitchell and her mother, and see whole vistas of them in receding mirrors of affection.

As for the teacher and her mother, they simply adored the child, as indeed everybody did. She continued at her first school for a year, which was one of

the hardest ever experienced in Rowe. Norman Lloyd during all that time did not reopen his factory, and in the autumn two others shut down. The streets were full of the discontented ranks of impotent labor, and all the public buildings were props for the weary shoulders of the unemployed. On pleasant days the sunny sides of the vacant factories, especially, furnished settings for lines of swart, scowling faces of misery.

This atmosphere affected Ellen more than any one realized, since the personal bearing of it was kept from her. She did not know that her father was drawing upon his precious savings for daily needs, she did not know how her aunt Eva and her uncle Jim were getting into greater difficulties every day, but she was too sensitive not to be aware of disturbances which were not in direct contact with herself. She never forgot what she had overheard that night after Lloyd's had

shut down; it was always like a blot upon the face of her consciousness of life, and evident to all her distances of thought. She often overheard, as then, those loud, dissenting voices of her father and his friends in the sitting-room, after she had gone to bed; and then, too, Abby Atkins told her a good deal. "It's awful the way them rich folks treat us," said Abby Atkins. "They own the shops and everything, and take all the money, and let our folks do all the work. It's awful." "But then," continued Abby

Atkins, comfortingly, "your father has got money saved in the bank, and he owns his house, so you can get along if he don't have work. My father 'ain't got any, and he's got the old-fashioned consumption, and he coughs, and it takes money for



"YOU GO 'LONG," RETURNED ABBY, WHEN SHE HAD REGAINED HER FEET

his medicine. Then mother's sick a good deal too, and has to have medicine. We have to have more medicine than 'most anything else, and we don't hardly ever have any pie or cake, and it's all the fault of them rich folks." Abby Atkins wound up with a tragic climax and a fierce roll of her black eyes.

That evening Ellen went in to see her grandmother, and was presented with some cookies, which she did not eat.

"Why don't you eat them?" Mrs. Zelotes asked.

"Can I have them to do just what I want to with?" asked Ellen.

"What on earth do you want to do with a cookie except eat it?"

Ellen blushed; she had a shamefaced feeling before a contemplated generosity.

"What do you want to do with them except eat them?" her grandmother asked, severely.

"Abby Atkins don't have any cookies, 'cause her father's out of work," said Ellen, abashedly.

"Did that Atkins girl ask you to bring her cookies?"

"No, ma'am."

"You can do jest what you are a mind to with 'em," Mrs. Zelotes said, abruptly.

Ellen never knew why her grandmother insisted upon her drinking a little glass of very nice and very spicy cordial before she went home, but the truth was, Mrs. Zelotes thought the child so angelic in this disposition to give up the cookies which she loved to her little friend that she was straightway alarmed, and thought her too good to live.

The next day she told Fanny, and said to her, with her old face stern with anxiety, that she thought the child was lookin' real pindlin', and Ellen had to take bitters for a month afterward because she gave the cookies to Abby Atkins.

CHAPTER XII

IN all growth there is emulation and striving for precedence between the spiritual and the physical. In Ellen Brewster at twelve and fifteen the spiritual outstripped the physical, as is often the case. Her eyes grew intense and hollow with reflection under knitting brows; her thin shoulders stooped like those of a sage bent with study and contemplation. She was slender to emaciation; her clothes hung loosely over her form, which seemed as sexless as a lily-stem; indeed, her body seemed made only for the head, which was flowerlike and charming, but almost painful in its delicacy, and with such weight of innocent pondering upon the unknown conditions of things in which she found herself. At times, of course, there were ebullitions of youthful spirit, and the child was as inconsequent as a kitten. At those times she was neither child nor woman; she was an anomalous thing, made up

not so much of actualities as of instincts. She romped with her mates as unseen and uncomprehended of herself as any young animal, but the flame of her striving spirit made everything full of unread meaning.

Ellen was accounted a most remarkable scholar. She had left Miss Mitchell's school, and was in one of a higher grade. At fifteen she entered the High-School and had a master.

Andrew was growing old fast in those days, though he was not so old as to years. Though he was far from old, his hair was gray, his back bent. He moved with a weary shuffle. The men in the shop began to eye him furtively. "Andrew Brewster will get fired next," they said. "The boss 'ain't no use for men with the first snap gone." Indeed, Andrew was constantly given jobs of lower grades, which did not pay so well, when he had work at all. Whenever the force was reduced on account of dulness in trade, Andrew was one of the first to be laid aside on waiting orders in the regular army of toil. On one of these occasions in the spring after Ellen was fifteen his first fit of recklessness seized him. One night, after loafing a week, he came home with fever spots in his cheeks and a curiously bright, strained look in his eyes. Fanny gazed sharply at him across the supper table. Finally she laid down her knife and fork, rested her elbows on the table, and fixed her eyes commandingly upon him. "Andrew Brewster, what is the matter?" said she. Ellen turned her flowerlike face toward her father, who took a swallow of tea without a word, though he shuffled his feet uneasily. "Andrew, you answer me," repeated Fanny.

"There ain't anything the matter," answered Andrew, with a sullenness strange for him.

"There is, too. Now, Andrew Brewster, I ain't goin' to be put off. I know you're on the shelf on account of hard times, so it ain't that. It's something new. Now I want to know what it is."

"It ain't anything."

"Yes, it is. Andrew, you ought to tell me. You know I ain't afraid to bear anything that you have to bear, and Ellen is getting old enough now, so she can understand, and she can't always be

spared. She'd better get a little knowledge of hardships while she has us to help her bear 'em."

"This ain't a hardship, and there ain't anything to spare Ellen," said Andrew; and he laughed with a nervous hilarity totally unlike him.

That was all Fanny could get out of him, but she was half reassured. She told Eva that she didn't believe but he had been buying some Christmas present that he knew was extravagant for Ellen, and was afraid to tell her because he knew she would scold. But Andrew had not been buying Christmas presents, but speculating in mining stocks. He had resisted the temptation long. Year in and year out he had heard the talk right and left in the shop, on the street, and at the store of an evening. "I'll give you a point," he had heard one say to another during a discussion as to prices and dividends. He had heard it all described as a short cross-cut over the fields of hard labor to wealth and comfort, but he had kept his face straight ahead in his narrow track of caution and hereditary instincts until then. "The savings-bank is good enough for me," he used to say; "that's where my father kept his money. I don't know anything about your stocks. I'd rather have a little and have it safe." The men could not reason him out of his position, not even when Billy Monroe made fifteen hundred dollars on a Colorado mine which had cost him fifteen cents per share, and left the shop, and drove a fast horse in a Goddard buggy.

But that was four years ago, and now his turn had come; the contagion of speculation had struck him at last. He was getting old, passing his prime while still in it; he had just been thrown out of work for an indefinite time, and when he was reinstated, if ever, it would be at a lower grade and less pay.

Andrew kept his stock certificate in a little tin trunk-shaped box which had belonged to his father. It had a key and tiny padlock, and he had always stored in it the deed of his house, his savings-bank book, and his insurance policy. He carried the key in his pocket. Fanny never opened the box, or had any curiosity about it, believing that she was acquainted with its contents; but now,

when on coming unexpectedly into the bed-room—the box was always kept at the head of the bed—she heard a rattle of papers, and caught Andrew locking the box with a confused air, she began to suspect something, though she said nothing. She began to look hard at the box, to take it up and shake it when her husband was away. Fanny was crocheting hoods as well as Eva. Ellen wished to learn, but her mother would not allow that. "You've got enough to do to study your lessons," she said. Andrew watched his wife crochet with ill-concealed impatience.

"I ain't goin' to have you do that long," he said, "workin' at that rate for no more money. That Mrs. William Pendergrass that lets out those hoods is as bad as any factory boss in the country."

"Well, she got the chance," said Fanny, "and they won't let out the work except that way; they can get it done so much cheaper."

"Well, you sha'n't slave at it long, anyhow," said Andrew, smiling mysteriously.

"Why, you ain't goin' to work again, be you, Andrew?"

"You wait."

"Well, don't you talk the way poor Jim did. Eva wasn't going to crochet any more hoods, and now Jim's out of work again. Eva told me yesterday that she did not know where the money was comin' from. Jim's mother owns the place, and it ain't worth much anyhow, and they can't take it from her in her lifetime, even if she was willing to let it go. Eva said she was goin' to try again for work herself in the shop. She thought maybe there might be some kind of a job she could get. Don't you talk like Jim did about his good-for-nothin' mining stock. I've been glad enough that you had sense enough to keep what little we had where 'twas safe."

"Ain't it most time for Ellen to be comin' home?" asked Andrew, to turn the conversation, as he felt somewhat guilty and uncomfortable, though his eyes were jubilant. He had very little doubt about the success of his venture. As it is with a man who yields to love for the first time late in life, it was with Andrew in his tardy subjection to the hazards of



ELLEN SAT ON THE DOORSTEP OUTSIDE, AND HEARD THE TALKING

fortune. He was a much more devoted slave than those who had long wooed her. He had always taken nothing but the principal newspaper published in Rowe, but now he subscribed to a Boston paper, the one which had the fullest financial column, though Fanny exclaimed at his extravagance.

Along in midsummer, in the midst of Ellen's vacation, the mining stock dropped fast, a point or more a day. Andrew's heart began to sink, though he was far from losing hope. He used to talk it over with the men who had advised him to buy, and come home fortified.

All he had to do was to be patient; the fall meant nothing wrong with the mine, only the wrangle of speculators. "It's like a football, first on one side and then the other," said the man, "but the football's there all the same, and if it's that you want, you're all right."

One night when Nahum Beals and Atkins and John Sargent were in, Andrew repeated this wisdom, concealing the fact of its personal application. He was anxious to have some confirmation.

"I s'pose it's about so," he said.

Then John Sargent spoke up. "No, it is not so," he said—"that is, not in many cases. There isn't any football, that's the trouble. There's nothing but the money a lot of fools have paid for it, when it never existed out of their imagination."

"About so," said Nahum Beals. Andrew and Atkins exchanged glances. Atkins was at once sympathizing and triumphant.

"Lots of those things appear to be doing well, and to be all right," said Andrew, uneasily. "The directors keep saying that they are in a prosperous condition, even if the stock drops." He almost betrayed himself.

John Sargent laughed that curious inflexible laugh of his. "Lord! I know all about that," said he. "I had some once. First one thing and then another came up to hinder the working of the mine and the payments of dividends. First there wasn't any water, an unprecedented dry season in those parts, oldest inhabitants for evidence. Then there was too much water, no way to mine except they employed professional divers, everything under water. Then the transportation was to pay, then when that was remedied

the ore didn't come out in shape to transport in the rough, and had to be worked up on the premises, and new mills had to be built and new machinery put in, and a few little Irish dividends were collected for that. Then when they got the mills up and the machinery in, they struck another kind of ore that ought to be transported; then there came a landslide and carried half the road into a cañon. So it went on, one thing and another. If ever that darned mine got into working order, right kind of ore, water enough and not too much, roads and machinery all right, and everything swimming, the Day of Judgment would have come."

"Did you ever get anything out of it?" inquired Andrew.

"Anything out of it?" repeated the other. "Yes, I got enough worldly wisdom never to buy any more mining stock, after I had paid assessments on it for two years, and the whole thing went to pieces."

"It may come up yet," said Andrew.

"There's nothing to come up," said John Sargent. He had been away from Rowe a year, but had just returned, and was again boarding with Atkins, and all the family lived on his board-money. Andrew and Nahum Beals were smoking pipes—Andrew gently, like a philosopher, who smokes that he may dream; Nahum with furious jets, and frequent removals of his pipe for scowling speeches. John Sargent did not smoke at all. He had left off cigars first, then even his pipe. He gave the money which he saved thereby to Mrs. Atkins as a bonus on his board-money.

The lamp burned dimly in the blue fog of tobacco smoke, and the windows where the curtains were not drawn were blanks of silvery moonlight. Ellen sat on the door-step outside and heard the talking. She did not understand it, nor take much interest in it. Their minds were fixed upon the way of living, and hers upon life itself. She could bring her simplicity to bear upon the world-old question of riches and poverty and labor, but this temporal adjunct of stocks and markets was as yet beyond her. Her mother had gone to her aunt Eva's, and she sat alone out in the wide mystery of the summer night, watching the lovely shift of radiances and shadows, as she might

have watched the play of a kaleidoscope, seeing the beauty of the new combinations, and seeing without comprehending the unit which governed them all. The night was full of cries of insistent life and growth, of birds and insects, of calls of children, and now and then the far-away roar of railroad trains. It was nearly midsummer. The year was almost at its height, but had not passed it. Growth and bloom were still in the ascendant, and had not yet attained that maturity of perfection beyond which is the slope of death.

Everywhere about her were the revolutions of those unseen wheels of nature whose immortal trend is toward the completion of time, and whose momentum can overlap even the grave; and the child was within them, and swept onward with the perfecting flowers, and the ripening fruit, and the insects which were feeling their wings; and all unconsciously, in a moment as it were, she unfolded a little farther toward her own heyday of bloom. Suddenly from those heights of the primitive and the eternal upon which a child stands and where she still lingered, she saw her future before her, clear, shining, though with new lights, and a wonderful conviction of bliss to come was over her. It was that conviction which comes at times to all unconquered souls, and which has the very essence of truth in it, since it overleaps all the darkness of life that lies between them and that bliss. Suddenly Ellen felt that she was born to great happiness, and that all that was to come was toward that end. Her heart beat loud in her ears. She gave a little sigh. There was a whippoorwill calling in some trees to the left; the moon was dim under a golden dapple of clouds. She could not feel her hands or her feet; she seemed to feel nothing except her soul.

Then she heard, loud and sweet and clear, a boy's whistle, one of the popular tunes of the day. It came nearer and nearer, and it was in the same key with the child's thoughts and dreams. Then she saw a slender figure dark against the moonlight stop at the fence, and she jumped up and ran down toward it, with no hesitation, through the dewy grass; and it was the boy Granville Joy. He stood looking at her. He had a hand-

some eager face, and Ellen looked at him, her lips parted, her face like a lily in the white light.

"Hullo," said the boy.

"Hullo," Ellen responded faintly.

Granville extended one rough, brown, boyish hand over the fence, and Ellen laid her little soft one in it. He pulled her gently close, then Ellen lifted her face, and the boy bent his, and the two kissed each other over the fence. Then the boy went on down the street, but he did not whistle, and Ellen went back to the door-step, and looking about to be sure that none of the men in the sitting-room saw, pulled off one little shoe and drew forth a sprig of southernwood, or boy's-love, which was crushed under her foot.

That very day Floretta Vining had told her that if she would put a sprig of boy's-love in her shoe, the very first boy she met would be the one she was going to marry; and Ellen, who was passing from one grade of school to another, had tried it.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE High-School master was a distant relative of the Lloyds, through whom he had obtained the position. One evening, when he was taking tea with them at Cynthia Lennox's, he spoke of Ellen. "I have one really remarkable scholar," he said, with a curious air of self-gratulation, as if he were principally responsible for it; "her name is Brewster, Ellen Brewster."

"Good land! that must be the child that ran away five or six years ago, and all the town up in arms over it," said Mrs. Norman Lloyd. "Don't you remember, Cynthia?"

"Yes," replied Cynthia, and continued pouring tea. Cynthia was very little changed. In some faces time seems to engrave lines delicately, once for all, and then lie by. She was rather more charming now than when one had looked at her with any expectancy of youth, since there was now no sense of disappointment.

"I remember that," said Norman Lloyd. "The child would never tell where she had been. A curious case."

"Well," the schoolmaster said, "leaving that childish episode out of the ques-

tion, she has a really remarkable mind. If she were a boy, I should advise a thorough education, and a profession. I should as it is, if her family were able to bear the expense. She has that intuitive order of mind, which is wonderful enough, though not, after all, so rare in a girl; but in addition she has the logical, which, according to my experience, is almost unknown in a woman. She ought to have an education."

"But," said Risley, "what is the use of educating that unfortunate child?"

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. What is the use? There she is in her sphere of life, the daughter of a factory operative, in all probability in after-years to be the wife of one and the mother of others. Nothing but a rich marriage can save her, and that she is not likely to make. Milkmaids are more likely to make rich marriages than factory girls; there is a certain savor of romance about milk, and the dewy meadows, and the breath of kine, but a shoe-factory is brutally realistic and unillusionary. Now why do you want to increase the poor child's horizon farther than her little feet can carry her? Fit her to be a good female soldier in the ranks of labor, to be a good wife and mother to the makers of shoes, to wash and iron their uniforms of toil, to cook well the food which affords them the requisite nourishment to make shoes, to appreciate booklore which is a pleasure and profit to the makers of shoes; possibly, in the non-event of marriage, she will make shoes herself. The system of education in our schools is all wrong. It is both senseless and futile. Look at the children filing past to school, and look at their fathers, and mothers too, filing past to the factory. Look at their present, and look at their future. And look at the trash taught them in their text-books—trash from its utter dissociation with their lives. You might as well teach a Zulu lace-work, instead of the use of the assegai."

"Now look here, Mr. Risley," said the schoolmaster, his face flushing, "is not—I beg your pardon, of course—this view of yours a little narrow and ultra-conservative? You do not want to establish a permanent factory-operative class in this country, do you? That is what your

theory would ultimately tend toward. Ought not these children be given their chance to rise in the ranks; ought they to be condemned to tread in the same path as their fathers?"

"I would have those little paths which intersect every unoccupied field in this locality worn by the feet of these men and their children after them unto the third and fourth generation," said Risley. "If not, where is our skilled labor?"

"Oh, Mr. Risley," said Mrs. Lloyd, anxiously, "you wouldn't want all those dear little children to work as hard as their fathers, and not do any better, would you?"

"If they don't, who is going to make our shoes, dear Mrs. Lloyd?" asked Risley.

Mrs. Lloyd and the schoolmaster stared at him, and Lloyd laughed his low, almost noiseless laugh.

"Don't you know, Edward," he said, "that Mr. Risley is not in earnest, or rather that he is too much in earnest, and speaks with the deadly intent of an anarchist with a bomb in his bag? He is the most out-and-out radical in the country. If there were a strike, and I did not yield to the demands of the oppressed, and imported foreign labor, I don't know that my life would be safe from him."

"Then you do approve of a higher education?" asked the schoolmaster, while Mrs. Lloyd stared from one to the other in bewilderment.

"Yes, if we and our posterity have to go barefoot," said Risley, laughing, but with a sudden undertone of seriousness.

"I suppose everybody could get accustomed to going barefoot after a while," said Mrs. Lloyd. "Do you suppose that dear little thing was barefooted when she ran away, Cynthia?"

Risley answered as if he had been addressed. "I can vouch for the fact that she was not, Mrs. Lloyd," he said. "They would sooner have walked on red-hot ploughshares themselves than let her."

"The father is getting quite an old man," Norman Lloyd said, with no apparent relevancy, as if he were talking to himself.

All the time Cynthia Lennox had been quietly sitting at the head of the table. When the rest of the company had gone,

and she and Risley were alone, seated in the drawing-room before the parlor fire—for it was a chilly day—she turned her fair worn face toward him on the crimson velvet of her chair. “Do you know why I did not speak and tell them where the child was, that time?” she asked.

“Because of your own good sense?”

“No; because of you.”

He looked at her adoringly. She was older than he, her beauty rather recorded than still evident on her face; she had been to him from the first like a fair forbidden flower behind a wall of prohibition, but nothing could alter his habit of loving her.

“Yes,” said she. “It was more on your account than on my own; confession would be good for my soul. The secret has always rankled in my pride. I would much rather defy opinion than fly before it. But I know that you would mind. However, there was another reason.”

“What?”

She hesitated a little and colored; she even laughed a little embarrassed laugh, which was foreign to her. “Well, Lyman,” said she finally, “one reason why I did not speak was that I see my way clear to making up to that child and her parents for any wrong which I may have done them by causing them a few hours’ anxiety. When she has finished the High-School, I mean to send her to college.”

CHAPTER XIV

WHEN Ellen was about sixteen, in her second year at the High-School, her own family never looked at her without a slight shock of wonder, as before the unexpected. Her mates, being themselves in the transition state, received her unquestioningly as a fellow-traveller, and colored like themselves with the new lights of the journey. But Ellen’s father and mother and grandmother never ceased regarding her with astonishment and admiration and something like alarm. While they regarded Ellen with the utmost pride, they still privately regretted this perfection of bloom which was the forerunner of independence of the parent stalk—at least Andrew did. He had grown older and more careworn; his mine had not yet paid any dividends; but he had scattering jobs of work, and, with

his wife’s assistance, had managed to rub along, and his secret was still safe.

One day in February there was a half-holiday. Lloyd’s was shut up for the rest of the day, for Norman’s brother in St. Louis was dead, and had been brought to Rowe to be buried, and his funeral was at two o’clock.

“Goin’ to the funeral, old man?” one of Andrew’s fellow-workmen had asked, jostling him as he went out of the shop at noon. Before Andrew could answer, another voice broke in fiercely. It belonged to Joseph Atkins, who was ghastly that day.

“I ain’t goin’ to no funerals,” he said; “guess they won’t shet up shop for mine.” Then he coughed. His daughter Abby, who had been working in the factory for some time then, pressed close behind her father, and the expression in her face was an echo of his.

“When I strike, that’s what I’m going to strike for—to have the shop shut up the day of my funeral,” said she; and the remark had a ghastly flippancy, contradicted by her intense manner. A laugh went around, and a young fellow with handsome unshaven face caught her by the arm.

“You’d better strike to have the shop shut up the day you’re married,” said he; but Abby flung away from him.

“I’ll thank you to let me alone, Tom Hardy,” she said, with a snap; and the men laughed harder.

Abby was attractive to men in spite of her smallness and leanness and incisiveness of manner. She was called mighty smart, and dry, which was the shop synonym for witty; and her favors, possibly because she never granted them, were accounted valuable. But Abby had no wish for a lover. “I’ve got all I can do to earn my own living and the living of them that belong to me,” said she.

That afternoon Andrew Brewster staid at home, sitting in the sunny kitchen, with his feet in the stove oven, reading. After dinner Eva Tenny and her little girl came in, and Ellen went down street on an errand.

Mrs. Zelotes Brewster was crossing her yard to her son’s house when she saw Ellen passing, and paused to gaze at her with that superb pride which pertains to self and is yet superior to it. It was

the idealized pride of her own youth. When she proceeded again against the February gusts, it was with an unconscious aping of her granddaughter's glad freedom of gait. Mrs. Zelotes wore an old red cashmere scarf crossed over her bosom; she held up her black skirts in front, and they trailed pointedly in the rear; she also stood well back on her heels; and when she paused in the wind-swept yard, presented a curious likeness to an old robin pausing for reconnoitre. Fanny and Eva Tenny in the next house saw her coming.

"There's Grandma Brewster," said Fanny, and she hid some sewing she was doing for one of the neighbors. All such matters were kept from Mrs. Zelotes.

"Look at her holding up her dress in front and letting it drag in the back," said Eva. "It always seemed to me there was somethin' wrong about any woman that held up her dress in front and let it drag behind."

"Hush," whispered Fanny; "Andrew will hear you."

Eva retained all the coarse beauty of her youth, but lines of unalterable hardness were fixed on her forehead and at her mouth corners, and the fierce flush in her cheeks was as set as paint. Her beauty had endured the siege; no guns of mischance could affect it, but that charm of evanescence which awakens tenderness was gone. Jim Tenny's affection seemed to be waning, and Eva looked at herself in the glass even when bedecked with tawdry finery, and owned that she did not wonder. She strained up her hair into the latest perkiness of twist, and crimped it, and curled her feathers, and tied on her ribbons, in a stern determination to do her part toward the furnishing of her faded star of attraction. "Jim don't act as if he thought so much of me, an' I dun'no' as I wonder," she told her sister.

Fanny looked at her critically. "You mean you ain't so good-lookin' as you used to be?" said she.

Eva nodded.

"Well, if that is all men care for us!" said Fanny.

"It ain't," said Eva, "only it's the key to it. It's like losin' the key and not bein' able to get in the door in consequence."

"It wa'n't my husband's key," said Fanny, with a glance at her own face, faded as to feature and bloom, but intensified as to love and daily duty, like that of a dog sharpened to one faithfulness of existence.

"Andrew ain't Jim," said Eva, shortly.

"I know he ain't," Fanny assented, with emphasis.

"But I wouldn't swap off my husband for a dozen of yours," said Eva.

"Well, I wouldn't swap off mine for a thousand of yours," returned Fanny, sharply; and there might have been one of the old-time tussles between the sisters had not Eva's violent, half-bitter sense of humor averted it. She broke into a hard laugh.

"Good Lord!" she said, "I dun'no' as I should want a thousand like Jim. Seems to me it would be considerable care."

Fanny began to speak, but checked herself. She had heard rumors regarding Jim Tenny of late, and had flown fiercely with denial at the woman who told her, and had not repeated them to her sister.

Eva was working in the shop, and Jim had been out of employment for nearly a year, and living on his wife. There was a demand for girls and not for men just then, so Jim loafed. His old mother cared for the house as well as she was able, and Eva did the rest nights and mornings. At first Jim had tried to help about the house-work, but Eva had interfered.

"It ain't a man's work," said she. "Your mother can leave the hard part of it till I get home." Eva used to put the money she earned surreptitiously into her husband's pockets that he might not feel his manly pride injured, but she defeated her own ends by her very solicitude. Jim Tenny began to reason that his wife saw his shame and ignominious helplessness, else she would not have been so anxious to cover it. The stoop of discouragement which Eva used to fear for his shoulders did not come, but instead something worse—the defiant set-back of recklessness. He took his wife's earnings and despised himself. Whenever he paid a bill, he was sure the men in the store said, the minute his back was turned, "It's his wife's money that paid for that." He took to loafing on

sunny corners, and eying the passers-by with the blank impudence of regard of those outside the current of life. When his wife passed by on her way from the shop, he nodded to her as if she were a stranger, and presently followed her homeward at a distance. He would not be seen on the street with her if he could avoid it. If by any chance when he was standing on his corner of idleness his little girl came past, he melted away imperceptibly. He could not bear it that the child should see him standing there in that company of futility and openly avowed inadequacy. The child was a keen-eyed slender little girl, resembling neither father nor mother, but looking rather like her paternal grandmother, who was a fair, attenuated woman, with an intelligence which had sharpened on herself for want of anything more legitimate, and worn her out by the unnatural friction. The little Amabel—for Eva had been romantic in the naming of her child—was an old-fashioned-looking child in spite of Eva's careful decoration of the little figure in the best childish finery which she could muster.

Jim had been seen driving in Wenhams with Aggie Morse several times lately. Aggie Morse had been Aggie Bemis, Jim's old sweetheart. She had married a well-to-do merchant in Wenhams, who had died six months before and left her with considerable property. It was her own smart little turnout in which she had been seen with Jim.

Little Amabel was reading a child's book at another window. When Mrs. Zelotes entered she eyed her with the sharpness, and inscrutable conclusions therefrom, of a kitten, then turned a leaf in her book.

When Mrs. Zelotes had greeted her daughter-in-law and Eva, she looked with disappointment at Amabel.

"When I was a little girl I should have been punished if I hadn't got up and curtsied and said good-afternoon when company came in," she remarked, severely.

"Get up an' speak to Mrs. Brewster, Amabel," Eva said, quickly, with an angry note in her voice for the old lady, and a tender one for the child.

Amabel was not a favorite outside of her own family. People used to stare aghast at her unexpected questions and

demands delivered in a shrill clarion as from some summit of childish wisdom, and they said she was a queer child.

But Ellen adored the little Amabel. Presently, when she returned from her errand downtown, she cried out with delight when she saw her; and the child ran to meet her, and clung to her, with her flaxen head snuggled close to her neck. Ellen caught the child up, seated herself, and sat cuddling her as she used to cuddle her doll.

"You dear little thing!" she murmured, "you dear little thing! You did come to see Ellen, didn't you?" And the child gazed up in the young girl's face with a rapt expression.

Mrs. Zelotes kept looking at the two, with pride in Ellen and disapproval of her caresses of the child. "Seems to me you might speak to your own folks as well as to have no eyes for anybody but that child," she said finally.

"Why, grandma, I spoke to you just a little while ago," returned Ellen. "You know I saw you just a few minutes before I went down town." Ellen straightened the child on her knees, and began to try to twist her soft straight flaxen locks into curls. Andrew lounged in from the kitchen and sat down and regarded Ellen fondly. The girl's cheeks were a splendid color from her walk in the cold wind; her hair around her temples caught the light from the window, and seemed to wreath her head with a yellow flame. She tossed the child about with lithe young arms, whose every motion suggested reserves of tender strength. Ellen was more beautiful than she had ever been before, and yet something was gone from her face, though only temporarily, since the lines for the vanished meaning were still there. All the introspection and dreaminess and poetry of her face were gone, for the girl was, for the time, overbalanced on the physical side of her life. The joy of existence for itself alone was intoxicating her. The innocent frivolities of her sex had seized her too, and the instincts, which had not yet reached her brain nor gone farther than her bounding pulses of youth. "Ellen is getting real fond of dress," Fanny often said to Andrew. He only laughed at that. "Well, pretty birds like pretty feathers, and no won-

der," said he. But he did not laugh when Fanny added that Ellen seemed to think more about the boys than she used to. There was scarcely a boy in the High-School who was not Ellen's admirer. It was a curious happening in those days, when Ellen was herself in much less degree the stuff of which dreams are made than she had been and would be thereafter, that she was the subject of so many. Every morning when she entered the school-room she was reflected in a glorious multiple of ideals in no one could tell how many boyish hearts. Floretta Vining began to imitate her, and kept close to Ellen with supremest diplomacy, that she might thereby catch some of the crumbs of attention which fell from Ellen's full table. Often when some happy boy had secured a short monopoly of Ellen, his rival took up with Floretta, and she was content, being one of those purely feminine things who have no conscience and no pride when the sweets of life are concerned. Floretta dressed her hair like Ellen's, and tied her neck ribbons the same way; she held her head like her; she talked like her, except when the two girls were absolutely alone; then she sometimes relapsed suddenly, to Ellen's bewilderment, into her own ways, and her blue eyes took on an expression of something as near animosity as her ingratiating, politic nature could venture upon.

Ellen did not affiliate as much with Floretta as with Maud Atkins. Abby had gone to work in the shop, so Ellen did not see so much of her. Maud was not so much a favorite with the boys as she had been since they had passed, and not yet returned to, that stage when feminine comradeship satisfies; so Ellen used to confide in her with a surety of sympathy and no contention. Once, when the two girls were sleeping together, Ellen made a stupendous revelation to Maud, having first bound her to inviolable secrecy. "I love a boy," said she, holding Maud's little arm tightly.

"I know who," said Maud, with a hushed voice.

"He kissed me once, and then I knew it," said Ellen.

"Well, I guess he loves you," said Maud. Ellen shivered and drew a fluttering sigh of assent. Then the two girls

lay in each other's arms, looking at the moonlight which streamed in through the window.

At last that afternoon in February Ellen put down little Amabel and got out her needle-work. She was making a lace neck-tie for her own adornment. She showed it to her grandmother at her mother's command. "It's real pretty," said Mrs. Zelotes. "Ellen takes after the Brewsters; they were always handy with their needles."

"Can Uncle Andrew sew?" asked little Amabel suddenly from her corner, in a tone big with wonder.

Eva and the others chuckled, but Mrs. Zelotes eyed the child severely. "Little girls shouldn't ask silly questions," said she.

Andrew passed his hand with a rough caress over the small flaxen head. "Uncle Andrew can't sew anything but shoes," said he.

Little Amabel's question had aroused in Mrs. Zelotes a carping spirit even against Ellen. Presently she turned to her. "I heard something about you," said she. "I want to know if it is true. I heard that you were walking home from school with that Joy boy one day last week."

Ellen looked at her grandmother without flinching, though the pink was over her face and neck. "Yes, 'm, I did."

"Well, I think it's about time it was put a stop to," said Mrs. Zelotes. "That Joy boy!"

Then Fanny lost her temper. "I can manage my own daughter, Grandma Brewster," said she, "and I'll thank you to attend to your own affairs."

"You don't seem to know enough to manage her," retorted Mrs. Zelotes, "if you let her go traipsin' round with that Joy boy."

The warfare waged high for a time. Andrew withdrew to the kitchen. Ellen took little Amabel up to her own chamber and showed her her beautiful doll, which looked not a day older, so carefully had she been cherished, than when she first had her. Ellen felt both resentment and shame, and also a fierce dawning of partisanship toward Granville Joy. "Why should my grandmother speak of him so scornfully?" she asked herself. "He is a real good boy."

That night was very cold, a night full of the fierce white glitter of frost and moonlight, and raging with a turbulence of winds. Ellen lay awake listening to them. Presently between the whistles of the wind she heard another, a familiar pipe from a boyish throat. She sprang out of bed and peeped from her window, and there was a dark slight figure out in the yard, and he was looking up at her window, whistling. Shame, and mirth, and also exultation, which overpowered them both, stirred within the child's breast. She had read of things like this. Here was her boy lover coming out this bitter night just for the sake of looking up at her window. She adored him for it. Then she heard a window raised with a violent rasp across the yard, and saw her grandmother's nightcapped head thrust forth. She heard her shrill imperious voice call out, quite distinctly, "Boy, who be you?"

The lovelorn whistler ceased his pipe, and evidently had he consulted his own discretion would have shown a pair of flying heels, but he walked bravely up to the window and the nightcapped head, and replied. Ellen could not hear what he said, but she distinguished plainly enough her grandmother's concluding remarks.

"Go home," cried Mrs. Zelotes; "go home jest as fast as you can, and go to bed. Go home!" Mrs. Zelotes made a violent shooing motion with her hands and her white head as if he were a cat, and Granville Joy obeyed. However, Ellen heard his brave retreating whistle far down the road, as soon as he was safe from her grandmother's espionage. For the first time in her life a violent rage against her grandmother possessed the girl. She made a motion to dress herself, to go over and demand a reckoning that moment, but she went back to bed, and lay awake with a fervor of young love, roused into flame by opposition, swelling high in her heart. But the next afternoon, after school, Ellen, to Granville Joy's great bliss and astonishment, insinuated herself, with a slyness which was strange for her, through the crowd of outgoing scholars, close to him, and presently, had he not been so incredulous—for he was a modest

boy—he would have said it was with no volition of his own that he found himself walking down the street with her. And when they reached his house, which was only half-way to her own, she looked at him with such a wistful surprise as he motioned to leave her that he could not mistake it, and he walked on at her side quite to her own house. Granville Joy was a gentle boy, young for his age, which was a year more than Ellen's. He had a face as fair as a girl's, and really beautiful. Women all loved him, and the schoolgirls raised an admiring treble chorus in his praise whenever his name was spoken. He was saved from effeminacy by nervous impulses which passed for sustained manly daring. "He once licked a boy a third bigger than he was, and you needn't call him sissy," one girl said once to a decrying friend. But that deed of valor was the only one of the kind which Granville had ever performed, since he had been urged to it by some volition not of persistent and permanent standing. To-day, as the boy and girl neared Mrs. Zelotes's house, Granville was conscious of an inward shrinking before the remembrance of the terrible old lady. He wondered if Ellen knew of his rout, but that he never ascertained. As they passed he expected every minute to hear the grating upward slide of the window, and that old voice, which had in it a terrible intimation of feminine will. Granville had a mother as gentle as himself, whom he resembled, and a woman with the strength of her own conviction upon her filled him with awe as of something anomalous. He wondered uneasily what he should do if the old lady were to hail him and call him to an account again—whether it would be a more manly course to face her, or to obey since she was Ellen's grandmother. He kept an uneasy eye upon the house, and presently, when he saw the well-remembered stern old profile at the window, he quailed a little. But Ellen for the first time in her life took his arm, and the two marched past under the fire of Mrs. Zelotes's gaze. Ellen had retaliated, not nobly, but as naturally under the conditions of her life at that time as the branch of a tree blows east before the west wind.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



HE FOUND HIMSELF WALKING HOME FROM SCHOOL WITH HER

A Whirlwind Wooing

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

THOMAS MARVIN and Henry Winthrop were engaged in an altercation. When it is stated that the cause of their difference was a woman whom they both loved, the intensity of the argument can be imagined. The fervor with which each maintained his cause was in no way proportioned to the size of the issue, for pretty Alice Grier was a delicate slip of a girl, apparently as out of place in her Western environment as a transplanted wood-violet in an acre of sunflowers. The affection of each contestant for her, however, was inversely proportioned to the size of its object.

Thomas Marvin was a product of the West; he had been born there, lived there all his life, and expected to die there—an expectation which, at the moment the story opens, was not without promise of immediate fulfilment, for he was facing a large Colt revolver of the army pattern, in the steady hand of Henry Winthrop. Winthrop was a college man who had been born in the East, and had lived there until the last two years, when he had come out West to seek his fortune, and had begun the process by falling in love. He, too, was confronting sudden death, for he was viewing life opposite the muzzle of Marvin's "gun," a revolver similar to his own.

Alice Grier, Thomas Marvin, Henry Winthrop, the Bishop who played a minor but very necessary part later on, and a brewing cyclone which struck the major keys heavily, constituted the *dramatis personae* of the tale. The cyclone had a voice audible enough, but its language cannot be recorded. Not that it was profane—oh no! It filled the part of Dan Cupid—or I should say Hymen the match-maker—in this little romance of the plains.

There was quite a clump of trees, almost a grove, down on the bank of the Washita River. The country in the vicinity was unusually broken, cut here

and there by deep yellow ravines separating the rolling hills which away to the south and west softened out into the level prairie. Mr. Henry Winthrop, who had forsaken Greek roots and the theory of least squares for the probabilities of the Texas steer, and who was the owner of numerous cattle bought by the money of his thrifty Massachusetts ancestors, was riding down toward a farm-house standing on one of the hills a couple of miles away. It was late in the afternoon, and as he gently loped along the river road—said river being but a shadow of things to come, for at present it was as dry as a bone from bank to bank, or what would have been banks if there had been water—he was suddenly interrupted in his passage by the advent of Thomas Marvin.

Thomas Marvin was not a cattle-owner, but a cattle-puncher. He and his bronco came crashing through the underbrush, and as Winthrop rounded the bend he found the way barred. With that quickness which had made him a first-class quarter-back, his pistol was out and up. For the thousandth part of a second the two men, motionless as statues, eyed each other. The sharp crack of the two revolvers rang out as one sound. Marvin's horse swerved, and the bullet from Winthrop's pistol made a nice round hole in the cowboy's hat. Winthrop had fired high, perhaps because at the moment that he pressed the trigger, by a powerful jerk of his arm he had thrown his own pony into the air, and the bullet from Marvin's pistol, better aimed—accurate shooting being instinctive with the West and acquired with the East—buried itself in the breast of the cayuse.

Winthrop was on his feet and behind a tree in the twinkling of an eye. Marvin was no less quick in alighting and taking shelter behind his restive pony. There was a pause in the hostilities, then the cyclone took a hand. Away off to



THE SHARP CRACK OF THE TWO REVOLVERS RANG OUT AS ONE SOUND

the southwest the clouds had been banking fearfully, and from where they stood, if they had not been so personally engaged, they could have seen the cyclone forming. The afternoon, though lowering, had been perfectly still, but now a puff of wind, almost a gust, in fact, swept through the stubby trees like a deep and mighty sigh. A few drops of rain fell at the same time, and the smoke of battle was blown away instantly. At the ominous sound both men glanced toward the southwest. What they saw for the moment drove every thought of personal animosity from their hearts and filled them with terror and foreboding. Reversing his weapon, Marvin held it up by the barrel above his horse. At the same time Winthrop, emulating his movement, stepped out from the shelter of the tree.

"Look at that!" cried the Western man. "It's a cyclone, an' comin' this way! She probably won't know nothin' about it. I'll gallop over to Bixby's ranch and warn 'em. We'll call this thing off fer the present, but I warn you to look out fer yourself! I'll shoot you on sight the next time I see you. The earth's not big enough to hold the two of us and that girl!" He swung himself into the saddle as he spoke.

"All right," answered Winthrop, calmly, "I'll be ready for you. Now ride hard."

Marvin, waving his hand, wheeled his horse sharply and galloped down the road, perfectly confident that his antagonist would take no advantage of his turned back. The two men had known each other for some time. They had been attracted by common qualities which the wild free life of the plains had heightened in the one, and which the restraints of the East had not been able to stifle in the other; they had been, in fact, "chums," as the Eastern man expressed it, "pals," in the language of the West, brothers in arms, as it were, in many a hard round-up and many a wild stampede, consequently each had a perfect trust in the other, which not even the fierce rivalry consequent upon the advent of the district schoolmistress from Illinois had shaken.

Winthrop, thrusting his pistol into its holster, watched Marvin gallop furiously

down the road. Aside from the rivalry he had no animosity toward the man, but as he thought of the probable consequences of their next meeting, he smiled bitterly and wondered what Rittenhouse Square, which locality typified Philadelphia to him, would think of his present situation. The next moment he turned, and his glance swept the south. The clouds were being driven about in silent but terrific turmoil. The cyclone was visibly forming. He prayed that Marvin might get to the ranch in time. He remembered that he had met Bixby and his wife in town that morning, and that the schoolmistress, who was boarding with them, would be there alone. A stranger to the locality, she would probably be unaware of the threatening danger. Winthrop pictured to himself Marvin riding madly up like a hero of fiction, summoning the young girl, and bearing her away to one of the gullies, in which alone could be found safety if the cyclone took their direction. In spite of himself a fierce pang of jealousy shot through his heart, and he raged at the unlucky incident which had deprived him of his horse, although had it not been for the slain animal he would have felt no pangs of jealousy or anything else—hard cold lead in the shape of conical bullets in the heart being an effectual stiffer of everything.

The rain was falling faster now, and the wind was blowing a small hurricane. Down in the southwest it was roaring as only a tornado can roar. The prairie was covered with clouds of dust. The cyclone was moving. As he watched it, it suddenly flashed upon him that the girl might not have gone to the farm; that she might be at the school-house, though the session of the day was long since over. The school-house lay off to the southwest, not far from the path of the storm. His face turned white. He sprang down the bank of the dry river in an instant, ran rapidly across it, scrambled up the bluff on the other side, and disappeared over the nearest hillock.

The school-house was situated on a little plateau on one of the hills about a quarter of a mile away. It was surrounded by trees, and was in full view as he ran down the hill. He had been an athlete in his college days, and he had not

forgotten how to sprint. Weighted with heavy boots, canvas riding-trousers, his ".45" and cartridge-belt, he yet ran as he had never run on Franklin Field. The storm was before him. He could see that besom of destruction bounding over the ground. Fences here and there were scattered like match sticks; a deserted cabin vanished as he ran. It was miles away, of course, but sweeping around toward him in a great parabola. It might be deflected by the contour of the ground and blow itself out harmlessly on the open plains, but if it continued its present course it would infallibly sweep over the school-house; and then, if she were there—God help her!

He ran like mad, the cyclone coming nearer and nearer. Presently he reached the door. Without waiting to unlatch it, he flung himself against it and burst it open. The girl was alone in the room; she was seated at her desk by the window looking at a small photograph. She sprang to her feet with a scream as Winthrop burst into the room. Instinctively she slipped the little card into the bosom of her dress. In two leaps Winthrop was by her side. Seizing her by the arm, he exclaimed:

"Come! A cyclone! We must run for life!"

She was half dazed by the suddenness of his entrance, and he almost carried her to the door. The heavens were black with terror. The gloomy funnel-shaped cloud of the cyclone was roaring like a volcano, through which a strange shrill crackling could be heard. Lightning flashed from it, and the air was filled with muttered thunder, whose faint reverberations were drowned in the deep diapason of the storm. Around the foot of the cloud, perhaps a mile away, the dust and débris of the earth hovered in a ghastly cloud of whirling white and gray. Winthrop threw one glance at the approaching tempest. The girl screamed and shuddered. He picked her up in his arms and ran to get out of the path of the tornado if possible. Though he knew that the effort would be fruitless, it was better to move on than to stand still. The storm was now only a mile away.

Before he had gone a few feet, Marvin galloped up on his horse. He had reached the farm, and finding no one there,

had raced for the school. The bronco was panting like a steam-engine; he had been ridden nearly to death. His flanks were covered with blood, and his foam-flaked chest was heaving and quivering in a struggle for breath. There was no time to be lost.

"Give her to me," cried Marvin.

It was the only chance, and Winthrop lifted her up instantly, thanking God in one breath for her safety, and that he would not live to see her belong to Marvin in another. Alice Grier hitherto had been hesitating between her two suitors. Neither could say that he had won her affection. Perhaps she could not have chosen herself. As she heard the colloquy, however, her heart decided.

"No!" she cried, clinging frantically to Winthrop; "I cannot leave him!"

Marvin acted promptly. He flung himself from the saddle and nodded to Winthrop. The Eastern man hung back.

"It's her only chance!" exclaimed Marvin. "Hurry!"

Winthrop sprang into the saddle, lifted the girl to the saddle-bow, and struck the spur into the bronco. There was a wild ride for a moment or two, a horse that stumbled on the edge of a deep gully, two people thrown to the soft earth and rolled heavily to the bottom, unhurt, and the storm was upon them.

It was as black as midnight and as still as death at the bottom of the ravine where the two crouched into each other's arms; above them, the roar of an Inferno. It was gone as quickly as it came. They could hear in the distance the crash of the broken trees as the storm struck the forest on the banks of the Washita, and then everything was drowned in a down-pour of rain. The cloud-burst was like a deluge. What had been dry river-bed was now a raging torrent, the "coulee" was bank-full in an instant, and Winthrop, who had fought man and storm for the girl he loved, who now clung desperately to him, was swept away by the foaming torrent. He kept his wits, however, and presently managed to catch an old tree root projecting over the edge of the ravine, and by superhuman exertion draw himself and the girl in safety to the prairie. They lay there drenched and panting. The rain ceased after a time as suddenly as it had begun. The

cyclone had battered and blown itself away. The sun came out. Winthrop rose to his feet and assisted the girl to hers.

She had recovered from her terror, but was pale and shaken by the tremendous experience she had undergone. He looked at her sodden shivering figure in tender compassion. They had literally passed through death unto life, and the appalling horror of it was still upon them, therefore his first remark was a trivial one.

"What were you looking at when I broke into the school-house?" he asked.

"A picture—a photograph—two photographs."

"Mine?"

"Yes; yours and Mr. Marvin's."

"And you left them?"

"I left one," she answered reluctantly, in the face of his compelling gaze; "the other I brought away."

He bent toward her anxiously.

"Let me see it," he cried.

She would fain have denied him, but after what had happened she could not, so she turned aside a moment and drew it out from the bosom of her dress.

"It is mine!" he cried as he took it from her trembling hand.

"Did you mean that?" he questioned after a moment, drawing nearer to her.

"Mean what?" she asked, with downcast face.

"What you said just before the storm."

"I—I don't know what I—I—"

"You said you wouldn't go without me," he interrupted, softly. "Did you mean it?"

She nodded her head in the face of his commanding gaze.

"We will be married to-day," he said, gravely, drawing her toward him and turning her face up to his own. He pressed a long fervent kiss upon her sweet lips, which brought the color back to her face like a flame.

"Come!" he cried, after a moment; "how thoughtless of me to keep you here! We must get on. I am afraid we will have to walk back to town."

"Don't reproach yourself," she said, smiling at him. "I—I like that sort of—thoughtlessness."

Thus encouraged he kissed her again, lifting her slight form in the air the better to do so.

"Oh, don't!" she cried, instinctively; "somebody might see us!"

"My darling," he answered, "there is no one here. The cyclone has swept the earth."

"Mr. Marvin!" she cried.

"I had forgotten him," he exclaimed, contritely.

"Let us seek him."

"It will be useless, I fear," answered Winthrop. "Why, even the horse that carried us over here is gone, you see."

"He gave his life for us," she murmured, with a sob.

"Yes," responded Winthrop, quietly, as they turned toward the place where the school-house had stood. "Yes, he loved you, and he was my friend," he added, forgetting the little episode of the revolvers.

"And you forgot him!" cried the girl, reproachfully.

"Yes; it is a shame."

"But we were together, and I forgot him too," she said, with love's selfishness. "We will share our shame together."

The trunk of a fallen tree blocked their path. The cyclone had torn it from its roots. As they stepped lightly over it they saw Marvin stretched out beneath it. He was lying face downward in a little hollow in the ground with the tree across his legs. The girl screamed as Winthrop sprang toward him, her heart in her throat. Marvin lay so still that they both thought he was dead. But when he heard the human cry he turned his head slightly toward them and smiled. It was a cheerful smile in spite of the pain which convulsed his face.

"Not dead, thank God!" cried Winthrop.

"I'm all right, ol' man," answered Marvin, "'ceptin' fer this tree across my legs."

They wasted no more words then. Winthrop bent down and encircled the tree trunk with his mighty arms, and struggled with it like a Titan, lifting it a little, while Alice, with a strength no one would have imagined in her slender form, drew the prostrate man from beneath it. They turned him over on his back in the wet grass.

"Whiskey," he whispered feebly, turning very white with the pain of the movement.

Winthrop felt for his flask. It was gone.

"Mine's there, all safe," said Marvin, pointing toward his hip pocket. The long draught he took did him good.

"It takes mor'n a cyclone to part a Western man from his likker," he remarked, grimly. "An' it took all of the cyclone to give you the girl, Winthrop," he said. "She's yourn, ain't she?"

"Yes, she is," answered Winthrop, briefly, feeling very guilty and uncomfortable, he hardly knew why.

"I thought so," said the other, "when I found this lyin' under me when I come to."

"This" was his own photograph which Alice had left behind. The cyclone in one of its freakish moments had gently restored it to its original owner.

"How did you escape?" asked Winthrop, breaking the unsupportable pause.

"I jist laid down in this holler an' let her go," answered Marvin. "An' somehow er other she jist lifted herself over me, an' if it hadn't been fer droppin' that tree onto my legs, I'd 'a' been safe. That put me out. I guess they're both broken, but I'll be all right yet. Now, Miss Alice can't walk back to town. You go an' git a wagon to take me and her back there. Legs or no legs, there's goin' to be a weddin' in town to-day, an' I'm goin' to be best man, too, or give the bride away, or somethin'." He said it bravely and gallantly, though it required all his resolution to stifle a groan. "You kin leave the girl to me; I'll take care of her. You can trust her to me, ol' man."

"I can trust you with anything, Marvin," said Winthrop, bending down and taking the cowboy's hand in his own.

"I seem to have lost my gun in this yere deal," remarked Marvin, feeling at his belt; "you better gim me yourn. Hol' on, though! You remember I said I'd shoot you on sight, so p'r'aps you'd better be careful how you give up your weepin'."

"Here it is," answered Winthrop, presenting the weapon to him. "You saved my life—saved both of us, in fact—and mine is yours to command."

"Don't be a fool, Hank," said the cattle-man, smiling again. "Go git that wagon an' a parson."

The Bishop happened to be in town

that morning: he had appointed services for that night. Winthrop hunted him up and told the story. The Bishop got into the wagon, which had been provided with mattresses and blankets. They picked up a doctor and two or three cattlemen on the way, and hastily drove over the prairie. There where Winthrop had left them were the two figures, the girl wet and cold, but kept up by the excitement of the moment and a liberal dose of the whiskey Marvin had compelled her to drink, and the cowboy supine upon the ground.

"It seems to me," said Marvin, after they had reached him, "that we better have the weddin' right here an' now, so long's the Right Reverend is with us. I don't know as I'd feel very much like playin' a part on this yere festive occasion after you fellers git me in that wagon."

Alice, womanlike, demurred, but her objections were silenced by the would-be "best man," who surely had a right to speak on this occasion.

"Jist do it fer me, Miss Alice," he said; and so, in the presence of that assembly of cattle and ranch men, Henry Winthrop and Alice Grier stood up before the Bishop and Marvin, who lay at the feet of the young couple, and were made man and wife. It was Marvin who gave the bride away.

After the wedding, when the Bishop had congratulated the bride, Alice bent down over the prostrate form of the man who had lost her. She shot an inquiring glance at her husband, who nodded his head. Then she bent lower and kissed Marvin fairly on the lips. The man shut his eyes and for the moment forgot his broken legs.

"By heavens!" he cried, "you're a lucky dog, Hank! That one was worth a bunch of steers, let alone a cyclone!"

Marvin promptly fainted, very much to his subsequent disgust, when he was put in the wagon, but he recovered, and as the whole party drove back to the town, Winthrop and Alice, in spite of the cowboy's protestations, rehearsed the story of his heroism to the Bishop, who did not tire of hearing it.

"Well," said the Bishop at last, "this is certainly a case where it took a cyclone to make up a woman's mind."

The Rescue

BY EUGENE WOOD

THERE is a little town on the north side of Long Island that I esteem to be wellnigh perfect for one's summer vacation. The views are exquisite. As you come down the long hill from the station, which, like all other stations on the Long Island road, is as far as possible from the village, at one turn there is a vacant space in the green shade, a peep-hole through which you may catch a panoramic glimpse of the port, its white meeting-houses shining in the sun, the deep blue bay framed like a hand-glass in an ellipse of yellow sand, except for the break in its rim that gives on the misty Sound, and beyond all the amethystine mountains of Connecticut. Look deep in that one look, for John Billy drives his ancient stage-coach on, and at no other turning is there such a vista.

There is a walk, too, where you turn off by Hammersmith's, through a stone-walled, winding road under low-hanging apple boughs, where phlox and bachelor's-buttons blow. It leads to the beach where old ship hulks have crawled up on the sand to die, and the water weltering under them has cool green shadows in it.

Then there are the sunsets, but Ryder had shamed us out of openly admiring them. He said Long Island sunsets had been done to death. He was an artist, and so was authority on color. He had laughed at us for thinking grass was green or the sky blue, and nobody dared that evening, when we all sat out in front on the wide stoop, to compliment the west on its appearance. But we looked at its glories silently, and, as little Miss White, with her thumb in Ouida's *Strathmore*, said, "just drank it in."

From around the side of the boarding-house came Miss Eily O'Connor—one n, please—and Mr. Miles Copeland, and went down the pebbly road to the bay. As Mr. Copeland shut the gate, Mrs.

O'Connor called out to her daughter, "Don't get drowned!" and Eily turned and flashed a smile at her mother, showing her pretty teeth between her red lips. I don't know that I ever saw prettier red lips. They were not too full, but looked plump and firm, and somehow put you in mind of ripe cherries on the tree after a little shower. There was just that gloss to them.

I could see Mrs. O'Connor and her husband exchange a look that said as plainly as words: "How about that? Did you ever see a sweeter girl than she is?" And really you could not blame them for their pride, even leaving out of the question the fact that she was their only child.

To look at Copeland in his light flannels as he strode along beside her, with the oars over his shoulder, was to become unusually reflective that there is something very unfair in the way good looks are given out. His clean-shaven face showed a masterful jaw, a cleft chin, and a mouth that almost smiled at the corners. Dark chestnut hair glistened and waved at the sides of his broad forehead. The inner ends of his eyebrows showed mentality; their outer uplift betokened vitality, even if his broad chest and sturdy muscles had not already asserted it. If he had a fault, it was that he was too practical, too serious. It may be all right for young men of twenty-seven to think that this is a sensible world, run on business principles, but I doubt it. It doesn't seem normal. At that age they ought to be a trifle cynical, and speak pityingly of "this fantastic game of life." Otherwise it is like having the measles before you can remember.

The O'Conors were nice people. Mr. O'Connor was "with" some big dry-goods house. I do not know what he did exactly. He was "with" the house, and seemed to have a good salary. He was

rather a dry little man, and took himself seriously. But his wife was big and jolly enough for two. Copeland would hardly make a mistake in marrying into the family. For it was come to that point where the onlookers talked of marriage for him. We seemed to be pretty well satisfied with the match, for we did not see how there could help being a match—propinquity and all that, you know. We were simply waiting in pleased expectancy, as a boy waits for the fire to run along the fuse of the giant cracker.

And yet, somehow, it seemed as if the girl felt that the love-affair had been too much the result of mere propinquity, of the nearness of an eligible *parti*. Perhaps if all the marriageable young men in the country suitable to her station had been stood up in a row and carefully canvassed, Eily O'Connor, passing down the long line, turning back to get a better look at this one or that one before finally dismissing him, might not have chosen a man quite so unromantic and hard-headed as Miles Copeland. Such an institution does not exist, I am thankful to say. There are few men capable of coming up to the ideals of a young woman of Eily O'Connor's age and Eily O'Connor's temperament.

They walked down to the crazy pier, where the water lipped and mommicked the barnacled timbers with the noises of a gross feeder. They had not much to say to each other, for he was thinking that before they returned he should have asked her a very important question, and she was, perhaps a little peevishly, resenting being hurried to her destiny. Of course she liked him as well as anybody she had ever met, better than anybody, indeed, but still—

"Step carefully," he warned her as he stood in the exact centre of the boat, and held fast to the pier with one hand, while with the other he received her weight and helped her down. It thrilled him to bear her up and to hear the rustle of her garments. "It's a cranky old creation, this boat," he said as she settled herself at the stern, and he pushed off and dropped the oars into the row-locks. He gave an admiring, almost a proprietary look at her, and thought at once of

Love like a rose in the stern of the wherry.

He even hummed the tune. She heard and understood, and it teased her a little.

The bay was smooth as glass, and mirrored the sky's watermelon pink so that the boat, as it glided along, wrinkling and puckering the silken surface, seemed hanging in the centre of a pictured shell.

"See those trees on the crest of the bluff," he said, resting on his oars, from whose blades the drops fell and tinkled like the top keys of the piano softly touched. "How they stand out against the sky!"

"Black," she said, and thought, "He has some sense of the beautiful."

"No-o," he responded, with a judicious cant of his head, "not quite black. They are—they are—I'll tell you what they are. They're just the color of dope. You know. Crude petroleum. What they lubricate car axles with—greenish, brownish, bluish, blackish."

She had seen a puddle of the greasy stuff on the station platform, and recognized the truth of the comparison, but it seemed a vulgar thing to liken those beautiful trees to. His sordid realism revolted her.

"That bluff reminds me of the bank of the river where our crew used to row," he said.

"Oh, were you in a racing crew?" she asked, eager to find something godlike in his past. "I think a boat-race is splendid!" she cried. "It is heroic. By one intense effort to win glory and applause. It isn't plodding and plodding the same old monotonous treadmill of existence. It is meteoric."

He thought he had never seen her look so beautiful as she leaned forward and spoke eagerly. But he smiled quietly and shook his head slowly. "No," he said, "I'm afraid it isn't quite like that. There is a good deal of plodding on the treadmill. There's the training, you know. It gets awfully monotonous before you're done with it."

"But—" she interrupted.

"To win a race, to win any prize in life," he went right on, tactlessly laying down the law, "you must make the stroke a mere commonplace, the same thing over and over again, like an automaton."

"Your crew won?" she demanded, determined that he should be a hero in spite of all.

"No," he said, and chuckled. She thought he was laughing at her enthusiasm, and shrank a little from the rebuff. "One of the fellows broke his oar, and had to jump overboard. That set us back a good deal."

"Had to? Why?"

"Why, you don't suppose we'd break our hearts giving him a ride?"

"I think you were cruel to make him jump into the river."

"No. He did it willingly enough. He saw it wasn't fair to us."

"That was noble in him!"

"Oh, I don't know. He was a good swimmer, and I think he liked it. It was cooler in the water."

What evil genius prompted him to run so crosswise of the current of the hour, to fight with the witchery of the scene? If he could he would have breathed his love to her in words palpitant with passion and cadenced as blank verse, in a voice as mellow and vibrant as a saxophone, that should have thrilled her very soul. He would have bent a gaze upon her most eloquent of all, but he could not. Instead, he sat there with a half-smile on his face—a silly grin, he called it afterward when he thought it over—and his voice was dry and patronizing as when one corrects the foolish notions of a child. It seemed as if some mocking imp obsessed him. Afterward he remembered that somebody in the pavilion was strumming a rag-time dance on the jangling old piano there.

"Don't you believe in self-sacrifice?" she asked at length. She was thinking of the young man that leaped into the water so generously. Men did such things; a woman wouldn't. It seemed to her heroic in spite of what Copeland had said.

"I think that there is a lot of foolishness about it," he said. "I once knew a man that jumped into the North River to rescue an epileptic that fell off the pier in a fit."

"Oh, wasn't that divine!"

"Um!" he grunted. "He had just reached the point in his career where he could almost touch the success he had striven for so long. His wife was so

proud of him (he was married and had two little children). She had believed in him all along in spite of every discouragement, and it was she that helped him bear the poverty they had to undergo at first. Just a few months more and recognition would have come—" He stopped.

"He saved the man?"

"No. The fellow gripped him fast, and they drowned together. It didn't so much matter about the epileptic. He never could have amounted to anything but a trouble, anyhow. The doctors can't cure that. But my friend's life was worth something to the world."

"The Chinese believe that it is wrong to try to save a drowning man."

"All nations have said so. There does seem to be a kind of curse on it. I don't hold quite with that, but I wouldn't risk my life to save anybody else's that I didn't think was worth taking chances for."

"The bravest are the tenderest;
The loving are the daring,"

she quoted to him.

"Yes: what a lot of things there are in poetry that are not true," he sneered. "They're only what we wish were true. I saw in a paper the other day that a man with seventeen medals for life-saving was up in Essex Market Court for beating his wife."

Oh, Miles, Miles Copeland! Was it to say this you brought this lovely girl out a-rowing? Was it to jeer at everything heroic and unselfish? He knew as well as you that this was not the way to make love, to ask the question that he had vowed he would ask ere they returned. The rosy light had faded from the sky, and only in the west there faintly shone a delicate tinge of pale, pale yellowish green. Over the eastern bluffs the copper moon was showing a rounded shoulder. Surely this was the precious moment when his whole existence should unfold its blossom, in the stillness, in the moonlight. He felt the sacredness, the enchantment of the hour, and drew his oars inboard that they might drift, abandoned to that charm, which should itself suggest the words he was to speak to her. But what spell could act so long as that piano rattled away with its "Ting-tank-tucket-ting-tang-a-tank"? All he

could think to say was this banality: "I never learned to swim till I joined that boat's crew, and then I had to, so that if my oar should break, why—" He never finished the sentence. He saw how silly it sounded.

The piano ceased. The moon slid up the heaven and left the golden haze behind her. The water in the path to her rippled as if made of molten silver. They sat in silence.

She saw the intake of his breath, the swelling of his chest, and divined that he was nerving himself to utter the fateful question. She waited, trembling. But he felt he could not interrupt that melody that drifted to them on the water to stammer out his clumsy words. When it was ended, then—

The sacred moment passed, and rebellion flamed in her heart again. Pettishly she cried out, "Oh, there's the Bridgeport boat!"

One second more and he would have asked her. But the spell was broken now. He turned to look at the yellow constellation of lights entering the harbor mouth, and his quick movement gave the boat a lurch. He stared at the lights coming up the bay as if he had never seen the like before. They fascinated him. Yet all the while he was angry to think that he could not blurt out: "I love you. Will you marry me?" His eyes followed the steamer till she had gone on toward the port, and then he became aware that Eily was singing. It was an old chorus for female voices that they had learned once at the academy for Commencement,

O'er the calm and sparkling waters
See our stately bark is gliding,—

and unconsciously she was marking time to the barcarole by rocking the boat. At first he did not notice, but all of a sudden his daylight sense returned to him, and he cried out: "Don't do that! Stop it!"

The imperiousness of his tone affronted her. What right had he to dictate to her? She wasn't his servant; she wasn't his wife to be ordered about. She rocked once more, mockingly smiling, and giving a *sforzando* to the accent of the tune. The belated wash of the steamboat slapped the cranky boat, and it promptly capsized.

She opened her mouth to scream, and

a choking ocean of water rushed in. It roared and bubbled in her ears. It stung her nostrils as she sunk downward, battling and clawing madly with her hands. She felt the cold, gliding touch of a scared fish, and her feet tangled in the sea-weed. It seemed to her that she could never reach the air again. An age elapsed before she floated upward to the surface.

There she screamed and threw up both her hands. The dispassionate water, acting in strict accord with hydrostatic laws, promptly submerged her. With lunging strokes Copeland attained her side. He caught her arm. She seized him like a trap, fiercely, unrelentingly, and began to clamber upon him so as to get her head and shoulders out of water. That forced him under, and the fear of drowning clutched him with a jerk. He struggled to free himself, but as swiftly as he displaced a hand it fastened itself on another hold. He tried to wrench himself loose. Her fingers clinched on his nose and mouth, and her wild lunge upward out of water sunk them both deep. They rose again, and again she tried to clamber out, but sunk again. Copeland was choking when he tore his face from her grasp, and shook the water from his nose and mouth with a sidelong flirt.

"Let go!" he shouted. "Let go! You'll drown us both! You—ug!" He was thrust under again. She clinched both his arms. He fought with her like a maniac for freedom. The capsized boat was drifting out of reach. "Let go!" he kept bawling. She heard him not. She heard only the water boiling in her ears. "Let go!" He twisted his left hand out of her drowning grip, and revolving on his side, he swung his arm overhead and struck her in the face as hard as he could drive, meaning to hit her fair between the eyes and stun her, but she gave her head an upward jerk, and his fist crashed against her nose. She relaxed then and there. It was all over. He meant to let her drown so as to save his own life. He did not think hers was "worth taking chances for." Very well, then, she would drown, she would drown. She settled down into the water, down, down, down. She felt her hat tilted forward over her face and her back hair roughly seized. Reviving hope

of life bade her make one more effort to grasp his arm, but his clutch on her hair tightened, and she could not reach him. She could breathe, for her mouth was out of water, but she was drowning, she knew, for she could hear the water rumbling in her ears. She looked up at the moon that shone so placidly, the moon that she should never see again—

"Here we are!" panted Copeland as he reached the boat, that still swum, though nearly full of water. "Hang on to this. Don't! Don't pull yourself out of water so far. Stop it, I tell you. Just your chin out."

She obeyed, with a wondering surprise to find how little effort it took to hold her to the boat when she sunk so that only her chin was out of water. He handed himself round to the stern, still breathing hard from his exertions. He reached his arm under the stern seat for a rusty fruit-can he knew was there. With that he bailed, hanging in the water till the boat was lightened enough to bear him. Then he climbed in cautiously over the stern and bailed from there.

"Take me in too. Take me in too," she pleaded.

"It won't hold us both, dear," he answered. "Just a little longer, just a little," and bailed like a madman.

"Oh, please take me in. Oh, Miles, please take me in." He thrilled to hear her call him "Miles." It was the first time he had said "dear" to her. It slipped out before he thought.

"Wait a minute," he said, and bailed on.

"I'm so co-old here."

"It 'll be colder in the air. Only a little now, only a little while."

She waited mutely.

"Now come round to the stern."

"I can't. I'm afraid to."

"You must."

"Can't you take me in over the side?"

"No, I can't." He was getting impatient with her. "Don't you see it would upset the boat? Come on; come on now." Seeing her hesitant, he thundered: "Mind what I tell you. Come on now."

As she edged her timorous way, he got on the opposite side to trim the boat, encouraging her with words. "Now come in over the stern. Pull yourself up.

Now give me your hand. Oh yes, you can. In you come!" And scrambling, straining, tugging, with gathers ripping and fabric tearing, she clambered in, as a boy clambers into a spring-wagon over the tail-board, by main strength and the midriff muscles. It is a hard thing to get out of the water into a boat.

"There you are!" he shouted, cheerily. "Now do you mind bailing while I fish for that other oar? Isn't that it yonder? Luckily this one cramped in the row-lock when we went over." He paddled with one oar, standing ankle-deep in water, till he could touch the elusive thing, which slid away from him as if it were alive and playing some sort of a game. When he had secured it and dropped both the oars into place, he stroked it for home, she bailing mechanically.

"You needn't do any more," he said. "We'll float till we can get in." As she straightened up, he chuckled. "We're a hard-looking couple, aren't we, Eily?"

Nothing is so bad for the temper as being rescued from drowning, and she resented his impertinence. "My name is Miss O'Connor," she said, stiffly.

"I beg your pardon," he answered, and bent to his work.

As she sat still a drop fell on her sodden frock and spread darkly. She had noticed the drops falling as she bailed, but supposed them to come from her hat. Another plashed on her hand. She saw it was blood, and remembered how he had struck her. In spite of all that she could do she had to cry. He heard her sobbing, and spoke.

"My darling!"

"Please don't speak to me."

He rowed on in silence. At the landing she refused his help, and while he was locking the boat she walked on without him. He caught up with her easily as she limped over the pebbles, for one of her shoes had come off. He offered his arm. She paid no heed.

"Take my arm!" he commanded. She took it.

We were all out on the front stoop as they came up the road.

"Ah!" chirruped Ryder. "Have a nice boat-ride? Lovely moon, isn't it?"

Dead silence but for the click of the gate-latch.

Then, as the couple came up the steps



"LOVE LIKE A ROSE IN THE STERN OF THE WHERRY"

into the light of the hanging hall lamp, we saw their plight. Beyond the scratches on his face left by her fingers, and his dripping flannels, he suffered little by comparison with his last appearance, but her light and bouffant draperies had suffered a sea-change. Now they stuck to her like a wet rag; her wide hat lopped

like a broken-ribbed umbrella; her hair, half down, hung in lanky strings, or was plastered on her face and neck. As she stood there in that breathless moment we heard a steady drizzle on the piazza floor.

"Why, what on earth has happened?" asked the landlady, who got her breath first.

"We had an upset," answered Copeland, sheepishly.

"Well, I sh'd say you had! *Ma-ree! Ma-ry!* Fetch the mop, please. I sh'd think you had. Well, ain't you two a lookin' sight! How come all that blood on you?"

Miss O'Connor clapped a soppy handkerchief to her nose, which by this time had swollen glossy. She darted a look at Copeland. Her reply was muffled. "I vumped vy vove aveft ve voat."

That was a terrible moment for Miles. His eyes dropped. They fell upon a pair of socks torn half off his feet. His shoes were out in the bay. We gathered all about, demanding: "How did it happen? Tell us all about it. Isn't it lucky Mr. Copeland was with you? He's such a good swimmer. Isn't it romantic?"

"Romantic!" thought poor Eily. "Is this what they call romantic?"

The landlady was twisting the tail of Miss O'Connor's skirt, trying to wring the water out of it. "It's just ruined," she said. "You'll never wear that again. Such a pretty frock too. Mary, hurry up with that mop!"

"My child! My child!" peacocked Mrs. O'Connor from the head of the stairs, followed by the sedater father.

"Mamma!" shrieked Eily of the gory lip, and stretched out her arms, one hand holding the handkerchief encarnadined. The mother observed her daughter's predicament just in time to check her headlong speed and elude the moist embrace.

"Why, Eily! You're sopping. Didn't I tell you not to— Come upstairs this instant and put on dry clothing."

"Hadn't you better fetch her dry clothes to the wash-house and put 'em on her there?" suggested the landlady. "I don't know how them carpets 'll stand all that salt water."

The mother's answer was a baleful glare. "Come, Eily, my poor child," she cooed, keeping a safe distance; "come tell me all about it."

Copeland's room was in the wing extension. He beckoned Ryder with his head to bear him company, and withdrew to it. The rest of us wondered, and drifted over toward the wing extension. The landlady knocked.

"Don't come in!" Copeland shouted. "The door's locked, isn't it, Ryder?"

"Did you think to fasten up the boat, Mr. Copeland?"

"Yes, I fastened the boat."

She lingered. So did we. Things like that don't happen every day. There was a bass murmur from Ryder, and then Copeland burst out with: "I tell you I had to. I just had to. Oh, my Lord! When's the next train back?"

"Shish! Don't talk so loud. You stick it out, and—" Just then from the front room upstairs came the sound of loud sobbing, and the hall door being violently jerked open. Mrs. O'Connor called down,

"Papa!"

We were all on pins and needles. What was up? Why this talk of first trains back to town? Why this sobbing, this peremptory summoning of "Papa"? Why the upset, the bloody nose? What, what, what? Eye met eye with query and suspicion till some one recalled Miss Eily's frock and quoted Ouida, "clad in some soft clinging fabric," whereat the fateful tension broke in laughter much larger than the joke. It was checked when Mr. O'Connor came stalking down the stairs and around to Copeland's door, whereon he rapped with all the dignity of a man of five feet four.

"Who's there?"

"Miss O'Connor's pa—father."

"Wait a minute."

"Not an instant."

The door opened, and Copeland appeared. O'Connor struck at him. Copeland parried. Ryder clutched O'Connor's arm, and,

"Are you crazy, man?" he cried, scowling blackly as a thunder-head.

"He struck my daughter! What do you mean by such conduct, sir?"

"Get down on your knees to him and thank him for saving your daughter's life."

"He struck my daughter. Let go my arm, sir. He struck my daughter."

"Hadn't you rather he did that than that both of them should drown?"

"James! James!" cried Mrs. O'Connor, and, "Oh, papa!" cried Eily, in dry clothes, rushing round the corner of the piazza and laying hands on the irate husband and father.

"Oh! oh! Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" expostulated the landlady.

"He struck my daughter," this more faintly.

"Well, but, papa, you didn't hear all of it," said Mrs. O'Connor.

was profoundly unconscious of him, and then at Ryder. Ryder nodded.

"I'm afraid I did," he said, fumbling with the collar he held in his hand:



HE STRUGGLED TO FREE HIMSELF

"No, I didn't hear all of it, but Eily told me you struck her. You did, didn't you?"

"Well, but don't you see—" began Ryder, whom Copeland interrupted with,

"The boat started rocking—"

"Not my boat didn't," broke in the landlady. "That's a very steady boat for a round-bottom. Not unless somebody started it rocking. Who made it rock?"

Copeland darted a look at Eily, who

"And then the wash of the Bridgeport boat—"

"*You* rocked a boat with a young lady in it!" scorned Mr. O'Connor. "*You* rocked a boat with my daughter in it! You're a fool, sir. You're a fool. You deserve to be drowned!"

"Oh, be still!" said Ryder. "Let the man tell his story, can't you?"

"Miss O'Connor was naturally a good deal frightened, and clung to me so I couldn't use my arms, and—"

"Yes, that's the way with 'em," put in the landlady. "I've heard my grandfather, Cap'n Tuttle, tell—"

"Shish!" went everybody all at once.

"I—I—I was afraid we'd both go to the bottom," pursued Copeland, "and I—I struck her to make her let go, so I could get her into the boat. If I could have managed it any other way—"

"Papa," cried Eily, "he's not telling the truth!"

Copeland went red and then white.

"He's blaming himself and not me. It was I that began rocking the boat."

But she was drowned by Copeland's shouting: "If I could have managed it any other way, I would have done so; but I'm not a very good swimmer, and—" Eily had stopped, and he moderated his voice. "I wouldn't have hurt her for the world, because—because I love her more than life itself. And I ask you if you'll let me marry her—that is, if she'll have me—because I love her. Won't you, Eily?"

But Eily turned and fled. Miles made as if to run after her, but Mrs. O'Connor flung herself upon his breast, threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him on the mouth.

"You did just right," she cried. "I think you're just splendid! You're a hero. Give him your hand, James—that is, if he'll take it after the way you've acted. That's right. Why, James, you've corrected her yourself when it was for her good—that is, when she was little. You have our consent, Miles;" and then, leaning over to him, she whispered, "She'll be all right in a day or so."

Miss O'Connor kept her room for several days. Her mother said it was the shock. She left one to infer that it was the shock of being in the water for so long, but of course we all knew. Well, it was embarrassing. I don't think I ever heard of a proposal quite so public.

When she did come down to her meals, both she and Mr. Copeland kept their eyes steadfastly on their plates. She manifestly avoided him. When a man has made a woman look as ridiculous as she did that night, standing on the piazza with that lippy wet hat on and her skirts plastered to her, and her nose all bloody—

"Aw, pshaw!" said the landlady. "She'll like him all the better for that. That's the way with 'em. But if a man

was to raise his hand to hit me— But ain't it funny? Whenever you rescue anybody from drownin' it makes 'em mad as hops at you. I've allus heard that. I mind my grandfather, Cap'n Tuttle—" and so on, and so on.

Aloof as Miss O'Connor kept, there are no less than four persons who can swear that they saw the slats in her bed-room window-blind move one day when Mr. Copeland went down to the port after the mail. But still she would not speak to him.

The day before the O'Conors went back to town we all made a crabbing party. Mrs. O'Connor said we should have to excuse Eily, she had such a headache. Just as we turned off to go through the old road with the stone walls and the apple-trees, there by Hammersmith's, I saw Mrs. O'Connor give Copeland a look, just a look.

"By Jove!" said he, feeling in his pockets, "I've forgot my pipe. You folks go on; I'll catch up with you. Ryder, you carry my scoop-net."

He was gone so long we concluded not to wait for him. We had a grand time. Mr. O'Connor caught more than anybody else. He quite unbent. He was "the life of the party," if you know what that means. And when we got back, all tired and hungry and sunburnt, and our shoes full of sand because we walked back from the pavilion, there on the piazza sat Miss O'Connor and Mr. Copeland, apparently not caring when dinner would be ready. Ryder lifted his eyebrows inquiringly, and Copeland nodded. Miss O'Connor was more like a wild rose than ever. I never saw her look so lovely.

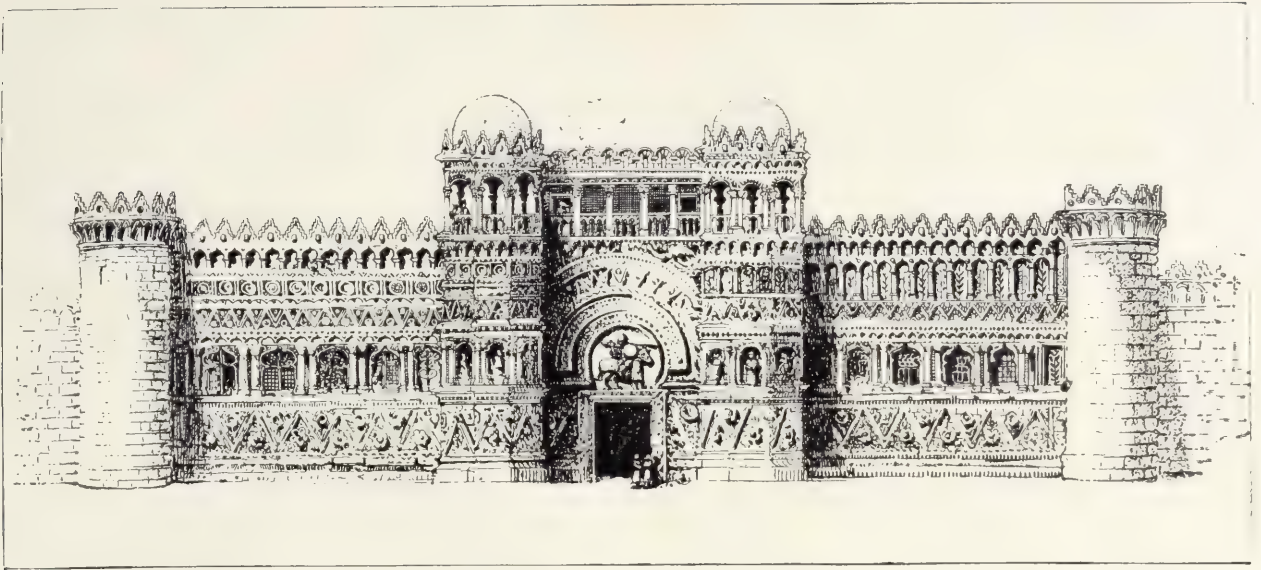
"Congratulate you, old man, upon my word!" cried Ryder, shaking both hands. "And you too, Miss O'Connor. One man in a thousand."

Copeland's face worked and his throat knotted. He could not speak. His eyes swam. When you are very, very happy, only tears come.

The women all kissed Eily and congratulated her, though they all said afterward he was too good for her.

"And Miles, old boy," said Ryder, "don't, don't rock the boat again. If you must rock something, rock the—"

"Shish!" interrupted Mrs. O'Connor.



An Idyl of the Sands

BY A. C. WHEELER

HERE are some places in the historic paths that are marked by inscrutable blight. Something fell upon the work of man, and it was cut short in the growing expression of its exultant beauty and strength. In such cases the interruption has remained a monument as indestructible and as mysterious as the endeavor itself.

Such a memorial rises dumbly out of the arid waste that lies adjacent to the Syrian sands, along the western boundaries of the Land of Moab. One comes upon it unexpectedly in travelling that bleak and silent country, and then it lifts its magnificent bulk out of the deserted wilderness with an incomprehensible irrelevancy of beauty and mystery. Its isolation, its massive and intricate splendor of workmanship, and the secret of its history alike astonish and perplex the few adventurous explorers who dare to penetrate this sterile *terra incognita*. It is known in the vagrant traditions of the Bedouin as the "Palace of Mashita," but who or what Mashita was, there is not a scrap of historic evidence to enlighten us. It is impossible for the archæologist to glean from those sculptured bastions one hint of purpose or one betrayal of author-

ship. Here at least the sands are dumb to inquiry. They have swallowed up the story, whatever it was, and the winds that have swept the magnificent walls for many centuries, without obliterating their beauty, have kept the secret. Neither the eye of the ethnologist nor the hand of the antiquary has brought forth anything but an interrogation.

Probably not more than half a score of modern tourists have seen these ruins, and none of them has been able to account for them. Canon Tristram, who visited the place in 1872, is the last of the intrepid explorers whose camera and whose pen have enabled us to form some idea of the Palace of Mashita as it now stands. And Canon Tristram, like all other amazed tourists who came upon this isolated fragment of man's skill, gives way to his wonder and his astonishment at finding it in such a place.

In a vague way the intelligent layman knows that the Land of Moab is a stretch of country lying east of the Jordan, in Palestine, and dying out in the great desert which one must cross to reach the fabled lands of Babylon and Nineveh. Its history is scrappy and uncertain. But for centuries it was the highway of marauding hosts, and was swept by the recurrent whirlwinds of man's insensate

lust and cruelty. Great waves of spoliation were continually rolling over it from the opposite extremes of Egypt and Assyria. Sennacherib ploughed it deep with the ravaging hoofs of his cavalry. The kings of Babylon and Nineveh drenched it in blood, and have left, in imperishable inscriptions, the ghastly record of their inhuman crimes—records that are the incomprehensible exultation of demoniacal ferocity. Such is the decipherable boast of Tiglath-Pileser, laid bare in the Assyrian tablets: "Like a whirlwind I destroyed them. The people and children I carried off. I laid waste the districts. The fighting men I slew in the gates. The groves of palm-trees I cut down. I did not leave one. Its forests I destroyed, with its vineyards. His enclosures I threw down."

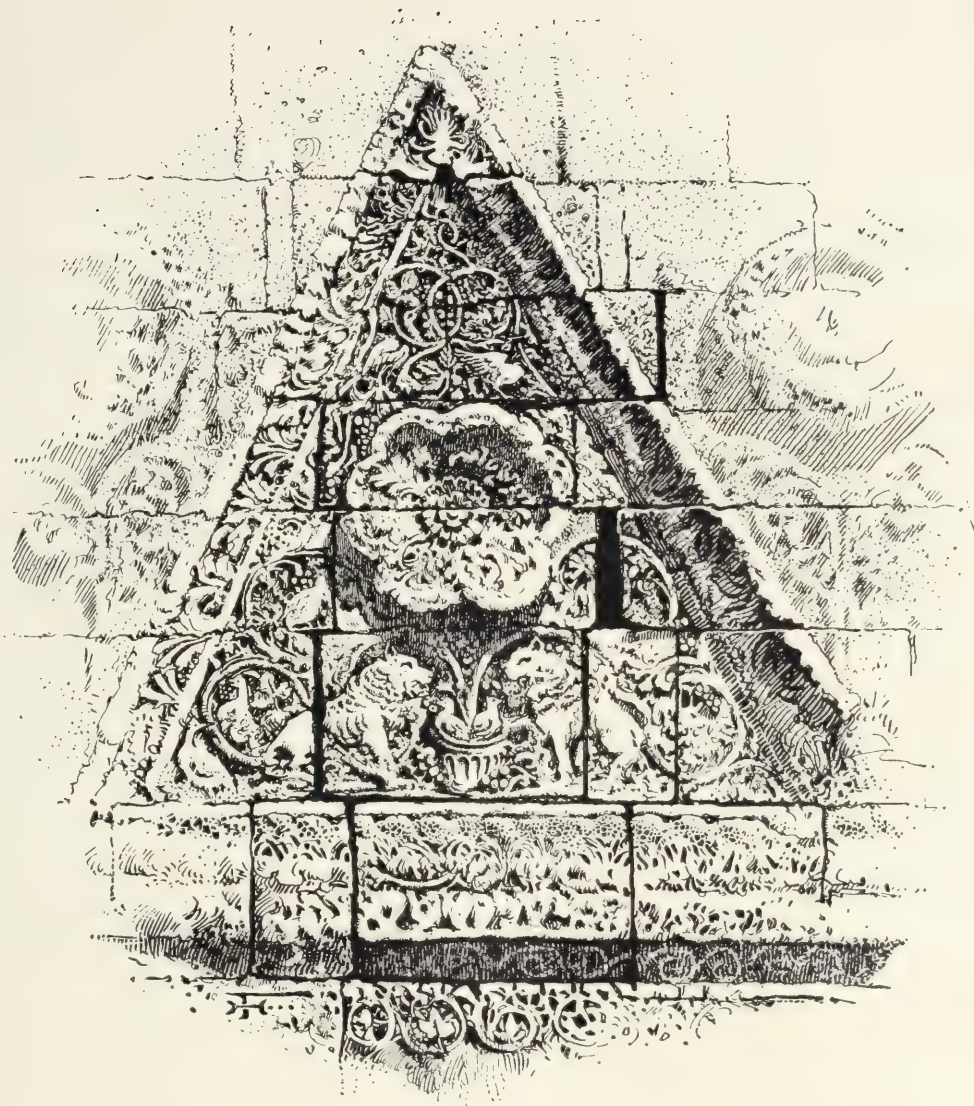
Then came the Israelites. It is recorded of David that "he brought forth the people that were therein, and put them under saws and under harrows of iron, and under axes of iron, and made them pass through the brick-kiln; and thus did he unto all the cities of the children of Ammon." (2 Samuel, xii. 31.)

South of Tadmor and Damascus men never planted populous cities in that track of ashes. The curse of the Cities of the Plain hung about its sand dunes and whistled portentously in its wadies. Save the attempt of Herod to combine a fortress and a watering-place south of the Springs of Callirrhoe, whither he was driven in search of health, we have no record of Roman power bringing opulence and art to redeem this wilderness. When, therefore, the traveller comes upon this Palace of Mashita in the most desolate heart of it, a marvel of intricate and elaborate workmanship, to which there is scarcely a parallel to be found in the world, admiration melts into an eager curiosity to know why it should be there, for what purpose it was begun, and by whom it was projected.

It is true that westward from Mashita about a mile is the old pilgrim road to Mecca (the Derb-el-Haj), upon which the obliterating artemisia has encroached in many places, and twenty miles farther one may trace the older Roman road by the rude abutments and occasional curbs. A fortress between these ancient highways is a reasonable conjecture. But one has

only to see the Palace of Mashita to know that it was not intended for a fortress. No martial purpose would have expended all that skill in mural tracery and intricate enrichment. Nor is it a temple. There is not a vestige of Roman, Christian, or Saracenic worship in its plan or in its decoration, and the few early tombs and mausoleums that remain to us of these people are wholly destitute of that vivacity of adornment here displayed. Neither dungeons nor altars were provided for in this scheme, and Mashita, of all the remnants of an early civilization in this graveyard of nations, has no stain of blood upon it, and stands quite apart from the gruesome violence and cruelty that come to us linked with every tumulus and heap of stones in the devastated Land of Moab.

What remains of Mashita is a quadrangle, facing north and south, of about five hundred feet on each face, with round bastions at each angle, all built of the hardest and finest dressed basaltic stone. There is one entrance on the south, and here there are six additional bastions and a fretted façade, indented in the face wall, extending one hundred and fifty-six feet in length, and rising eighteen feet high, so covered with arabesque carving intertwined with birds, beasts, and human beings, exquisitely wrought, that the eye is amazed and perplexed at the intricate beauty and labor of it. Tristram says that nothing that he knows of compares with it in the delicacy and lavish enrichment except the Alhambra. Once that the eye recovers from the effect of this artistic luxuriance, two facts slowly succeed examination. One is that the workmanship is unique. There is nothing else like it in the whole Land of Moab, nor yet discoverable in the ruins of dynasties which Jerusalem or Damascus turns up. The other is, that the work is not the remains of a completed structure, but was never finished. It is true the central arch in the southern façade has fallen, evidently thrown down by an earthquake, and the voussoirs lie as they fell, softened by the blue flowers of the *Veronica syriaca* that have sprouted in the crevices; but the square blocks on the top of the wall, not yet in place, and here and there but partly sculptured, tell the story of suddenly suspended work. What-



A Detail Carved By Ferhad For Love Of Shireen

ever was the cause which set this prodigious labor in motion, that labor was interrupted. Some kind of catastrophe intervened, and the dream of mural beauty was never finished. From that time until the present the exquisite enfoliation and the massive mystery of the walls have been given over to the indifferent winds or the scarcely more curious nomads who flit that way, and have made a temporary pen for their cattle in the spacious court when the storms blew.

What, then, is the story of Mashita? Professor Palmer and Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake, who explored the land in 1870, appear to have overlooked the site entirely. They were so bent upon finding Phœnician inscriptions that they could see nothing else. Wilson and Condor disregarded it, or, if they did not, were so puzzled as to remain silent, and the Pales-

tine Exploration Fund has thrown no light upon the problem. Some explanation of this may be found in the reflection that nearly all the earth-workers, engineers, and antiquaries who patiently toiled within a radius of a hundred miles of Jerusalem were mainly intent upon Scripture history and the identification or readjustment of Bible sites, and this sumptuous anomaly of Mashita stands quite apart from the historic vestiges, very much as the Song of Songs by its voluptuous beauty stands alone in the Canon.

Very curious and very pretty it is to observe that the mystery of this solitary monument, which cannot interpret itself to the eye, slowly unfolds itself in a softened romance, far away among the idyls of a land of flowers. Almost accidentally and wholly unexpectedly the tale of

Mashita unwinds itself like a faded scroll long buried in the carnage and ruin of perished nations, and we are able to piece out the induction only to find, to our astonishment, that this palace was built in the wilderness by the cunning hand of Love—a very amaranth planted by delicate fingers amid the ashes of empire, to remain forever in its beauty when the parapets and escarpments of war have tumbled into decay.

When Canon Tristram returned to England he submitted his photographs to James Fergusson, F.R.S., with the hope that the architecture would fix its own date under that scholar's examination. With the fine acumen and reconstructive skill for which Mr. Fergusson was eminent, he unravelled, with patient labor, the chronology of Mashita. He showed beyond all question that the work belonged to the time of Chosroes II., in the sixth century, when that last of the Sassanian monarchs of Persia was master of all Syria. No sooner was the era fixed upon authoritatively than it was seen that there was no one else in that part of the world with the wealth or the disposition to project such an elaborate edifice. But there still remained no explanation why this monarch should plant a palace in that place. Then it was that several little sidelights of history and tradition, hitherto meaningless, began to play upon the palace in the wilderness with a soft glow of romance. Sir John Malcolm in his history of Persia, Ker Porter's travels in that country, and even Gibbon, point their several fingers toward a strange story of passion, and we come suddenly upon a foot-note in Mr. Fergusson's monograph which is of the most delicate and suggestive import. He says that among the MS. drawings bequeathed by the late C. Texier to the Institute of British Architects "there is one of a bass-relief at Schiraz in Persia, representing the story of Chosroes and the fair Shireen from the time he first saw her bathing, as David saw Bathsheba, to the concluding scene, which represents the king slaying a lion, while beyond him Shireen sits quietly on horseback watching a young sculptor, Ferhad, chiselling birds and foliage on a square stone—in fact, just such a subject as is found on the façade of this palace."

As there is no other known work of art corresponding to this record, the inference is unavoidable. From the mass of Persian poetry, rich with the traditions of Chosroes, no less than from the historic records, we gain a fairly accurate idea of his character. He was a magnificent despot, whose conquering hand gathered incalculable spoils and erected a royal establishment at Dastigerd, which, according to Gibbon, outshone in splendor and opulence that of Solomon himself. We also learn that his chief boast was of his prowess as a hunter, his fame as a mighty sportsman being quite equal to that of his martial exploits. He despoiled Jerusalem, and carried off the "true cross," but the records inspired by himself dwell with lingering pride upon the lions and wild-boars that he slew in the wilderness single-handed; and the picture that history thus furnishes is of a primitive warrior given altogether to the sports of the field, an Oriental Richard Cœur de Lion rather than a Solomon. But this fierce and animal nature is redeemed in the traditions by one trait—it is his love for the beautiful Shireen. "A thousand volumes," says Sir John Malcolm, "have been filled by his countrymen with the story of the king and his love for the fair Shireen, and their love for Ferhad the sculptor." Milman, in a foot-note to Gibbon, informs us that the "love of Chosroes and Shireen rivals in Persian romance that of Joseph for Zuleika, the wife of Potiphar, or of Solomon for the Queen of Sheba." The number of Persian poems on the subject may be seen in M. von Hammer's preface to his poem of "Shireen." But neither Milman nor Sir John Malcolm mentions—if, indeed, they saw—what Gibbon, who had ploughed patiently through the contemporaneous annals, saw—that "Shireen never shared the passion which she inspired, and the bliss of Chosroes was tortured by a jealous doubt that while he possessed her person, she had bestowed her affections on a meaner favorite." (*Decline and Fall*, chapter 46.) D'Herbelot's Oriental bibliography leaves no doubt whatever that "the meaner favorite" was the beautiful youth Ferhad, the sculptor. If the Greek accounts are to be believed, Shireen was a Roman by birth and a Christian. But it is certain

that she obtained some kind of gentle mastery of Chosroes that not even his jealousy dared resent. How far she veiled her passion for the young sculptor, and by the cunning art of her sex secured for him the patronage and favor of her husband, cannot now be determined. She must have accompanied Chosroes on his expedition to Jerusalem, and probably remained at Damascus while the siege was in progress. That Ferhad was also there seems probable from the romantic intimations. When the terrible work of devastation at Jerusalem was accomplished the king set out with Oriental pomp on his return journey to Persia, and his enormous train of "golden spears" and captives, together with the heavily laden vehicles of plunder, extended for miles along that old Roman road. When all was ready, Chosroes came from Damascus, whither he had gone to fetch his favorite and her attendants, and on the first day's journey south came into the hunting-grounds about Mashita. There he pitched his pavilion, and while his cohorts and auxiliaries were lumbering by for days, enjoyed himself in the chase. It must have been a paradise for the primitive sportsman. Years of comparative peace had given the fierce mammals opportunity to increase. Herds of light-footed gazelles started up from the nubk coverts at the sound of man. The cheetah, that magnificent hunting-leopard that one sees on the Assyrian tablets, crept through the ravines. The wild-bull and the wild-boar thrust their heads through the tamarisk to drink in the Jordan, and *Felis leo* himself no doubt skirted the sands and lay in wait for the jackals, whose barking could be heard in Jericho. These are the animals that we find preserved by Ferhad whenever he sought to commemorate his master's prowess, and has spread with cunning workmanship, intertwined with the lilies and oleanders of Asia, all over that palace at Mashita.

Thus it is that Persia, like an antique cabinet, discloses to the sense, as we open its receptacles, the faint odor of flowers long perished, and amid the relics of barbarism mingles the fragrance of Asiatic romance, the delicate associations of which lead up to this solitary monument in the devastated sands. The Per-

sian park and palace at Dastigerd have long since perished from the earth, although only three days' journey from Ctesiphon, which still remains. Its very locality is disputed by explorers, who have claimed this and that long mound as the boundary of the once Oriental paradise. There is not a trace of the Oriental luxuriance of which Gibbon has drawn such a vivid picture. Here it was that Chosroes gathered about him the spoils of the world. His ten thousand acres were stocked with pheasants, roebucks, peacocks, ostriches, and wild-boars. Nine hundred and sixty elephants were maintained for his splendor, and his stables contained eight thousand camels and six thousand horses, and his harem three thousand virgins. A hundred subterranean vaults were stuffed with the gold and silver, the gems and silks, of Rome, Egypt, and Greece. But of all this storehouse of more than Oriental magnificence, accumulated by rapine and murder, not one stone remains upon another, nor is there a monument left save in that far-away bastion, rising with its record of beauty out of the Syrian sands.

Piecing together all the fragments of tradition, corroborating each other in poetry and memorial record, may not the imagination, soberly led by the indices of human nature, reconstruct the story of the beautiful Shireen, and in so doing interpret by her love-light the Palace of Mashita—nay, even unravel in some measure the disaster which fell upon it? This would be doing with the human material just what that architectural Cuvier, Mr. Fergusson, did with the inanimate material. He reconstructed the elevation of Mashita, and put the flesh of beauty on the bones of tradition. When he had reared the palace on paper, he was asked for what purpose it was built, and he drew the conclusion that it was "a royal hunting-box."

Here we have to leave Mr. Fergusson. His inferences with respect to Chosroes, when he goes beyond his architectural interpretation, are not warranted by all that we can learn of the character of that king, who was not a man to expend patient toil on the extravagant enrichment of a lonely shooting-box in the wilderness. It is to Shireen and her lover Ferhad that we are compelled to turn for

any explanation of such an unreasonable accumulation of art where no eye could enjoy it. The record of the storied bass-relief at Schiraz tells the tale candidly. It is Shireen who watches this work with a lover's delight while Chosroes is killing lions. We are permitted to follow the dispersed but still traceable and often converging currents of Persian poetry, and believe that the marauding expedition into Syria was to Shireen an excursion in which the scenes of carnage were veiled by the atmosphere of love; and when the return journey began we can readily understand that the hearts of the lovers lingered in those desolate places where they had known only each other's presence. To go back to Dastigerd and its three thousand concubines may not have been at all delightful to the woman Persian poetry has so exalted, but it is quite in keeping with the subtlety and finesse of a woman who held her royal master to her will through all his imperial triumphs and disasters, to have invented this device of an imperial hunting-box in the wilderness, and obtained permission to erect there where he had shown his prowess a worthy gift of commemoration and convenience. Once that this ingenious project was entered upon, it must have lingered beyond all patience, but to both Shireen and Ferhad time was of no consequence.

Given these circumstances, we can understand with what fervor the young Phidias wrought under the eye and the inspiration of his mistress while the king was hunting, or was at Damascus with more congenial companions. A labor of love explains more easily and amply the profusion of beauty bestowed upon these stones than does any other and more prosaic service. The sculptor and architect worked with the impulse of a creative emotion, and would have covered the world with the glad expressions of his own mood. What cared these lovers for the isolation and futility of it? They peopled and decorated the desert with their own feelings. Bleak nature was brimming with beauty for them. Doubtless the children of the same ravens that fed the Prophet watched them from the basaltic crags; the Moabite sparrow twittered aimlessly then as now, and the vulture sailed high above them in that clear

blue sky; the scarlet ranunculus and the rose-colored geranium came tenderly up where the lovers trod, just as they come up to-day along those valleys; and whatever of wing or leaf or stem caught the ardent eye was transferred and fixed in the imperishable stone until every moulding and cusp and boss was heavy with a new eloquence. A hundred skilled artisans from Damascus obeyed him, and a thousand slaves were camped about. The old well that furnished them with water still remains with its broken curb near the southern end of the wall. It is half filled with rubbish, and doubtless with the bones and trappings of Crusaders and Turks. In that heyday of stolen love the Syrian sky must have been very bright, and there was no hurry. But we can well believe that there were storms of jealousy, sudden outbursts of impatience, as the royal hunter mocked and threatened, and then it must have been that Shireen with her voice and zither wrought upon him that spell of which the Persian poets are never weary of telling, and with many wiles and seductive arts gained month after month.

And so the sculptured walls rose slowly, with winter intervening and summer bringing them all back as to a great tryst.

All this must have taken place somewhere in the fourteen years between the fall of Jerusalem in 614 and the death of Chosroes in 628. But we cannot fix the year. What we know with certainty is that one day the work was suddenly stopped; the artisans dropped their tools; the stones were left poised but unplaced, and the arabesque tells the story yet of finishing-touches cut short. Then it was that these lovers, like those of Keats's tale, "fled away into the storm."

It would be gratifying if we could discover just what that interruption was. But here the curtain of mystery, gently lifted for a moment by the imagination, falls again.

Canon Tristram is quite sure that the invading army of Heraclius was the cause of the sudden suspension of this work. It was no doubt a sufficient cause, and is, of course, the most convenient event to occur to any historic student; but it remains possible that the love-story had a romantic catastrophe more in keeping with the "course of true love," and

that future examination of the Persian records will disclose it.

There are few episodes in ancient history so crowded with dramatic surprises and so fraught with an almost preternatural vengeance as those six years. Chosroes II. had become the master of the world. Every form of civilization had struggled with him only to submit and send its tribute to Dastigerd. That impotent monster Phocas had left to his imperial successor Heraclius a distracted and debauched Roman Empire, and Heraclius gave no immediate promise of administrative strength or military valor. He saw Damascus and Jerusalem fall, without the means or the disposition to avert the successive catastrophes; and when the sacred edifices at Jerusalem were burned and the "true cross" was carried off, the whole Christian world rose in indignation and reproach against him. Then it was that Chosroes, on the pinnacle of power, swollen with success and defiant of fate itself, committed a small indiscretion, to which the whole Mohammedan world to this day attributes his downfall. There was at this time an obscure devotee calling himself Mohammed, who wrote him a letter, humbly enough asking the master of empires to acknowledge Mohammed as the Prophet of God, to which Chosroes replied by scornfully tearing the letter and throwing it into the river Karasoo. When

Mohammed heard of this, he said, "So will Allah tear and destroy the empire of Chosroes."

As Gibbon pertinently remarks, this prediction is all the more remarkable in that at the time it was made there were no facts upon which to predicate it. But no sooner was it made than Heraclius, in ignorance of it, underwent a change of character that is without a parallel in history, and suddenly became the avenging scourge of the Persian Empire, never resting until Chosroes and his dynasty were swept from the face of the earth.

During those six years of war our Joseph and Romeo, the beautiful young sculptor, disappears from the record. We can well imagine that art, like love, was silent in the death-struggle of a nation, but through it all Shireen appears to have shared the fortunes of her royal master, whether by compulsion or choice we cannot tell, and she died a violent death with him when Heraclius finally took Dastigerd.

Thus it is that out of the time-worn fragments of man's conquering cruelty there spring, like those blue flowers amid the sculptured stones in the Land of Moab, little hints of love and romance that are swept suddenly by the blasts of the desert, and one wonders as he muses amid these silent monuments if history in Persia may not still be herself a Scheherazade, could we but make her talk again.

Venus de Milo

BY HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND

WHAT dost thou see with that fixed gaze of thine,
Immortal Venus of the matchless grace?
Upon the peaceful mirror of thy face
Suggested lights like intimations shine;
And lo, thy lips are smiling. Is the wine
Of life yet pulsing through each secret place,
And art thou stilly conscious of our race
That struggles up from pagan to divine?

Throughout all time smile ever, hopeful Queen,
For lo, we know those eyes of thine have seen
Unheard-of glories, aye, and still shall see.
The hopeless Sphinx stares blindly at the sand,
But thou shalt e'en outlast it; for the Hand
That moulds To-day's fair daughters toucheth thee.

Reciprocal Influence in Hypnotism

BY JOHN DUNCAN QUACKENBOS

TO a recent inquiry as to how it was possible for him to engage, without injury to his physical and mental health, so unremittingly in his work as a suggestionist—a work that implies concentrated intellectual effort, and is daily prosecuted from 9 A.M. until midnight—the writer of this article made the reply: “Because I get something back from my patients; otherwise, I should be a nervous bankrupt.” It is the purpose of the present essay to investigate the hypnotic procedure with a view to ascertaining what it is that the hypnotist who throws his soul into his work may receive in return from his subject; for the patient is as active subliminally as is the operator objectively; and the operator, where genuine rapport is established, realizes this activity.

The wear and tear of a continuous service in hypnotic treatment, covering not only all phases of abnormal mental and moral attitudes, but involving as well inspirational work of the most difficult kinds, is certainly out of the ordinary; the rapid recovery therefrom is phenomenal. There are grades of depression, time differences as regards the re-establishment of the operator's nervous balance, and degrees of subsequent uplift. Some patients are more exhausting than others; some mysteriously exalt; many are seemingly negative; all who in sincerity and faith seek moral or intellectual aid through hypnotic channels, in some way, immediately or remotely, stimulate the mind that offers it. There is a more marked return in ethico-spiritual than in intellectual inspiration; little reciprocal benefit attends the treatment of mere physical conditions. Persons suffering from moral perversions and remorse consume more than the average amount of nervous energy, perhaps because they need a more generous quota of help. In certain instances it would seem as if the

sufferer secured relief by casting upon the physician the whole burden of his imperative conception, self-reproach, worry, or fear. It may require hours, or even days, for one who extends aid subjectively to lift from his soul the dead weight of such an imposition. A successful attempt to hypnotize a thief at the beginning of my investigations induced an attack of nervous depression so severe in character that I discussed the advisability of discontinuing my experiments as a measure of safety. In a week's time I had entirely regained my equilibrium, and resumed my work with renewed zest. A lady who was the victim of a harassing delusion automatically effected an exchange of mental conditions with me, whereby her unwarranted dejection became so realistically mine that I was obliged immediately to seek a change of employment. At the second treatment, after improvement had begun, no such effect was perceptible. Coarse natures are especially trying, while refined minds ennoble and exalt from the earliest moment of contact. The more spiritual the work, the more conspicuous the ascent, and the greater the consequent indifference of the operator to all worldly or purely material considerations. One seems sustained upon a higher plane of undisturbed serenity.

Some twelve months ago, in the midst of a series of vicious assaults upon my integrity, there came to me a spiritually minded patient with the following request: “My dearest desire is consciously to realize my oneness with the Infinite God of Love. Impress upon me as I sleep the conviction that I have within me forces which, if I could but recognize them, would lift me to higher levels and open my soul to the Divine influence. Put in operation these spiritual powers, that I may lose myself in an acceptable service to others, and therein taste the perfect fruits of faith, aspira-

tion, and love." I put this lady into a suggestible mind state, and as the inspiration proceeded I felt myself elevated above the plane of the material and the transient, put out of reach of worry-thought and misgiving, and rendered incapable of irritation by annoyances that had disturbed me hitherto. Association with pure souls in the realm of the subliminal has repeatedly proved similarly cheering and uplifting.

The reciprocal influence implied in hypnotic rapport is explicable on the principle of action and reaction. No soul can impress another soul or personal intelligence without being reciprocally impressed. A soul errant in rapport experiences during the hour of impact with the mind of a pure-hearted suggestionist a change in the direction of its aspirations or spiritual motions, and its total ethical energy is made actual. To the soul of the operator in contact with the sin-burdened patient is imparted a contrary upward motion, and it rises to the heights of apprehension, spiritual insight, and spontaneous yet absolute intellectual command.

Ideal hypnotism thus implies on the part of one personality an expenditure of spiritual energy which, under the universal law of the conservation of force, cannot be destroyed, but which instantly materializes as ethical activity in the personality that is inspired. The energy that seemingly disappeared is transformed into a spiritual heat which warms the soul that kindled it, and creates reciprocally in that soul its full dynamic equivalent.

The majority of hypnotists do mere perfunctory work; they do not sound the depths of the patient's soul. There is a mere passing contact, a cold injunction to abandon demoralizing practice or secret sin; there is no outpour of sympathy, no encouragement of the stricken spirit to unbreast its woe. With what measure the hypnotist metes, it is measured to him again. If he be not an earnest and sincere believer in his own suggestions, if he sees not a brother in the evil-doer, if he withholds that best gift one can offer to his neighbor, viz., himself, he can expect no return from the soul he addresses. A mesmerizee instinctively penetrates the veneer of

indifference or deception, and revolts against rapport that is sought for selfish or sordid purposes. Further, the human soul delights in a realization of its own power, and responds sublimely to him who, in harmony with Paul, holds up before the subliminal vision that spiritual potency conferred on it by God as the way of escape from temptation. There is no soul in which God is not; and what God hates is therefore intuitively hated by the human image of God. Therefore no sin-loving man in the abstract is morally indifferent. He may smother his sensibility for a time, but he will always revolt and assert his manhood objectively when subliminally shamed into an apprehension of the blot upon his dignity as a man. In the conduct of his revolt he is under obligation to make a competent use of the efficiency within him in an expression of willingness, perseverance, patience, and moral energy. To the personality that apprises an apparently helpless soul of its own intellectual and moral powers, and makes plain the possibility of conquest through self-help, that soul flows out in a great tidal wave of recognition, gratitude, and reciprocal stimulation. And the possibility of exploiting a slumbering intellectual courage that clearly discerns and a moral courage that grandly sustains is open to all who have lost sight of the God-like in their own lives. My attitude of unmistakable sympathy and my belief in this potential energy of the human soul have, in my view, not a little to do with the substantial physical and mental uplift I receive in return from my patients.

What light, if any, do the facts presented in the foregoing paragraphs cast upon the principles of telepathic communication? The laws that govern such intercourse, the question as to the extent of its prevalence among the living and its possible extension into the world of the dead, are of supreme concern to humanity. The fact that minds brought into hypnotic contact through the approximation of the physical bodies they tenant can exchange thoughts, feelings, ideas, knowledge, convictions, suggests the possibility that minds temporarily discarnate in natural sleep or in hypnosis, or even in states of reverie, may

communicate without reference to space limitations, and are mutually impressed, exalted, and refined. Subliminal minds would seem to be attracted automatically—1, to their complements, each the other to strengthen, to instruct, to inspire; and 2, as mere almoners to other minds in need of help. Were the means of establishing such communication comprehended and under control, deliberate absent treatment for functional sickness or moral defect would be possible and in every way scientific.

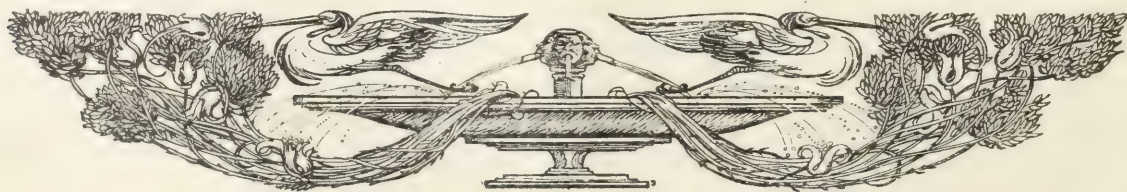
Whence come the beautiful and practical thoughts that impress us as we sleep, and clamor for utterance at the moment of our waking? Granted during the hours of rest symposiums of kindred subliminal spirits having interests in common and free to combine and interpenetrate, granted on such occasions unrestricted access on the part of every soul to the knowledge and experience and impulses and ideals cherished by every other soul, and thought-impression during states of sleep is rationally explained through creative communication. The Gospel teaches the communion of saints, the spiritual fellowship, mystical in and through Jesus Christ, of all believers, dead as well as living, who are united in the Holy Catholic Church. But mystical communion does not necessarily imply communication between the living and the dead. The teaching of the New Testament as to the possibility of intercourse between embodied souls and discarnate spirits is negative; but it positively affirms the possibility of subliminal communication between uncarnate spirits and embodied souls. Intelligences not human, ill-wishing and well-wishing, would appear to influence man through action on a receptive subliminal consciousness. In my higher work it has seemed at times that my efforts were opposed by an intervening intelligence.

But whether or not uncarnate daimons communicate through the instrumental-

ity of suggestion, and whether or not disembodied souls reach, *viâ* the channel of the related selfs, those of us who are still in the flesh, one fact the writer regards as established by his experiments, *viz., a rational and dignified way is open for such spiritual communication every time we lose ourselves in slumber, for there is no difference as regards suggestibility between natural sleep and the so-called hypnotic trance.* Spiritistic communication implies a plane of meeting infinitely higher than that of the common séance, where soul and daimon are supposed to communicate through the mind of an entranced medium who chatters a confused mass of trivialities and irrelevancies. The human soul intuitively abhors an intermediary. If there be impression by disembodied souls, that impression, in the opinion of the writer, is direct. The idea of intercourse with the dead through the machinery of the séance is repugnant to reason. No important truths are communicated. Not a page of mediumistic literature has the slightest value.

Every hour of natural sleep is prolific of opportunity for communication with the departed, and who knows that it does not take place? It were pleasant to feel that a contingent of our better thought is inspired by those we have loved, who, when they appear in visions we remember, always appear as living and thinking and active personalities. Perhaps there is in this latter fact a suggestion of that immortality which psychic vision and psychic audition incontestably prove, in that they illustrate the power of the soul to operate as a discarnate entity.

The soul that exalts the operator in the hypnotic procedure is the same soul that is freed permanently at the moment of death. Why should it cease to project aspirations, modify attitudes, communicate ideas, uplift human natures, simply because it is forever done with the perishable body as an instrument of expression?



Donald's Experiment

BY CLAIKE WALLACE FLYNN

IT was very quiet in the nursery. Don sat staring at his blocks with his great blue eyes, and then two sparkling tears rolled down his cheeks. The sharp Nona, who sat sewing by the window, had him in her arms in an instant, and she scolded the rain most volubly for spoiling Don's pleasure and keeping him a prisoner in the house. This appeased his ruffled spirits, and he thought that with the aid of a cookie Donald would be himself again. So the faithful Nona departed on her quest for the cookie, leaving the child alone in the room.

Maggie, the chamber-maid, came along with her broom and duster, and put her red head through the doorway to throw the child of the house a cheery Irish greeting. Don pounced upon her, dragged her into the nursery by her apron, and demanded that Maggie play with him. So they made it up together that Don should hide under the bed, and when Nona returned, Maggie was to say that Master Donald had fallen out of the window—that being Nona's particular dread—and then it would be such fun to see how dismayed the little nurse would become. So he crept under the bed, with eyes shining, cheeks scarlet, and his golden ringlets all ruffled with excitement. And Nona came duly back, and Maggie, with a huge grin and a jerk of her thumb towards the bed, explained the fearful catastrophe, and, to lend color to the scene, gave vent to some weird Celtic howls. The nurse threw her arms in the air and wailed: "He's killed! He's killed! Oh! Oh!"

It was all quite realistic, even down to the window, which had been thrown open. The little instigator of it all was fairly convulsed with mirth. Suddenly, in the midst of the *mêlée*, there was a low groan from the doorway. The two servants turned quickly, in a guilty kind of way.

On the threshold stood a woman, tall, deadly white, with one hand pressed

against her breast. She tried to speak, to ask a question, but she could only fix her eyes, dark with terror, on the window. Then, before the other two could collect their wits, a yellow head was thrust up from under the bed, and a shrill little laugh cut into the silence. The woman turned abruptly, and with a sob fell into the arms of the nurse.

They put her into the low chair before the fire, chafed her hands, and while Maggie went for wine, Nona picked up the boy and placed him in the helpless arms. The woman and the child were singularly alike. Her hair was not a whit darker than his, her eyes, when she opened them, not a shade less blue. As she came back to a knowledge of things, she tightened her hold on the little one, and her pale lips were pressed hungrily to his sunny head.

Don, awed into silence, was more than content to lie there. This wonderful being was his mother. Not a bit more real to him than the queens and the princesses of his story-books. A little less real than his father, who occasionally carried him on his shoulder from the parlor to the nursery, or greeted him familiarly at the door with, "Hello, Buster!" But his mother was different. He stationed himself in odd corners of the house, where, unseen, he might catch glimpses of her in her wonderful gowns.

Sometimes, hurriedly, she would leave a kiss somewhere among his bright curls. Then he would rub his chubby baby hand over his head, but the kiss always seemed to have gone before he could catch it.

Once he slipped into her room—a part of another world—and tried to make love to her, but she grew impatient, and called Nona to take the boy out for a walk. She was something very far above everything and everybody in the world. But now, to lie there, to pass his hand, unchecked, over the satin of her gown, to bury his little pink nose in the violets

on her breast, and to feel her kisses crowding one upon the other, was heaven! And above all, to have her arms around him! Nona's arms were short and jerky, but these seemed made to rest in, and the joy of it was that no one told him to run away and play. He took another sniff of the flowers. Something wet and scalding fell upon his face. He knew they were tears. They tickled his rosy cheek, and he longed to brush them away, but a movement might break this wonderful spell of happiness for him, so he let them trickle down to his pinafore.

Then came a man's voice, low, angry, berating the servants for their foolish, ignorant game. "Gertrude, how came your nerves to desert you?" he asked, stooping over the two in the chair. Donald felt himself patted on the head, then set firmly on the nursery floor. The halcyon moment was over.

After that day life was not the same to the child. He realized what this wonderful mother-love was, that fate for some shallow reason withheld from him. In his poor starved little heart he longed and longed for those golden minutes before the fire, but they never came back. His parents became again the strange, distant creatures they had always been.

Spring came, and the great house on the river grew gay with the laughter and voices of many guests. One night there was a great ball, and begging Nona for the grace of an hour after his regular bedtime, he stole down into his mother's room and squeezed himself into a corner, where he watched her putting marvellous touches to her toilet. She was all in white, and around her throat was a string of diamonds. She was looking for something on her dressing-table, and at last turned impetuously to the maid.

"Nelly, my hair is a fright! Are your fingers getting clumsy?"

Nelly looked frightened. "I did the best I could without those little curls," she explained. "Somehow the hair will not stay in curl in this damp weather."

Madam became irritable. "The head-dress is too stiff without them," she said; "the crescent would look ridiculous stuck in there without a couple of little curls."

"Take some of Don's, p'ease." A baby voice right under her elbow startled the woman, and two pairs of blue eyes met in the mirror of the dressing-table. One pair, impatient, cold, heartless; the other, all generosity, all longing, all affection. The mother laughed.

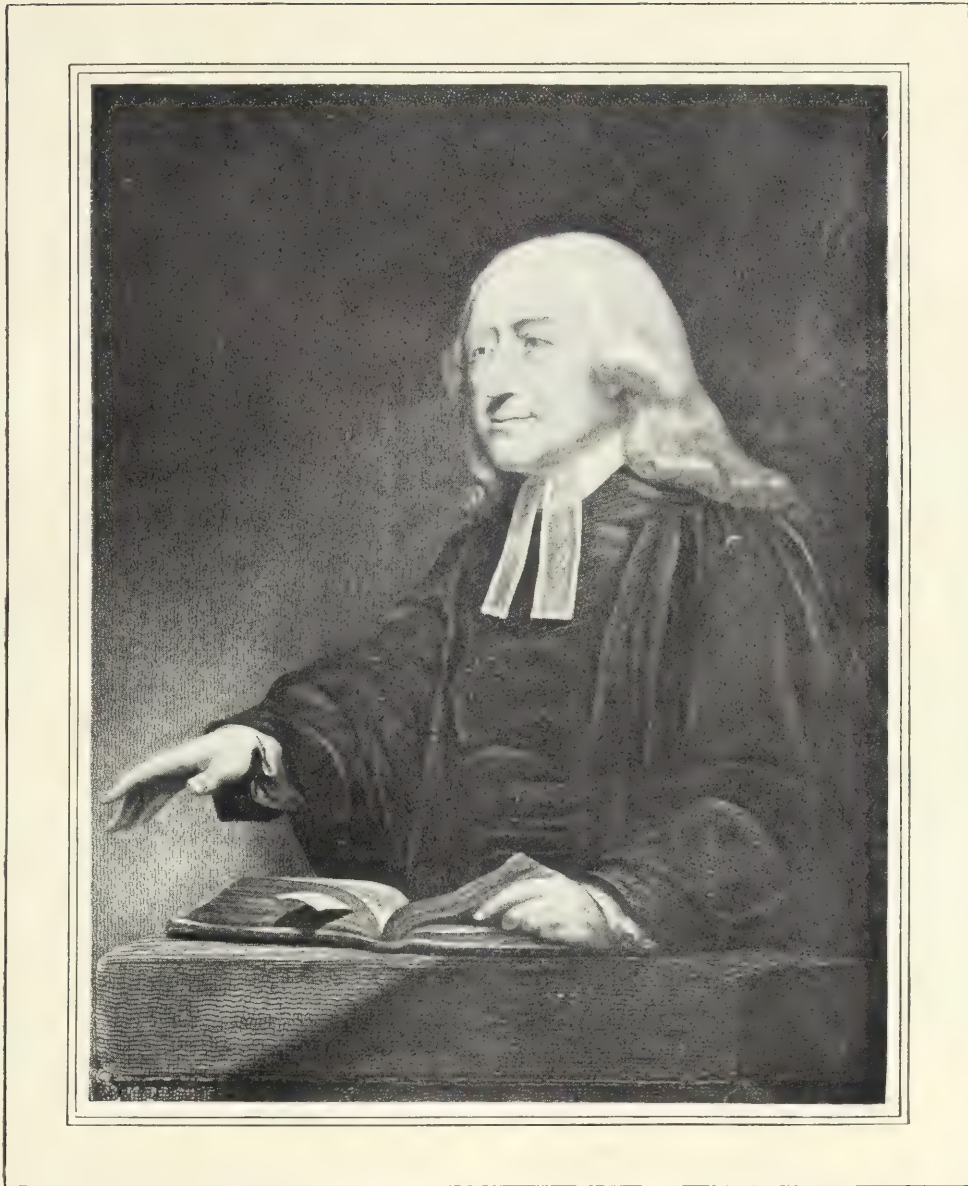
"I haven't a doubt that they would match," she said, with a little tinge of vanity; "but they are not exactly what I want."

"Take some, p'ease," persisted the child; "I dot lots." He tried to reach the scissors, but he was too short, and in his attempt he overturned a scent-bottle with dire effects. There was a summary dismissal from the room, and a tearful retirement; and after that the same old loneliness began again.

One day he thought he could stand it no longer, so he pushed away his toys and stationed himself at the window just as his mother and father rode through the great iron gateway. They would come back; they always did. But would she come up to the nursery, seat herself in the big chair, and hold him in her arms? He had waited for that every day since the *great day*, and he had ever been disappointed.

Then in his childish way he reasoned it all out. His mother had been frightened the afternoon, months ago, when she had let him peep into that heaven which she so constantly denied him. She had been frightened because she thought he had fallen out of the window. The afternoon slipped away into a golden spring sunset. She would come back! If she were frightened again, would she come to the nursery and let her tears fall on his cheeks? Would she?

Would she? The sky was all pink and blue and gold beyond the gates. Suddenly two black figures rode against all the glory. They were coming in through the gate. Donald leaned far out to see her. The driveway led directly under the boy's window. Gertrude and her husband came slowly back from their ride, laughing and talking. Then, without warning, without a word, without a cry, he threw himself from the high casement and fell at the feet of the mother's horse.



JOHN WESLEY

Colonies and Nation

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

BY WOODROW WILSON

COMMON UNDERTAKINGS (*Continued*)

IT was not yet questions of self-government or of the preservation of peace that dominated colonial affairs; and only those who observed how distant frontiers were being advanced and two great nations were being brought together for a reckoning face to face saw what was the next, the very near, crisis in store for the English. Through all that time of peace a notable drama was preparing. Slowly, but very surely, English and French were drawing nearer and nearer within the continent,—not only in the north, but throughout all the length of

the great Mississippi. Step by step the French had descended the river from their posts on the lakes; and while peace reigned they had established posts at its mouth and begun to make their way northwards from the Gulf. As long ago as 1699 they had built a stockade at Biloxi; in 1700 they had taken possession of Mobile Bay; by 1716 they had established posts at Toulouse (Alabama) and at Natchez. In 1718 they began to build at New Orleans. In 1719 they captured and destroyed the Spanish post at Pensacola. By 1722 there were five thousand Frenchmen by the lower stretches of the great river; and their trading boats were learning all the shallows and currents of the mighty waterway from end to end. Meantime, in the north, they advanced their power to Lake Champlain, and began the construction of a fort at Crown Point (1721). That same year, 1721, French and English built ominously near each other on Lake Ontario, the English at Oswego, the French at Niagara, among the Senecas. In 1716, the very year Governor Spotswood rode through the western forests of Virginia to a summit of the Blue Ridge, the French found a short way to the Ohio by following the Miami and the Wabash down their widening streams. It was while they thus edged their way toward the eastern mountains, and made routes closer and closer to their rivals on the coast, that that adventurous, indomitable people, the Scots-Irish, came pouring of a sudden into the English colonies, and very promptly made it their business to pass the mountains and take possession of the lands which lay beyond them, as if they would deliberately go to meet the French by the Ohio.

For several years after the first quarter of the new century had run out immigrants from the north of Ireland came crowding in twelve thousand strong by the year. In 1729 quite five thousand of them entered Pennsylvania alone: and they pressed without hesitation and as if by preference to the interior. From Pennsylvania they passed along the broad, inviting valleys southward into the western parts of Virginia. By 1730 a straggling movement of settlers had begun even into the distant lands of Kentucky. Still farther south traders

from the Carolinas went constantly back and forth between the Indian tribes of the country by the Mississippi and the English settlements at the coast. Nine thousand redskin warriors lay there in the forests. Some traded with the French at the river, some with the English at the coast. They might become foes or allies, might turn to the one side or to the other, as passion or interest led them. In 1739 the French at the north put an armed sloop on Champlain. The same year the English built an armed post at Niagara. Everywhere the two peoples were converging; and were becoming more and more conscious of what their approach to one another meant. So long ago as 1720 orders had come from France bidding the French commanders on the St. Lawrence occupy the valley of the Ohio before the English should get a foothold there. The places where the rivals were to meet it was now easy to see, and every frontiersman saw them very plainly. The two races could not possess the continent together. They must first fight for the nearer waterways of the west, and after that for whatever lay at hand.

It was no small matter, with threat of such things in the air, that the English chose that day of preparation for the planting of a new colony, and planted it in the south between Carolina and the Florida settlements,—a barrier and menace both to French and Spaniard. It was James Oglethorpe, a soldier, who planned the new undertaking; and he planned it like a soldier,—and yet like a man of heart and elevated purpose, too, for he was a philanthropist and a lover of every serviceable duty, as well as a soldier. He came of that good stock of country gentlemen which has in every generation helped so sturdily to carry forward the work of England, in the field, in Parliament, in administrative office. He had gone with a commission into the English army in the late war a mere lad of fourteen (1710); and finding himself still unskilled in arms when England made peace at Utrecht, he had chosen to stay for six years longer, a volunteer, with the forces of Prince Eugene in the East. At twenty-two he had come back to England (1718), to take upon himself the responsibilities

which had fallen to him by reason of the death of his older brothers; and in 1722 he had entered the House of Commons, eager as ever to learn his duty and do it. He kept always a sort of knightly quality, and the power to plan and hope and push forward which belongs to youth. He was a Tory, and believed that the Stuarts should have the throne from which they had been thrust before he was born; but that did not make him disloyal. He was an ardent reformer; but that did not make him visionary, for he was also trained in affairs. His clear-cut features, frank eye, erect and slender figure, bespoke him every inch the high-bred gentleman and the decisive man of action.

In Parliament he had been made one of a committee to inspect prisons; and he had been keenly touched by the miserable plight of the many honest men who, through mere misfortune, were there languishing in hopeless imprisonment for debt. He bethought himself of the possibility of giving such men a new chance of life and the recovery of fortune in America; and the thought grew into a plan for a new colony. He knew how the southern coast lay vacant between Charleston and the Spaniards at St. Augustine. There were good lands there, no doubt; and his soldier's eye showed him, by a mere glance at a map, how fine a point of advantage it might be made if fortified against the alien power in Florida. And so he made his plans. It should be a military colony, a colony of fortified posts; and honest men who had fallen upon poverty or misfortune at home should have a chance, if they would work, to profit by the undertaking, though he should take them from debtors' prisons. Both king and Parliament listened very willingly to what he proposed. The king signed a

charter, giving the undertaking into the hands of trustees, who were in effect to be proprietors (June, 1732); and Parliament voted ten thousand pounds as its subscription to the enterprise; while men of as liberal a spirit as Oglethorpe's as-



JAMES EDWARD OGLETHORPE

sociated themselves with him to carry the humane plan out, giving money, counsel, and service without so much as an expectation of gain to themselves, or any material return for their outlay. Men had ceased by that time to dream that colonization would make those rich who fathered it and paid its first bills. By the end of October, 1732, the first ship-load of settlers was off for America, Oglethorpe himself at their head; and by February, 1733, they were already busy building their first settlement on Yamacraw Bluff, within the broad stream of the Savannah.

The colony had in its charter been christened Georgia, in honor of the king, who had so cordially approved of its foundation; the settlement at Yamacraw, Oglethorpe called by the name of the river itself, Savannah. His colonists were no mere company of released debt-

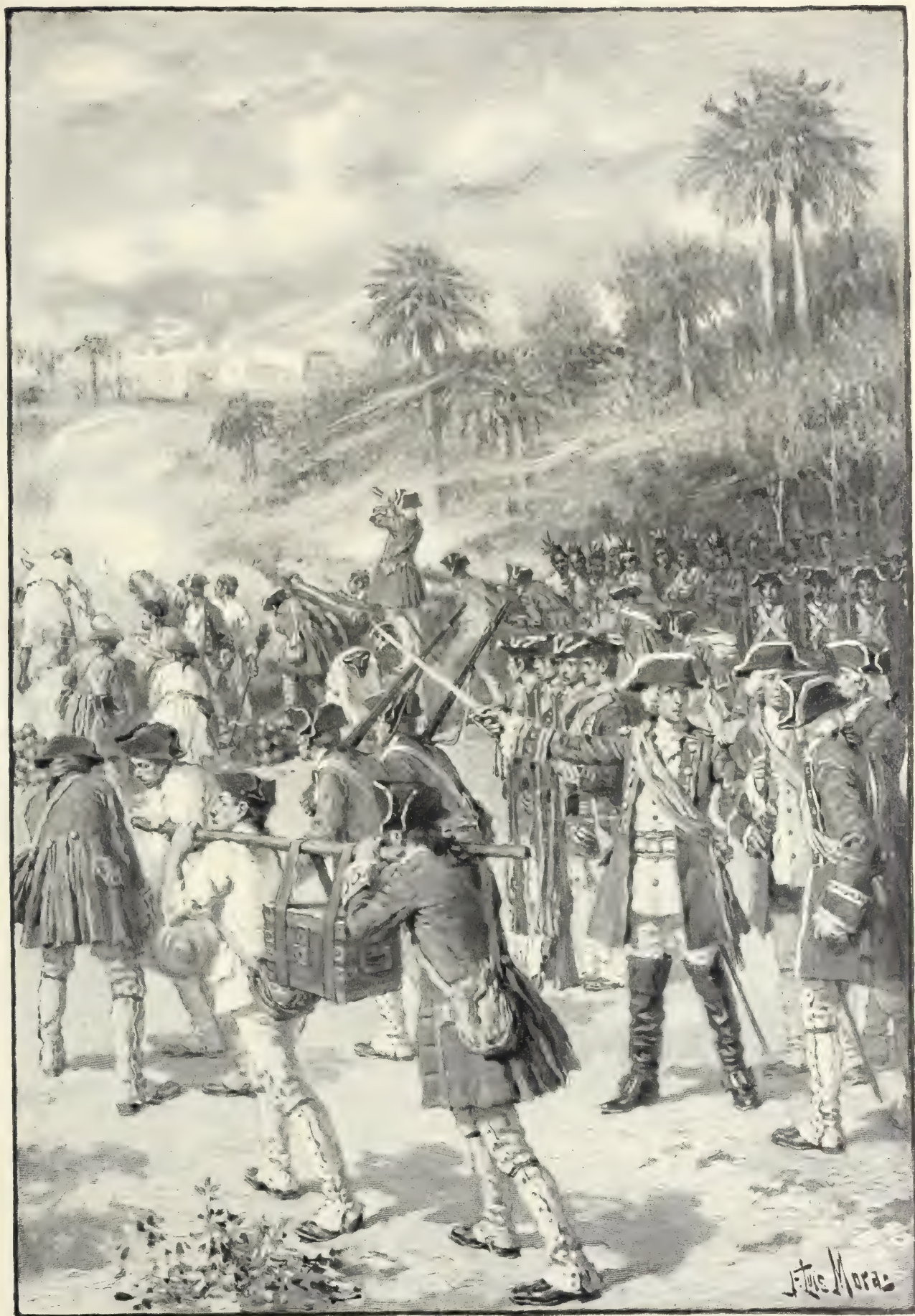
ors and shiftless ne'er-do-wells. Men had long ago learned the folly of that mistake, and Oglethorpe was too much a man of the world to repeat the failures of others. Every emigrant had been subjected to a thorough examination regarding his antecedents, his honesty, his character for energy and good behavior, and had been brought because he had been deemed fit. Italians skilled in silk-culture were introduced into the colony. Sober German protestants came from Moravia, and from Salzburg by Tirol, and were given their separate places of settlement,—as quiet, frugal, industrious, pious folk as the first Pilgrims at Plymouth. Clansmen from the Scottish Highlands came, and were set at the extreme south, as an outpost to meet the Spaniard. Some of the Carolina settlers who would have liked themselves to have the Highlanders for neighbors tried to dissuade them from going to the spot selected for their settlement. They told them that the Spaniards were so near at hand that they would shoot them from the windows of the houses that stood within the fort. "Why, then, we shall beat them out of their fort, and shall have houses ready built to live in!" cried the men in kilts, very cheerily, and went on to their settlement.

Fortunately it was seven years before the war with Spain came which every one had known from the first to be inevitable; and by that time the little colony was ready enough. Georgia's territory stretched upon the coast from the Savannah to the Altamaha, and from the coast ran back, west and northwest, to the sources of those rivers; from their sources due westward "to the South Seas." Savannah was thus planted at the very borders of South Carolina. New settlers were placed as they came, some in Savannah, many by the upper reaches of the river. The Highlanders had their post of danger and honor upon the Altamaha; and before war came, new settlers, additional arms and stores, and serviceable fortifications had been placed at Frederica, upon the sheltered side of St. Simon's Island, at the mouth of the Altamaha. Every settlement was in some sort a fortified military post. The first settlers had been drilled in arms by sergeants of the Royal Guards in Lon-

don every day between the time of their assembling and the time of their departure. Arms and ammunition were as abundant almost as agricultural tools and food stores in the cargoes carried out. Negro slavery was forbidden in the colony, because it was no small part of Oglethorpe's purpose in founding it to close the Carolina border to fugitive slaves. No liquor could be brought in. It was designed that the life of the settlements should be touched with something of the rigor of military discipline; and so long as Oglethorpe himself was at hand laws were respected and obeyed, rigid and unacceptable though they were; for he was a born ruler of men.

He had not chosen very wisely, however, when he brought Charles and John Wesley out as his spiritual advisers and the pastors of his colony. They were men as inapt at yielding and as strenuous at following their own way of action as he was. They staid but three or four uneasy years in America, and then returned to do their great work of setting up a new dissenting church in England. George Whitefield followed them (1738) in their missionary labors under Oglethorpe, and preached there for a little acceptably enough; but he, too, was very soon back in England again. The very year Oglethorpe brought Charles Wesley to Georgia (1734) a great wave of religious feeling swept over New England again,—not sober, self-contained, deep-currented, like the steady fervor of the old days, but passionate, full of deep excitement, agitated, too like a frenzy. Enthusiasts who saw it rise and run its course were wont to speak of it afterwards as "the Great Awakening," but the graver sort were deeply disturbed by it. It did not spend its force till quite fifteen years had come and gone. Mr. Whitefield returned to America in 1739, to add to it the impulse of his impassioned preaching,—going once more to Georgia also. Again and again he came upon the same errand, stirring many a colony with his singular eloquence; but Georgia was busy with other things, and heeded him less than the rest.

When the inevitable war came with Spain, in 1739,—inevitable because of trade rivalries in the West Indies and in



OGLETHORPE'S EXPEDITION AGAINST ST. AUGUSTINE

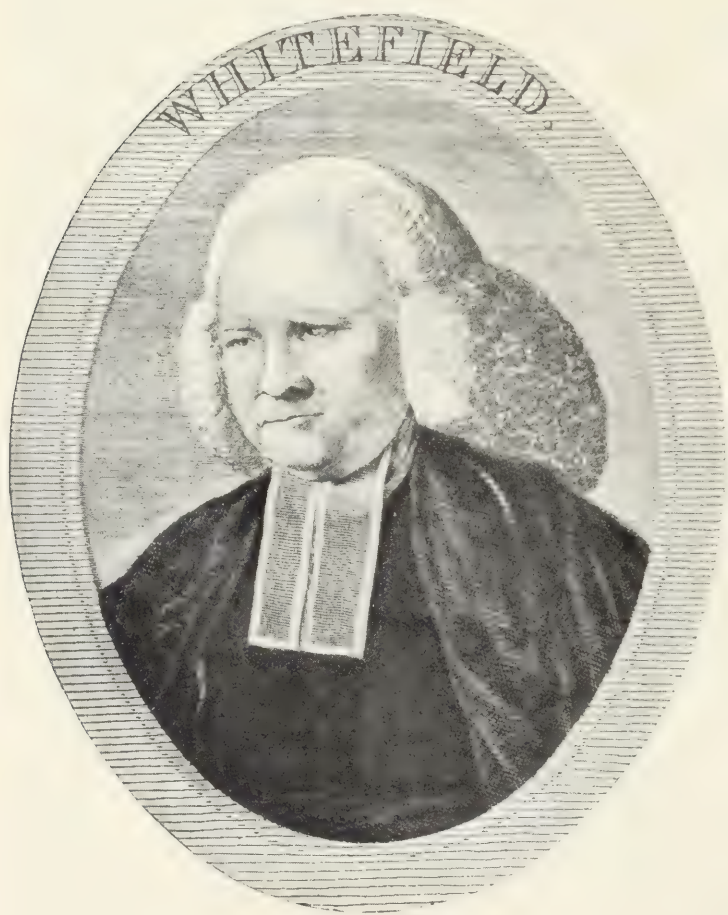
South America, and because of political rivalry at the borders of Florida,—Oglethorpe was almost the first to strike. Admiral Vernon had been despatched in midsummer, 1739, before the declaration of war, to destroy the Spanish settlements and distress Spanish commerce in the West Indies; and had promptly taken Porto Bello in November, scarcely a month after war had been formally declared. Oglethorpe struck next, at St. Augustine. It was this he had looked forward to in founding his colony. In May, 1740, he moved to the attack with a mixed army of redskins and provincial militia numbering a little more than two thousand men,—supported at sea by a little fleet of six vessels of war under Sir Yelverton Peyton. But there had

nevertheless. For two years the Spaniards held nervously off, carefully on the defensive; and when they did in their turn attack, Oglethorpe beat them handsomely off, and more than wiped out the disrepute of his miscarriage at St. Augustine. In June, 1742, there came to St. Simon's Island a Spanish fleet of fifty-one sail, nearly five thousand troops aboard, and Oglethorpe beat them off with six hundred and fifty men,—working his little forts like a master, and his single guard-schooner and few paltry armed sloops as if they were a navy. Such a deliverance, cried Mr. Whitefield, could not be paralleled save in Old Testament history.

Meanwhile Vernon and Wentworth had met with overwhelming disaster at Cartagena. With a great fleet of ships of the line and a land force of nine thousand men, they had made their assault upon it in March, 1741; but because Wentworth bungled everything he did with his troops the attack miserably failed. He was caught by the deadly wet season of the tropics; disease reduced his army to a wretched handful; and thousands of lives were thrown away in his dismal disgrace. Both New England and Virginia had sent troops to take their part with that doomed army; and the colonies knew, in great bitterness, how few came home again. The war had its issues for them, they knew, as well as for the governments across the water. It meant one more reckoning with the Spaniard and the Frenchman, their rivals for the mastery of America. And in 1745 New England had a triumph of her own, more gratifying even than Oglethorpe's astonishing achievement at St. Simon's Island.

been too much delay in getting the motley force together. The Spaniards had procured re-enforcements from Havana; the English ships found it impracticable to get near enough to the Spanish works to use their guns with effect; Oglethorpe had no proper siege-pieces; and the attack utterly failed. It had its effect,

Only for a few months had England dealt with Spain alone upon a private quarrel. In 1740 the male line of the great Austrian House of Hapsburg had run out: Maria Theresa took the throne; rival claimants disputed her right to the succession; and all Europe was presently plunged into the "War



of the Austrian Succession" (1740-1748). "King George's War" they called it in the colonies, when France and England became embroiled; but the name did not make it doubtful what interests or what ambitions were involved; and New England struck her own blow at the power of France. A force of about four thousand men, levied in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Connecticut, moved in the spring of 1745 against the French port of Louisbourg, on Cape Breton Island. Commodore Warren, the English naval commander in the West Indies, furnished ships for their convoy, and himself supported them at the siege; and by the 16th of June the place had been taken. For twenty-five years the French had been slowly building its fortifications, covering with them an area two and a half miles in circumference. They had made them, they supposed, impregnable. But the English had struck quickly, without warning, and with a skill and ardor which made them well-nigh irresistible; and their triumph was complete. Provincial troops had taken the most formidable fortress in America. William Pepperrell, the gallant gentleman who had led the New Englanders, got a baronetcy for his victory. Warren was made an admiral.

The next year an attack was planned against the French at Crown Point, on Champlain, but nothing came of it. The war almost stood still thenceforth, so far as the colonies were concerned, till peace was signed at Aix-la-Chapelle, October, 1748. That peace brought great chagrin to New England. By its terms Louisbourg and all conquests everywhere were restored. The whole work was to do over again, as after King William's War

and the restoration of Port Royal, which Sir William Phips had been at such pains to take. The peace stood, however, little longer than that which had separated King William's War from the War of the Spanish Succession. Seven



SIR WILLIAM PEPPERRELL

years, and France and England had once more grappled,—this time for a final settlement. All the seven years through, the coming on of war was plainly to be seen by all who knew where to look for the signs of the times. The French and English in that brief interval were not merely to approach, they were to meet in the western valleys, and the first spark of a war that was to embroil all Europe was presently to flash out in the still forests beyond the far Alleghenies.

It was on the borders of Virginia this time that the first act of the drama was to be cast. The French determined both to shorten and to close their lines of oc-

cupation and defence from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi and the Gulf. They knew that they could do this only by taking possession of the valley of the Ohio; and the plan was no sooner formed than it was attempted. And yet to do this was to come closer than ever to the English and to act under their very eyes. A few German families had made their way far to the westward in Pennsylvania, and hundreds of the indomitable Scots-Irish had been crowding in there for now quite twenty years, passing on, many of them, to the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah below, and pressing everywhere closer and closer to the passes which led down but a little way beyond into the valleys of the Alleghenies, the Monongahela, and the Ohio. These men, at the frontiers of Pennsylvania and Virginia, were sure to observe what was going forward in front of them, and to understand what they saw. Traders crossed those mountains now by the score from the English settlements,—three hundred in a year, it was said. They knew the waters that ran to the Ohio quite as well as any Frenchman did. Their canoes had followed the turnings of the broad Ohio itself, and had found it a highway to the spreading Mississippi, where French boats floated slowly down from the country of the Illinois, carrying their cargoes of meat, grain, tobacco, tallow, hides, lead, and oil to the settlements on the Gulf. In 1748, the year of the last peace, certain leading gentlemen in Virginia organized an Ohio Land Company,—among the rest Mr. Augustine Washington, who had served with Vernon and Wentworth at Cartagena, had lost his health in the fatal service, and had named his estate Mount Vernon, in these last days, as his tribute of admiration to the gallant sailor he had learned to love during those fiery days in the south; and in 1750 the English government had granted to the company six hundred thousand acres of land on the coveted river. Virginian officials themselves had not scrupled meanwhile also to issue grants and titles to land beyond the mountains. The English claim to the Ohio country was unhesitating and comprehensive.

The English had seized French traders there as unlicensed intruders, and the French had seized and expelled English-

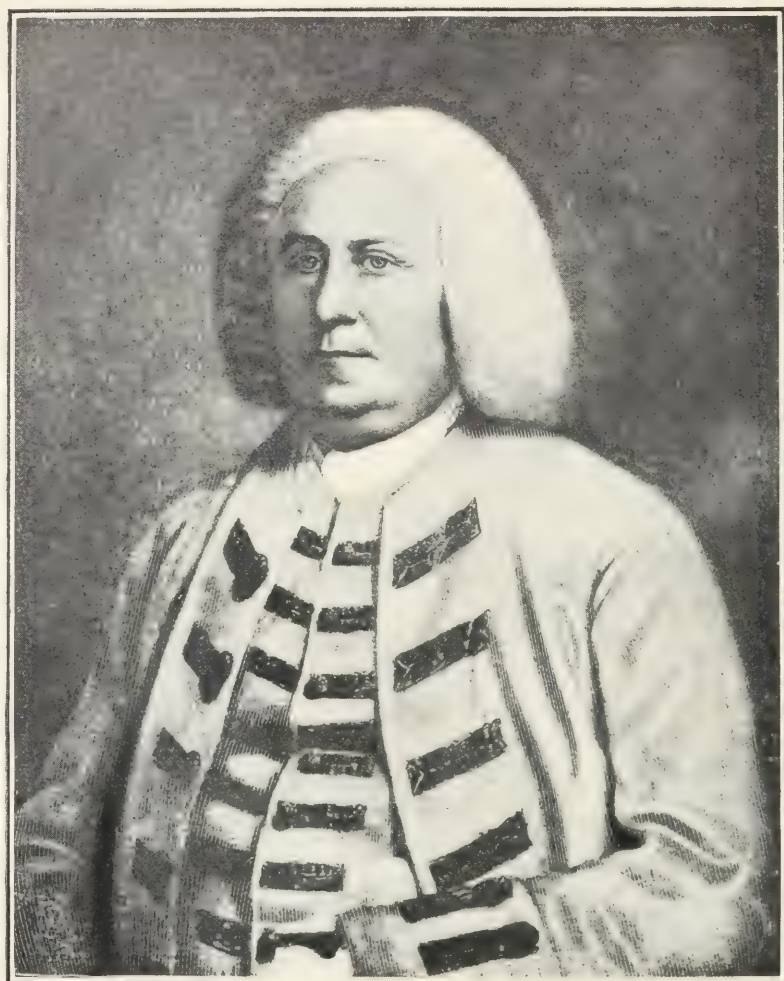
men trafficking there. French and English matched their wits very shrewdly to get and keep the too fickle friendship of the Indians, and so make sure of their trade and their peace with them; and the Indians got what they could from them both. It was a sharp game for a great advantage, and the governments of the two peoples could not long refrain from taking a hand in it. The French authorities, it turned out, were, as usual, the first to act. In 1752 the Marquis Duquesne became governor of Canada, an energetic soldier in his prime; and it was he who took the first decisive step.

In the spring of 1753 he despatched a force to Presque Isle, on the southern shore of Lake Erie, built a log fort there, and thence cut a portage for his boats southward a little way through the forest to a creek (French Creek the English called it afterwards) whose waters, when at flood, would carry his boats to the Allegheny, and by that open stream to the Ohio. It was the short and straight way from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi and the Gulf. At the creek's head he placed another log fort (*Le Bœuf*), and an outpost at the Allegheny.

The same year that saw the Marquis Duquesne made governor in Canada saw Robert Dinwiddie come out as governor of Virginia, and no one was likelier than he to mark and comprehend the situation on the border. Mr. Dinwiddie had been bred in a counting-house, for he was the son of a well-to-do merchant of Glasgow; but business had long ago become for him a matter of government. He had gone in his prime to be collector of customs in Bermuda; and after serving in that post for eleven years he had been made surveyor-general of customs in the southern ports of America,—a post in which he served most acceptably for another ten years. For twenty years he had shown singular zeal and capacity in difficult and, for many men, demoralizing matters of administration. He had lived in Virginia when surveyor-general of customs. During the two years which immediately preceded his appointment to the governorship of the Old Dominion he had engaged in business on his own account in London, and had become by purchase one of the twenty stockholders of the Ohio Land Company. He came to



THE CAPITULATION OF LOUISBOURG



ROBERT DINWIDDIE

his new office, therefore, acquainted in more than one way with the leading men of the colony,—especially with Mr. Augustine Washington, now the Ohio Company's president, and the little group of influential gentlemen,—Lees, Fairfaxes, and the rest,—often to be found gathered at Mount Vernon; and he came with his eyes on the western lands where the company and his government were alike bound to see to it that the French were checked.

He saw Duquesne's movement at its very outset, warned the government at home, and was promptly instructed to require the French "peaceably to depart," and if they would not go for the warning, "to drive them off by force of arms." He chose as his messenger to carry the summons to depart Mr. George Washing-

ton, half-brother to Mr. Augustine Washington, of Mount Vernon. George Washington was only a lad of twenty-one, but he had hardened already to the work of a man. He had had no English schooling, such as his brother had had, but had gone from the simple schools and tutors of the country-side to serve as a surveyor for Lord Fairfax in the rough country of the Shenandoah Valley,—whither Fairfax, heir of the old Culpeper grants, had come to seek a life away from courts in the picturesque wilderness of America. Augustine Washington died the very year Mr. Dinwiddie became governor, though he was but thirty-four; and he had left George, lad though he was, to administer his estate and serve in his stead as commander of the militia of eleven counties. Governor Dinwiddie

knew whom he was choosing when he sent this drilled and experienced youngster, already a frontiersman, to bid the French leave the Ohio. The message was carried in the dead of winter to the grave and courteous soldier who commanded at Fort Le Bœuf; and Washington tried the strength even of the veteran frontiersmen who accompanied him by the forced marches he made thither and back again through the dense and frosted woods, across frozen streams, and through the pathless, storm-beaten tangles of deep forests, where there was hardly so much as the track of a bison for their horses to walk in. He reported that the French had received him very graciously, but had claimed the Ohio country as their own, had made no pretence that they would abandon it because the English bade them, and clearly meant to establish themselves where they were. Juniors among their officers had told him so very plainly as he sat with them after dinner in a house which they had seized from an English trader.

He was back at Williamsburg with his report by the middle of January, 1754; and the next month a small body of frontiersmen was hurried forward to make a clearing at the forks of the Ohio and begin the construction of fortifications there ere spring came and the French. The French came, nevertheless, all too soon. By the 17th of April their canoes swarmed there, bearing five hundred men and field ordnance, and the forty Englishmen who held the rude, unfinished defences of the place had no choice but to retire or be blown into the water. The French knew the importance of the place as a key to the western lands, and they meant to have it, though they should take it by open act of war. Their force there numbered fourteen hundred before summer came. They built a veritable fort, of the rough frontier pattern, but strong enough, as it seemed, to make the post secure, and waited to see what the English would do, calling their post Duquesne.

Dinwiddie had acted with good Scots capacity, as efficiently and as promptly as he could with the power he had. He was obliged to deal with a colonial assembly,—the French governors were not; and the Virginian burgesses thought of domestic matters when Dinwiddie's thought

was at the frontier. While Washington was deep in the forests, bearing his message, they quarrelled with the governor about the new fees which were charged since his coming for grants of the public land; and they refused him money because he would not yield in the matter. But when they knew how things actually stood in the west, and saw that the governor could levy troops for the exigency whether they acted with him or not, and pay for them out of his own pocket if necessary, they voted supplies. There was no highway of open rivers for the Virginians as for the French, by which they could descend to the forks of the Ohio; and Virginia had no ready troops as the French had. Raw levies of volunteers had first to be got together; and when they had been hastily gathered, clothed, and a little drilled, the first use to which it was necessary to put them was to cut a rough, mountainous road for themselves through the untouched forests which lay thick upon the towering Blue Ridge. It was painfully slow work, wrought at for week after week, and the French were safely intrenched at Duquesne before the tired Virginian recruits had crossed the crest of the mountains. By midsummer they were ready to strike and drive the English back.

Blood had been spilled between the rivals ere that. Washington was in command of the little force which had cut its way through the forest, and he did not understand that he had been sent into the west this time merely to bear a message. When, therefore, upon a day in May (28 May, 1754) he found a party of French lurking at his front in a thicketed glade, he did not hesitate to lead an attacking party of forty against them. The young commander of the French scouts was killed in the sharp encounter, and his thirty men were made prisoners. Men on both sides of the sea knew, when they heard that news, that war had begun. Young Washington had forced the hands of the statesmen in London and Paris, and all Europe presently took the flame he had kindled. In July, Washington was obliged to retire. He had only three hundred and fifty men, all told, at the rudely intrenched camp which he had constructed in the open glade of "Great

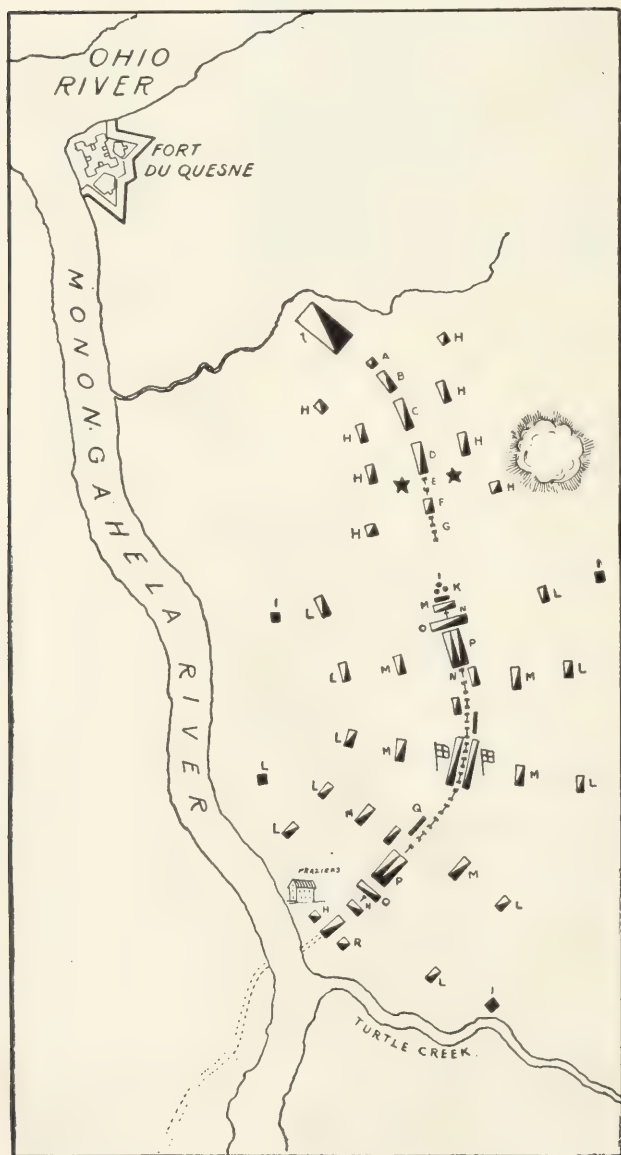
Meadows," as the best place to await re-enforcements; and in July the French were upon him with a force of seven hundred. All day he fought (3 July, 1754), in a drenching rain, the French firing from the edges of the woods, his own men in their shallow flooded trenches in the open; but by night he knew he must give way. The French offered him an honorable capitulation, and the next day let him go untouched, men and arms, with such stores as he could carry.

That was a bad beginning at winning the west from the French; and all the worse because it showed how weak the English were at such work. The colonies would not co-operate, and when they acted at all, acted sluggishly, as if war would wait for both parties to get ready. The assemblies of Pennsylvania and New York declared very coolly that they did

not see what right the English crown had to the valley of the Ohio. Maryland had been about to raise a force, but had not yet done so when the fatal day at Great Meadows came. Two "independent companies" in the king's pay had been ordered from New York, and a like company from South Carolina; and North Carolina had sent forward three hundred and fifty men; but only the single company from South Carolina had reached Great Meadows, where Washington was, before the French were upon him. Dinwiddie, and every other governor who heeded or wrote of the business, told the ministers in England that they must act, and send the king's own troops. Happily the ministers saw at last the importance of what should be won or lost in America, and troops were sent. For Europe it was the beginning of the momentous Seven Years' War (1755-1763), which was to see the great Frederick of Prussia prove his mastery in the field; which was to spread from Europe to Asia and to Africa; which was to win for England from the French both India and America. But for the colonists in America it was only "the French and Indian War." Their own continent was the seat of their thoughts.

The beginnings the home government made were small and weak enough; but they were at any rate acting, and might, if they kept long enough at the business, learn and do all that was necessary to make good their mastery against a weaker rival. By the 20th of February, 1755, transports were in the Chesapeake, bringing two regiments of the king's regulars, to be sent against Duquesne. The French, too, were astir. Early in the spring eighteen French ships of war sailed for Canada, carrying six battalions and a new governor; and though the English put an equal fleet to sea to intercept them, they got into the St. Lawrence with the loss of but two of their ships, which had strayed from the fleet and been found by the English befogged and bewildered off the American coast. The scene was set for war both north and south.

Major-General Edward Braddock commanded the regiments sent to Virginia, and was commissioned to be commander-in-chief in America. He therefore called



Map Of Braddock's Defeat



WILLIAM PITT

the chief colonial governors to a conference at Alexandria, his headquarters. By the middle of April five had come: Robert Dinwiddie, of course, the governor of Virginia; Robert Hunter Morris, whose thankless task it was to get war votes out of the Pennsylvania assembly of Quakers and lethargic German farmers; Horatio Sharpe, the brave and energetic gentleman who was governor of Maryland; James De Lancey, the people's governor, of New York; and William Shirley, governor of Massachusetts, as strenuous as Dinwiddie, past sixty, but eager for the field, though he had been bred a lawyer,—every inch “a gentleman and politician,” it was said. It was he who had done most to organize and expe-

dite the attack on Louisbourg which had succeeded so handsomely ten years ago (1745), and he would at any rate not fail for lack of self-confidence. The conference planned an attack on Niagara, to be led by Shirley himself, to cut the French off from Duquesne; an attack on Crown Point, led by Colonel William Johnson, of New York, whom the Mohawks would follow, to break the hold of the French on Champlain; an attack upon Beauséjour, in Acadia, under the leadership of Lieutenant-Colonel Monckton, of the king's regulars; and a movement under the command of General Braddock himself, straight through the forests against Duquesne, by the way Washington had cut to Great Meadows.

It would have been much better had General Braddock chosen a route farther to the north, where the Pennsylvania farmers of the frontier had begun to make roads and open the forests for the plough; but it made little difference, after all, which way he went: his temper and his training doomed him to fail. He lacked neither courage nor capacity, but he sadly lacked discretion. He meant to make his campaign in that wilderness by the rules of war he had learned in Europe, where the forests were cleared away and no subtle savages could dog or ambush an army; and he would take no advice from provincials. Few but Washington cared to volunteer advice, for the commander-in-chief was "a very Iroquois in disposition." He took two thousand men into the wilderness, with artillery trains and baggage: fourteen hundred regulars, nearly five hundred Virginians, horse and foot, two independent companies from New York, and a few sailors from the transports, to rig tackle to get his stores and field-pieces out of difficulties on the rough road. Washington went with the confident commander, by special invitation, to act as one of his aides, and was the only provincial officer whose advice was given so much as consideration during all the weary weeks in which the little army fought its way with axe and spade through the dense woods. And then the fatal day came which filled all the colonies with dismay. The French commander at Duquesne had no such force as Braddock was bringing against him. He expected to be obliged to retire. But on the 9th of July the English general, with his advance force of twelve hundred men, forded the shallow Monongahela but eight miles from Duquesne, and striking into the trail which led to the fort, walked into an ambush. A thousand men,—Indians chiefly, and Canadian provincials,—poured a deadly fire upon him from the thick cover of the woods on either hand. He would not open his order and meet the attack in forest fashion, as Washington begged him to do, but kept his men formed and crowded in the open spaces of the road, to be almost annihilated, and hurled back, a mere remnant, in utter rout. It was shameful, pitiful. Washington and his Virginian rangers could with difficulty

keep the rear when the rout came, and bring the stricken commander off, to die in the retreat. Dinwiddie could not persuade the officers left in command even to stay upon the Virginian frontier to keep the border settlements safe against the savages. It was Washington's impossible task for the rest of the war to guard three hundred and fifty miles of frontier with a handful of half-fed provincial militia, where the little huts and tiny settlements of the Scots-Irish immigrants lay scattered far and wide among the foot-hills and valleys of the spreading mountain country, open everywhere to the swift and secret onset of the pitiless redskins.

Braddock's papers, abandoned in the panic of the rout, fell into the hands of the French, and made known to them all the English plans. They were warned what to do, and did it as promptly as possible. Shirley gave up the attempt to take Niagara before reaching the lake. Johnson, assisted by Lyman of Connecticut, met the French under Dieskau at Lake George, and drove them back (8 September, 1755),—the commander and part of the force the French had so hastily despatched to America in the spring,—and Dieskau himself fell into their hands; but they did not follow up their success or shake the hold of the French upon the line of lakes and streams which ran from the heart of New York, like a highway, to the valley of the St. Lawrence. The attack upon Beauséjour alone accomplished what was planned. A force of two thousand New England provincials, under Colonel Monekton and Colonel John Winslow, found the half-finished fortifications of the French on Beauséjour Hill in their hands almost before their siege was fairly placed; and Acadia was more than ever secure.

There followed nearly three years of unbroken failure and defeat. In 1756 the Marquis Montcalm succeeded Dieskau as commander in Canada, and the very year of his coming took and destroyed the English forts at Oswego. That same year the Earl of Loudon came over to take charge of the war for the English; but he did nothing effective. The government at home sent re-enforcements, but nothing was done with them that counted for success. "I dread to



1st Minnesota Infantry,
Federal Volunteers

THE MORNING OF THE BATTLE OF THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

hear from America," exclaimed Pitt. In 1757 Loudon withdrew the best of his forces to the north, to make an attack on Louisbourg. Montcalm took advantage of the movement to capture Fort William Henry, the advanced post of the English on Lake George; and Loudon failed in his designs against Louisbourg. Even the stout and wily English frontiersmen of the northern border found themselves for a little while overmatched. In March, 1758, Robert Rogers, the doughty New Hampshire ranger whose successful exploits of daring all the northern border knew, was beaten by a scouting party from Ticonderoga, and barely came off with his life. The pouring in of troops, even of regulars from over sea, seemed to count for nothing. General James Abercrombie led an army of fifteen thousand men, six thousand of them regulars, against Ticonderoga, where Montcalm had less than four thousand; blundered at every critical point of the attack; lost two thousand men; and retired almost as if in flight (July, 1758).

But that was the end of failure. The year 1757 had seen the great Pitt come into control of affairs in England, and no more incompetent men were chosen to command in America. Pitt had been mistaken in regard to Abercrombie, whom he had retained; but he made no more mistakes of that kind, and a war of failure was transformed into a war of victories, quick and decisive. Two more years, and the French no longer had possessions in America that any nation need covet. Pitt saw to it that the forces, as well as the talents, used were adequate. In July, 1758, a powerful fleet under Admiral Boscawen, and twelve thousand troops under General Jeffrey Amherst, whom Pitt had specially chosen for the command, invested and took Louisbourg. In August, Colonel John Bradstreet, with three thousand of Abercrombie's men, drove the French from Fort Frontenac at Oswego. In November, the French abandoned Fort Duquesne, upon the approach of a force under General Forbes and Colonel Washington. In June, 1759, Johnson captured the French fort at Niagara and cut the route to the Ohio,—where Fort Duquesne gave place to Fort Pitt. At midsummer, General Amherst, after his thor-

ough fashion, led eleven thousand men against Ticonderoga, and had the satisfaction of seeing the French retire before him. He cleared Lake George, and captured and strengthened Crown Point upon Champlain. The French needed all their power in the north, for Pitt had sent Wolfe against Quebec. They had concentrated quite fourteen thousand men in and about the towering city ere Wolfe came (21 June, 1759) with scarcely nine thousand, and their fortifications stood everywhere ready to defend the place. For close upon three months the English struck at their strength in vain,—first here and then there,—in their busy efforts to find a spot where to get a foothold against the massive stronghold,—Montcalm holding all the while within his defences to tire them out; until at last, upon a night in September which all the world remembers, Wolfe made his way by a path which lay within a deep ravine upwards to the Heights of Abraham, and there lost his life and won Canada for England (13 September, 1759).

After that the rest of the task was simple enough. The next year Montreal was yielded up, all Canada passed into the hands of the English, and the war was practically over. There were yet three more years to wait before formal peace should be concluded, because the nations of Europe did not decide their affairs by the issue of battles and sieges in America; but for the English colonies the great struggle was ended. By the formal peace, signed in 1763, at Paris, England gained Canada, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton Island, and all the islands of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the river and harbor of Mobile, and all the disputed lands of the continent, north and south, between the eastern mountain ranges and mid-stream of the Mississippi,—except New Orleans,—besides the free navigation of the great river. From Spain she got Florida. France had the year before (1762) ceded to Spain her province of "Louisiana," the great region beyond the Mississippi, whose extent and boundaries no man could tell. She was utterly stripped of her American possessions, and the English might look forward to a new age in their colonies.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A White Penitent

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

I

HERE in Provence it is the custom among our men of godly life, when they are old and come to die, to be clad in the habit of the White Penitents. To this charitable lay order very many of our men belong; and the meaning of their wearing the white habit of the order to die in is to show that they are resigned humbly to God's will. When it has been put upon them the priest gives them the Viaticum—the "provision for a journey"—and anoints them with the holy oil. And then, departing upon the journey—from Time out into Eternity—for which the Viaticum has prepared them, their souls come forth from their bodies and trustingly or tremblingly go home to God.

So my old Jan died three days ago: my old Jan who has been my husband for a year more than fifty years; whom, through all that long time, I have believed to be—whom all the world has believed to be—just what our Curé said he was in the funeral sermon to-day: "Of a goodness with the very angels who stand before the throne of God."

My children and my grandchildren, gathered around me, were sobbing when our Curé said that; from everywhere in the church, packed full as it would hold, I heard the sound of sobs. As for me, my face being hid by my veil, I was smiling in scorn of our Curé's fine words. Only by a great effort—I did not wish to make a public scandal—did I restrain myself from laughing aloud.

I wanted to laugh not only because our Curé said that about my old Jan, but also because our Curé—or any man speaking about any other man—had the effrontery to say such words at all. He is old, now, Monsieur le Curé, and he has a great reputation among us—just as my old Jan had a great reputation among us—for his piety. He has ministered to us for more than fifty years,

and we all have revered him and loved him. I say we, because I have revered him and loved him along with the rest. When my little Jan died—all in a moment, in the cholera summer long ago—it was our Curé who saved me, my old Jan helping him, from going mad. Ever since that summer he has kept our hearts. Never an evil word has been spoken against him in all these fifty years. But, also, never an evil word has been spoken for more than fifty years against my old Jan.

When the service in the church was ended—when they had aspersed the coffin and had incensed it—we took my old Jan up to the cemetery on the sunny hill-side above the town and there we buried him: I, and my sons and my daughters, and my grandchildren, and my baby great-grandchildren, and with us the whole town besides. Our cemetery lies on the hill-side that rises to the bases of our mountains, the Alpilles; and close above the cemetery is the great precipice on the western face of our highest mountain, La Caume. He knew, of course, my old Jan, where his burial-place would be when death came to him. I wonder if ever he thought how he would feel, lying there beneath the precipice of La Caume until the Judgment day?

It was a fine funeral that we gave him. At the head, in his best dress, marched our Suisse. Close behind him came a chorister carrying the large silver cross—not the little one. Then came our Curé and our Vicaire and all the choristers chanting together. Our man Lange, who has worked on our farm for nearly thirty years, carried the great candle before the bier. As for the bier, it was a mass of wreaths. The Sous-Préfet himself sent a wreath. Everybody sent wreaths. My old Jan's coffin was lost beneath the flowers. Behind the bier we had the best pall carried—the one that costs twenty-five francs. We had

that, just as we had the best cross. Also, the pall of the *Fraternité de Bon Secours* was carried—the society to which my old Jan has belonged ever since he was fourteen years old. Behind the palls came we of the family; and after us, as I have said, was all the town.

In the procession walked *Monsieur le Maire* and *Monsieur l'Adjoint*. They both—not having been found out yet—are greatly respected among us. Then came all of our *conseillers municipaux*; then our *juge de paix*, with our *juges suppléants* and our *greffier* and *huissier*; then our *commissaire de police* and our *brigadier de gendarmes*. Following these dignitaries came the great body of our townsfolk, ending with all the school-children—first a long line of little boys, then a long line of little girls. It was by the order of *Monsieur le Maire* that the children came to my old Jan's funeral. It was desirable, he said in his order, that the children of the town should have impressed upon their minds the salutary fact that a virtuous life wins as surely the respect of men as it wins surely the approval of God. *Monsieur le Maire*, you will observe, as well as *Monsieur le Curé*, gives us God's opinion with quite an air of authority. Often and often I have heard my old Jan talk in just that same way!

I think that the angels (if there be such things as angels) must spend most of their time, as they look down at us over the white walls of Paradise (if there be such a place as Paradise) in laughing at what they see and hear!

II

Back long ago in the days when *Esprit* and Jan came courting me I was the beauty of our town. I can say that quite frankly now—because I am old and ugly now, and because most of the people who now are our town had not then been born. All the men were fighting for me, and that I liked; and all the women were jealous of me, and that I liked too. It is the way of our *Provençal* women to delight in stirring up the passion of men and the jealousy of other women—and their greater delight to keep a whole string of lovers dangling after them in despair. We are in no hurry to marry when we can play the game that way. Getting married

ends it all. Then we have children and settle down. Yet we like that too; and it is only fair to us to say that, being married and settled, we make good mothers and good wives.

Like all of us who are sure of our market, I was in no hurry to choose among my lovers. It was most entertaining to have them all sighing for me—when they were not fighting for me—and to have them always following at my heels. When the quarters of our town gave their balls, on their saints' days, it was as though I had been the *Sous-Préfet*. Positively, until I came the balls did not begin! It was the same with our great ball, our *fête municipale*, on the 14th of July. And when we went to the fêtes of the villages round about us—to Noves, to Eyragues, to Maillane, to Mollèges, to Château Renard—I sometimes had a guard of honor twenty strong! It was delightful! Also, it was entertaining to amuse myself with my lovers singly: when I was good enough to permit them to walk with me—my cousin *Thérèse* walking discreetly behind us—among the olive-trees beneath the stars.

Of course an end to all this had to come some time or other—I myself not being made of stone—and down in my heart of hearts I knew that when the end did come it would be that I should marry either *Esprit* or Jan.

Choosing between them was very hard indeed. Each of them was tall and strong and handsome; and each of them would be the owner, in time, of a good property. *Esprit* would have one of the quarries of fine sandstone, for which our town is famous all over France, in the *Quartier des Carrières*. Jan would have a flower-farm, in the *Quartier des Jardins*, from which flower seeds were sent all over the world. And, also, both of them were gallant and brave. When we had our courses de taureaux—in the *Arènes Moscou*, or in the *Arènes Chomel*—everybody knew that it would be *Esprit* and Jan who would snatch away all the cockades tied between the horns of the bulls. The only doubt—since luck has a little to do with this sport—was which of them would get the greater number. *Esprit* was the nimbler, and had a bolder way with him; Jan, while slower and less given to taking chances, was the cooler and the more



IT WAS MOST ENTERTAINING TO HAVE THEM ALL SIGHING FOR ME

resolute—and so the balance between them was evenly held. But whichever of them was the winner the cockades always came to me.

They showed the difference that there was in their natures by the different way in which they attacked the bulls. Esprit had a temperament quick and lively; and because of his rough work in the quarries, and because he was accustomed to ordering about the men who worked under him, he was a little rough and very masterful in his ways. Before I would have told him so I would have bitten my tongue out—but I liked him all the better because of his masterful ways. That was instinct, I suppose. Certainly I did not realize then, as I do now, that when we Provençal women are young we need to be held with a strong hand. Yet Jan, though he showed it less, was masterful too. Down under his gentle manner my old Jan—as I have found many and many a time in these past fifty years—had a will that no more could be shaken than our mountains can be shaken. Never

once have I known him to swerve by so much as a hair's-breadth from any purpose on which he had set his mind. I think that in part his gentleness came from the work to which he was bred: the culture of flowers for seed. That is the main business of our town, the culture of flowers for seed, and it is a business that must be carried on daintily and tenderly. You cannot be rough and harsh with flowers.

And so, for a long while, I could not bring myself to a choice between those lovers of mine. Over and over I would say to myself: "It will be Esprit, or it will be Jan." Beyond that I could not get: partly, though, because I did not want to get beyond it—being very well pleased to have the love of both of them, and of all the others besides. But at last—because when I put the matter that way to myself his name always came first—I knew deep down in my heart that it would be Esprit. And so one night when he and I were walking together among the olive-trees beneath the stars—my cousin

Thérèse being quite out of ear-shot behind us—the matter was settled between us for good and all. How his eyes glowed in the starlight as he gave me his first kiss! As I lay awake that night, thinking of his kiss and of all that it meant for me, my heart was lighted up with white joy.

But even in that night of great happiness there was also in my heart a heaviness—as I thought of how my joy meant sorrow for my poor Jan. A night or two later his sorrow came to him. He asked me to walk with him among the olive-trees, and I did not refuse him. I knew what would be said between us and I wanted to have it said, and so be done with it. I told that to Esprit, and he let me take my walk with Jan. Thérèse, I am sure, understood too.

I can see Jan's face now as I gave him the answer that was to part us. In the starlight he looked a dead white—as white as any corpse. And then the glow of love that had been in his eyes went out suddenly, and in its place there shone in his eyes the glow of hate. His look made me shiver. I knew that his hate was for Esprit. He left me quite suddenly, there among the olive-trees, and I walked home with Thérèse. At my own door Esprit was waiting for me. Presently—with Thérèse very far behind us—we were back among the olive-trees again. And then I forgot that there was such a person as Jan in the world!

III

There was quite a commotion in our town when it was known that I had made my mind up at last and had taken Esprit. All the women—that is, all the unmarried ones, who could hope for nothing while I still was free—drew long breaths of thankfulness; and no doubt, though I did not think so then, most of the men who had been dangling after me drew long breaths of thankfulness too—being glad, since nothing could come of it, to have their dangling brought to an end. As for me, I was so happy in Esprit's love that I really did not regret the loss of them at all.

The loss of Jan I did regret. That was natural. He and Esprit for so long had so nearly balanced each other in my heart that I could not all in a moment

cast him out of it. And I was very sorry for him. I did not often see him; but when I did see him the pity that I felt for him kept alive my love—he was so silent and so sad-looking, and his face was so firm-set and so stern. He kept away from me—that I should have known even if the others had not told me that he was glooming for me—staying for the most part close upon his farm; and as his farm was in the Gardens, and as my home was in the Paluds, we had between us the whole width of the town. Where I saw him oftenest was at church. Even then, as a young man, he was very strict and regular in his church-going—our Curé of those days used to hold him up to the other young men as an example. But he did not come to our balls any more; nor did he willingly show himself anywhere, except at church, where he was likely to meet me. What time he spent away from his farm, they told me, he spent in hunting in the mountains. I would get to crying, now and then, when I thought about him off that way in the mountains—knowing in my heart that he went to the mountains not really to hunt, but that he might be alone with the sorrow that through me had come into his life.

Esprit also went hunting in the mountains a good deal; but he, I knew, went for the love of it. All of our young men are very fond of hunting. Our mountains are full of little birds, and the sport is excellent. But it is dangerous sport, because our mountains rise up in bare crags and there are many dreadful precipices down which a man easily may fall. On the western face of La Caume, our highest mountain—the mountain that rises above the cemetery where my old Jan was buried to-day—there is a most frightful precipice. It is a hundred mètres sheer, and above it the rocks are loose and the footing treacherous. In the years of my life three of our young men have been found dead at the foot of that awful wall of rock. When they fall there they are broken out of all knowing. It is horrible!

And it was there, with his splintered gun lying near him, that they found Esprit. They would not let me look at him when he was brought home. Marie Chomel told me. Marie Chomel wanted

Esprit for herself, ugly wench that she was. She married Marius Eycard—and she deserved the bitter life that he led her for what she told me that day.

It was Jan who found my poor Esprit lying there, and it was he who brought the word of it to me. Even in that time of horror and of sorrow, that was near to making a mad woman of me, I was grateful to him for the way that he told me, and for the way that he comforted me. That day I knew what tenderness there was in my old Jan—the tenderness that never has changed nor wavered, even when he has carried his will against mine, in all of our fifty years. And the little that he said then—it was very little, but he said it with such strong conviction that it took hold upon me even in my agony—about asking God to help me, made me feel for the first time that his strict church-going was only the outward sign of a faith that was rooted deep in his heart.

With his soothing talk of God's love for me, always so gentle and so tender, Jan put in no word of his own love for me for a long, long while. But he did tell me, as I began to feel less keenly the horror of Esprit's awful death, about his friendship for me; and, indeed, that needed no telling, because no one could have been to me a truer friend than he was then. Later on he spoke sometimes about the sorrow that had come into his life with losing me. But he made me feel how deep that sorrow was rather by the way that he often looked at me than by his words. Somehow, he being always so gentle and so humble, the pity that I always had felt for him grew to be very, very strong. And then, one day, coming to me with a surprising suddenness, the conviction possessed my heart that my pity for Jan—for this dear Jan who had given me such tender comforting in my bitter sorrow—was not pity at all, but a deep and a grateful love.

It was one afternoon when we were walking among the olive-trees as friends walk—not by starlight, as lovers walk—that this surprising conviction came to me. It made me blush and tremble. My hand was on Jan's arm and he felt the quiver that went through me. He stopped short and looked down into my eyes. For an instant I thought that I saw in his

eyes a look of triumph. Then he said, speaking slowly and very humbly: "May I be more than a friend?"

I do not remember answering him. I only remember his kiss.

IV

And so, a year more than fifty years ago, my old Jan and I were married—and he brought me home to live with him among his flowers. For as long as many a woman's whole life he has been my husband. In all that time I never have had from him an angry look or an angry word. Angry looks and angry words he has had from me a-plenty. It is my nature to be short-tempered. I cannot help it. I flare up all in a moment when things go as I do not want them to go. But my anger never is deep, and a gentle word suffices to end it—and then, in another moment, I am laughing again. My old Jan, when I gave him the rough side of my tongue that way, always was ready to calm me with the gentle word. His touch with me was as unfailingly gentle as it was with his flowers.

Yet my old Jan held me from the very first with a strong hand. That unfailingly gentle touch of his was unfailingly firm. What he decided was the best for me to do—and it always was the best—that I did do. But because of the way that he ordered my life for me I had always the feeling that he was leading me, not that he was driving me. Only, somehow, I had the still deeper feeling—which grew stronger as I grew older and understood human nature better—that it would not be well with me if, refusing to follow him, I ventured to set my will against his. In my heart of hearts I was glad to have that feeling. It gave me a sense of rest and of security to know that I was guided so resolutely, yet so well and so wisely, in all my ways.

My lover he was to the very end. It was not only that he was mindful of my well-being in great matters. A wife's well-being in the serious concerns of life usually is the husband's well-being also. In caring for his wife's important interests the husband, in a way, is only caring for his own. But my old Jan proved that he was my lover always by caring for me always in the little matters that touched me alone. That is what a woman thinks



MY HAND WAS ON JAN'S ARM

most of: the little loving acts that in one way count for nothing at all. A man may beat a woman, now and then, and no harm come of it—if only, when he is not beating her, he stays her heart with those little gifts of gallant service which are the small gold coin of love. And when, as it was with my old Jan and me, he gives her also the great gold coin of love—the deep devotion of the strong nature of a strong man—she sets him upon an altar and worships him in the deep chambers of her heart.

Most of all did my love for my old Jan well up from those deep heart chambers in the seasons of sorrow that came to us as our life went on. Our first great sorrow was in the summer when cholera came to our town and killed our little Jan, our first baby, and I was driven almost mad. Our Curé's words of loving comfort saved me from madness, as I have said; but it was my old Jan's words of a like sort, and still more the deep faith that he seemed to have in them, that made our Curé's comforting sink down into and soften my anger-hardened soul. Twenty years and more later my old Jan gave me the same comforting when our eldest boy, our brave Marius, was shot to death by the Germans in the very first battle of the war. Then, as when our little Jan died, I cried out against God's cruelty. And then, as in the earlier time, my old Jan led me by gentle urging of God's loving tenderness—that to us, who know not its meaning, may seem to be harshness—to find a soothing for my sorrow in yielding without question to God's will.

Did my old Jan, I wonder, have then the thought that I have now: that it was in what he and the Curé and the rest would have called God's mercy (for myself, I no longer believe in God, still less in his mercy) that those our children died before they had children of their own? Somehow, I do not believe that my old Jan had that thought. But, to be sure, it is beyond my own power of thinking to make even a guess at what my old Jan's thoughts could have been. Only I do know that I myself am thankful that they both died—the one a baby, the other a young man still childless—and that through them, at least, our blood has not gone on. Solemnly before God I wish

that our other children also were dead, childless. Better still it would be had never one of them been born.

But whatever my old Jan thought, or did not think, in his soul's dark depths, he showed the same good side to me his whole life long. He never changed at all. Firm he was, and tender he was, and in all his orderings of my ways he was so just that I never could find a good reason—even had I wanted to go counter to him—for crossing his will. And as he was to me—save that his great love was for me only—so he was to all the people of our town.

And I—who for a year more than fifty years have been the closest to him—have believed more firmly than any of them have believed in the pure white beauty of his soul.

V

A week ago my old Jan sickened, and three days ago we knew that his sickness was unto death. He also knew it: and he faced death, coming close to him, with the same grave courage that he has shown in facing adversity all his life long. He did not betray by a single tremor that he had fear either of death or of what might be in waiting for him on death's farther side. As tranquilly as the blessed Saint Francis asked to be laid upon his mat—that his soul might go out of his body humbly—did my old Jan ask us, me and our eldest daughter, to garb him in the robe of a White Penitent: that he also might render up humbly his soul to God. Then our Curé came and gave him the Sacrament and anointed him. Our Curé's tears were falling as he ministered. My old Jan was the calmer of the two. He did not weep—but as he looked from one to another of us there was the deep sorrow of parting in his eyes.

All of us were with him: I, our children, our grandchildren, our baby great-grandchildren. He himself had asked that these, whose life was of our life, should be gathered about him. One by one, motioning them to come close to him, he laid his feeble hands upon them and blessed them. We all were sobbing our very hearts out. In his eyes was the look of deep sorrow, but he did not sob. Speaking faintly and slowly, yet clearly, he bade us be of good cheer. Our parting,



IN HIS EYES WAS THE LOOK OF DEEP SORROW

he said, would not be for long. I heard our Curé whisper to my son Lazare that it was a death-bed like that of a patriarch of old. Blessing them all that way was a heavy strain upon him. When he had ended he had spent the little strength left in him and lay very still.

I sat upon the bed beside him, half supporting him with an arm beneath his shoulders, holding his cold hand. Close around us were our children; yet not so close that they could hear his few very faintly whispered words. What he said, as his breath came more and more feebly, were only love-words—meant for me alone. He was calling me by the pet names that he had made for me in the first months of our marriage, before our little Jan was born. After our little Jan died it hurt me to hear those names and he made new ones for me. We seemed to be back again at our life's beginning when he spoke those sweet love-words which for fifty years had been stilled between us—but which through all that time had been sleeping deep down in our hearts. As I heard them I felt once more the up-swelling love of my young motherhood—the thrilling strange love, beyond my understanding, that then went out from me to my child's father and to my child unborn. I was so stirred by that suddenly awakened memory of my deep happiness—a happiness so deep that there are no words for the telling of it—that for a moment I forgot my old Jan's dying, and all my soul was filled with a very ecstasy of tender joy. I looked down smiling in my old Jan's dying face. It was the very look that I had for him fifty years ago. I know that he recognized it. In his eyes, for an instant, was the answering look that fifty years ago I used to see there. Oh would to God that in that instant he had died!

The light went out from his eyes. His face was grave again, and again was the face of a dying old man. I saw that his lips were moving—and my sorrow came back like a knife into the heart of me as I put my ear down close to his lips to hear his words. They were spoken so faintly that I seemed to be dreaming them rather than really hearing them. But the meaning of them, when it took hold upon me, was like a flame that suddenly was consuming my very soul.

This was what he said with his white dying lips, with the last feeble flutter of his dying breath: "That I might win thee for my own—it was the only way—I took Esprit unawares and threw him down the precipice of La Caume!" As he spoke a little shiver went through his body. Then he lay quite still—dead in his White Penitent's robe.

A moment passed before the black meaning of my old Jan's words was clear to me. In that moment I heard our Curé say, solemnly and very earnestly: "A holy death has ended the holy life of this good man. His soul is in peace with God!" Then I gave a great cry and fell down upon the bed beside my dead old Jan. They thought that I was dead too. Were there truly a God of mercy, He surely would have suffered me then to die. But I am still alive.

VI

That was three days ago—and to-day, upon the hill-side above the town, we buried my old Jan in the cemetery. All the while that the service was going on at the grave I was looking up at the great precipice of La Caume—at the sheer wall of rock down which he who has been my husband cast treacherously him that was my lover more than fifty years ago.

It was not a fair fight. Had they fought fair for me I would have given myself gladly to the living victor, and I would have thought no more of the dead vanquished—I being a Provençale. But it was murder. It was black murder. The thought of my young lover killed that way, foully, suddenly has made my old heart young again, and full of young love for him—my brave Esprit! For his murderer I am filled with a glowing and a consuming hate. But that my old Jan was a murderer is not the worst. Through all these years that he has been living his life of outward saintliness he has been living an inward life of such mortal sin that to think of it dizzies me! Unconfessed of his crime, unabsolved, he has partaken through all these years of the Sacrament. Three days ago he received the Viaticum and was anointed with the holy oil. So he died—in mortal sin—keeping up his outward saintliness to the very end. And this saint who was a murderer, this saint who has lived a long

lifetime in sacrilege, this saint who has died in mortal sin, was—my old Jan!

Think of it! For a year more than fifty years I have been the wife of this sacrilegious murderer! Every day in all that time I have broken bread with him. Every night in all that time I have been clasped to his breast. He is the father of my children. His very life has been merged in mine. And with all the strength of my heart and of my soul I have loved that sacrilegious murderer. With all the strength of my heart and of my soul I have believed—and our whole town has believed with me—that he was as good a man as God ever made. On him I have rested absolutely the foundations of my faith in the goodness of man and in the goodness of God.

Those words of his, whispered with his last breath, have wrecked the world for me. How can I have faith in any one, in anything, since he, my old Jan—who has walked, I have believed, only in the ways of holiness; in whose heart, I have believed, there was nothing hid from me to the very core of it—has borne close at the side of me through a long life the burden of such monstrous crime? Since he was false, I do not believe that a single man ever has been feal.

For me, this night, the very fabric of the earth is riven asunder, and the walls of heaven are falling; and in place of the faith that was in me I believe only that all the things which seem to make life excellent and holy are shams and lies.

With a Rose

BY CHARLES HENRY WEBB

LEST thy rebel lips betray,
On them, sweet, this rose I lay—

Not its petals to surprise
With a red that theirs outvies,

Not to shame them to confess
Fragrance of the Rose is less—

Only with a rose to seal
Rosebud lips, lest they reveal—

Faint unfolding, in their sleep—
What a rose's heart should keep.

Eden since, no wizard knows
Spell that bindeth like the rose—

Flower of Love, the last to leave,
Bud that blossomed first for Eve.

With my rose for lock and key
None shall pick thy lips, pardie!

But to me if they uncloze—
All is safe beneath the rose.

The English Language

ITS DEBT TO KING ALFRED

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

IT is a thousand years since the death of the great Englishman King Alfred, in whose humble translations we may see the beginnings of English literature. Until it has a literature, however unpretending and however artless, a language is not conscious of itself; and it is therefore in no condition to maintain its supremacy over the dialects that are its jealous rivals. And it is by its literature chiefly that a language forever binds together the peoples who speak it—by a literature in which the characteristics of these peoples are revealed and preserved, and in which their ideals are declared and passed down from generation to generation as the most precious heritage of the race.

The historian of the English people asserts that what made Alfred great, small as was his sphere of action, was "the moral grandeur of his life. He lived solely for the good of his people." He laid the foundations for a uniform system of law, and he started schools, wishing that every free-born youth who had the means should "abide at his book till he can understand English writing." He invited scholars from other lands to settle in England; but what most told on English culture was done not by them but by the king himself. He "resolved to throw open to his people in their own tongue the knowledge which till then had been limited to the clergy," and he "took his books as he found them," the popular manuals of the day, Bede and Boethius and Orosius. These he translated with his own hand, editing freely, and expanding and contracting as he saw fit. "Do not blame me if any know Latin better than I," he explained with modest dignity; "for every man must say what he says and must do what he does according to his ability." And Green, from whom this quotation is borrowed, insists that, "simple as was his aim, Alfred created

English literature"—the English literature which is still alive and sturdy after a thousand years, and which is to-day flourishing not only in Great Britain, where Alfred founded it, but here in the United States, in a larger land, the existence of which the good king had no reason ever to surmise.

This English literature is like the language in which it is written, and also like the stock that speaks the language, wherever the race may have planted or transplanted itself, whether by the banks of the little Thames or on the shores of the broad Hudson and the mighty Mississippi. Literature and language and people are practical, no doubt; but they are not what they are often called: they are not prosaic. On the contrary, they are poetic, essentially and indisputably poetic. The peoples that speak English are, and always have been, self-willed and adventurous. This they were long before King Alfred's time, in the early days when they were Teutons merely, and had not yet won their way into Britain; and this they are to-day, when the most of them no longer dwell in old England, but in the newer England here in America. They have ever lacked the restraint and reserve which are the conditions of the best prose; and they have always exulted in the untiring energy and the daring imagination which are the vital elements of poetry. "In his busiest days Alfred found time to learn the old songs of his race by heart," so the historian tells us; "and he bade them be taught in the palace school."

Lyric is what English literature has always been at its best, lyric and dramatic; and the men who speak English have always been individual and independent, every man ready to fight for his own hand; and the English language has gone on its own way, keeping its strength in spite of the efforts of pedants and peda-

gogues to bind it and to stifle it, and ever insisting on renewing its freshness as best it could. Development there has been in language and in literature and in the stock itself, development and growth of many kinds, but no radical change can be detected in all these ten centuries. "No national art is good which is not plainly the nation's own," said Mr. Stopford Brooke in his consideration of the earliest English lyrics. "The poetry of England has owed much to the different races which mingled with the original English race; it has owed much to the different types of poetry it absorbed—Greek, Latin, Welsh, French, Italian, Spanish; but below all these admixtures the English nature wrought its steady will. It seized, it transmuted, it modified, it mastered these admixtures both of races and of song."

The English nature wrought its steady will; but what is this English nature, thus set up as an entity and endowed with conscious purpose? Is there such a thing, of a certainty? Can there be such a thing, indeed? These questions are easier to ask than to answer. It is true that we have been accustomed to credit certain races not merely with certain characteristics, but even with certain qualities, esteeming certain peoples to be specially gifted in one way or another. For example, we have held it as an article of faith that the Greeks, by their display of a surpassing sense of form, proved their possession of an artistic capacity finer and richer than that revealed by any other people since the dawn of civilization. And again, we have seen in the Roman skill in constructive administration, in the Latin success in law-making and in road-building—we have seen in this the evidence of a native faculty denied to their remote predecessors, the Egyptians. Now come the advocates of a later theory, who tell us that the characteristics of the Greeks and of the Romans are not the result of any inherent superiority of theirs, or of any native predisposition toward art or toward administration, but are caused rather by circumstances of climate, of geographical situation, and of historical position. We are assured now that the Romans, had they been in the place of the Greeks and under like circumstances, might have re-

vealed themselves as great masters of form; while the Greeks, had their history been that of the Romans, would certainly have shown the same power of ruling themselves and others, and of compacting the most diverse nations into a single empire.

No doubt the theory of race-characteristics, of stocks variously gifted with specific faculties, has been too vigorously asserted and unduly insisted upon. It was so convenient and so useful that it could not help being overworked. But although it is not so impregnable as it was supposed to be, it need not be surrendered at the first attack; and although we are compelled to abandon the theory as a whole, we can save what it contained of truth.

It is nearly two thousand years since Tacitus studied the Teutonic race-characteristics, and yet most of the peculiarities he noted then are evident now. Tacitus tells us that the Germans were tall, fair-haired, and phlegmatic. They were great eaters, not to say gross feeders; and they were given to strong drink. They were fond of games, and were ready to pay their losses with their persons, if need be. They were individual and independent. Their manners were rude, not to call them violent. They were possessed of the domestic virtues, the women being chaste and the husbands faithful. They loved war as they loved liberty. They had a passionate fidelity to their leaders. They decided important questions of policy in public assembly.

The several peoples of our own time who are descended from the Teutons thus described by Tacitus with so sympathetic an insight have been developing for twenty centuries, more or less, each in its own way, under influences wholly unlike, influences both geographical and historical; and it is small wonder that they have diverged as they have, and that no one of them nowadays completely represents the original stock. Some of the points Tacitus made are true to-day in Prussia and are not true in Great Britain; and some hit home here in the United States, although they miss the mark in Germany. The modern Germans still retain a few of these Tacitean characteristics which the peoples that speak English have lost in their adventurous career over seas.

And on the other hand, certain of the remarks of Tacitus might be made to-day in the United States; for example, the willingness to run risks for the fun of the game—is not this a present characteristic of the American as we know him? And here we have always been governed by town-meeting, as the old Teutons were, whereas the modern German is only now getting this back by borrowing it from the English precedent. In our private litigations we continue to be governed by the customs of our remote Teutonic ancestors, while the German has accepted as his legal guide the Roman law, wrought out by the countrymen of Tacitus.

Second only to a community of language, no unifying force is more potent than a community of law. In the depths of their dark forests the Teutons had already evolved their own rudimentary code by which they did justice between man and man; and these customary sanctions were taken over to Britain by the Angles and the Saxons and the Jutes; and they served as the foundation of the common law by means of which the peoples that speak English still administer justice in their courts. And here again we find the handiwork of the great King Alfred, from whom we may date the establishing of an English literature. With the opportunism of our race, he had no thought of a new legislation, but merely merged the best of the tribal customs into a law for the whole kingdom. The king sought to bring to light and to leave on record the righteous rulings of the wise men who had gone before. "Those things which I met with," so the historian transmits his words, "either of the days of Ine, my kinsman, or of Offa, King of the Mercians, or of Aethelberht, who first among the English race received baptism, those which seemed to me rightest, those I have gathered, and rejected the rest."

Law and language—these are the unrelaxing bands that hold a race firmly together. There are now two main divisions of the Teutonic stock, separated to-day by language and by law—the people who speak German and are ruled by Roman law, and the peoples who speak English and are governed by the common law; and the separation is as wide and as deep legally as it is linguistically. "By the forms of its language a nation

expresses its very self," said one of the acutest of British critics; and we have the proof of this at hand in the characteristic differences between the English language and the German. By the forms of its law a people expresses its political beliefs; and we have the evidence of this in the fact that we Americans regard our rulers merely as agents of the town-meeting of the old Teutons, while the modern Germans are submitting to a series of trials for lese-majesty.

Certain it is that one of the influences which have modified the modern English stock is a Celtic strain. If the peoples that speak English are now not quite like the people that speak German, plainly this is one reason: they have had a Celtic admixture, which has lightened them and contributed elements lacking in the original Teuton. To declare just what these elements are is not easy, but to deny their presence is impossible. The Celt has an impetuosity and a swiftness of perception which we do not find in the original Teuton, and which the man who speaks English is now more likely to possess than the man who speaks German. The Celt has a certain shy delicacy; he has a happy sensibility and a turn for charming sentiment; he has a delightful lyric note; and he has at times a sincere and puissant melancholy. These are all qualities which we find in our English literature, and especially in its greatest figure.

Less than two centuries after the good King Alfred had declared English law and established English literature, the Normans came and saw and conquered. Less than three centuries after King William took the land there was born the first great English poet. If the language is to-day what it is, it is because of Chaucer, who chose the court dialect of London to write in, and who made it supple for his own use and the use of the poets that were to come after. The Norman conquest had brought a new and needed contribution to the English character; it had resulted in an immense enrichment of the English language; and it had related English literature again to the broad current of European life. To the original Teutonic basis had been added Celtic and Norman and Latin strains; and still "the English nature wrought its steady will," still it expressed

itself most freely and most fully in poetry. And in no other poet are certain aspects of this English nature more boldly displayed than in Chaucer, in whom we find a fresh feeling for the visible world, a true tenderness of sentiment, a joyous breadth of humor, and a resolute yet delicate handling of human character.

Two centuries after Chaucer came Shakspeare, in whom the English nature finds its fullest expression. The making of England was then complete; all the varied elements had been fused in the fire of a struggle for existence and welded by war with the most powerful of foes. The race-characteristics were then finally determined; and in Elizabethan literature they are splendidly exhibited. Something was contributed by the literature of the Spain that the Elizabethans had stoutly withstood, and something more by the literature of the Italy so many of them knew by travel; but all was absorbed, combined, and assimilated by the English nature, like the contributions that came from the classics of Rome and Greece. Bacon and Cecil, Drake and Raleigh, are not more typical of that sudden and glorious outpouring of English individuality than are Marlowe, Shakspeare, and Jonson, Spenser, Chapman, and Massinger. In that greatest period of the race we do not know which is the greater, the daring energy, the enthusiastic impetuosity, the ability to govern, that the English then displayed, or the mighty sweep and range of the imagination as nobly revealed in their poetry. The works of the Elizabethan writers are with us, like the memory of the deeds of the Elizabethan adventurers, as evidence, if any was needful, that the peoples that speak English are of a truth poetic, that they are not prosaic.

In the days of Elizabeth the English began to go abroad and to settle here and there. To those who came to America there were added in due season many vigorous folk from other Teutonic sources; and here in the centuries that have followed was to be seen a fusion of races and a welding into one nation such as had been seen in England itself several centuries earlier. To those who remained in England there came few ac-

cretions from the outside, although when the edict of Nantes was revoked the English gained much that the French lost. The Huguenots were stanch men and sturdy, of great ability often, and of a high seriousness. Some crossed the Channel and some crossed the ocean; and no one of the strands which have been twisted to make the modern American is more worthy than this.

More important than this French contribution, perhaps, was another infusion of the Celtic influence. When the King of Scotland became King of England, his former subjects swarmed to London—preceding by a century the Irishmen who made themselves more welcome in the English capital, with their airy wit and their touch of Celtic sentiment. Far heavier than the Scotch raid into England, and the Irish invasion, was the influx of Scotch, of Irish, and of Scotch-Irish into America. At the very time when Lord Lyndhurst was expressing the opinion that the English held the Irish to be “aliens in blood, aliens in speech, aliens in religion,” the Irish were withdrawing in their thousands from the rule of a people that felt thus toward them; and they were making homes for themselves where prejudice against them was not potent. Yet in England itself the Irish left their mark on literature, especially upon comedy, for which they have ever revealed a delightful aptitude; and in the eighteenth century alone the stage is lightened and brightened by the plays of Steele, of Sheridan, and of Goldsmith. About the end of the same century also the Scotch began to make their significant and stimulating contribution to English literature, which was refreshed again by Burns with his breath of sympathy, by Scott with his many-sided charm, and by Byron with his resonant note of revolt.

Just as the Angles and the Saxons and the Jutes had mingled in Great Britain to make the Englishman, and had been modified by Celtic and Norman and Latin influences, so here in the United States the Puritan and the Cavalier, the Dutchman and the Huguenot and the German, the Irish and the Scotch and the Scotch-Irish, have all blended to make the American. Not a few of the original Teutonic race-characteristics recorded by Tacitus

are here now, as active as ever; and not a few of the English race-characteristics as revealed by the Elizabethan dramatists survive in America, keeping company with many a locution which has dropped out of use in England itself. There is to-day in the spoken speech of the United States a larger freedom than in the spoken speech of Great Britain, a figurative vigor that the Elizabethans would have relished and understood. It is not without significance that the game of cards best liked by the adventurers who worried the Armada should have been born again to delight the Argonauts of '49. The characteristic energy of the English stock, never more exuberantly displayed than under Elizabeth, suffered no diminution in crossing the Atlantic; rather has it been strengthened on this side, since every native American must be the descendant of some man more venturesome than his kin who thought best to stay at home. Nor is the energy less imaginative, although it has not taken mainly a literary expression. "There was no chance for poetry among the Puritans," so Lowell reminded us, "and yet if any people have a right to imagination, it should be the descendants of those very Puritans." And he added tersely: "They had enough of it, or they could never have conceived the great epic they did, whose books are States, and which is written on this continent from Maine to California."

More than half those who speak English now dwell in the United States, and less than a third dwell within the British Isles. To some it may seem merely fanciful, no doubt, but still the question may be put, whether the British or the American is to-day really closer to the Elizabethan? It has recently been remarked that the typical John Bull was invisible in England while Shakspeare was alive, and that he has become possible in Great Britain only since the day when these United States declared their independence. Walter Bagehot, the shrewdest of critics of his fellow-countrymen, maintained that the saving virtue of the British people of the middle of the nineteenth century was a stolidity closely akin to stupidity. But surely the Elizabethans were not stolid; and the Americans (who have been accused of many things) have

never been accused of stupidity. Mr. Bernard Bosanquet has just been insisting that the two dominant notes of the British character at the beginning of the twentieth century are insularity and inarticulateness. The Elizabethan was braggart and self-pleased and arrogant, but he was not fairly open to the reproach of insularity, nor was he in the least inarticulate. Perhaps insularity and inarticulateness are inseparable; and it may be that it is the immense variety of the United States that has preserved the American from the one, as the practice of the town-meeting has preserved him from the other.

No longer do we believe that there is any special virtue in the purity of race, even if we could discover nowadays any people who had a just right to pride themselves on this. The French are descended from the Gauls, but to the Gauls have been added Romans and Franks; the English are descended from the Teutons, but they have received many accretions from other sources; and the Americans are descended from the British, but it is undeniable that they have differentiated themselves somehow. The admixture of varied stocks is held to be a source of freshness and of renewed vitality; and it may be that this is the cause of the American alertness and venturesomeness. And as yet these foreign elements have but little modified the essential type; for just as the English nature wrought its steady will through the centuries, so the American characteristics have been imposed on all the welter of nationalities that swirl together in the United States.

Throughout the land there is one language, a development of the language of King Alfred, and one law, a development of the law of King Alfred; and throughout the land there are schools such as the good king wished for. American ideals are not quite the same as British ideals, but they differ only a little, and they have both flowered from the English root, as the earlier English ideals had flowered from a Teutonic root. The English stock has displayed in the United States the same marvellous assimilating faculty that it displayed centuries ago in Great Britain, the same extraordinary power of getting the sojourners within its borders to accept its ideals.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT may be all an illusion of the map, where the Summer Islands glimmer a small and solitary little group of dots and wrinkles, remote from continental shores, with a straight line descending southeastwardly upon them, to show how sharp and swift the ship's course is, but they seem so far and alien from the Easy Chair's wonted place that it is as if it had slid down a steepy slant from the home-planet to a group of asteroids nebulous somewhere in middle space, and were resting there, still vibrant from the rush of its meteoric fall. There were of course facts and incidents contrary to such a theory: a steamer starting from New York in the raw March morning, and lurching and twisting through two days of diagonal seas, with people aboard dining and undining, and talking and smoking and cocktailing and hot-scutching and beef-teaing; but when the ship came in sight of the islands, and they began to lift their cedared slopes from the turquoise waters, and to explain their drifted snows as the white walls and white roofs of houses, then the waking sense became the dreaming sense, and the sweet impossibility of that drop through air became the sole reality.

I

Everything here, indeed, is so strange that you placidly accept whatever offers itself as the simplest and naturest fact. Those low hills, that climb, with their tough, dark cedars, from the summer sea to the summer sky, might have drifted down across the Gulf Stream from the coast of Maine; but when, upon closer inspection, you find them skirted with palms and bananas, and hedged with oleanders, you merely wonder that you had never noticed these growths in Maine before, where you were so familiar with the cedars. The hotel itself, which has brought the Green Mountains with it, in every detail, from the dormer-windowed mansard-roof, and the white-painted, green-shuttered walls, to the neat, schoolmistressly waitresses in the dining-room, has a clump of pal-

mettos beside it, swaying and sighing in the tropic breeze, and you know that when it migrates back to the New England hill-country, at the end of the season, you shall find it with the palmettos still before its veranda, and equally at home, somewhere in the Vermont or New Hampshire July. There will be the same American groups looking out over them, and rocking and smoking, though, alas! not so many smoking as rocking.

But where, in that translation, would be the gold-braided red or blue jackets of the British army and navy which lend their lustre and color here to the veranda groups? Where should one get the house walls of whitewashed stone and the garden walls which everywhere glow in the sun, and belt in little spaces full of roses and lilies? These things must come from some other association, and in the case of him who here confesses, the lustrous uniforms and the glowing walls rise from waters as far away in time as in space, and a long-ago apparition of Venetian Junes haunts the coral shore. (They are beginning to say the shore is not coral; but no matter.) To be sure, the white roofs are not accounted for in this visionary presence; and if one may not relate them to the snowfalls of home winters, then one must frankly own them absolutely tropical, together with the green-pillared and green-latticed galleries. They at least suggest the tropical scenery of "Prue and I" as one remembers seeing it through Titbottom's Spectacles; and yet, if one supplies roofs of brown red tiles, it is all Venetian enough, with the lagoon-like expanses that lend themselves to the fond effect. It is so Venetian, indeed, that it wants but a few silent gondolas and noisy gondoliers, in place of the dark, taciturn oarsmen of the clumsy native boats, to complete the coming and going illusion; and there is no good reason why the rough little isles that fill the bay should not call themselves respectively San Giorgio and San Clemente, and Sant' Elena and San Lazaro: they probably have no other names!

It is all atmospheric, an affair of the air and sun and sky, and if it be really, or unreally, San Lazzaro out yonder on the island levelled for the purpose to the tide, with its cedars turned to cypresses, and its gardens caressing the cloisters of the Armenian convent, then it must be Padre Giacomo Issaverdens, the young English-speaking monk, who descends the landing-steps to welcome you to that home of peace and prayer.

Young? Yes, surely, and with black hair, of course, and black robes flowing to his feet, and with a smile of the sunniest kindness on his black-bearded face. What! Is not this 1862, and is not everybody young? An elderly man, you say, with white hair and beard above his black robes? You will be feigning next that it is an elderly man coming to meet him, and take from him the book dated 1901 which he extends in recognition of the long amity between them. You are tricked by the enchantment of this isle of Prospero and Miranda and Caliban! But the book is substantial enough, whatever its apparent date, and a work of young-world lore and interesting scholarship, most fit to be read here amidst nature as familiarly strange as the landscape of the prime it treats of.

II

Nowhere else, unless perhaps in the gardened cloisters of San Lazzaro itself, could one so fitly read the stories of the creation and expulsion, the first fratricide, the lives of the prophets and patriarchs, the wisdom of Solomon, the love of Assenath for Joseph (an idyl of the purest and sweetest passion), and the "Inquiries made by the Prophet Esdras of the Angel of the Lord concerning the souls of men," which Padre Giacomo has done into sweet biblical English from the Armenian apocryphal books. Here, safe from the creeds of the church and the doubts of the world, the fables of these uncanonical writings have a power upon the soul which they could not have in the continent upon either side of the great sea. One simplifies one's self, and enters into the intimate life of Eden upon terms which the accepted Scriptures cannot grant. One gladly hears in detail what Eve said to Adam in commending the fatal

apple to him, and learns that "having held the apple in his hand, and examined it for about three hours, he said, 'I cannot live without my wife,' and so ate it, "not understanding that had he kept the commandment God could have created another and much more handsome woman than she" for him. Poor Adam was at least a devoted husband and father, and merited a much better son than Cain. But the childhood of the race is mirrored in the story of the crime which "hath the primal eldest curse upon it," more vividly than in that of the Eden innocence, and there is a pathos in Abel's appeal to his pitiless brother, when Cain will not spare him, which pierces the soul: "Brother, bring thy face that I may kiss it, that my heart may not be in want of it."

The sharp black pebble which Satan threw down to Cain to do the murder with was "so small that hardly in an hour could he slay him," and the Armenian apocryphers (if one may so call those early novelists) seem to think this a long time, as if the fratricide had not been going on through all the centuries since down to this hour, in every part of the globe, so that perhaps no other piece of earth so large as these Summer Islands has come into its present keeping without the stain of blood upon it. But here no aboriginal perished before the invader; for the land was found uninhabited, and the English who came into bloodless possession of it have now fenced it round with impregnable forts, and mined its rainbow waters, and planted them with torpedoes, and set a squadron of war-ships to guard it from benevolent assimilation, and to keep its peaceful tradition intact by every appliance of war.

III

It is as like the Eden of the Armenian apocryphers as anything that can be fancied, and it has this advantage over Eden, that apparently it was not woman and her seed who were expelled, when once she set foot here, but the serpent and his seed: women now abound in the Summer Islands, and there is not a snake anywhere to be found. There are some tortoises and a great many frogs in their season, but no other reptiles. The frogs

are fabled of a note so deep and hoarse that its vibration almost springs the environing mines of dynamite, though it has never yet done so; the tortoises grow to a great size and a patriarchal age, and are fond of Boston brown bread and baked beans, if their preferences may be judged from those of a colossal specimen in the care of an American family living on the islands. The observer who contributes this fact to science is able to report the case of a parrot-fish, on the same premises, so exactly like a large brown and purple cockatoo that, seeing such a cockatoo later on dry land, it was with a sense of something like cruelty in its exile from its native waters. The angel-fish he thinks not so much like angels; they are of a transparent purity of substance, and a cherubic innocence of expression, but they terminate in two tails, which somehow will not lend themselves to the resemblance.

Certainly the angel-fish is not so well named as the parrot-fish; it might better be called the ghost-fish, it is so like a moonbeam in the pools it haunts, and of such a convertible quality with the iridescent vegetable growths about it. All things here are of a weird convertibility to the alien perception, and the richest and rarest facts of nature lavish themselves in humble association with the commonest and most familiar. You drive through long stretches of way-side willows, and realize only now and then that these willows are thick clumps of oleanders; and through them you can catch glimpses of banana-orchards, which look like dishevelled patches of gigantic corn-stalks. The fields of Easter lilies do not quite live up to their photographs; they are presently suffering from a mysterious blight, and their flowers are not frequent enough to lend them that sculpturesque effect near to, which they wear as far off as New York. The potato-fields, on the other hand, are of a tender delicacy of coloring which compensates for the lilies' lack, and the palms give no just cause for complaint, unless because they are not nearly enough to characterize the landscape, which in spite of their presence remains so northern in aspect. They were much whipped and torn by the late hurricane,

which afflicted all the vegetation of the islands, and some of the royal palms were blown down. Where these are yet standing, as four or five of them are in a famous avenue now quite one-sided, they are of a majesty befitting that of any king who could pass by them: no sovereign except Philip of Macedon in his least judicial moments could pass between them.

The century-plant, which here does not require pampering under glass, but boldly takes its place out-doors with the other trees of the garden, employs much less than a hundred years to bring itself to bloom. It often flowers twice or thrice in that space of time, and ought to take away the reproach of the inhabitants for a want of industry and enterprise: a century-plant at least could do no more in any air, and it merits praise for its activity in the breath of these languorous seas. One such is in bloom at this very writing, in the garden of a house which this very writer marked for his own on his first drive ashore from the steamer to the hotel, when he bestowed in its dim unknown interior one of the many multiples of himself which are now pretty well dispersed in the pleasant places of the earth. The tree, for it is a tree rather than a plant, stands near a dial which, numbering only the sunny hours, has apparently brought in the twentieth century in agreement with the Pope rather than the Kaiser, for the tree is celebrating the new cycle by an efflorescence which fills the night with a heavy heliotropean sweetness. On the herb beneath, in the effulgence of the waxing moon, the multiple which has spiritually expropriated the legal owners stretches itself in an interminable revery, and hears Youth come laughing back to it on the waters kissing the adjacent shore, where other white houses (which also it inhabits) bathe their snowy underpinning. In this dream the multiple drives home from the balls of either hotel with the young girls in the little victorias, which must pass its sojourn; and being but a vision itself, forecasts the shapes of flirtation which shall night-long gild the visions of their sleep with the flash of military and naval uniforms. Of course the multiple has been at the dance too

(with a shadowy heartache for the dances of forty years ago), and knows enough not to confuse the uniforms.

IV

In whatever way you walk, at whatever hour, the birds are sweetly calling in the way-side oleanders and the wild sage-bushes and the cedar-tops. They are mostly cat-birds, quite like our own; and bluebirds, but of a deeper blue than ours, and redbirds of as liquid a note, but not so varied, as that of the redbirds of our woods. How came they all here, seven hundred miles from any larger land? Some think, on the stronger wings of tempests, for it is not within the knowledge of men that men brought them. Men did indeed bring the pestilent sparrows which swarm about their habitations here, and beat away the gentler and lovelier birds with a ferocity unknown in the human occupation of the islands. Still, the sparrows have by no means conquered, and in the wilder places the cat-bird makes common cause with the bluebird and the redbird, and holds its own against them. The little ground-doves mimic in miniature the form and markings and the gait and mild behavior of our turtle-doves, but perhaps not their melancholy cooing. Nature has nowhere anything prettier than these exquisite creatures, unless it be the long-tailed white gulls which sail over the emerald shallows of the land-locked seas, and take the green upon their translucent bodies as they trail their meteoric splendor against the mid-day sky. Full twenty-four inches they measure from the beak to the tip of the single pen that protracts them a foot beyond their genuine bulk; but it is said their tempers are shorter than they, and they attack fiercely anything they suspect of too intimate a curiosity concerning their nests.

They are probably the only short-tempered things in the Summer Islands, where time is so long that if you lose your patience you easily find it again. Sweetness if not light seems to be the prevailing human quality, and a good share of it belongs to such of the natives as are in no wise light. Our poor brethren of a different pigment are in the large majority, and they have been sev-

enty years out of slavery, with the full enjoyment of all their civil rights, without lifting themselves from their old inferiority. They do the hard work, in their own easy way, and possibly do not find life the burden they make it for the white man, whom here, as in our own country, they load up with the conundrum which their existence involves for him. They are not very gay, and do not rise to a joke with that flashing eagerness which they show for it at home. If you have them against a background of banana-stems, or low palms, or feathery canes, nothing could be more acceptably characteristic of the air and sky; nor are they out of place on the box of the little victorias, where visitors of the more inquisitive sex put them to constant question. Such visitors spare no islander of any color. Once, in the pretty Public Garden which the multiple had claimed for its private property, three unmerciful American women suddenly descended from the heavens and began to question the multiple's gardener, who was peacefully digging at the rate of a spadeful every five minutes. Presently he sat down on his wheelbarrow, and then shifted, without relief, from one handle of it to the other. Then he rose and braced himself desperately against the tool-house, where, when his tormenters drifted away, he seemed to the soft eye of pity pinned to the wall by their cruel interrogations, whose barbed points were buried in the stucco behind him, and whose feathered shafts stuck out half a yard before his breast.

Whether he was black or not, pity could not see, but probably he was. At least the garrison of the islands is all black, being a Jamaican regiment of that color; and when one of the warriors comes down the white street, with his swagger-stick in hand, and flaming in scarlet and gold upon the ground of his own blackness, it is as if a gigantic oriole were coming toward you, or a mighty tulip. These gorgeous creatures seem so much readier than the natives to laugh, that you wish to test them with a joke. But it might fail. The Summer Islands are a British colony, and the joke does not flourish so luxuriantly here as some other things.

To be sure, one of the native fruits

seems a sort of joke when you hear it first named, and when you are offered a *loquat*, if you are of a frivolous mind you search your mind for the connection with *loquor* which it seems to intimate. Failing in this, you taste the fruit, and then, if it is not perfectly ripe, you are as far from loquaciousness as if you had bitten a green persimmon. But if it is ripe, it is delicious, and may be consumed indefinitely. It is the only native fruit which one can wish to eat at all, with an unpractised palate, though it is claimed that with experience a relish may come for the pawpaws. These break out in clusters of the size of oranges at the top of a thick pole, which may have some leaves or may not, and ripen as they fancy in the indefinite summer. They are of the color and flavor of a very insipid little muskmelon which has grown too near a patch of squashes.

One may learn to like this pawpaw, yes, but one must study hard. It is best when plucked by a young islander of Italian blood whose father orders him up the bare pole in the sunny Sunday morning air to oblige the signori, and then with a pawpaw in either hand stands talking with them about the two bad years there have been in Bermuda, and the probability of his doing better in Nuova York. He has not imagined our winter, however, and he shrinks from its boldly pictured rigors, and lets the signori go with a sigh, and a bunch of pink and crimson roses.

The roses are here, budding and blooming in the quiet bewilderment which attends the flowers and plants from the temperate zone in this latitude, and which in the case of the strawberries offered with cream and cake at another public garden expresses itself in a confusion of red ripe fruit and white blossoms on the same stem. They are a pleasure of the nose and eye rather than the palate, as happens with so many growths of the tropics, if indeed the Summer Islands are tropical, which some plausibly deny; though, indeed, why should not strawberries, fresh picked from the plant in mid-March, enjoy the right to be indifferent sweet?

V

What remains? The events of the Summer Islands are few, and none out of

the order of athletics between teams of the army and navy, and what may be called societetics, have happened in that past enchanted fortnight. But far better things than events have happened: sunshine and rain of such like quality that one could not grumble at either, and gales, now from the south and now from the north, with the languor of the one and the vigor of the other in them. There were drives upon drives that were always to somewhere, but would have been delightful the same if they had been mere goings and comings, past the white houses overlooking little lawns through the umbrage of their palm-trees. The lawns professed to be of grass, but were really mats of close little herbs which were not grass; but which, where the sparse cattle were grazing them, seemed to satisfy their inexacting stomachs. They are never very green, and in fact the landscape often has an air of exhaustion and pause which it wears with us in late August; and why not, after all its interminable, innumerable summers? Everywhere in the gentle hollows which the coral hills (if they are coral) sink into are the patches of potatoes and lilies and onions drawing their geometrical lines across the brown, red, weedless soil; and in very sheltered spots are banana-orchards which are never so snugly sheltered there but their broad leaves are whipped to shreds. The white road winds between gray walls crumbling in an amiable disintegration, but held together against ruin by a net-work of maiden-hair ferns and creepers of unknown name, and overhung by trees where the cactus climbs and hangs in spiky links, or if another sort, pierces them with speary stems as tall and straight as the stalks of the neighboring bamboo. The loquat-trees cluster like quinces in the garden closes, and show their pale golden, plum-shaped fruit.

For the most part the road runs by still inland waters, but sometimes it climbs to the high downs beside the open sea grotesque with wind-worn and wave-worn rocks, and beautiful with opalescent beaches, and the black legs of the negro children paddling in the tints of the prostrate rainbow.

All this seems probable and natural enough at the writing; but how will it

be when one has turned one's back upon it? Will it not lapse into the gross fable of travellers, and be as the things which the liars who swap them cannot themselves believe? What will be said to you when you tell that in the Summer Islands one has but to saw a hole in his back yard and take out a house of soft creamy sandstone and set it up and go to living in it? What, when you relate that among the northern and southern evergreens there are deciduous trees which, in a clime where there is no fall or spring, simply drop their leaves when they are tired of keeping them on, and put out others when they feel like it? What, when you pretend that in the absence of serpents there are centipedes a span long, and spiders the bigness of bats,

and mosquitoes that sweetly sing in the drowsing ear, but bite not; or that there are swamps but no streams, and in the marshes stand mangrove-trees whose branches grow downwards into the ooze, as if they wished to get back into the earth and pull in after them the holes they emerged from?

These every-day facts seem not only incredible to the liar himself, even in their presence, but when the Easy Chair begins the ascent of that steep slant back to New York it foresees that they will become impossible. As impossible as the summit of the slant now appears to the sense which shudderingly figures it a Bermuda pawpaw-tree seven hundred miles high, and fruiting icicles and snowballs in the cold March air!

Editor's Study.

I

AS we write, Easter is just passed. Every year more and more this festival appeals to all classes of our people, who, however divided by differences of doctrine, readily unite in the expression of a sentiment which is common to human nature, being older than the Christian Church—as old, indeed, as spring-time, the season of uplifting life in the physical world, and of the responsive renewal of hope in the heart of man.

It is a happy circumstance that our Memorial Day celebration so closely follows Easter, falling within the same season of florescence and aspiration. As in the religious year Easter has for each individual soul a deeper meaning than Christmas—one not to be adequately expressed in gay revels or gifts or general good-will—so Memorial Day prompts deeper patriotic thought than does the Fourth of July, on which we celebrate our nation's nativity. It is not ushered in by the firing of cannon and the ringing of bells, or celebrated in boastful phrase and loud hurrahs. Notwithstanding its original association with sorrow, when for so many thousands the sense of private grief, fresh in memory, mingled with the fragrance of floral offerings and

the grateful sound of praises awarded to heroism, it was always, and it grows more and more to be, an occasion of national pride and glory. The structure of our union has been cemented by blood, and, since in our recent wars the blood of all sections has mingled in a common sacrifice, this sentiment of patriotic pride has become catholic, claiming for the whole people the heroism of every section. The Memorial covers all our soldiers' graves with flowers and praises.

That our naval heroes, buried at sea, may not be neglected, a beautiful ceremony was instituted last year in many of the coast towns of California. Bands of school-children marched on Memorial Day to bluff or wharf or beach and cast flowers into the sea, their patriotic songs attending their floral offerings. It is likely that the custom will become general along our whole coast. Since no individual grave is visible, the ceremony becomes wholly symbolic—simple and picturesque, and involving no wasteful expense such as might prompt one to ask why the value of the flowers should not be given to the poor; though, inland, the flowers that may not be cast into the sea might beautifully serve their Memorial purpose if, in the name of our naval

dead, they should be distributed among the children of the poor in homes and hospitals.

With the Memorial sentiment is blended our newly awakened consciousness of sea-power; but far transcending this is our sense of glory won in the peaceful triumphs of commerce, and our appreciation of the responsibility we share with other peoples for the best interests of Christendom.

II

A correspondent writes deprecating our adherence to old writers, who, although they may present new things, will clothe them in an already familiar fashion. "They are good, of course, else they could not have become standard. But this is a new era in literature, as well as in occupation, association, and competition; therefore publishers of books and magazines will cater to the desire for novelty with as much restless energy as a milliner."

We are surprised by this complaint. We should rather have expected a protest against our partial attitude in favor of new writers; not because it would be a just protest, but because the vastly larger amount of space accorded to these writers would seem to give it a better justification. Besides, we could with better grace and would more willingly defend our actual position than one so hypothetical as that assumed to be ours by our correspondent. The new writer more surely challenges criticism, and it is a part of the favor shown him that he is usually sure of a cordial defence. Our oldest and most experienced writers need no apology; their reputations are established. Perhaps it is to their disadvantage that they are taken so much for granted. But in our best periodical literature we have very little of their work. Probably our correspondent means in an absolute sense his comparison of a publisher to a milliner, and would allow each newly favored author his one brief season only, after which he must give place to some fresh competitor. This rapid succession would hardly suffer any author to attain his best. The serial novels by Gilbert Parker and Miss Wilkins now appearing in this Magazine show these authors at a height of excellence they could never

have reached if they had been thus suddenly displaced by others in the popular favor.

Old clothes are always for sale at a discount; partly because they have become worn, and partly because they are out of fashion. Does the favorite author so soon wear out his welcome?

Are our readers, much as they like novelty, so capricious and inconstant? Are they really "off with the old love" before they are "on with the new"? Would they rather hear some new voice, unheard before, than that of their old friend Howells in the Easy Chair? Mark Twain has to-day a more hearty welcome than he ever had before. He has become a cherished friend, a national possession, so that our despite or oblivious neglect of him would seem to imply a lack of patriotism. Bret Harte's latest great story, *Colonel Starbottle for the Plaintiff*, is read with as zestful interest as was his *Luck of Roaring Camp*. Even when there is a decline of power with declining years, the glory of the sunset still holds the gaze; the reader's loving regard is constant, and he finds some special excellence in the late golden fruit—the apples of Hesper,—some especially rich flavor in the wine of the last vintage.

A good part of the culture of any generation is the culture of its readers' interest in its best writers—in its own best even more than in the best of any other generation, for these writers themselves have received the torch from the light-bearers of the past; rather it is a lamp that each bears, having a continued illumination, but filled with the oil of his own time, with its peculiar motives and inspirations, so that his creations beget immediate and sympathetic response. Thus a general culture is maintained, even if for the majority of readers Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakspeare, and Milton are shelved classics, reserved mainly for the use of the light-bearing ministrants—the present masters in literature. For such masters, indeed, the past culture is a prime necessity; the writer without this heritage will himself have no permanent place in literature, and no bequest for future masters. The heritage does not imply technical scholarship, and it may be indirectly obtained, *i.e.*, without close study of classic authors. Shakspeare,

"with little Latin and less Greek," had it so manifestly and in such plenitude as to suggest the Baconian authorship of his plays. The creative faculty is wonderfully assimilative. The culture gained from the best writers of our time would, for a reader of quick and sensitive imagination, quite suffice, as a literary stimulus and inspiration, without what is known as a classical education.

But what just here we wish to emphasize is the culture of a reader simply as a reader, and due to the development of his interest in the best contemporary writers, of his sympathy with their thought and feeling, and of his affection for them. As we have said, this is a good part of our general culture. All books and periodicals which do not contribute to such development are worse than merely useless; they are demoralizing; and whatever methods are adopted, by publishers and editors or by those who in any way control the market and the channels of distribution, that tend to debase this culture ought to be discouraged and vigorously antagonized.

Fifty years ago the public appreciation of good literature in this country insured a safe and reasonably profitable market for our publishers, who, in their turn, maintained a high standard of excellence in their publications. Fewer books were published; the publishers dealt more directly with their customers; booksellers had better literary taste and discrimination. There was, moreover, a stronger bond of union among American publishers, strong enough to establish what was known as "trade courtesy," which for many years served as a substitute for an international copyright law. In these circumstances the publishing business rested upon a stable foundation.

With the growth of the business in another generation complications arose, and that body of reputable publishers which had been held together by a common interest—which was also one with the best interests of literature—found itself no longer in the commanding position it had hitherto occupied. A new class of publishers, not recognizing the "trade courtesy," flooded the market with cheap books by foreign authors. The dis-

tribution of publications became a distinct branch of commerce, so far dominating the market as to disturb the hitherto secure control of it by the publisher. Bookselling became a trade like any other, except that in any other it was necessary that the trader should know the essential quality, the intrinsic value of his wares. Finally, when large department-stores were established, the trade in books became an inviting feature of their business—so inviting that they could afford to reduce rates to such an extent as to drive the small bookseller to the wall. Concurrently with all these disturbing influences, and encouraged by them, the restless craving of readers for novelty grew into an insatiable appetite, and with the confusion of commercial values came also a confusion of standards, so that the books of least literary worth often obtained the greatest prosperity. It is a matter of wonder that, in these changed conditions, our publishers have so far succeeded in maintaining their old standards.

To some extent the reflex influence of modern methods upon even the most reputable publishers is observable. The slow-selling book, however good, is more likely than it once was to be displaced by a book of less worth; it is not always duly prized and nourished. There is always some peril to literature in the rapid rotation of books when it involves this unnecessary sacrifice.

The editors of magazines, too, yield perhaps too readily to the popular craving for some new thing when the old is better. It is a besetting temptation. How far astray is the new and unknown writer who fancies that he has no chance in competition with the favored expert! He little knows how eagerly his distinction of quality, if he has it, is welcomed, even in preference to the distinction of an established reputation. Only too easily is the old displaced by the new. Nearly twenty thousand manuscripts are read by the editor of this Magazine every year—receiving his earnest personal attention, lest by any chance the writer with the new note should escape his recognition. But even after the recognition there is the slow development of the new author's fruition. However sure the growth, it must be nourished. He be-

comes in time the old, the experienced author. His readers have grown with him; having been initiated by him into some new mysteries that could have been disclosed only by his magical power, they have waited upon him for new revelations with frankly avowed confidence and loving expectation, and they would not willingly have the revels ended or see him lay aside the master's wand. Younger writers, trying their wings, look up to him, taking courage from his bolder flight, which they emulate without envy. He is the elder brother in the fraternity of letters; even his characteristic faults are fondly indulged; no one so ill-natured as to wish him jostled aside to give place to any new-comer. We have seen them one after another, with different degrees of exaltation—Irving, Bryant, Longfellow, Curtis, Lowell, Holmes, Warner, who have passed away crowned with love and laurels; and Stedman, Stoddard, Aldrich, Howells, and Mark Twain, who graciously lend still their strong presences to our living world of letters. Room for them? Yes, the Upper Room, where we spread our grateful feast for these who have had so long the freedom of our hearts!

These older writers—those who are still actively engaged in literary work—are doing the best things; they hold their place by merit, and not by indulgence.

The number of copies sold of a book is no longer a test of its literary value; it never was; but in the present peculiar conditions affecting sales it is less a test than ever. Probably not more than one of the books that in 1900 reached a sale of 200,000 copies will be read by another generation. Even apart from purely mercantile conditions, the public taste has grown laxly tolerant of comparatively worthless books. Not that a book need be literary to properly belong to literature. There is a large body of the so-called literature of any generation, and of this more than of any other, that will not be read by the next, but which has temporary value as honestly serving its own time, appealing legitimately to contemporary interest. It is like costume, and, when the fashion changes, as lightly laid aside. But there is a lasting literature, in an old, old fashion such as nature has, and human nature, never

tiring and always new. The books of this literature are classics, permanent because of their art and the everlasting human interest in their themes.

The saddest thing in the world of letters is the oblivion, so far as the general interest is concerned, that sometimes befalls great books—the greatest of their time for depth of thought: such books, for example, as William Smith's novels, *Thorndale* (1857) and *Gravenhurst* (1862), and the philosophical writings of the elder James. The latter were more fortunate than the former from the fact that their appeal to Swedenborgian readers gave them a partial prosperity. But such books are hidden away in great libraries, and in every generation will have their select audience. Some factitious interest or mere accident may save a writer from this general oblivion.

Upon publishers and upon editors rests a grave responsibility. They will fail both of their duty and of their high privilege in so far as they yield to the importunities of a capricious popular taste. If they surrender their business to wholly mercantile purposes, regardless of the best interests of literature, and compete with each other in this facile and fatal descent, then a general publishing syndicate, upon a purely mercantile basis, will be as natural and inevitable in its application to literature as it has become in the control of railroads and the production of steel. Fortunately the great publishers of books and periodicals in this country have maintained a united front against perilous tendencies, and their competition has been in the line of ascent.

If its interest in literature is the index of a people's culture as well as a good part of that culture, rising also to the dignity of a patriotic sentiment, it is because literature serves not itself alone, sacrificing all else to its own immortal excellence, but is broken for the nurture of every lofty sentiment and interest that goes to the making of national greatness. It feeds all the springs of culture, even though in this ministration its own Pierian font be hidden and its divine uses limited to the mortal service. It is a devotee in the temple of Religion, of Art, of Education; it is the stimulus and inspiration of national destiny.

The Lady Burglar

BY HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON

IT happened that the talk at the club had turned that night to the recent marvelous successes of the Lady Burglar. My neighbor, Mr. Ayres, who had been the latest and heaviest sufferer, was telling over the various details, including the discovery of the two strange hair-pins that had first suggested to Binks, the clever detective, that the daring housebreaker was a woman. The novelty of this had given the case no end of notoriety, which somehow had not at all lessened my anxiety about the safety of my own things.

I remember that my head was quite full of the matter as I unlocked my front door, and that was the reason I was just a bit taken aback when I found that there was no light in the hall. However, that had happened before when I came in late; and so I was hanging up my coat without troubling my head any further about the matter, when suddenly I was thrown upon the alert by an unmistakable noise from the floor below. Standing stock-still, with every nerve strained to the tension-point, I heard the distinct sound of a light footstep passing over the kitchen floor. Quick as thought I took a loaded six-shooter from the hat-stand drawer, and felt my way softly down the basement stairs.

In front the hall was quite dark, but turning to the back, I saw a streak of yellow light falling through the half-open door of the kitchen. Tipping gently to this door, my gaze at once swept the entire room, and in spite of my own half-formed expectations I could hardly restrain an exclamation of surprise. Full in the light of the low-turned gas-jet there was standing a pleasant-featured young woman, respectably dressed, who was just then in the act of lifting a china teacup to her lips. She wore a hat, large and rather ornate, but her wrap had been thrown aside, and was now resting on the wash-tubs, half concealing a stout leather telescope bag, which I readily recognized as one of my own, in which the servants packed away at night the silver pieces that were in daily use. Her coolness was really wonderful. I stepped quietly into the kitchen and put my back against the door. "What are you doing here?" I asked, very fiercely.

At the sound of my voice the Lady Burglar started violently, so that the cup fell from her hand and shattered into fragments

on the slate hearth-stone. But in a trice she had got herself in hand once more, and was turning toward me steadily with a smile on her agreeable face. "Goodness! you scared me!" she said, coolly. "You see—the kettle was boilin', and I couldn't resist stoppin' for a sip o' tea. And now I've gone and wasted the whole cup." And she regarded the lost potable with rueful regret.

I wondered vaguely what her game was. "Oh, you did, did you?" I said, with bitter sarcasm. And then, nothing better happening to occur to me at the moment, I sneered again, "Oh, you just stopped for a sip of tea, did you?"

"I just love it," she murmured, conversationally, entirely missing the irony of my remark. "And this is English breakfast, my favorite." And saying this, she suddenly seized the broom, which was resting in plain view against the wall, and fell to sweeping up the bits of the broken teacup.

"Really you are most considerate," I began irritably, for it annoyed me beyond words to see this common thief at work upon my kitchen floor; "but under the circumstances I—"

"Oh, that's all right," she interrupted, cheerfully. "I can't bear to leave a mess. Of course," she continued, looking at me mischievously out of the corner of her eye—"of course I wouldn't 'a' dropped it if you hadn't come in so unexpected, but—"

"You forget yourself," I rebuked her, sharply; and then I added, still more sharply, "How did you get in here?"

"The basement door wasn't locked," she answered, readily. "And so I got in easy enough. I hope I didn't make any noise comin' acrost the hall."

"Naturally," I rejoined, caustically, "I didn't suppose that your object was to kick up a rumpus and wake the whole house." And then, as I was absently wondering what I should do with the woman now that I had really got her, I saw her suddenly edge to the back door, and softly shoot back the lowest bolt. "Don't do that," I said so menacingly that she straightened up at once.

"I was only making sure if everything was shut up," she said, in a tone of well-feigned remonstrance.

I regarded her with a grim triumphant smile. "You may rest easy, I assure you.

Everything is. There is not the spook of a chance of your getting out of this room."

She met this speech with a masterly change of tactics which I could not but admire. "I don't want to get out," was her sprightly though somewhat mendacious reply. "I think I can trust myself with you."

Now I am not a man to be hoodwinked by a smile or so and a brace of pretty speeches. So I looked at her out of a stern eye, and said: "Let me advise you—don't be too sure. Your confidence in me is touching, and it affects me deeply, but for all that I am and will continue to be a hard-hearted man." And as though to give point to my words, it chanced that my eye fell just then upon the stout telescope bag.

"What have you got in that bag?" I asked, in a terrible voice.

"The silver," said she, indifferently, as one would speak of an every-day affair.

I slid the leather case toward me over the tubs and slipped the catch. Yes, they were mine fast enough; every spoon and fork and knife and gimcrack in the lot marked with my wife's initials. "Where did you get hold of this?" I demanded.

For some reason that I could not then understand she hesitated a moment. "Why, I found it right there where you saw it," she answered at last. "You see, it was all fixed to take up stairs."

"You were going to take it, were you?"

"Oh yes," she answered, quickly. "Trust me for not overlookin' a thing like that."

This direct confession of guilt was no doubt a point gained; but there was something that smote into my heart in the matter-of-fact way in which she had made it. Couldn't I, perhaps, say something that would make her a little ashamed? There was a newspaper on the tubs, and opening it out wide to protect my evening clothes, I sat upon it. "Is there any more tea?" I said, by way of opening the conversation.

She brought it to my perch on the tubs with a look of suppressed amusement. "I never thought to be takin' tea under such circumstances," she blurted out.

I stared down at her in amazement as I drained off my cup. "How long have you been in this business?" I demanded.

"Oh, I don't know exactly. Three or four years maybe. I used to work in a factory."

"Why did you give that up?" I asked, with pity in my eye.

"Why, you see, I tried this now and then at odd times, and I liked it so much better. So I thought I'd go in for it reg'lar."

"You like this very much, then?"

"Oh, I just love it," she answered, rapturously. "I dote on it. I'm improvin' too. I want to get to be oner the best in the business."

Poor little girl! I put down my cup and slid from the tubs; and, in doing this, in some confounded way I brushed against the bagful of silver, which toppled over and fell to the floor with a terrible clatter. It was this great noise that was directly re-

sponsible for the long coolness between me and my wife, which she carried to such an extreme, and which, as all the world knows, was so near to driving her back to her mother's home.

The Lady Burglar moved to pick the telescope up, but I checked her. "Never mind that," I said, impatiently. "Look at me. I want to say something to you. You understand that I cannot let you go, because I must consider my duty toward my neighbors. I give my word, though, that I will use my influence to get you off with a light sentence, but with one condition. When you get out of prison, which I hope will be within three or four years, I want you to promise me that you will stop this sort of thing for good and all. What do you say?"

What she did say was a trifle amazing, even from the Lady Burglar. "Prison!" she rejoined, with capitally done surprise. "I am not going to prison!"

"Oh yes, you are," I answered, and despite my boasted hardness of heart, I was feeling tremendously sorry for her. But I merely added, "Get that idea firmly fixed in your head."

"But I haven't done anything to go to prison for," she responded, still keeping up her air of incredulity. "Besides"—this in a swift burst of confidence—"you wouldn't send me to prison if I had." And she looked up into my eyes with the most cajoling smile in the world.

It was her best card that she was playing, you see, and I knew it very well—but—deuce take it!—there was something about her as she said this that made my heart go out to her. I think, too, that she expected it, which is something on my side, though of this I cannot of course be sure. But what would you? A man whose blood is warm within him cannot sit eternally like his grandsire cut in alabaster. Let me say simply that at that moment I interrupted the Lady Burglar with a slight and easily executed manœuvre.

I do not know just how I would have followed up such a very unusual departure. It was the first burglar I had ever kissed, and I am quite ignorant as to what is the usual thing among housebreakers at times like these. As it fell out, however, I had no occasion to puzzle my brains about the matter, for at that moment the door was sharply pushed open, and my wife, clad in a light blue peignoir and carrying a candle, which flickered over her pale face, stood suddenly before me.

You would fancy that her first thought would have been to find out who the strange woman was, and by what chance she was at that moment in our kitchen; but to my surprise she took not the slightest notice of her. Her sole feeling seemed to be one of the angriest indignation. "John!" she exclaimed hoarsely, with blazing eyes, "what is the meaning of this scene?"

I dropped the burglarious hand which I had until that moment absent-mindedly retained. Her violence rather took me aback.



THE LADY BURGLAR PLAYS HER BEST CARD

"If you refer to this last tableau," I remarked, carelessly, "I assure you that it is wholly without significance. For the rest, the presence of this young woman, together with the proximity of that"—and I pointed to the bag on the floor—"should make the situation obvious to the most ordinary intelligence." I said this in a way that made it sound rather well, and I foresaw that it would bring home to my wife pretty clearly that she was not taking the right attitude towards a husband who had just landed the pioneer crackswoman of the land. But in some way it failed of its proper effect.

"Come," she said, with scorn, "those are fine words, but they do not relieve you from the necessity of an explanation."

I could not have believed that pique over a chance bit of alien osculation on my part could have so muddled my wife's wits.

"Must I then tell you," I said, coldly, with a sweep of the hand toward the young woman, who all the while was standing silent at the far end of the table—"must I then tell you in so many words that I have been so fortunate as to capture the Lady Burglar?"

"Burglar!" said my wife, in a choking voice that made me wheel sharply. "Burglar! Are you crazy? or am I?"

This was unendurable. "Since you put me to it," I replied, with chilling courtesy,

"I must say that your last suggestion seems to furnish the best explanation of your eccentric conduct. But you shall hear. Young woman," I said, facing her and speaking in a low, icy voice, "as you hope to receive mercy from me, I charge you now to tell this lady who you are." And the Lady Burglar, as before, was ready with an answer, though it was not to my wife that it came as information. "I'm the cook," she said, briefly, and put her face into her hands.

And there was a silence in the kitchen, a ghastly silence with the three dimensions, for I could not for the life of me think of anything worth saying. I should have liked to remark, in an off-hand way, that I had known it all along, but I was not quite sure of myself, and, besides, there was that in my wife's face as I looked at her out of the tail of my eye that made this quite out of the question. Characteristically, she thrust upon my shoulders the entire responsibility of the situation. Neither was there any help to be got from the young woman. She had turned her back, but from a slight twitching of the shoulders I gathered that something amused her. If there was to be any conversation, evidently the initiative was to come from me.

"If that pot isn't empty," I said at last, taking a step in her direction, "pour some tea for Mrs. Van Brunt, will you?"

THE MAID IN THE PINAFORE

BY ALICE REID

DEAR little maiden, a song for you!
 A song of the days of yore;
 Of a dear little cottage (the story's true)
 In a garden by the shore;
 Larkspur and lavender, heart's-ease and rue,
 Bold prince's-feather and quaint feverfew,—
 And fairer than all to the boy in blue,
 A maid in a pinafore.

Now the boy in blue sailed over the sea,
 As boys have done before,
 But ever his thoughts clung wistfully
 About that cottage door;
 Pale honeysuckle and bonny sweet-pea,
 Roses the sweetest, the bravest to see,—
 O sweetest of all in the garden she,
 The maid in the pinafore!

And that cottage garden's his to-day,
 And a wife that he adores;
 O the winds may call him "Away, Away!"
 He rests upon his oars;
 And along with dahlia and hollyhock,
 Bachelor's-buttons and four-o'clock,
 They're raising a kind of perennial stock
 Of maids in pinafores.

A RACE FOR LIFE

"It was really a most extraordinary, not to say mysterious happening," remarked Judge Crabtree, "and if it hadn't been for the flash of light which was shed on it at the last moment it would have puzzled me to my dying day."

"Any more inscrutable than that occasion when you got entangled in the revolving storm-door and circulated with it all night in an effort to push it open?" asked Major Dodge.

"Just about the same, only it didn't last so long," returned the Judge. "You see, I was out bicycling, and coming along to a wayside tavern I dismounted, leaned my wheel against a tree, and went in to seek refreshment. I called for a glass of milk—I pledge you my word that I took nothing stronger—in fact, the place seemed to afford nothing stronger, if you except some small round pies on tin plates, which reminded me of hot-water bags. I absorbed my milk and went out. At the door I met another wheelman, and observed his bicycle leaning against the same tree as mine; but I paid no attention to it, simply making sure that I mounted my own.

"The milk and the happy escape from those rubber pies exhilarated me, and I sped away down the road at a lively rate. I had not gone above a dozen rods, however, before I heard a strange noise behind me, and taking a precarious glance over my shoulder, I was startled to see a large bull-

dog coming full tilt not ten feet behind. Naturally I couldn't survey him carefully, but I saw enough to convince me that he was the biggest bull-dog that I'd ever beheld, and that he was an evil-minded brute with a full complement of teeth. Now I'm no lover of the bull-dog, especially the approaching bull-dog, so I just threw my weight on those pedals and shot my vehicle ahead about twice as fast as it had been moving. I didn't have any appointment with that bull-dog, and I reckoned if he wanted to see me he could call during office hours, and send in his card in a civilized manner. I knew the bull-dog's strong point isn't speed, and I calculated I'd simply leave him behind. So I went ahead like an express train for about a quarter of a mile, and then glanced back again to see if I could still make him out in the distance. I'm a living sinner if he wasn't still coming right behind, mouth open wider than ever, and the hair on his back standing straight up!

"Well, it cleared up matters a little, anyhow. I saw now that that bull-dog had greyhound blood in him, and that it was a question of life and death. So I leaned over and made every joint in that bicycle creak. It was still down-grade, and I'm convinced that I covered the next half-mile in less time than any bicyclist ever before made a similar distance. Then I took a rearward glance—bull-dog still pegging along, bound to have that interview with me if it killed him. I don't mind saying that by this time I was frightened. I was right at the top of a pretty steep hill, 'most a mile long. I took the handle-bar in my teeth, and I just sort of dropped down that hill, though I kept pedaling all the time, so I made considerably better time than a falling body would have made going down straight that distance, and having to depend simply on the dilatory attraction of gravitation. At the foot of the hill I looked back again. Bull-dog still right there, mouth open, and savage—only now he was on his back, with his legs sticking up in the air, and sort of fanning back and forth. I saw there was no use in trying to get away from a dog who could run just as fast on his back as any other way, so I stopped, and fell off and collapsed in the ditch. And while I was gasping for the breath of life that other scoundrel rode up and began to explain how he'd been leading home a new dog by a long cord, and tied him by mistake, when he went into the tavern, to the seat-post of my bicycle instead of his own, and how he was willing to apologize; but I felt no interest in his private affairs, especially after he referred to the ravening beast as a 'pug pup he was taking home to the children'; so I just looked the other way, and attended strictly to breathing; and after a while, when his pesky bull-dog revived, he led him away, and I gave a passing farmer half a dollar to go to a neighboring house and get a couple of men to help him lift me into his wagon, and then drive me to the nearest railroad station."



THE PEACOCK



WISDOM THROUGH EXPERIENCE

Professor Ferule, engaged for forty years in teaching country schools, takes a European vacation, and climbs the Matterhorn. Before sitting down to enjoy the view he carefully guards against bent pins.

THE TUCKERS' JUNE WEDDING

"THIS here notion so many folks have of getting married in Joon," remarked Mr. Milo Bush, "is something I couldn't never quite understand. March, or December, or some such rip-snorthing month ought to be more fitten considering the life ahead of the parties. That's what old Harvey Tucker thought; anyhow, he wanted his daughter Maggie to be married in March, if she was going to be married at all, which he objected to, not liking the feller. Though prob'ly 'cause the old man had just sold a span of mules in March, and so had the money to liquidate for the doings, had more to do with it. But, No; Mrs. Tucker and Maggie wouldn't listen to it—they must wait till Joon, and wait they did, though the old man had to sell his cow, having failed to connect with a plan for doing the business on tick.

"Well, as I said, Tucker was opposed to the match, him being a plain citizen down on shirt collars, and the feller wearing 'em high—cloth, starched, according to the general opinion, instead of paper. Tucker considered him a dood, and wanted to fire him

out. When at last he seen he couldn't stop it he tried to get off with a plain marriage by Squire Malgrave at legal rates, after he found he couldn't work up an elopement; but the women wouldn't listen to it; nothing would satisfy 'em but a wedding, and a Joon wedding, which seems to be the wuss kind. High-noon was their igeer. 'Alars,' said the old man, 'right at dinner-time. I shall aim to eat a sizable breakfast.'

"Well, them women did certainly lay out to spread themselves. 'Twasn't enough that the old man had told everybody when it was going to be, and asked 'em to come, but they must send out cards printed in business-college writing, and reading like as if they was talking about somebody else—'Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Peabody Tucker'—fust time we'd ever heard of the *Peabody*—'requests your presence at the marriage of their daughter Margharretta'—this was high-noon for Maggie—to Mr. Arthur Benthune Endicott.' Well, a good many of our folks was some beat by the thing, being plain like the old man, and having been used to taking their weddings straight, and some of 'em kept still and didn't let on they'd got the cards, and others sent word by somebody that they'd try and be there, and others sent postal cards, and some common letters, in which they talked about themselves at first hand as if they was still inhabiting their own bodies, which, of course, wasn't the way a-tall. I flatter myself, though, that I riz to the occasion, having travelled some when I was younger, and I just sent 'em a communication and talked about myself as if I lived over in the next county somewheres—'Mr. Milo Bush, Esquire, sends word that he takes pleasure in accepting the kind invitation of the H. Peabody Tuckers to attend the wedding of their daughter Margharretta, *alyeus* Maggie, and he'll try to drop in somewhere around a quarter to twelve, just as noon begins to h'ist up,' and it seeming to need some sort of signature, I just tacked on, 'Yours trooly, John Doe, attorney for the said Bush.'

"Betwixt the time of the cards and the wedding-day there was a good deal of talk, and some sympathy for the old man, especially after it was reported around that he had been seen after dark one night carrying home a parcel containing a cloth collar. We knowed too well the old man's feelings on the question.

"Well, on the day of the wedding about everybody that had got the cards was on hand, including some that had dropped in on the old man's word, like Tunk Leathers, who really wa'n't in condition for a function, and later on complained that he never knowed before that the Tuckers was Mormons, which remark wa'n't generally understood, him going to sleep about then, till somebody explained that Tunk could prob'ly see two brides.

"When I went in Mrs. Tucker come to me and asked me wouldn't I as a life-long friend step into the kitchen and see the old

man a minute. So I went out and found the women trying to argue him into not making an ass of himself, the same being his plan. They was telling him how he mustn't smoke dooring the ceremony, and how he ought to go in and welcome the guests, and appear cheerful, and not keep chasing his hand around inside his collar like as if he thought it was likely to shut up on him and cut off his head.

"Yes, yes, Harvey," says I, "the women are right. Women are always right about a function. Stop making a fool of yourself and grinding your neck about in that collar." "And we want him to help throw rice after the bride," says Mrs. Tucker. "Yes; and an old shoe," says the younger daughter.

"Ladies," says I, "withdraw and let me talk to him as betwixt man and man." So they done so, and says I, "Harve, it's that there feller that's marrying your daughter that you've got it in for, ain't it?" "He is the source of all my woe," says the old man, sorrowful-like. Then we had some further talk, and I calls in the ladies, and says I: "It is all arranged. He sees his dooty now, and he'll do it. Count him in on the rice and things." Then we all went in, and soon after the short and simple ceremony binding together two loving hearts took place. Through it all the old man was chipper, and done the right thing at the right place. None would have knowed that he was not at home with functions. He ground his head about some, but no more than was prob'ly necessary. That collar was hardly a fair deal on a man of his age and principles.

"After a light repast, which was more

fancy than filling, the happy couple prepared to take their departure to catch the one-twenty train for their wedding-trip. There was much laughter and merriment. Tunk Leathers woke up and inquired what day of the week it was. They started down the front steps, amid a shower of rice. "Papa must throw some rice too," says the younger daughter. "Yes, yes; Peabody must throw some," says the old lady. "Lemme throw the old shoe," says Tucker, rushing for'ard. Then he reaches under the sofa and hauls out one of these 'ere duck-hunting rubber boots that you tie around under your chin, with a sole an inch thick, and he takes it by the top and whirls it furious around his head three times, and before I can spring for'ard to seize his arm he lets go, and that boot flies through the air like a bumshell, and takes Arthur Benthune Endicott right betwixt the shoulder-blades; after which we got the old man into the kitchen, and took off his collar and give him his pipe."

H. C.

MUZZLING THE OX

ONE morning our wash-woman, a lady of color—very dark color—came hastily in, and, without any preliminaries, exclaimed: "Sparatualism! What is sparatualism, Miss Cora?" My sister explained as well as she could, and asked why she wished to know. "Well, you see," she went on, excitedly, "Sarah—she's my daughter, you know, and she went last week to live with a lady what says she is a sparatualist; and she says if Sarah takes anything she'll know it. Sarah's going to leave!"

E. B. S.



OUR ART STUDENTS

THE ONE WITH THE PALETTE. "I'm afraid—just a little afraid—that I've followed Sargent too closely."

THE ADMIRING FRIEND. "Oh, it shows the influence of Sargent slightly, dear, but don't worry—there's enough of yourself in it to save it!"



AN ALARMING SITUATION

"What startled you, my pretty child?" "Oh, please sir, only hark! I'm almost 'fraid to take a step—the dogwood—hear it bark!"

THE WIDOW; AND NILES AND GILES

THE widow is a resident of Brooklyn. Two of her friends are stock-brokers in Wall Street and fellow club-members, but they had never spoken of her to each other.

And the widow was wary. While her mind was undecided, she encouraged both, and arranged that they call on different occasions. But one evening, unfortunately, the two suitors met, and the situation became embarrassing. Giles, who had entered first, believed he had the right of possession. Niles was of the opinion that the earlier caller should take his leave first. Therefore both tarried.

At length, as the hour was growing late, Niles suggested that they depart together, and discuss a matter of interest to their club on their homeward way. Giles, unable to find a ready excuse, agreed. Together they boarded a car, and together reached the ferry for Manhattan.

At this juncture Niles, somewhat unnecessarily it appeared to Giles, became engaged in a controversy with a man who had jostled him; but the opportunity seemed heaven-sent to Giles, and he embraced it to return the way he had come. He had been on the point of asking a crucial question; and, being a man of resolution, he determined not to risk another hour's delay. He stopped a moment in a cigar-store to arrange his neck-tie,

Arriving at the apartment-house he was informed by the hall-boy that the elevator had just gone up for the last time. So near the object of his adoration, this seemed but a trivial inconvenience, and, like the ardent P. J. de Béranger, "lightly he vaulted up four pair of stairs."

He stood at the door. He entered. There sat Niles. M. BOURCHIER SANFORD.

THE ANTHEM AGAIN

THE "Messiah" was sung recently in Philadelphia, and one of the anthems rendered by the chorus had as its theme, "We have turned every one to his own way." As anthems go this sounded somewhat as follows: "We have turned, turned, turned—we have turned, yes, we have—we have turned every one, every one to his own way—to his, to his own way, own way—every one to his own way." The anthem involved several pages of music, and every time the chorus sang "we have turned, turned, turned," they proceeded to turn over to the next page, and then burst out again with "we have turned, turned!" A certain plain citizen, rather elderly, who sat well in the rear, not appreciating the delicate sentiment, was heard to mutter, disgustedly, "Well, when you get through turnin', turnin' them gol-darned pages, suppose you shet up about it!"

W. O. M.



THE HORSE SHOW AT NEWPORT

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CIII

JULY, 1901

NO. DCXIV



TEA ON THE BEACH

Newport in Summer

BY ELIOT GREGORY

CITIES, like human beings, have distinct personalities, are frivolous, progressive, sombre, or gay, much after the fashion of the people about us, and produce as vivid impressions on the mind. It is no more possible, for one who has lingered in the highways and byways of Europe, to confuse Ghent and Florence, or St. Petersburg with Arles, than to mistake a friend's face, or characters in a favorite book.

This power to charm or repel is not confined to Old World towns. Here in our young land, so lightly draped as yet in

the scarfs of legend and romance, cities have "atmospheres" of their own impossible to ignore. Certain places attract and soothe us without apparent reason, while others annoy and irritate the nerves. Denver and Chicago are cordial good-fellows who slap one on the back, and call new acquaintances by their Christian names. When Salem or Annapolis is mentioned, a vision is evoked of mittened and kerchiefed old ladies drinking tea from dishes of rare Nanking. New York is the resplendent wife of a banker, pushing her noisy way in the



VIEWING POLO GAME AND YACHT RACE AT THE SAME TIME

world and dazzling foreign courts with her diamonds, much to the disgust of *passée* Mistress Boston, who draws aside in protest.

Of all our towns, however, that which has of late developed the most amusing individuality is Newport. So much wealth has poured in upon the place that it reminds one to-day of the hero of *Ten Thousand a Year*, who, after a boyhood of toil and privation, awoke one morning to find himself heir to a fortune. Like that lucky youth, the Rhode Island city is experiencing difficulty in adapting itself to new conditions, and has more than once set the world laughing at its pretensions.

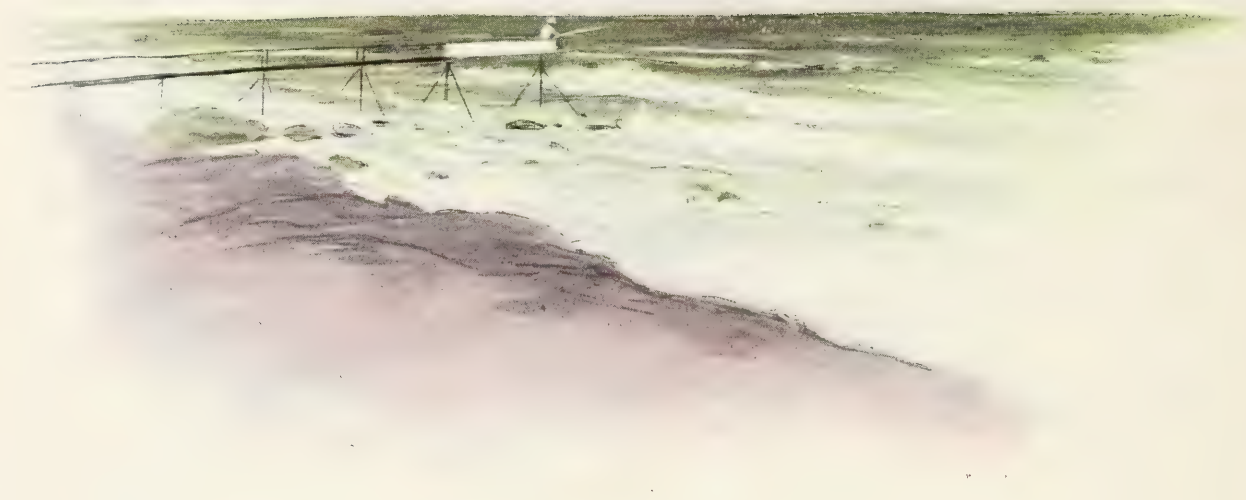
During its two hundred years of existence, Newport has seen three distinct phases of life. First, as a provincial seaport, it had a day of prosperity; trade, however, drifted away to rival centres, leaving the town to sink into obscurity and indigence, until some sixty years ago, when a group of unostentatious people selected it for their summer home. Those were happy days! I have an idea that the old city remembers with pleasure the simple ways and entertainments of the epoch. The third phase of its existence began late in the eighties, when, almost in a season, Newport turned from being

a tranquil and exclusive centre into a focus of folly, extravagance, and newspaper notoriety, the fad of our wealthiest plutocracy, and perhaps the most advertised watering-place on the globe. So quickly did this last transformation take place, so great has been the treasure flung about its ill-kept streets, that the astonished seaport is still rubbing its eyes and wondering if this unexpected prosperity is not an illusion. As to rising to the situation, getting its hair cut, and making a fresh toilet in which to receive guests, such an idea has never crossed its head.

Each year when I set foot anew in the meagre shed that does duty for a railway station, or note the crowd of faultless city carriages huddled together on a pier—at which emigrants would blush to land—waiting of a Saturday afternoon the arrival of their fagged owners; when I saunter through lanelike streets leading incongruously to marble villa and Tudor manor-house; when I find shingle cottages decorated with Versailles furniture, Mignard portraits, Genoa brocades, and Beauvais tapestries; when I see the toilets and jewels that women assume to dine informally with friends—I feel the same sort of amused astonishment as the loungers in Hyde Park must have experi-



A CONTRAST—RUINS IN THE PRINCIPAL PART OF NEWPORT



A LONE FISHERMAN

enced when Tittlebat Titmouse appeared amongst them, his clumsy hands glittering with rings, and a splendid chain strung across a waistcoat homesick for the wash-tub. The strongest impression one receives on visiting Newport to-day is a confused sense of splendor and slouch that would be sad if it were not laughable.

Poets have sung about the palace which in Venice shoulders a prison. It has been reserved for an American city to show the world châteaux and cow-sheds chumming amicably together. Perhaps a bard will some day appear to celebrate these ill-assorted unions, and chant the fact that here green lawns lie down with potato-patches, and stables look in at the windows of granite palaces. One thing, however, is clear: at no other time or place since Cleopatra carried off Anthony for a "season" in Asia Minor has so much money been spent that a group of people might take sea baths.

Newport is not a typical American watering-place. Mr. Page tells us the country is inclined to take it seriously, which is a pity, for it is above all a place of

fads and caprices, of changing moods and inconsistent standards. Oddly enough, many of its manias have coincided with the discarding of those particular fads abroad. The rush to build costly country houses at a moment when the owners of such useless piles of bricks and mortar in Europe are doing their best to get rid of their burdens is an illustration of this.

The building craze must be placed first on the list of Newport's idiosyncrasies. Neither in England nor on the Continent have people been thoughtless enough to construct costly residences at a sea-side city where the season lasts but a few weeks—to remain here longer is to "walk alone a banquet-hall deserted." Palaces are as inappropriate to Newport as a court train would be in a row-boat; for it is the one place in America where people don't want to have guests stopping with them. House parties were voted inconvenient long ago, exception being made for young men (with turnouts of their own) sufficiently "in the swim" to be asked out continually, and not interfere with the liberty of their hostess, or make claim upon her stable. One gay

matron, with a Continental reputation for hospitality, openly tells the people who happen to be under her roof that they must shift for themselves the nights she dines out. As she remains at home on an average one evening a week, the pleasure of visiting her may easily be imagined. Yet this very woman was not satisfied until she had nagged her husband into building a granite excrescence on the cliffs roomy enough to shelter a regiment.

Oh! those cliff structures. What monuments to human folly they are! One cannot help wondering what is to become of them in the future, for a fatality seems

to pursue the inappropriate piles. A couple of years ago, when royalty in the person of Count de Turin visited Newport, seven of its largest villas were shut, and have, for the matter of that, remained so since their construction. If the original owners find these habitats inconvenient, what will take place when, in the next generation, fortunes are divided and children find themselves with burdens on their hands compared to which white elephants would be handy bits of *bric-à-brac*. One explanation of this folly is to be found in the fact that the majority of staring habitations have been



DASHING ALONG THE AVENUE

built by "outsiders," or people but recently admitted to the social life of the place, therefore unaware of their blunders until it was too late.

Harpignies used to explain to us, when we were students in Paris, that the city's quais—he was fond of painting—owed their charm to the harmonious adaptation of palace, bridge, and tree-lined embankment to the river's width. "In London," he would add, "the Thames is too wide, and at Rome the Tiber too narrow, for the buildings on the banks. In Paris one feels the sense of artistic satisfaction which comes from harmonious proportions."

Until recently the same might have been said of Newport's famous cliffs. The villas on their crests were in keeping with the place and in harmony with the landscape. Unfortunately, the architects of later structures either failed to see this, or wilfully ignored the subtle laws of proportion, and have marred the fair ocean front with bogus castles and Renaissance pavilions, as out of place on those verdant slopes as a Broad Street office-building would be on the Cours la Reine. Not to mention the æsthetic crime of crowding monumental structures, that require settings of park or stately Italian garden, on foolish little patches of land, until they look like the pasteboard models glued to green boards one occasionally sees in architects' offices.

Now, nothing is more characteristic of a man than the house he builds. An analogy always exists between the aspect of a place and the lives of its inhabitants, because physical and moral peculiarities react upon each other. The pretentious château (on its half-acre of land), so planned that the front door opens into the family sitting-room, and adapted neither for home comfort nor successful entertaining, is singularly characteristic of our "high society."

Modern Newport has made unto itself a god with feet of clay. But as it is that variety of alluvial deposit found at Cripple Creek, the place is suffering from a plethora of gold, which, combined with a paucity of tradition, results in an amusing muddle. The possessors of large new fortunes are anxious to be very fine after the fashion of foreign aristocrats, but, disliking the isolation incumbent on that

pose, decided that it was much jollier to be fine all in a heap. Herding together and living in the public eye are American traits. They fill our large hotels and crowd winter resorts, but are singularly out of keeping with *la vie à grandes guides* that people would fain lead. Our "Deucedly Superior Set" feel that something in their machinery jars, but are not clever enough to see that the fault lies in their foolish ways.

Many years ago, when New York was a small provincial city, a fashion prevailed for ladies to place such flowers as had been sent to them, and even bronze and china ornaments in their parlor windows, outside the curtains, for the benefit, apparently, of the public. It was a simple-minded kind of ostentation, which went with the habits of a people whose idea of summer comfort was a month spent in a hotel. Something like this custom prevails in Newport to-day. Not only are the lawns and façades of the cottages arranged with an eye to effect from the public road, but the entire life of the "cottagers" takes place in their front parlor windows. Hardly a property-owner in the place can give a garden party, nor a lady stroll in her grounds, without furnishing a spectacle to the kodak enthusiast and the "barge" full of dollar trippers. When one sees this, and how publicity is courted in other ways, the naïve inconsistency of our "smart" people in resenting notoriety is amusing.

Next to lack of privacy comes the absence of tranquillity in the list of Newport's shortcomings. One is reminded of the overworked banker whose doctor recommended change and rest. The invalid was unable to find either during his travels, as the waiters, he explained, got his change, and the hotel bills took the rest. Among its many claims to distinction Newport might be mentioned as a place where people (like that suffering financier) find neither variety nor repose, the only difference being that the banker was honestly looking for those blessings, while the patrons of this shore would in all probability refuse them were they offered.

Morley says that it would be over-praise to call English society half-civilized. One wonders what would he write if he could



A SUNDAY-NIGHT CONCERT AT THE CASINO

see the habits of up-to-date Newporters. In other parts of the land, people fortunate enough to get away from city life break during their holiday with the weary routine of winter existence. Here the grind is carried on through the hot summer days and nights with a persistency worthy of a nobler aim. Less the opera, there is hardly a shade of difference between society's winter and summer ways. The stage setting is different, but the play and the performers, the costumes and the jesters, remain discouragingly the same. *Le calme me tue* would be an excellent title for the comedy that these people perform for the benefit of the public, a play with many fair performers, delightful music, sumptuous ballet, and an occasional bit of tragedy thrown in to keep up the interest, but singularly lacking in plot or antithesis.

It is hardly fair, however, to dwell on the shortcomings of a place which, after all, has much to offer those who know what to take and what to leave. Despite the showy ways of the "Mighty Few"—perhaps on account of them—Modern Newport offers the visitor a brilliancy of summer pageantry unseen in other parts of this country. The air is full of that buoyant sense of living, the subtle *joie de vivre* that one feels in Paris of a May morning when the tide of sparkling traps and laughing children flows through sunny avenues to the Bois. Here of an August afternoon one has the sensation that all poverty and sorrow have been washed off of the face of the world by the morning shower that cooled the air and sprinkled the trim lawns with crystal. Wherever one turns, the same animation and gayety prevails; for a moment the illusion is produced that prosperity and health are normal conditions of humanity, that dainty carriages and fresh toilets spring spontaneously from the soil. There are few prettier sights to be seen, even in this cheerful place, than the Yacht Club when the "world" is embarking for a day on the water; or a more picturesque scene than the Casino of a Sunday evening, its galleries gay with lanterns and its moonlit lawn filled with a throng silent under the spell of music. One might journey far and find no circle more brilliant than the ring of flag-decked boxes that girdles

the open-air Horse Show, that supreme function which with the Coach Parade marks the culmination of the season. Perhaps nowhere else in the world can one sit of an afternoon, sipping tea, and watch polo and a yacht race at the same moment—a combining of pleasures which has a real value for our compatriots who delight in doing two things at once. It doubtless gives them a vague sense of saving time.

But before all social functions, all artificial allurements, must be placed the natural beauties of a place where Nature has been more than prodigal of her good gifts. Before yacht-filled harbor or sheltered beach ranks the rocky stretch of heather and wild rose, which lies at the city feet like a bit of Scotland transplanted into the lap of a tropical sea. The ten miles of roadway that winds through this enchanted region rivals in beauty such famous drives as the "Cornice," the road between Aix and the Grande Chartreuse, and even that bit of paradise lying between Sorrento and Castel-a-Mare. It is of this that Robert Louis Stevenson writes in the letters full of pleasant souvenirs of visits in tranquil Washington Street. It is this and not the palace-lined Avenue that inspired Alexander Harrison, whose brush has more than once expressed the charm of a certain ineffable hour, a fleeting moment of midsummer twilight, after the sun has disappeared and a young moon hangs low in an opalescent sky, an hour when one feels in touch with the hidden mysteries of the ocean.

Let not a simple-minded reader, innocent of the ways of the place, imagine that this is the hour chosen by the "cottagers" to linger by the ocean's edge. You may drive from one end of the winding roadway to the other without meeting a human being. Sea damp takes the curl out of feathers and injures Parisian toilets; besides, what sensible mortals would linger out in the twilight when they might be at home enjoying the intricacies of "bridge," or getting ready for a dinner party?

The same indifference to pleasures that interest other parts of the country is noticeable throughout this place. No set of people is more indifferent to yachting than the owners of the hundred trim



A VIEW OF THE LINKS

craft that crowd its harbor. They will take a languid interest in the greater races, and make up parties for the day. It is not safe, however, to question returning guests as to the result of the contest. Last week a party on one of the big yachts (out to see a contest that was thrilling the whole country) retired to the cabin as soon as they got on board, and remained there the entire day playing cards. As they were being landed at twilight, some one on the wharf called out: "Who won?"

"Mrs. Blank," answered an ingenuous maiden; "she held all the trumps."

A mild pretence is also made by our *beau monde* of encouraging fox-hunting and field sports, but there is little real interest taken in these pastimes. The first "meet" of the season will be well attended, but finding the roads dusty and the hills steep, people soon turn back and go solemnly pounding up and down the Avenue, bowing to each other.

Occasionally a "cottager," wishing to be original and rural, will give a picnic, but the half-hearted affair turns out to be only a burlesque of the real thing, differing in no essential from the winter luncheon served by the same weary waiters who have already offered three hundred and sixty-five identical repasts to the same three hundred odd guests during the past twelve months.

Nothing outside of its narrow circle interests Newport, which has the proud distinction of being the only place on the coast where no notice is taken socially of our navy officers when the fleet visits the harbor.

There are, however, signs of a change in the air. Without knowing it, Newport is on the threshold of a fourth phase of development. The great "palace-building era" has seen its day. It is safe to predict that no additional mastodons will be constructed here. The dull old staggers who still cling to heavy dressing and perfunctory card-leaving are dying out. Aristocrats of the next decade will lead more reasonable lives than their parents. The matron of the future will be simply clothed (in public), leaving elaborate toilet, like her diamonds, for winter wear. (It should be said in passing, to the credit of our men, that they long ago saw the error of their ways, and discarded city

trappings for cool flannels and shady panamas.) Without arriving at the dishevelled condition of the hatless summer girl, our wives and sisters will become open-air women, and forget that such things as visiting-cards exist.

Already one sees the more independent *débutantes*—those who are sure enough of their position to do as they like—cutting the heavy functions given in their honor by fond relations, and escaping from the boredom of reception and "tea" to pass their afternoons in freedom. It will take years to accomplish these reforms, and the pioneers will, in the mean time, be regarded with suspicion. Many old tabbies are at this moment shuddering because a group of young people have chosen the twilight hour for a dip in the ocean, in defiance of fashion, which decrees that a sea bath should be taken at high noon, with the thermometer in the nineties and dressing-cabins turned into ovens. When it got whispered about that the innovators actually had the audacity to carry a tea-basket with them to the beach, and after a hurried toilet lingered in the summer twilight watching the sunset and chatting over the cups—at an hour when all self-respecting philistines are housed in nice hot parlors keeping company with kerosene-lamps—the elderly matrons asked each other, "What is society coming to?"

London society, under an appearance of frivolity, follows a definite aim and exercises great political influence. The prizes it has to offer to the successful are worth a struggle. In France the aristocracy is fighting for its very existence in arms against a rising sea of democracy. With us the shell only of those organizations exists, without their *raison d'être*.

Until many reforms are worked, Newport will continue to give a continual performance of *Hamlet* with the Danish Prince left out; sumptuous dinners served and imperial jewels donned to entertain callow youths from college; carriages that would not be out of place in a coronation procession ordered out for a drive in country lanes, or to take people to the Fall River boat—efforts continually out of proportion to the results obtained—enormous fatigue incurred, great fortunes spent, and serious sacrifices endured to keep the costly ball turning toward no visible goal.

A Lion in the Way

BY GEORGE HIBBARD



THE Checoit Country Club has not yet ceased to talk about it, though the beginning seemed so very unimportant. Indeed, the sky was quite blue; there was no suggestion of impending trouble as the three men sat on the veranda. A charity in which they were all interested drew a great part of its income from a piece of property in another town, and this had suddenly been left without a tenant. Whibley had received the information in the morning, and now communicated it to the others, with many expressions of old-gentlemanly dissatisfaction.

"And the scoundrel left it in pretty bad shape too, I should judge," Whibley continued. "There's no doubt some one's got to go there and see about it." He looked from one to the other. "I can't; my wife isn't too well. Either you, Siddons, or you, Jerrold, has got to go. It can't be over a week or ten days at the most. And you know we've been working all the winter to put this on its feet."

"You go," said Siddons to the other, with rather sudden eagerness.

"Hang it! why don't you go yourself? The streets'll be like the bars of a grid-iron, and do you suppose I want to broil on them?"

"I understand," suggested Siddons, with a short laugh, "that Mrs. Wingate is there."

"I'll tell you what I'll do with you," said Jerrold, suddenly. "As Mr. Whibley says, some one has got to go, and I'll toss up to see which of us it is."

Siddons's eyes narrowed a little, as often happened when he was thinking intently.

"No," he said, slowly. "But I'll tell you what I will do. We've got to play off the 'finals' for the cup to-morrow, and I'll play you for that too."

Siddons was a "scratch" man, and

Jerrold, on the list in the smoking-room, was given two strokes. Still, he had not played as much, and was coming up rapidly.

"All right," he said, indolently.

Without a moment's delay, Siddons called to another group seated at another table and told them the conditions of the match. "It's for which of us to go into exile," he exclaimed.

The men laughed carelessly, but little Sammy Hargis, as Jerrold passed him going to the dressing-room, stopped him and whispered,

"What's Siddons up to now?"

"Nothing," replied Jerrold, stopping.

"He's a sly devil, and I'll bet there is something in the wind," answered Hargis, nodding his head sagaciously.

Jerrold mounted the stairs to the dressing-room very slowly, wondering if there could be anything in what Sammy had suggested. It was impossible, he concluded. And yet he distrusted Siddons. It was not wholly because he had shown such a pronounced admiration in the spring at Lakewood for Miss Emily Worden, who, Jerrold had at once decided, was the one woman in all the world,—a fact which he made manifest to every one, but which he only communicated to her with the greatest hesitation and mystery. It was awkward, to be sure, to have Siddons always in the way, but Jerrold had never considered him seriously in the light of a rival. He knew that she talked to himself very frankly about Siddons, and was equally well aware that she never mentioned his own name to him,—something from which, though he was very desperately in love, he was still sane enough to draw very reassuring conclusions.

On the steps Jerrold met Mrs. Lytcott.

"Why," she cried, "I expected to see you sooner."

Jerrold paused in wonder.

"I don't believe you got my note," she

went on as he shook his head. "I asked you to dine here and go to the circus. Emily Worden came at five o'clock."

"Really?" exclaimed Jerrold, in consternation.

"I told Mr. Siddons to tell you. He was driving past the house when I got the telegram, and I beckoned to him to come in, and said he was to let you know at once. I was sure you'd be interested, for you were all at Lakewood together."

"He didn't say anything to me," said Jerrold, grimly.

"He must have forgotten," purred Mrs. Lytcott.

"Well—are you coming?" she called, as Jerrold went on his way silently down the steps.

"Oh—yes—yes, with pleasure," he called back. "How long did you say that Miss Worden was going to stay?"

"A week or ten days," she answered. "Remember, at seven—but we need not hurry, because the circus is just over there."

And she pointed to where, through a break in a clump of trees in the Country Club grounds, the huge mushroomlike tents shone warmly white in the setting sun, while the flags fluttered in the soft summer evening air.

Jerrold understood now why Siddons had been so loath to leave the place, so anxious to have him go upon the tiresome business. And he had been led into placing himself in such a position that he might have to go, with Emily Worden coming to stay with the Lytcotts.

Later it was with a distinct feeling of anxiety and a certain sensation of embarrassment that Jerrold met Miss Worden in the big room of the club before dinner. He had known that she was pretty, but now she seemed more bewildering than she had ever appeared in his endless visions of her.

"Aren't you surprised to see me?" she asked.

"Very," he answered, gravely.

"And glad, *very* glad?" she urged.

"I can't tell you how glad," he replied.

"Then don't say it in such a tone," she remonstrated. "I—I thought you'd say it differently," and she half turned away.

"Why, the truth is—" he began, but

dinner was announced, and he could not finish.

"What is the truth?" she asked as soon as she was seated next to him.

"Why, that I may have to go away myself," he broke out.

"Go," she exclaimed, "just when I have come! Oh, you can't, and—" she paused.

"But if I *have* to," he replied, desperately. "You see, I did not know you were coming."

"Yes," said Mrs. Lytcott, who had overheard the last sentence, as she looked at Siddons further down the table. "Why did not you tell Mr. Jerrold, as I told you, that Miss Worden was going to be with me?"

Siddons looked up.

"Why didn't I?" he said, negligently. "Didn't I?" he replied, slowly, his eyes once more narrowing perceptibly. Then, after a quick glance at Jerrold, he answered, affectedly: "So I didn't; so I didn't. I forgot it, of course. How stupid of me!"

If he had said it in so many words, he could not have more clearly conveyed the impression that he had told Jerrold, and that he was only denying it now to help him out in his tale.

Emily Worden looked at Jerrold suspiciously, and when she again spoke it was very coldly.

"And where, pray, are you going?"

"To Chicago," he answered, helplessly.

"I understand there is a great deal of golf there," she went on, "and Mrs. Wingate."

"You—you can't think I *want* to go," stammered Jerrold. But Miss Worden had turned and was talking to the other man next her.

Then he became sulky, and she became disdainful, and it was as pretty a lovers' quarrel as one would wish to see.

After dinner he kept away from her, nor did he approach her as they walked to the circus, which was so near that driving would have been absurd. It was only when they were in the menagerie that the crowd brought them together, and held them pressed one against the other in front of the tiger's cage.

"I suppose that I sha'n't see you again?" she said, interrogatively.



"YOU MUST BEAT—YOU MUST—OR I'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOU!"

"Oh yes," he answered, eagerly. "I'll be here to-morrow. I have to play off the 'finals' for the club cup with Siddons."

"Oh, you are going to stay for that," she observed, pointedly, gazing at the tiger passing restlessly up and down. And Jerrold could not help thinking that there was something similar in her graceful fierceness.

"You see, I can't very well get out of this," he stumbled. "The truth is, you see, it's about a charity I have to go—one with which we've all been busy."

"It is very noble of you," she murmured.

"No, it isn't," he replied, viciously beating with his stick against a post, in a way that made the tiger glare at him suspiciously. "And I wish it were at the bottom of the sea. I don't want to go, and you know it."

"Then why do you go?" she asked.

"Because I promised—because, the truth is, I told Siddons that I'd play him to-morrow to see which of us goes—before I knew that you were coming, for he didn't tell me. I swear he didn't," he exclaimed. "And I don't see how I can honorably get out of it."

"Oh!" she cried, softly, and stood thinking. "Oh!" she repeated. Then she went on slowly, "I don't suppose you can."

"I'm so glad you see it that way," he said, delightedly.

"But you must beat him," she continued, quickly. "You must beat him, or I'll never speak to you again."

The next day was fair, a perfect day for golf, and a large number lunched at the club, the crowd on the veranda growing as the afternoon went on, and trap and carriage and an occasional coach brought more and more people to see the match. In the pervasive way in which such news diffuses itself, the fact had gradually become known that there were more interests involved in the game than were altogether understood, and there was a corresponding curiosity and excitement.

The club was the gayest, and when Jerrold arrived, a little late, he saw that it was the intention of a goodly number to "follow." Under ordinary circumstances he would not have minded at all, for he was the least nervous of men, and

a crowd made no difference to him. But in his present mood he felt that he was growing more irritable.

The "honor" was Jerrold's, and he drove and sliced badly. Siddons, with his usual deliberate slowness, sent his ball straight and true, and as he made his first play, so were the following—accurate, sure, almost perfect, if not brilliant golf. And Jerrold varied greatly, drawing now the wild applause of the "gallery," the next shot being met by that deep silence that showed only too plainly that all the golfing finer feelings of the spectators have been outraged. Jerrold lost the first hole and the second, won the third, tied the fourth, and when the ninth was reached was three down. It was a nine-hole course, and at the "home" hole there was a momentary pause in the game. As Jerrold stood for the moment waiting, Emily Worden drifted swiftly toward him.

"I've been thinking about it all," she said quickly under her breath as she passed him. "And you must beat—you must—you must, or indeed I'll never forgive you."

"I'm three down now," replied Jerrold, but she was already out of hearing.

Jerrold fairly ground his teeth as he set them firmly together. The gay circus music, blown clearly across the links, sounded mockingly in his ears, and the light murmur of talk, with frequent gay laughter, seemed derisively ironic. Half the game was finished, and nothing had brought hope. The unexpected must happen or all was lost.

Jerrold won the first hole, and the slight advance cheered him. As so often happens in golf, the satisfaction of success, with the corresponding discouragement for the other party, often brings further victory. Jerrold won the next with ease, so far on the second round the position being reversed. The third hole was tied, as before, and Siddons won the fourth, but Jerrold won the fifth and the next. At the seventh hole they were "even and three to play." Jerrold won the seventh, and hope returned to him. He was leading on the eighth—one approach well on the green, and he would have been safe for a tie at least, and could have started the eighth with all the inspiring confidence of being securely



"THE TIGER'S LOOSE!" CRIED THE CROWD

dormy. It was an easy approach with a good lie, but as he turned to take his club from his caddie, his eyes were caught by the circus tents, not far away.

"I guess the circus is out," said the boy, for a moment in his interest forgetting his professional calm.

Certainly the crowd was surging from the tent, and now and then Jerrold heard a broken shout. He was thinking about it as he turned to make his play, and quickly—as golf in its jealous insistency on utter absorption in its followers always visits such inattention—"topped" the ball badly. Siddons was on a corner of the green, and the hole was his.

The interest in the match had grown with the varying fortunes, and the gallery was really excited. All stood silent in intent interest as Siddons started to drive at the ninth and last hole. A bunker curving across the course rose dangerously about a hundred and thirty yards from the tee, its height making it a very long carry. Siddons drove over it neatly. Jerrold's hand almost trembled as he bent to form the sand into a tee and placed his ball upon it. Then he straightened himself resolutely. He was not going to lose through nervousness anyway, and as he brought back his club, he felt his old calmness suddenly return to him. But with the swing there came a sudden call, a disturbing sense of tumult, and before the club had reached the ball the true easy sweep had been broken, and the ball, rising lamely, after falling short of the bunker rolled slowly into it. There was something like a long-drawn sigh from the gallery, and then—

Jerrold heard a sudden din of voices, and perceived a dishevelled crowd tearing down the road not a hundred yards away.

"Hi! hi!" yelled a boy who was heading the rout, and whom Jerrold recognized at once as one of the caddies. "Get a move on there."

"What is it?" gasped half a dozen.

"The tiger's loose!" cried the crowd as it raced past, pantingly. "It's coming this way. It can't be far behind. You'd better look out."

In an instant it seemed to Jerrold that

he found himself alone. In the road there were a few traps and carriages that had been following, and with little shrieks the greater number of the women made for them. As for the Green Committee, as one man they had taken to a tree. Siddons was the only one who remained, though as Jerrold looked at him he could clearly see that he was unmistakably nervous.

"Well?" he said, glancing at Jerrold with a tremulous grin and glaring uncertainly about.

"Well," Jerrold replied, with a hard laugh, as he picked up his caddie bag, which the boy had dropped in his flight, "we've got rid of our gallery, anyway."

"You—you aren't going on with the game?" stammered Siddons, as he saw Jerrold take a forward step.

"Why not?" he replied, sternly. "It's got to be played out, hasn't it? And I think it's my play."

"There he is! There he is!" cried a caddie, who had stolen back and was gazing through the fence, as he pointed wildly to the turn in the bunker. "He's there; I can see him—humped down and lashin' his tail."

A step more and Jerrold saw that it was the truth. In an angle of the hazard, crouched on the sand, was the tiger. It looked to him as he gazed at it very much like the skin from some drawing-room floor rolled up to be put away for the summer. But there was a glare in the eyes and a twitching of the tail that no one had ever seen in any drawing-room decoration of the sort.

"Look!" said Siddons. "I think I've had about enough. Good-by."

Jerrold kept steadily on.

"Come back! come back! Don't you see it, you fool?" called the Green Committee unitedly from the tree.

But Jerrold did not heed them; advancing steadily, he entered the low sand-pit. He had kept his eyes steadily on the beast as he approached. But as his ball lay he was obliged to turn to play it. He knew that this was the critical moment; with his back to the animal he would feel more anxious, and he knew that the tiger would be given greater courage. Any stroke at golf is nervous work, but with a full-sized tiger glaring at his back any man might be forgiven



"OH,—NO—NO." SHE CRIED, GENTLY

for muffing it. And Jerrold never quite knew how he did it, but in the best form—it may have been that his action was almost automatic, and so accurate—he hit true and clean—as pretty a golf stroke as was ever made—lofting clear of the bunker, and sending the ball well forward in a soaring flight.

Without going through the opening, which would have brought him nearer to the beast, Jerrold climbed the bunker,

and coming up with his ball, after waiting for Siddons, who did not appear, played it neatly on the green, holing out in five, which was the Bogey.

When the Green Committee, individually and collectively, descended from the tree, which was not until after the tiger had been driven into its cage and was being taken securely away, they found Siddons calmly waiting for them.

"I protest," he said. "I have just made the hole in six, but I claim that my opponent played his ball out of turn, and that he has not won the match."

"But," remonstrated Hargis, "how long does one man have to wait for the other to play?"

"I believe," said the chairman of the committee, "there's nothing said about that in the rules."

"I can understand," observed Braithwait, "that at St. Andrews they never contemplated such a rub on the green as having a lion in the course."

"It was a tiger," remonstrated a member of the committee.

"Well, the principle is the same," replied Braithwait, snappishly.

"I enter my protest," continued Sidons, decidedly.

"Then," responded the desperate chairman, "there's only one thing, the committee must consider the point, as it is not covered by the rules."

It was the best quarter of an hour the club had ever known, and it may be said that it had never, as a whole, enjoyed itself so intensely. The incidents of the afternoon had been many, and the din of voices that arose from the veranda was incessant.

"Well, sir," said Braithwait gloriously to Colonel Goodrich, "what do you think of golf now?"

"By George," said the veteran, "you have me. I take it all back. The first time I ever turned tail myself. It was magnificent—magnificent; never saw such an exhibition of coolness."

"I tell you," said Hargis, slapping Jerrold on the back and shaking his hand madly at the same time, "when I saw you going down like Daniel into the lions' den, I was glad I wasn't in your shoes. And I tell you what it was, it was just the greatest golf stroke made by man. That's what it was, you old lobster," he continued, ecstatically, "and I congratulate you."

But Jerrold went wearily up to the dressing-room. He could not discover Miss Worden anywhere. At the first

alarm he had looked to see if she were safe, and finding that she had reached a dog-cart, and was perched high upon it in security, he had turned away. And he had not seen her again. Slowly he mounted the stairs, but when he reached the landing by the ball-room door he paused suddenly. Standing in the doorway he saw her shaking her head reprovingly.

"Oh," she cried, "I never can forgive you—*never—never!*"

"But I *may* have won," he said, wearily.

"Do you think I mean that?" she cried, indignantly. "No. The absurd idea of doing such a dangerous thing for a mere old game!"

"But you told me—" he began.

"I don't care what I told you, and I was very wrong, and I want to show you how sorry I am in any—any way you choose."

"Why, I know a way you might show me now," said Jerrold, very briskly.

"Oh,—no—no," she cried, gently. "There are too many people about. Wait—and—oh, hush! They are going to give their decision;" and standing as they were, they listened.

"As there is no rule," read the chairman, on the veranda, slowly, "directing how soon a ball shall be played, the committee have been obliged to make a decision that they believe is in consonance with the general spirit of the body of the rules. As when a ball is lost the hole must be given up if the ball is not found in five minutes, it is the opinion of the committee that a ball that can be played must be played within five minutes, and that a player neglecting to do so loses the hole. Therefore we wish to state that we have decided that the match for the club championship has been won by Mr. Jerrold."

The applause was deafening, and Emily Worden, as she flitted past him down the stairs, gently squeezed Jerrold's hand.

But the club has not ceased talking about it yet.



The Portion of Labor

BY MARY E. WILKINS

PART V

CHAPTER XV

ELLEN had always had objective points, as it were, in her life, and she always would have, no matter how long she lived. She came to places where she stopped mentally, for retrospection and forethought, wherefrom she could seem to obtain a view of that which lay behind, and of the path which was set for her feet in advance. She saw the tracked and the trackless. Once, going with Abby Atkins and Floretta in search of early spring flowers, Ellen had lingered and let them go out of sight, and had sat down on a springing mat of wintergreen leaves under the windy outstretch of a great pine, and had remained there quite deaf to shrill halloos. She had sat there with eyes of inward scrutiny like an Eastern sage's, motionless as on a rock of thought, while her daily life eddied around her. Ellen, sitting there, had said to herself: "This I will always remember. No matter how long I live, where I am, and what happens to me, I will always remember how I was a child, and sat here this morning in spring under the pine-tree, looking backward and forward. I will never forget."

When finally Abby and Floretta had run back, and spied her there, they had stared half frightened. "You ain't sick, are you, Ellen?" asked Abby, anxiously.

"What are you sitting there for?" asked Floretta.

Ellen had replied that she was not sick, and had risen and run on, looking for flowers, but the flowers for her bloomed always against a background of the past, and nodded with forward flings of fragrance into the future; for the other children, who were wholly of their own day and generation, they bloomed in the simple light of their own desire of possession. They picked only flowers, but Ellen picked thoughts, and they kept casting

bewildered side-glances at her, for the look which had come into her eyes as she sat beneath the pine-tree lingered.

The special occurrences in her life, such as her running away and her stay with Cynthia Lennox, her aunt Eva's marriage, and her father's losing his work, were of course remembered, but in a vastly different fashion: these had to do with her experience, her environments of life; the other, with life itself and its law of growth. It was as if a flower had had a second of self-consciousness between the bud and the blossom; a bird between its mother's brooding and the song. She had caught sight of the innermost processes of things, of her wheels of life.

Generally this had happened in connection with no especial occurrence, but the day for Ellen's graduation from school seemed to unite the cause of a unique experience to a critical stage of growth for this pause of introspection and foresight.

Ellen waked up on that June morning, and the old sensation of a pause before advance was upon her, and the strange solemnity which was almost terror, from the feeble clutching of her mind at the comprehension of infinity. She looked at the morning sunlight coming between the white slants of her curtains, an airy flutter of her new dress from the closet, her valedictory tied with a white satin ribbon, on the stand, and she saw quite plainly all which had led up to this, and to her, Ellen Brewster; and she saw also the inevitableness of its passing, the precious valedictory being laid away and buried beneath a pile of future ones; she saw the crowd of future valedictorians advancing like a flock of white doves in their white gowns, when hers was worn out and its beauty gone, pressing forward, dimming her to her own vision. She saw how she would come to look

calmly and coldly upon all that filled her with such joy and excitement to-day, how the savor of the moment would pass from her tongue, and she said to herself that she would always remember this moment, and remember that she remembered. She saw quite plainly how very small it all was: the being first in her class, the valedictory, the reading it before all the town, the wearing her beautiful white dress, the being Ellen Brewster. Then suddenly, since she had in herself an impetus of motion which nothing, not even reflection, could long check, she saw quite plainly a light beyond, after all this should have passed, and she saw the leaping power of her spirit to gain it. And then, since she was healthy, and given only at wide intervals to these Eastern lapses of consciousness from the exigencies of the present, she was back in her day, and alive to all its importance as a part of time. She saw the snowy flutter of her graduating dress, the crisp stream of the satin ribbon from the valedictory; she felt the bounding elation of tossing on the crest of her wave of success, and the full rainbow glory of it dazzled her eyes. She was first in her class, she was valedictorian, she had a beautiful dress, she was young. It is a poor spirit, and one incapable of courage in defeat, who feels no triumph in victory, and no confidence in ability to maintain the position. Ellen was triumphant and confident.

When she was seated with her class on the stage in the city hall, where the graduating exercises were held, she saw herself just as she looked and was, with a satisfaction which had nothing in it weakly vain, and she smiled radiantly and innocently at herself as seen in this mirror of love and appreciation of all who knew her.

When the band stopped playing, and Ellen, who as valedictorian came last as the crown and cap-sheaf of it all, stepped forward from the semicircle of white-clad girls and seriously abashed boys, there was a subdued murmur and then a hush all over the hall. Andrew and Fanny and the grandmother, seated directly in front of the stage—for they had come early to secure good seats—heard whispers of admiration on every side. It was admiration with no

dissent—such jealous ears as theirs could not be deceived. Fanny's face was blazing with the sweet shame of pride in her child; Andrew was pale; the grandmother sat as if petrified, with a proud toss of her head. They looked straight ahead; they dared not encounter each other's eyes, for they were more self-conscious than Ellen. In truth there was about Ellen a majesty and nobility of youth and innocence and beauty which overawed. The other girls of the class were as young and as pretty, but none of them had that indescribable quality which seemed to raise her above them all. Ellen still kept her blond fairness, but there was nothing of the doll-like which often characterizes the blond type. Although she was small, Ellen's color had the firmness and unwavering of tinted marble; she carried her crown of yellow braids as if it had been gold; she moved and looked and spoke with a decision so well poised that it seemed simply negative strength. The violent and intense temperament which she had inherited from two sides of her family had crystallized in her to something more forcible, but also more impressive. However, she was after all only a young girl, scarcely more than a child, whatever her principle of underlying character might be, and when she stood there before them all—her townspeople, who represented her world, the human shore upon which her own little individuality beat—when she saw those attentive faces, row upon row, all fixed on her, she felt her heart pound against her side; she had no sensation of the roll of paper in her hand; an awful terror as of suddenly discovered depths came over her as the wild clapping of hands to which her appearance had given rise died away. Ellen stood still, holding the valedictory as if it had been a stick. A little wondering murmur began to be heard. Andrew felt as if he were dying. Fanny gripped his arm hard. Mrs. Zelotes had the look of one about to spring. Ellen had the terrible sensation which one has in a nightmare of inability to move, allied with the intensest consciousness. She knew that she was to read her valedictory, she knew that she must raise that white-ribboned roll and read, or else be disgraced forever, and yet she was powerless. But suddenly

some compelling glance seemed to arouse her from this lock of nerve and muscle; she raised her eyes, and Cynthia Lennox, on the farther side of the hall, was gazing full at her with an indescribable gaze of compassion and help and command. Her own mother's look could not have so influenced her. Ellen raised her valedictory, bowed, and began to read. Andrew looked so pale that people nudged one another to look at him. Mrs. Zelotes settled back, relaxing stiffly from her fierce attitude. Fanny wiped her forehead with a cheap lace-bordered handkerchief. There was a stifled sob farther back, that came from Eva Tenny, who sat back on account of a break across the shoulders in the back of her silk dress. Amabel, anæmic and eager in a little tawdry cheap muslin frock, sat beside her, with worshipful eyes on Ellen. "What ailed her?" she whispered, hitting her mother with a sharp little elbow. "Hush up!" whispered Eva, angrily, surreptitiously wiping her eyes, then fanning defiantly. In front, directly in her line of vision, sat the woman of whom she was jealous—the young widow who had been Aggie Bemis—arrayed in a handsome India silk and a flower-laden hat. Eva's hat was trimmed with a bunch of roses and a dragged feather, which she had tried to color with aniline dye. When she got home that night she tore the feather out of the hat and flung it across the room. She wished to do it that afternoon every time she looked at the other woman's laces and roses against the smooth knot of her brown hair, and that repressed impulse, with her alarm at Ellen's silence, had made her almost hysterical. When Ellen's clear young voice rose and filled the hall, she calmed herself. Ellen had not folded back her first page with a flutter of the white satin ribbons before people began to sit straight and stare at each other incredulously. The subject of the valedictory, as well as those of the other essays, had been allotted, and Ellen's had been "Equality," and she had written a most revolutionary paper. She had written with a sort of poetic fire, and crude as it all was, she might have had the inspiration of a Shelley or a Chatterton as she stood there, raising her fearless young front over the marshalling of her sentiments on the smooth sheets of foolscap. Her voice,

once started, rang out clear and full. She had hesitated at nothing; she flung all castes into a common heap of equality with her strong young arms, and she set them all on one level of the synagogue. She forced the employer and his employee to one bench of service in the grand system of things; she gave the laborer, and the laborer only, the reward of labor. As Ellen went on reading calmly, with the steadfastness of one promulgating principles, not the excitement of one carried away by enthusiasm, she began to be interrupted by applause, but she read on, never wavering, her clear voice overcoming everything. She was quite innocently throwing her wordy bomb to the agitation of public sentiment. She had no thought of such an effect. She was stating what she believed to be facts, with her youthful dogmatism. She had no fear lest the facts strike too hard. The schoolmaster's face grew long with dismay; he sat pulling his mustache in a fashion he had when disturbed. He glanced uneasily now and then at Mr. Lloyd, and at another leading manufacturer who was present. The other manufacturer sat quite stolid and unsmiling beside a fidgeting wife, who presently arose and swept out with a loud rustle of silks. She looked back once and beckoned angrily to her husband, but he did not stir. He was on the school board. The schoolmaster had become interested in Floretta Vining, though he considered it a social imprudence, and wished to remain another year. He trembled when he saw that imperturbable face before him, but Norman Lloyd's look reassured him. Mr. Lloyd looked amused, and rather admiring than anything else.

He leaned toward Lyman Risley, who sat beside him, and whispered and laughed. It was evident that he did not consider seriously the flight of this little fledgling in the face of the existing order of things. But even he, as Ellen's clearly delivered sentiments grew more and more defined—almost anarchistic—became a little grave in spite of the absurd incongruity between them and the girlish lips. Once he looked in some wonder at the school-teacher, as much as to say, "Why did you permit this?" and the young man pulled his mustache harder.

When Ellen finished and made her

bow, such a storm of applause arose as had never before been heard at a High School exhibition. The audience was for the most part composed of factory employees and their families, as most of the graduates were of that class of the community. Many of them were of foreign blood, people who had come to the country expecting the state of things advocated in Ellen's valedictory, and had remained more or less sullen and dissenting at the non-fulfilment of their expectation. One tall Swede, with a lurid flashing of blue eyes under a thick blond thatch, led the renewed charges of applause. Even the women hallooed in a frenzy of applause; they clapped their hands; they stood up in their seats. Only a few sat silent and contemptuous through all the enthusiasm. Thomas Briggs, the manufacturer, was one of them. He sat like a rock, his great, red, imperturbable face of dissent fixed straight ahead. Mrs. Lloyd clapped wildly, on account of the girl who had read the valedictory. She had slept through the greater part of it, for it was very warm, and the heat always made her drowsy. She kept leaning toward Cynthia as she clapped, and asking in a loud whisper if she wasn't sweet. Cynthia did not applaud, but her delicate face was pale with emotion. Lyman Risley beside her was clapping energetically. "She may have a bomb somewhere concealed among those ribbons and frills," he said to Lloyd when the applause was waxing loudest, and Lloyd laughed.

As for Ellen, when this storm of applause burst at her feet, she stood still for a moment bewildered. Then she bowed again, and turned to go, then the compelling uproar brought her back. She stood there quite piteous in her confusion. This was too much triumph, and, moreover, she had not the least idea of the true significance of it all. She was like a chemist who had brought together quite ignorantly and unwittingly the two elements of an explosive. She thought that her valedictory must have been well done, that they liked it, and that was all. She had no sooner finished reading than the ushers began, in the midst of the storm of applause, to approach the stage with her graduating presents. They were laden with great bouquets and baskets of flow-

ers, with cards conspicuously attached to most of them. Cynthia Lennox had sent a basket of roses. Ellen took it on her arm, and wondered when she saw the name attached to the pink satin bow on the handle. She did not look again toward Cynthia, since the old impulse of concealment on her account came over her. Ellen had great boxes of candy from her boy admirers, that being a favorite token of young affection upon such occasions. She had a gift-book from her former school-teacher, and a ninety-eight-cent gilded vase from Eva and Amabel, who had been saving money to buy it. She heard a murmur of admiration when she had finally reached her seat, after the storm of applause had at last subsided, and she unrolled the packages with trembling fingers. "My, ain't that handsome!" said Floretta, pressing her muslin-clad shoulder against Ellen's. "My, didn't they clap you, Ellen! What's that in that package?"

The package contained Ellen's new watch and chain. Floretta had already received hers, and it lay in its case in her lap. Ellen looked at the package, not hearing in the least the Baptist minister who had taken his place on the stage, and was delivering an address. She had felt her aunt Eva's and Amabel's eager eyes on her when she unrolled the gaudy vase, now she felt her father's and mother's. The small, daintily tied package was inscribed, "Ellen Brewster, from Father and Mother."

"Why don't you open it?" came in her ear from Floretta. Maud was leaning forward also, over her lapful of carnations with which John Sargent had presented her. "Why don't she open it?" she whispered to Floretta. They were all quite oblivious of the speaker, who moved nervously back and forth in front of them, so screening them somewhat from the observation of the audience. Still Ellen hesitated, looking at the little package, and feeling her father's and mother's eyes on her face.

Finally she untied the cord, and took out the jeweller's case from the wrapping-paper. "My, you've got one too, I bet!" whispered Floretta. Ellen opened the box, and gazed at her watch and chain, then she glanced at her father and mother down in the audience, and the three



THE VALEDICTORY

loving souls seemed to meet in an ineffable solitude in the midst of the crowd. All three faces were pale. Ellen's began to quiver. She felt Floretta's shoulder warm through her thin sleeve against hers.

"My! you have got one—I said so," she whispered. "It isn't chased as much as mine, but it's real handsome. My, Ellen Brewster, you ain't goin' to cry before all these people!"

Ellen smiled against a sob, and she gave her head a defiant toss. Down in the audience Fanny had her handkerchief to her eyes, and Andrew sat looking sternly at the speaker. Ellen said to herself that she would not cry, she would not, but she sat gazing down at her flower-laden lap and the presents. The golden disk under her fixed eyes waxed larger and larger, until it seemed to fill her whole comprehension as with a golden light of a suffering, self-denying love which was her best reward of life and labor on the earth.

CHAPTER XVI

AFTER the exhibition there was a dance. The Brewsters, even Mrs. Zelotes, remained to see the last of Ellen's triumph. When the settees had been moved back against the walls to make room for the dancers, Andrew and Fanny and the grandmother sat midway of the hall. Eva with Amabel in hand joined them, outwardly defiant, but inwardly humiliated by the consciousness of her dragged feathers in the sight of Mrs. Zelotes. Andrew was annoyed that Ellen danced with Granville Joy often, and also with other boys. It annoyed him a little, even while it delighted him, that she should dance at all, that she should have learned to dance. Andrew had been brought up to look upon dancing as an amusement for Louds rather than for Brewsters. It had not been in vogue among the aristocracy of this little New England city when he was young.

Mrs. Zelotes watched Ellen dance with inward delight and outward disapproval. "I don't approve of dancing—never did," she said to Andrew, but she was furious once when Ellen sat through a dance. Toward the end of the evening she saw with sudden alertness Ellen dancing with a new partner, a handsome young man,

who carried himself with more assurance than the schoolboys. She hit Andrew with her sharp elbow.

"Who's that dancing with her now?" she said.

"That's young Lloyd," answered Andrew. He flushed a little, and looked pleased.

"Norman Lloyd's nephew?" asked his mother, sharply.

"Yes. He's on here from St. Louis. He's goin' into business with his uncle," replied Andrew. "Sargent was telling me about it yesterday. Young Lloyd came into the post-office while we were there." Fanny had been listening. Immediately she married Ellen to young Lloyd, and the next moment she went to live in a grand new house built in a twinkling in a vacant lot next to Norman Lloyd's residence, which was the wonder of the city. She reared this Castle in Spain with inconceivable swiftness, even while she was turning her head toward Eva on the other side, and prodding her with an admonishing elbow as Mrs. Zelotes had prodded Andrew. "That's Norman Lloyd's nephew dancing with her now," she said. Eva looked at her, smiling. Directly the idea of Ellen's marriage with the young man with whom she was dancing established full connections and ran through the line of Ellen's relatives like an electric current.

As for Ellen, dancing with this stranger, who had been introduced to her by the schoolmaster, she certainly had no thought of a possible marriage with him, but she had looked into his face with a curious ready leap of sympathy and understanding of this other soul which she met for the first time. It seemed to her that she must have known him before, but she knew that she had not. She began to reflect as they were whirling about the hall, she gazed at that secret memory of hers, which she had treasured since her childhood, and discovered that what had seemed familiar to her about the young man was the face of a familiar thought. Ever since Miss Cynthia Lennox had told her about her nephew, the little boy who had owned and loved the doll, Ellen had unconsciously held the thought of him in her mind. "You are Miss Cynthia Lennox's nephew?" she said to young Lloyd.

"Yes," he replied. He nodded toward

Cynthia, who was sitting on the opposite side from the Brewsters, with the Norman Lloyds and Lyman Risley. "She used to be like a mother to me," he said. "You know I lost my mother when I was a baby."

Ellen nodded at him with a look of pity of that marvellous scope which only a woman in whom the maternal slumbers ready to awake can compass. Ellen, looking at the handsome face of the young man, saw quite distinctly in it the face of the little motherless child, and all the tender pity which she would have felt for that child was in her eyes.

"What a beautiful girl she is!" thought the young man. He smiled at her admiringly, loving her look at him, while not in the least understanding it. He had asked to be presented to Ellen from curiosity. He had not been at the exhibition, but had heard the schoolmaster and Risley talking about the valedictory. He had then asked the schoolmaster to present him.

"Perhaps he'll fall in love with her," said Mrs. Norman directly when the two men had gone across the hall in quest of Ellen. Her husband laughed.

"I don't see why you laugh, Norman," said his wife. "She's the prettiest girl here. She 'ain't changed a mite from the way she looked when she was a child. She was the sweetest little thing! You remember about her getting lost and never telling where she had been, don't you, Cynthia?"

"Yes," said Cynthia.

"I wonder if she ever did tell?" said Mrs. Lloyd, reflectively. "It was queer why she wouldn't tell, wasn't it, Cynthia?"

"Yes," said Cynthia again, her eyes following her nephew across the hall to where he stood talking to the white-robed girl. She was fond of him, but the old quality of her love, which had made it almost a shame and a reproach to her in her own estimation, for its unauthorized maternal ardor, had gone. It was impossible for her to feel toward this stalwart, manly young fellow as she had done toward that baby boy, that soft little curled darling.

Young Lloyd had an evident impulse of tender protection toward his aunt, whom, in his insolence of youth, he evi-

dently suspected of something of the fragility of advancing age. Cynthia did not object to that, being not in the least sensitive on such a score, but when her nephew took her arm, and assisted her down the steps from the veranda so solicitously, a thrill of positive coolness as toward a stranger went through her.

How well she remembered that little, soft, clinging hand which had tugged helplessly at hers when she had helped the little boy down those same steps, and how her heart yearned back through the years toward him! She felt toward Robert as toward a usurper who had seized the place in her heart of his own dearer self. Cynthia was incapable of great depth of affection, unless it were called forth by child-like dependence. This young man was not in the least dependent upon her in any fashion. His father's death had left him with little property, to be sure; but he was young and strong, and had a good position in his uncle's factory, so he needed nothing of her financially; and as for mother-love, he was not the sort of man to call forth that to any paramount degree in any woman.

"You have not seen your aunt for a long time," Ellen said to him when they were sitting out a dance after their waltz together.

"Not since—I—I came on—with my father when he died," he replied. Again Ellen looked at him with that wonderful pity in her face, and again the young man thought he had never seen such a girl.

"I think your aunt is beautiful," Ellen said presently, gazing across at Cynthia.

"Yes; she must have been a beauty when she was young."

"I think she is now," said Ellen, quite fervently, for she was able to disabuse her mind of associations and rely upon pure observation, and it was quite true that, leaving out of the question Cynthia's age and the memory of her face in stronger lights at closer view, she was as beautiful from where they sat as some graceful statue. Only the clear outlines of her face showed at that distance, and her soft hair, which was quite white, lay in heavy masses around the intense repose of her face.

"Yes—s," admitted Robert, somewhat



THE DANCE

hesitatingly. "She used to think everything of me when I was a little shaver."

"Doesn't she now?"

"Oh yes, I suppose she does, but it is different now. I am grown up. A man doesn't need so much done for him when he is grown up."

Then again he looked at Ellen with eyes of pleading which would have made of the older woman what he remembered her to have been in his childhood, and hers answered again.

Robert did not say anything to her about the valedictory until just before the close of the evening, when their last dance together was over.

"I am sorry I did not have a chance to hear your valedictory," he said. "I could not come early."

Ellen blushed and smiled, and made the conventional schoolgirl response. "Oh, you didn't miss anything," said she.

"I am sure I did," said the young man, earnestly. Then he looked at her and

hesitated a little. "I wonder if you would be willing to lend it to me?" he said then. "I would be very careful of it, and would return it immediately as soon as I had read it. I should be so interested in reading it."

"Certainly, if you wish, but I am afraid you won't think it is good."

"Of course I shall. I have been hearing about it, how good it was, and how you broke up the whole house."

Ellen blushed. "Oh, that was only because it was the valedictory. They always clap a good deal for the valedictory."

"It was because it was you, you dear beauty," thought the young man, gazing at her, and the impulse to take her in his arms and kiss that blush seized upon him. "I know they applauded your valedictory because it was worthy of it," said he, and Ellen's eyes fell before his, and the blush crept down over her throat, and up to the soft toss of hair on her temples. The two were standing, and the man gazed at Ellen's pink arms and neck through the lace of her dress, those incomparable curves of youthful bloom shared by a young girl and a rose; he gazed at that noble fair head, bent not so much before him as before the mystery of life, of which a perception had come to her through his eyes, and he said to himself that there never was such a girl, and he also wondered if he saw aright, for he was one who seldom entirely lost the grasp of his own leash. Having the fancy and the heart of a young man, he was given, like others of his kind, to looking at every new girl who attracted him in the light of a problem, the unknown quantity being her possible interest for him, but he always worked it out calmly. He kept himself out of his own shadow, when it came to the question of emotions, in something the same fashion that his uncle Norman did. He resembled his uncle, as people often remarked. Now looking at Ellen Brewster with the whole of his heart setting toward her in obedience to that law which had brought him into being, he yet was saying quite coolly and loudly in his own inner consciousness: "Wait, wait, wait! Wait until to-morrow; see how you feel then. You have felt in much this way before. Wait. Perhaps you don't see it as it is. Wait!"

He realized his own wisdom all the more clearly when Ellen led him to the settee where her relatives sat guarding her graduation presents and her precious valedictory. She presented him gracefully enough. Ellen knew nothing of society etiquette, she had never introduced such a young gentleman as this to any one in her life, but her inborn dignity of character kept her self-poise perfect. Still, when young Lloyd saw the mother coarsely perspiring, and fairly aggressive in her delight over her daughter, when poor Andrew hoped he saw him well, and Mrs. Zelotes eyed him with sharp approbation, and Eva, conscious of her shabbiness, bowed with a stiff toss of her head and sat back sullenly, and little Amabel surveyed him with uncanny wisdom divided between himself and Ellen, he became conscious of a little disappearance of his glamour. He thanked Ellen most heartily for the privilege which she granted him, when she took the valedictory from the heap of flowers, with a bow which made Fanny nudge Andrew, almost before the young man's back was turned.

"My!" said she, and he did hear that. Then she looked at Ellen, who was moving the flowers preparatory to seating herself, but she said nothing. A sudden impulse of delicacy prevented her. There was something about this beloved daughter of hers which all at once seemed strange to her. She began to associate her with the sacred mystery of life as she had never done. Then, too, there was the more superficial association with one of another class which she held in outward despite but inward awe.

Ellen gathered up her presents into her lap, and sat there a few minutes through the last dance, which she had refused to Granville Joy, who went away with nervous alertness for another girl, and nobody spoke to her.

When young Lloyd with Cynthia Lennox and the others left, as they did directly, Fanny murmured, "They've gone," and they all knew what she meant. She was thinking, and so were they all except Ellen, that that was the reason, because he had to go, that he had not asked Ellen for the last dance.

As for Ellen, she sat looking at her gold watch and chain, which she had taken out of the case. Her face grew in-

tensely sober, and she did not notice when young Lloyd left. All at once she had reflected how her father had never owned a watch in his whole life, though he was a man, but he had given one to her. She reflected how he had so little work, how shabby his clothes were, how he must have gone without himself to buy this for her, and the girl had such a heart of gold that it rose triumphantly loyal to its first loves and tendernesses, and her father's old worn face came between her and that of the young man who might become her lover.

CHAPTER XVII

THE day after Ellen's graduation there might have been seen a touching little spectacle passing along the main street of Rowe about ten o'clock in the forenoon. It was touching because it gave evidence of that human vanity, common to all, which strives to perpetuate the few little good things that come into the hard lives of poor souls, and strives with such utter futility. Ellen was going with her mother and Aunt Eva and Amabel and her grandmother to have her photograph taken in her graduating dress with her graduating flowers. Ellen held up her fluffy skirts daintily; the wind caught her white ribbons, and the loose locks of her yellow hair under her white hat. She carried Cynthia Lennox's basket of roses on her arm, and each of the others was laden with bouquets. Little Amabel clasped both slender arms around a great sheaf of roses; the thorns pricked through her thin sleeves; but she did not mind that, so upborne with the elation of the occasion was she. Her small pale face gazed over the mass of bloom with challenging of admiration from every one whom she met. She was jealous lest any one should not look with full appreciation of Ellen.

Ellen was the one in the little procession who had not unmixed delight in it. She had a certain shamefacedness about going through the streets in such a fashion. Electric cars had been put in Rowe during the last few years, and she would have liked to take one, as being somewhat less conspicuous, certainly less long-drawn-out in ostentation, but so many fares were not to be thought of. Ellen avoided looking at the people

whom she met, and kept her head a little bent and averted, instead of carrying it with the proud directness which was her habit. She felt vaguely that this was the element of purely personal vanity which degrades a triumph, and the weakness of delight and gloating in the faces of her relatives irritated her. She felt that everybody saw it, to its detraction. It was a sort of unveiling of love, and the girl was sensitive enough to understand it. "Oh, mother, I don't want to have us all go through the street with all these flowers, and me in my white dress," she had said. "Everybody will know," and she had looked at her mother with a shrinking in her eyes which was incomprehensible to the other, coarser-natured woman. "Nonsense!" she had said; "what if they do know? Sometimes you have real silly notions, Ellen." Fanny said it adoringly, for even silliness in this girl was in a way worshipful to her. Still she was quite in earnest. Ellen, with her heart still softened almost to grief by the love shown her on the day before, had yielded, but she was glad when they arrived at the photograph studio. She had particularly dreaded passing Lloyd's, for the thought came to her that possibly young Mr. Lloyd might see her. She supposed that he was likely to be in the office. When they passed the office windows she held her head so far to one side that only the curve of her cheek could have been visible, but before she was well past, her aunt Eva hit her violently and laughed loudly. Ellen drew away, coloring a deep crimson. Then her mother also laughed, and even Amabel, shrilly, with precocious recognition of the situation. Only Mrs. Zelotes stalked along in silent dignity. "Don't laugh so loud; he'll hear you," said she, severely. "It was that young man who was at the hall last night, and he was looking at you awful sharp," said little Amabel to Ellen, squeezing her warm arm, and sending out that shrill peal of laughter again. "Don't, dear," said Ellen. She felt humiliated, and the more so because she was ashamed of being humiliated by her own mother and aunt, and even rebuked herself for it. "Why should I be so sensitive to things in which they see no harm?" she asked herself, reprovingly.

As for young Lloyd, he had, ever since

he parted with the girl the night before, that sensation of actual contact which survives separation, and had felt the light pressure of her hand in his all night, and along with it that ineffable pain of longing which would draw the substance of a dream to actuality, and cannot. He saw her with her coarsely exultant relatives, the inevitable blur of her environment, and felt himself not so much disillusioned as confirmed. He had been constantly saying to himself, when the girl's face haunted his eyes, and her hand in his own, that he was a fool, that he had felt so before, that he must have, that there was no sense in it, that he was Robert Lloyd, and she a good girl, a beautiful girl, but a common sort of girl, born of common people to a common lot. "Now," he said to himself, with a kind of bitter exultation, "there! I told you so." The inconceivable folly of that glance of the mother at him, then at Ellen, and the meaning laughter, repelled him to the point of disgust. He turned his back to the window and resumed his work, but in spite of himself the pathos of the picture which he had seen began to force itself upon him, and he thought almost tenderly and forgivingly that she, the girl, had not once looked his way. He said, extenuatingly, that she must be of a superior sort. He even wondered, pityingly, if she had been mortified and annoyed by her mother's behavior. A great anger on Ellen's behalf with her mother seized upon him. How pretty she did look moving along in that little flower-laden procession, he thought, how very pretty! All at once a desire for the photograph which would be taken seized him, for he divined the photograph. Indeed, the night before, one of the other graduates had confided to him her intention to be taken in her graduating dress with her flowers, and he had simply drawn conclusions. However, he said to himself that he would send back the valedictory, which he had not yet read, by post, with a polite note, and that would be the end.

But it was only the next evening that Robert Lloyd with the valedictory in hand got off the trolley-car in front of the Brewster house. He had proved to himself that it was an act of actual rudeness to return anything so precious and of so much importance to the owner by

the post, that he ought to call and deliver it in person. When he regained his equilibrium from the quick sidewise leap from the car, and stood hesitating a little, as one will do before a strange house, for he was not quite sure as to his bearings, he saw a white blur as of feminine apparel in the front doorway, and became quite sure from something in the vague outlines that it was Ellen. He advanced tentatively up the little path between two rows of flowering bushes, and Ellen rose.

"Good-evening, Mr. Lloyd," she said, in a slightly tremulous voice; he wondered afterward how she had known him at once, for the electric light was flickering low just then.

"Oh, good-evening, Miss Brewster," he cried, quickly. "So I am right! I was not sure as to the house."

"People generally tell by the cherry-trees in the yard," replied Ellen, seeming to take refuge from her timidity in the security of commonplace observation, as she had done the night before, giving thereby both a sense of disappointment and elusiveness.

"Won't you walk in?" she added, with the prim politeness of a child who accosts a guest according to rule and precept. Ellen had never, in fact, had a young man make a formal call upon her before. She reflected now, both with relief and trepidation, that her mother was away, having gone to her aunt Eva's. She had an instinct, which she resented, that her mother and this young man were on two parallels which could never meet. Her father was at home, seated in the south door with John Sargent and Nahum Beals and Joe Atkins, but she never thought of such a thing as her father's receiving a young man caller, though she wouldn't have doubted so much his assimilating with Robert Lloyd. Ellen loved her father no better than she loved her mother, but she was prouder of him. She understood that the young man might look at her mother with dissent, while she resented it, but with her father it was different.

The group of men at the south door were talking in loud, fervent voices which seemed to rise and fall like waves. Nahum Beals's strained nervous tones were paramount. "Mr. Beals is talking

about the labor question, and he gets quite excited," Ellen remarked, somewhat apologetically, as she ushered young Lloyd into the parlor.

Lloyd laughed. "It sounds as if he were leading an army," he said.

"He is very much in earnest," said the girl.

She placed painstakingly for her guest the best chair, which was a spring rocker upholstered with crush plush. The little parlor was close and stuffy, and the kerosene-lamp, with the light dimmed by a globe decorated with roses, heated the room still further. This lamp was Fanny's pride. It had in her eyes the double glory of high art and cheapness. She was fond of pointing at it and inquiring, "How much do you think that cost?" and explaining with the air of one who expects her truth to be questioned that it only cost ninety-eight cents. This lamp was hideous; the shape was aggressive, a discordant blare of brass, and the roses on the globe were blasphemous. Somehow this lamp was the first thing which struck Lloyd on entering the room. He could not take his eyes from it. As for Ellen, long acquaintance had dulled her eyes. She sat full in the glare of this hideous lamp, and Lloyd considered that she was not so pretty as he had thought last night. Still, she was undeniably very pretty. There was something in the curves of her shoulders, in her pink and white cotton waist, that made one's fingers tingle and heart yearn, and there was an appealing look in her face which made him smile indulgently at her as he might have done at a child. After all it was probably not her fault about the lamp, and lamps were a minor consideration, and he was finical, but suppose she liked it? Lloyd, sitting there, began to speculate if it were possible for one's spiritual nature to be definitely damaged by hideous lamps. Then he caught sight of a plate decorated with postage-stamps, with a perforated edge through which ribbons were run, and he wondered if she possibly made that.

"They are undoubtedly perfectly moral people," he told his aunt Cynthia afterward, "but I wonder that they keep such an immoral plate." However, that was before he fell in love with Ellen, while he was struggling with himself in his desire

to do so, and making all manner of sport of himself by way of hinderance.

Ellen at that age could have had no possible conception of the sentiment with which the young man viewed her environment. She was sensitive to spiritual discords which might arise from meeting with another widely different nature, but when it came to material things, she was at a loss. Then, too, she was pugnaciously loyal to the glories of the best parlor. She was innocently glad that she had such a nice room into which to usher him. She felt that the marble-top table, the plush lambrequin on the mantel-shelf, the gilded vases, the brass clock, the Nottingham lace curtains, the olive and crimson furniture, the pictures in cheap gilt frames, the heavily gilded wall-paper, and the throws of thin silk over the picture corners must prove to him the standing of her family. She felt an ignoble satisfaction in it, for a certain measure of commonness clung to the girl like a cobweb. She was as yet too young to bloom free of her environment; her head was not yet over the barrier of her daily lot—her heart never would be, and that was her glory. Young Lloyd handed her the roll of valedictory as soon as he entered.

"I am very much obliged to you for allowing me to read it," he said.

Ellen took it, blushing. Her heart sank a little. She thought to herself that he probably did not like it. She looked at him proudly and timidly, like a child half holding, half withdrawing its hand for a sweet. It suddenly came to her that she would rather this young man would praise her valedictory than any one else; that if he had been present when she read it in the hall, and she had seen him standing applauding, she could not have contained her triumph and pride. She was not yet in love with him, but she began to feel that in his approbation lay the best coin of her realm.

"It is very well written," said Robert, and she flushed with delight.

"Thank you," she said.

But the young man was looking at her as if he had something beside praise in mind, and she gazed at him, shrinking a little as before a blow whose motion she felt in the air. However, he laughed pleasantly when he spoke.

"Do you really believe that?" he asked.

"What?" she inquired, vaguely.

"Oh, all that you say in your essay. Do you really believe that all the property in the world ought to be divided, that kings and peasants ought to share and share alike?"

She looked at him with round eyes. "Why, of course I do!" she said. "Don't you?"

Robert laughed. He had no mind to enter into an argument with this beautiful girl, nor even to express himself forcibly on the opposite side.

"Well, there are a number of things to be considered," he said. "And do you really believe that employer and employees should share alike?"

"Why not?" said she.

Her blue eyes flashed, she tossed her head. Robert smiled at her.

"Why not?" she repeated. "Don't the men earn the money?"

"Well, no, not exactly," said Robert. "There is the capital."

"The profit comes from the labor, not from the capital," said Ellen, quickly.

"She has been reading Henry George," thought Robert, and that was quite true.

"Doesn't it?" asked Ellen. She asked with fervor, and yet there was a charming timidity, as before some authority.

"Possibly," replied Robert, guardedly; "but the question is, how far we should go back before we stop, in searching for causes."

"How far back ought we to go?" asked Ellen, earnestly.

"I confess I don't know," said Robert, laughingly. "I have thought very little about it all," he said.

"But you will have to, if you are to be the head of Lloyd's," Ellen said, with a severe accent, with grave blue eyes full on his face.

"Oh, I am not the head of Lloyd's yet," he answered, easily. "My uncle is far from his dotage. Then, too, you know that I was never intended for a business man, but a lawyer, like my father. If there had not been so little for my father's second wife and the children—" He stopped himself abruptly on the verge of a confidence to this young girl. "I think I saw you on your way to the photographer to-day," he said, and Ellen blushed, remembering her mother's violent

nudge, and wondering if he had noticed. She gave him a piteous glance.

"Yes," she said. "All the girls have their pictures taken in their graduating dresses with their flowers."

"You looked to me as if the picture would be a great success," said Robert. He longed to ask for one and yet did not, for a reason unexplained to himself. He knew that this innocent, unsophisticated creature would see no reason on earth why he should not ask, and no reason why she should not grant, and on that account he felt prohibited. That night, after he had gone, Ellen wondered why he had not asked for one of her pictures, and felt anxious lest he should have seen the nudge.

"Well," she said to herself, "if he finds any fault with anything that my mother has done, I don't want him to have one."

Robert staid a long time. He kept thinking that he ought to go, and also that he was bored, and yet he felt a singular unwillingness to leave, possibly because of his sense that the visit was in a measure forbidden by prudence. The longer he remained, the prettier Ellen looked to him. New beauties of line and color seemed to grow apparent in the soft glow from the hideous lamp. There was a wonderful starry radiance in her eyes now and then, and when she turned her head her eyeballs gleamed crimson, and her hair seemed to toss into flame. When she spoke, he was conscious of unknown depths of sweetness in her voice, and it was so with her smile, and her every motion. There was about the girl a mystery not of darkness, but of light, which seemed to draw him on and on and on without volition. And yet she said nothing especially remarkable, for Ellen was only a young girl, reared in a little provincial city in common environments. She would have been a great genius had she more than begun to glimpse the breadth and freedom of the outer world through her paling of life. She was too young, and too unquestioning of what she had learned from her early loves.

"Have you always lived here in Rowe?" asked Lloyd.

"Yes," said she. "I was born here, and I have lived here ever since."

"And you have never been away?"

"Only once. Once I went to Dragon Beach and staid a fortnight with mother." She said this with a visible sense of its importance. Dragon Beach was some ten miles from Rowe, a cheap seashore place, built up with flimsy summer cottages of factory hands. Andrew had hired one for a fortnight once when Ellen was ailing, and it had been the event of a lifetime to the family. They thereafter dated from the year "we went to Dragon Beach."

Lloyd looked with a quick impulse of compassionate tenderness at this child who had been away from Rowe once to Dragon Beach. He had his own impressions of Dragon Beach, and also of Rowe.

"I suppose you enjoyed that?" said he.

"Very much. The sea is beautiful."

So after all it was the sea which she had cared for at Dragon Beach, and not the clam-bakes, and merry-go-rounds, and women in wrappers in the surf. Robert felt rebuked for thinking of anything but the sea in his memory of Dragon Beach; there was a wonderful water-view there.

All the time they sat there in the parlor, the murmur of conversation at the south door continued, and now and again over it swelled the fervid exhortations of Nahum Beals. Not a word could be distinguished, but the meaning was beyond doubt. That voice was full of denunciation, of frenzied appeal, of warning.

"Who is it?" asked Lloyd, after an unusually loud burst.

"Mr. Beals," replied Ellen, uneasily. She wished that he would not talk so loud. She felt, although she had come to have a perfect sympathy with his sentiments, mortified at his unbridled presentation of them.

"He sounds as if he were preaching fire and brimstone," said Robert.

"No; he is talking about the labor question," replied Ellen.

Then she looked confused, for she remembered that this young man's uncle was the head of Lloyd's, that he himself would be head of Lloyd's some day. All at once, along with another feeling which seemed about to conquer her, came a resentment against this young man with his fine clothes and his gentle manners. Two men passed the windows, and one of them looked in, and when the electric light flashed on his face she saw Gran-

ville Joy, and the man with him was in his shirt sleeves. She saw those white shirt sleeves swing into the darkness, and felt at once antagonized against herself and against Robert, and yet she knew that she had never seen a man like him.

"I suppose he has settled it," said Robert.

"I don't know," replied Ellen.

"He sounds dangerous."

"Oh no. He is a good man. He wouldn't hurt anybody. He has always talked that way. He used to come here and talk when I was a child. It used to frighten me at first, but it doesn't now. It is only the way that poor people are treated that frightens me."

Again Robert had a sensation of moving unobtrusively aside from a direct encounter. He looked across the room, and started at something which he espied for the first time.

"Pardon me," he said, rising, "but I am interested in dolls. I see you still keep your doll, Miss Brewster."

Ellen sat stupefied. All at once it dawned upon her what might happen. In the corner of the parlor sat her beloved doll—still beloved, though the mother and not the doll had outgrown her first condition of love. The doll, in the identical dress in which she had come from Cynthia's so many years ago, sat staring forth with the fixed radiance of her kind, seated stiffly in a tiny rocking-chair, also one of the treasures of Ellen's childhood. It was a curious feature for the best parlor, but Ellen had insisted upon it. "She isn't going to be put away up garret because I have outgrown her," said she. "She's going to sit in the parlor as long as she lives. Suppose it was the other way around, suppose she had outgrown me: suppose I outgrew you, and put you up in the garret, you wouldn't like it, would you, mother?"

"You are a queer child," Fanny had said, laughing, but she had yielded.

When young Lloyd went close to examine the doll, Ellen's heart stood still. Suppose he should recognize it? She tried to tell herself that it was impossible. Could any young man recognize a doll after all those years? How much did a boy ever care for a doll, anyway? Not enough to think of it twice after he had given it up. It was different with a girl.



"WHY, IT IS MY OLD DOLL!" HE CRIED

Her doll meant—God only knew what her doll meant to her; perhaps it had a meaning of all humanity. But the boy, what had he cared for the doll? He had gone away out West and left it.

But Lloyd remembered. He stared down at the doll a moment. Then he took her up gingerly in her fluffy pink robes of an obsolete fashion. He held her at arm's-length, and stared and stared. Suddenly he parted the flaxen wig and examined a place on the head. Then he looked at Ellen.

"Why, it is my old doll!" he cried, with

a great laugh of wonder and incredulity. "Yes, it is my old doll! How in the world did you come by my doll, Miss Brewster? Account for yourself. Are you a child kidnapper?"

Ellen, who had risen and come forward, stood before him, absolutely still, and very pale.

"Yes, it is my doll," said Lloyd, with another laugh. "I will tell you how I know. Of course I can tell her face. Dolls look a good deal alike, I suppose, but I tell you I loved this doll, and I remember her face, and that little cast in

her left eye, and that beautiful serene smile, but there's something beside. Once I burned her head with the red-hot end of the poker to see if she would wake up. I always had a notion when I was a child that it was only a question of violence to make her wake up and demonstrate some existence beside that eternal grin. So I burned her, but it made no difference. But here is the mark now; see!"

Ellen saw, she had often kissed it, but she made no reply. She was occupied with consideration of the consequences.

"How did you come by her, if you don't mind telling?" said the young man again. "It is the most curious thing for me to find my old doll sitting here. Of course Aunt Cynthia gave her to you, but I didn't know that she was acquainted with you. I suppose she saw a pretty little girl around without a doll after I had gone, and sent her, but—"

Suddenly between the young man's face and the girl's flashed a look of intelligence. Suddenly Robert remembered all that he had heard of Ellen's childish escapade. *He knew*. He looked from her to the doll, and back again. "Good Lord!" he said. Then he set the doll down in her little chair all of a heap, and caught Ellen's hand, and shook it as if she had been a man and a comrade.

"You are a trump, that is what you are," he said; "a trump! So she—" He shook his head, and looked at Ellen dazedly. She did not say a word, but looked at him with her lips closed tightly.

"It is better for you not to tell me anything," he said. "I don't want to know. How old were you?" Robert's voice took on a tone of tenderness.

"Eight," replied Ellen, faintly.

"Only a baby," said the young man, "and you never told—and you never told! I would like to know where there is another baby who would do such a thing." He caught her hand and shook it again. "She was like a mother to me," he said, in a husky voice. "I think a good deal of her. I thank you."

Suddenly to this young man looking at the girl a conviction as of some subtle spiritual perfume came; he had seen her beauty before, he had realized her charm, but this was something different. A boundless approbation and approval, which was infinitely more precious than

admiration, seized him. Her character began to reveal itself, to come in contact with his own; he felt the warmth of it through the veil of flesh. He felt a sense of reliance as upon an inexhaustibility of goodness in another soul. He felt something which was more than love, being purely unselfish, with as yet no desire of possession. "Here is a good, true woman," he said to himself. "Here is a good, true woman who has blossomed from a good, true child." He saw a wonderful faithfulness shining in her blue eyes; he saw truth itself on her lips, and could have gone down at the feet of the little girl in the pink cotton frock. Going home he tried to laugh at himself, but could not succeed. It is easy to shake off the clasp of a hand of flesh, but not the clasp of another soul.

Ellen on her part was at once overwhelmed with delight and confusion. She felt the fervor of admiration in the young man's attitude toward her, but she was painfully conscious of her undeservingness. She had always felt guilty about her silence and disobedience toward her parents, and as for any self-approbation for it, that had been the farthest from her thoughts. She murmured something deprecatingly, but Lloyd cut her short.

"It's no use crying off," said he; "you are one girl in a thousand, and I thank you—I thank you from the bottom of my heart. It might have made awful trouble. My aunt Lizzie told me what a commotion there was over it."

"I ran away," said Ellen, anxiously. Suddenly it occurred to her he might think Cynthia worse than she had been.

"Never mind," said Lloyd; "never mind. I know what you did. You held your blessed little tongue to save somebody else, and let yourself be blamed."

The door which led into the sitting-room opened, and Andrew looked in.

He made a shy motion when he saw Lloyd; still he came forward. His own callers had gone, and he had heard voices in the parlor, and had feared Granville Joy was calling upon Ellen.

As he came forward, Ellen introduced him shyly. "This is Mr. Lloyd, father," she said. "Mr. Lloyd, this is my father." Then she added, "He came to bring back my valedictory." She was very awkward, but it was the charming awkwardness of

a beautiful child. She looked exceedingly childish standing beside her father, looking into his worn, embarrassed face.

Lloyd shook hands with Andrew, and said something about the valedictory which he had enjoyed reading.

"She wrote it all herself without a bit of help from the teacher," said Andrew, with wistful pride.

"It is remarkably well written," said Robert.

"You didn't hear it read at the hall?" said Andrew.

"No; I had not that good fortune."

"You ought to have heard them clap," said Andrew.

"Oh, father!" murmured Ellen, but she looked innocently at her father, as if she delighted in his pride and pleasure without a personal consideration.

The front door opened. "That's your mother," said Andrew.

Fanny looked into the lighted parlor, and dodged back with a little giggle.

Ellen colored painfully. "It is Mr. Lloyd, mother," she said.

Then Fanny came forward and shook

hands with Robert. Her face was flaming; she cast involuntary glances at Andrew for confirmation of her opinion. She was openly and shamelessly triumphant, and yet all at once Robert ceased to be repelled by it. Through his insight into the girl's character he had seemed to gain suddenly a clearer vision for the depths of human love and pity which are beneath the coarse and the common. When Fanny stood beside her daughter and looked at her, then at Robert, with the reflection of the beautiful young face in her eyes of love, she became at once pathetic and sacred.

"It is all natural," he said to himself as he was going home. He walked, the starlight night was so pleasant. When he passed his aunt Cynthia's house he looked at the windows curiously, and that which had happened in connection with her and the runaway child so many years ago was above his comprehension. He never understood, but his tongue was as silent as Ellen's, and Cynthia never knew that he knew.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The New Eve to the Old Adam

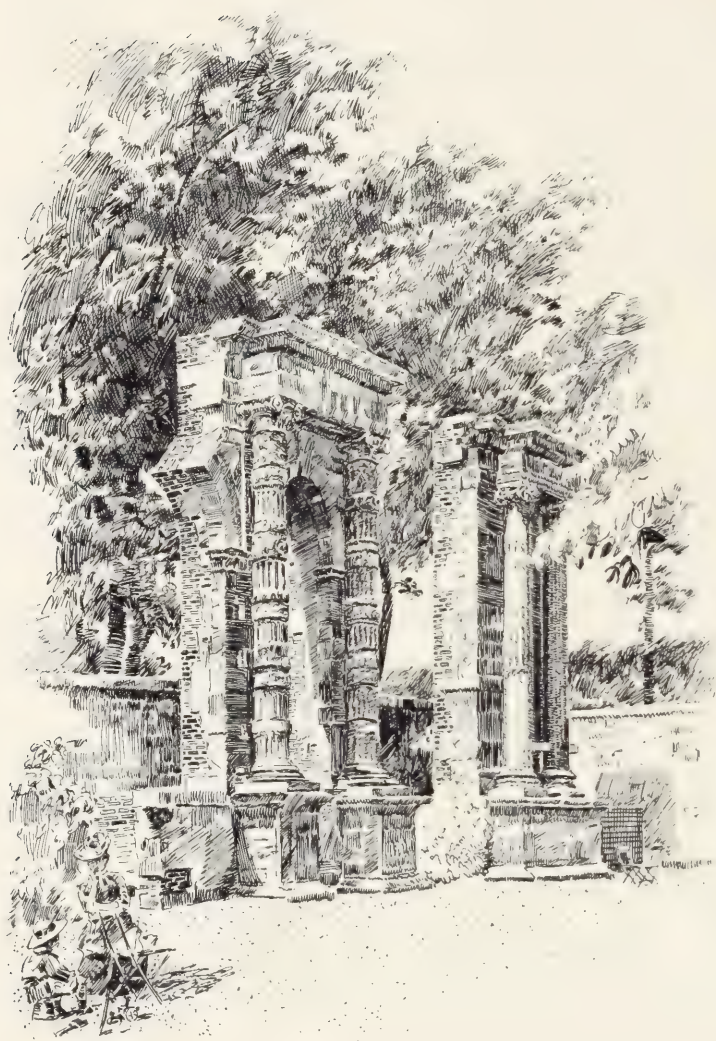
BY ANNIE L. MUZZEY

I CHARGE thee, Love, set not my aim too low:
 If thro' the cycling ages I have been
 A partner in thy ignorance and sin,
 So thro' the centuries that ebb and flow
 I must, with thee, God's secrets seek to know.
 Whate'er the conflict I will help to win
 Our conquest over foes without—within,—
 And where thou goest, beloved, I will go.

Set no dividing line between the twain
 Whose aim and end are manifestly one;
 Whate'er my loss it cannot be thy gain,—
 Wedded the light and heat that make Life's sun:
 Not thine the glory and not mine the shame.
 We build the world together in one Name.

Municipal Art in Paris

BY CHARLES MULFORD ROBINSON



H. S. M. 1850
P. 18. 1850

Preserved Columns, Tuileries Palace

AS Florence popularly stands for the type of Renaissance municipal art under a master, and Venice for its development in the city republics of Italy, so Paris has come to stand to-day as an example of what municipal art may do. Paris excels in her development along lines of municipal art because the Parisians are artistic. They have centuries of art behind them; and Paris, unlike

some European cities which are only dragged down by their past, draws inspiration from hers. From the cock of the bow in Madame's bonnet to the bridge thrown over the Seine, Paris does all with an eye to the beautiful.

The physical inheritance of Paris as a city was not rich. There was, to be sure, a broad stream, but it flowed through a plain whose soil was ill adapted to luxuriant vegetation. An island in the stream was densely built up, with dirty rookeries and narrow winding streets; a somewhat distant hill might have offered a chance for embellishment, but Montmartre still stands almost neglected; and so much of the city as had spread to the banks of the river was crowded around the vast and ornate stone palaces and their gardens, encircling fortifications cramping and huddling the people. Out of this unpromising shell the modern Paris began to arise no more than a hundred years ago. Indeed, Felix Narjoux, in the preface to his remarkable series of volumes on the new public edifices of the city, says: "The transformation of Paris is one

of the great achievements of the nineteenth century. Foreseen by Henry IV., studied and recognized as necessary by Louis XIV. and his successors, implored by Voltaire, it was the subject of the thought of the First Empire, received a beginning of execution under the government of July, and finally, toward 1850, entered on the period of activity and execution continued to



Boulevard Des Capucines, In The Centre Of The City, Showing Trees, Etc.

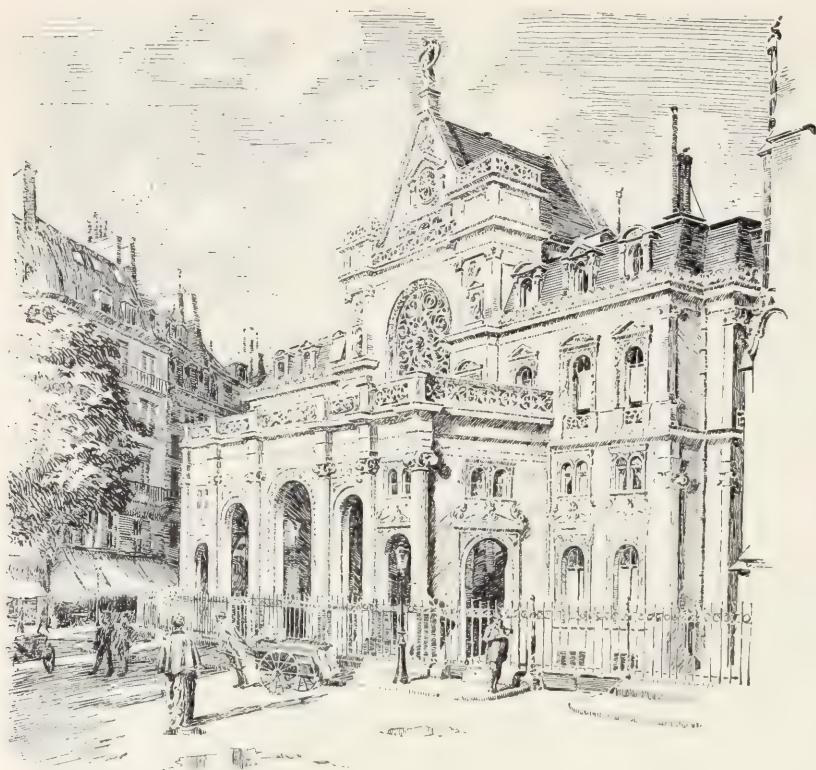
our day." Perhaps this, however, is giving too little credit to the great Louis, for although he and his successor acted under the influence of the older spirit of municipal art, building palaces, churches, streets, or pleasure-grounds not so much for their capital as for the glory of themselves, their rule had much to do with the subsequent upbuilding of Paris. The splendor of the monarchy as they exalted it, and the complete centralization of the social, political, and artistic life of the nation around their court, effected the enthronement of Paris, so that French skill and talent were attracted thither, and Paris became

pre-eminent both in fact and conception. Through all the stormy years that followed she never yielded this position to another, and the whole theory of her present unique municipal administration is based upon it. For her sentimental advancement, therefore, Paris is more indebted to the proud Bourbon princes than for the physical changes which were actually effected under their reign.

In the throes of the revolution of 1793 great tracts of land were laid bare, and the *Commission des Artistes*, appointed after its conclusion, found their task of city-planning much simplified by the primitive and terribly effective



Newspaper Kiosks



Mairie Of The First Arrondissement, Paris

preparatory treatment which the city had received. At this juncture the country entered upon a season of magnificent conquests, and chose as Emperor a man of inordinate ambition. Monarchical Paris, with noble palaces and squalid streets, gave way to an imperial Paris whose people had had a taste of triumphant republicanism. Modern thoroughfares were created, such as the Rue de Rivoli; bridges and quays and markets were built; the Louvre was made a national treasury of art; fountains and monuments were erected, as the Vendôme Column in the newly built Rue Castiglione; and the Bourse and other public buildings were started. Political changes henceforth had comparatively little effect on the march of Paris, whose wonderfully interesting progress is recorded in a series of contemporary maps and drawings in the Carnavalet Museum which go back to the earliest times. The restoration of the Bourbons beheld new streets

opened, and under Louis Philippe public works were undertaken at a cost of more than 100 million francs. The Ile de la Cité, which was the heart of Paris, and the congested portions of the city adjacent to the Louvre, were now fairly well cleared out, and when Louis Napoleon became Emperor, and Baron Haussmann was made Prefect of the Seine, Paris was ready for a scheme of improvement more magnificent, impressive, and daring than any that had been seen before in modern times. Under this régime, 1853-1870, there was a net expenditure of \$250,000,000, and Paris, as it is known to-day,

with its rings of boulevards, its parks, and broad intersecting avenues, began to arise. The military reverses of 1871



Pillar For Theatrical Advertisement

caused only a temporary check, and the years since the war with Germany have witnessed continued progress in civic dignity and beauty along with that urban expansion that has been so marked a feature of the last two decades in many nations. The Avenue de l'Opéra and some new boulevards are the more conspicuous achievements of these late years, but not less has been done for municipal art in ways more quiet, but quite as important. The art of beautiful cityhood consists even less in doing than in being.

Paris has always been crowded by surrounding fortifications, and with this impediment to growth in elegance and majesty she was further handicapped by the necessity of undoing what had been done through hundreds of years of city building. But in the palaces and pleasure-grounds of kings, in the artistic inheritance of her people, and in her proud position as representative city, in the sentiment of the nation, Paris had strong advantages. On this last sentiment the government of Paris is based.

With the idea that the city stands before the world as the model of what the French can do, the administration has been made half national in character, and the national treasury stands behind the municipal coffers. This is a matter which the student of Paris, the city, never forgets. Her greatest museums, some of her greatest streets, her greatest playhouses and schools, are national.

In the administration of Paris, municipal art is divided between two departments, which is to say, between national and municipal authorities. The state *Direction des Beaux-Arts* has the care of all national museums, which in Paris include the Louvre and the Luxembourg; of historic monuments, such as the Musée de Cluny; of subsidized theatres, as the Opéra, the Opéra-Comique, the Comédie Française, and the Odéon. It is clear that this department of the state government has much to do with the artistic side of Paris. The second department, the *Service des Beaux-Arts* of the city, concerns itself, on the other hand, with the decoration of municipal and departmental buildings, such as the Hôtel de Ville and the mairies; with the purchase of works from the Salon; with the public



Preserved Tower, Catherine De Medicis

fêtes; with subventions for monuments and statues; with the participation of the city in French and foreign expositions, and with various other duties. For the plainer, and what we may call for convenience the more strictly civic art—since it has to do with streets and parks—there is now a department of the municipal government known as the *Direction administrative des Services d'Architecture et des Promenades et Plantations*, which does most of this work. It comprises also the so-called “services” of the highway



The Place De La République

inspection and of the plan of Paris; it looks after all the parks, the squares, and even the cemeteries; has superintendence of the city's culture of trees, plants, and flowers, and of the trees and gardening on the highways. It examines from the artistic point of view requests for concessions, and is the department of municipal architecture, having charge of the great multitude and variety of civic buildings.

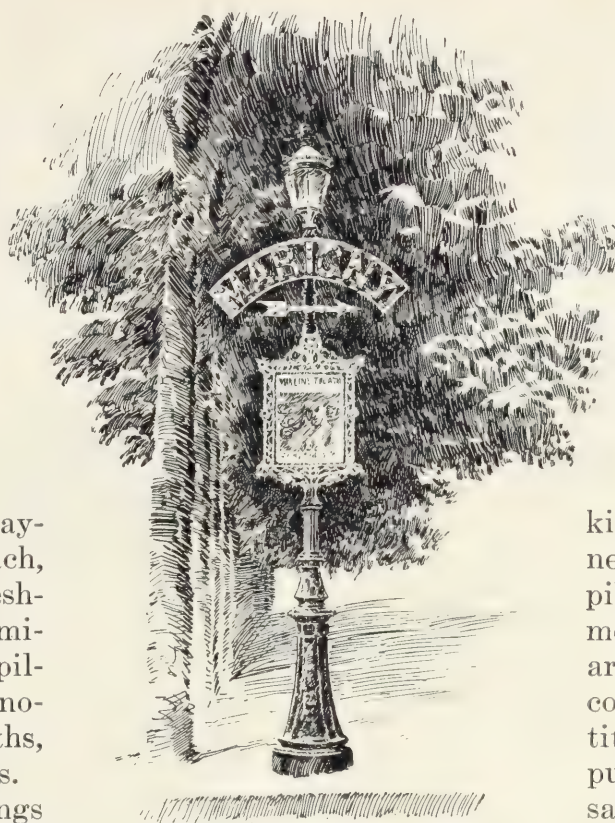
It is by means of such management that the city has made herself, with her many thousand lanterns, the "*ville lumineuse*," and in the inhospitable soil of her boulevards and avenues has planted nearly ninety thousand trees. For the provision of these and the flowers in her parks and gardens she has established

municipal nurseries and hot-houses, the chief gardener reporting for 1897 an output of more than a million plants. The city has learned also the art of transplanting large trees successfully, so that at the earliest signs of decay a street tree may be removed and the symmetry of the vista not spoiled by its successor. For these trees alone the expenses of Paris amount to about \$60,000 a year. The municipal nurseries include a "hospital," or "cure," for the tired trees, where they are restored, if possible, to health and strength in soil that is richer than the city's. In spring and fall these trees on their way to or from the hospital are no uncommon feature in the street scenes of Paris.

In the further carrying out of this idea

of the street, the city provides nearly ten thousand seats in the streets and squares, entirely without charge, while concessions *sur les voies publiques et dans les promenades publiques* not only make available thousands of other seats for the payment of two cents each, but furnish refreshment stands, illuminated advertising pillars for theatrical notices, newspaper booths, and public lavatories.

And all these things are done in an artistic way. It has been pointed out that the very street "refuges"—whither the driven-down pedestrian flies to catch breath in his flight across the crowded thoroughfares—are designed to be ornaments to

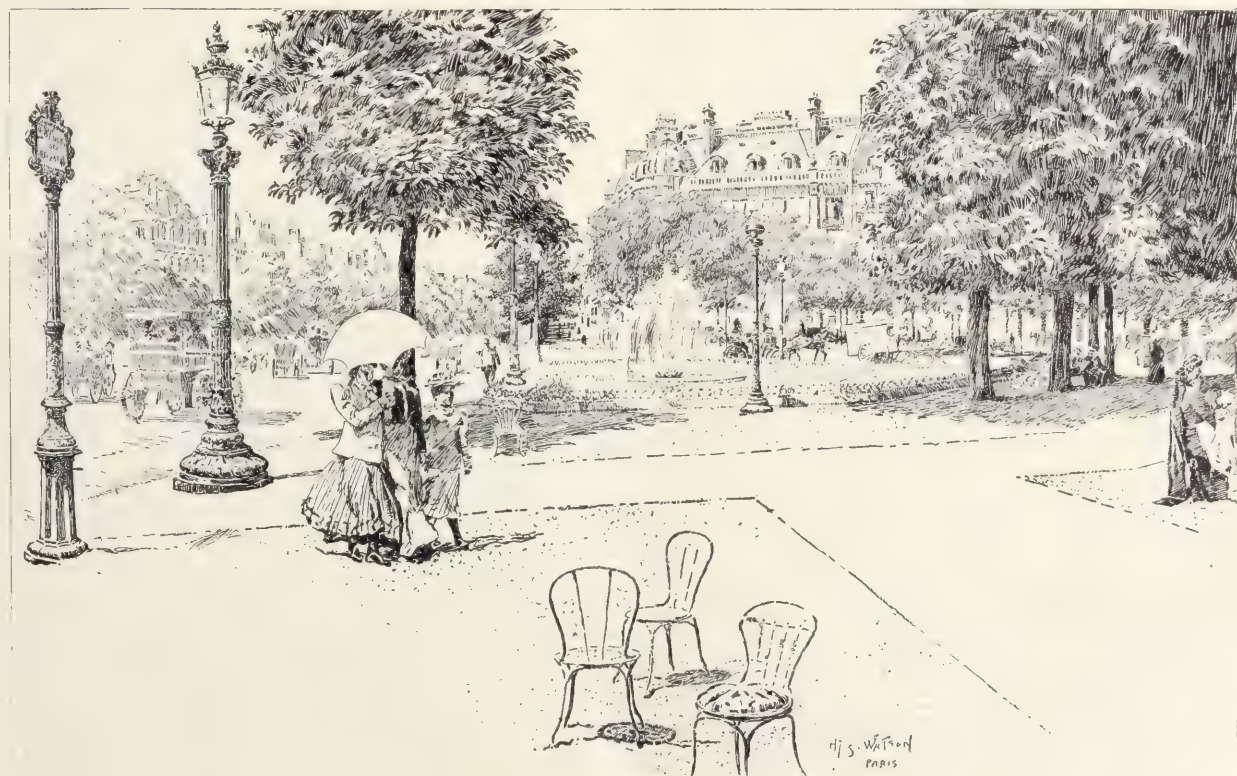


*Type Of Lamp-Posts Rented For
Theatrical Advertisements*

the streets. The lamp-posts are kept in perfect repair and are artistic in design. The isolated letter-boxes are columns of ornamental iron, surmounted in the new model by a lantern to make them conspicuous at night. The

kiosks for the sale of newspapers and the pillars for advertisements of the theatres are held to be public conveniences, and entitled to a place on the public way. At the same time they are made sources of public revenue, and are forced to conform to an accepted design which is not unsightly. The

lamp-posts, for single, double, or grouped lights, the electric-light poles, and the flag-staffs are of ornamental pattern, and



Rond Point De L'Avenue Des Champs Élysées



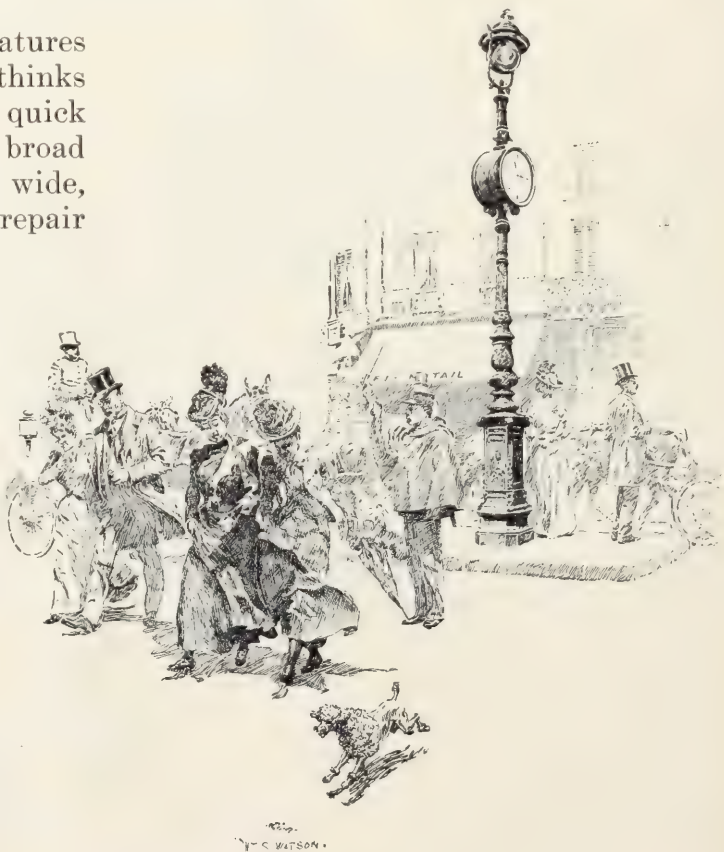
Ornamental Lights, Place De La Concorde

public clocks with clear white faces are to be found at brief intervals on the lamp-posts or kiosks.

Such are the striking positive features which one sees in memory as one thinks of Paris streets; but the observer is quick to detect negative virtues also. The broad walks of the newer streets, the wide, smooth roadways, and the constant repair in which they are kept by the correction of each little fault without waiting for the pavement to go to pieces, the total absence of overhead wires, and the cleanliness of the thoroughfares, are perhaps more eloquent of the true spirit of municipal art than are pretty designs for occasional structures.

The street erections — newspaper kiosks, advertising columns, etc.—are designed from an æsthetic point of view by the *Direction des Services d'Architecture* of the city of Paris, the Municipal Council determining their location. No advertisements can be attached to the gas

or electric-light poles, and it is a carefully worded clause that makes possible, with the permission of the Municipal Council, the maintenance of public lamps for advertising purposes. No notices can be tacked or fastened in any way to the trees, and those on the streets or promenades belong absolutely “to the city of Paris,” the private property owners having no other right to the trees before their own premises than that which is held by all the citizens in common. All such things in Paris are overlooked by various commissions, whose members are eagerly interested in their own small department, and have every incentive to take the initiative in plans to make Paris beautiful. An important result is that a great number of famous artists, many art connoisseurs, prominent engineers, and architects are led, by the honor of appointment to one or another of these commissions, to give Paris the benefit of their knowledge or talents. The administration of Paris goes further still, in recognition of the fact that genius may lack even the cloak of fame, by the competitions which it has lately inaugurated for the construction of beautiful buildings. Paris has building laws which



Street Refuge, Electric Light Pole, And Clock

put the maximum height-limit of buildings at 20 metres (65½ feet), prescribe the number of stories, require the observance by builders of the *raccordement et l'harmonie des lignes de construction*, and provide that façades shall be periodically repaired or repainted so as to preserve a neat and fresh appearance.

In December, 1897, a competition was inaugurated among the architects and owners of the buildings constructed, or to be constructed, on the Rue Raumur, between the dates of January 1, 1896, and December 31, 1899. The owners of the four houses adjudged worthy of the prizes were to be exempted from half of the street tax affecting them, and a medal of gold was to be given to the architect of each of these houses, the first decision that the prizes for the latter should be a thousand francs having been judged not sufficiently honorable. Moreover, a bronze medal was to go to the contractor, the Council appointing five of its own members to act as jury. At the same time an annual competition on the same lines was authorized for the whole city.

In the upbuilding of such a city as Paris there comes into the question a factor which few of our American cities have had as yet to consider. The past,



Hôtel De Ville, West Front

whose legacy has done so much to make the present interesting and splendid, has left also an obligation of reverence which is so embarrassing to the spirit of civic renaissance that in practice one or the other is apt to suffer.

As evidence of the spirit of reverence for the past, the tourist need only visit the Place des Vosges, which sleeps in a quiet that seems unbroken from the days when Henry IV. ceased to hold tournaments there, and he will learn that this progressive city has served on the proprietors of the surrounding buildings a perpetual prohibition to change the shape or design of any structure.



[SEE PAGE 232]

THERE BEFORE HIM STOOD KATHLEEN

The Right of Way*

PART VII

BY GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER XLI

IT WAS MICHAELMAS DAY.

NOT a cloud in the sky, and a sweet sun, liberal in warmth and eager in brightness as its distance from the Northern world decreased. As Mrs. Flynn entered the door of the post-office she sang out to Maximilian Cour, with a buoyant lilt, "Oh, isn't it the fun o' the world to be alive!"

The tailor over the way heard it, and lifted his head with a smile; Rosalie Evanturel, behind the postal wicket, heard it, and her face swam with color. Rosalie busied herself with the letters and papers for a moment before she answered Mrs. Flynn's greeting, for there were ringing in her ears the words she herself had said a few days before—"It is good to live, isn't it?"

To-day it was so good to live that life seemed an endless being and a tireless happy doing—a gift of labor, an inspiring daytime, and a rejoicing sleep. Exaltation, a painful joy, and a wide embarrassing wonderment possessed her. She met Mrs. Flynn's face at the wicket with moist shining eyes and a timid smile.

"Ah, there y'are, darlin'!" said Mrs. Flynn. "And how's the dear father to-day?"

"He seems about the same, thank you."

"Ah, that's foine. Shure, if we could always be 'about the same,' we'd do. True for you, darlin', 'tis as you say. If ould Mrs. Flynn could be always 'bout the same,' the clods o' the valley would never cover her bones. But there 'tis—we're here to-day, and away to-morrow. Shure, though, I'm not complainin'. Not I—not Mary Flynn! Teddy Flynn used to say to me, says he: 'Never born to know distress! Seventeen years in this country, Mary,' says he, 'an' nivir in the pinitintyari yet!' There y'are. Ah, the

birds do be singin' to-day! 'Tis good! 'Tis good, darlin'! You'll not mind Mary Flynn callin' you darlin', though y'are postmistress, an' 'll be more than that—more than that wan day—or Mary Flynn's a fool! Aye, more than that y'll be, darlin', and y're eyes like purty brown topazes and y're cheeks like roses—shure, is there anny lether for Mary Flynn, darlin'?" she hastily added as she saw the Seigneur standing in the doorway. He had evidently been listening.

"Ye didn't hear what y're ould fool of a cook was sayin'," she added to the Seigneur, as Rosalie shook her head and answered: "No letters, madame—dear." Rosalie timidly added the *dear*, for there was something so great-hearted in Mrs. Flynn that she longed to clasp her round her neck, longed as she had never done in her life to lay her head upon the motherly breast of a woman and pour out her heart. But it was not to be. Secrecy was her motto still.

"Can't ye speak to y're ould fool of a cook, sir?" she said again, as the Seigneur made way for her to leave the shop.

"*How did you guess?*" he said to her in a low voice, his sharp eyes peering into hers.

"By the looks in y're face these past weeks, and the look in hers!" she whispered, and went on her way rejoicing.

"I'll wind thim both round me finger like a wisp o' straw!" she said, going up the road with a light step, despite her weight, till she was stopped by the malicious grocer-man of the village, whose tongue had been wagging for hours upon an unwholesome theme.

Meanwhile, in the post-office, the Seigneur and Rosalie were face to face.

"It is Michaelmas day," he said. "May I speak with you, mademoiselle?"

She looked at the clock. It was on the stroke of noon. The shop always closed from twelve till half past twelve.

"Will you step into the parlor, monsieur?" she said, and coming round the counter, locked the shop door.

She was trembling and confused, and entered the little parlor shyly. Yet her eyes met the Seigneur's bravely.

"Your father, how is he?" he said, offering her a chair. The sunlight streaming in the window made a sort of pathway of light between them, while they were in the shade.

"He seems no worse, and to-day he is wheeling himself about."

"He is stronger, then—that's good. Is there any fear that he must go to the hospital again?"

She inclined her head. "The doctor says he may have to go any moment. It may be his one chance. The Curé is very kind, and says that, with your permission, his sister will keep the office here, if it must come!"

The Seigneur nodded briskly. "Of course, of course. But have you not thought that we might secure another postmistress?"

Her face clouded a little; her heart beat hard. She knew what was coming. She dreaded it, but it was better to have it over now.

"We could not live without it," she said, helplessly. "What we have saved is not enough. The little my mother had must pay for the visits to the hospital. I have kept it for that. You see, I need the place here."

"But you have thought, just the same. Do you not know the day?" he said, meaningly.

She was silent.

"I have come to ask you to marry me—this is Michaelmas day, Rosalie!"

She did not speak. He had hopes from her silence.

"If anything happened to your father, you could not live here alone—but a young girl! Your father may be in the hospital for a long time. You cannot afford that. If I were to offer you money, you would refuse. If you marry me, all that I have is yours to dispose of at your will: to make others happy, to take you now and then from this narrow place, to see what's going on in the world."

"I am happy here," she said, falteringly.

"Chaudière is the finest place in the world," he replied, proudly, and as a matter of fact. "But, for the sake of knowledge, you should see what the rest of the world is. It helps you to understand Chaudière better. I ask you to be my wife, Rosalie."

She shook her head sorrowfully.

"You said before, it was not because I am old, not because I am rich, not because I am Seigneur, not because I am I, that you refused me."

She smiled at him now. "That is true," she said.

"Then what reason can you have? None, none. 'Pon honor, I believe you are afraid of marriage because it's marriage! By my life, there's naught to dread. A little giving here and taking there, and it's easy. And when a woman is as the sun and the moon, and all that's good, to a man, it can be done without fear or trembling. Even the Curé would tell you that."

"Ah, I know, I know!" she said, in a voice half painful, half joyous. "I know that it is so. But, oh, dear monsieur, I cannot marry you—never—never—never."

He hung on bravely. "I want to make life easy and happy for you. I want the right to do so. When trouble comes upon you—"

"When trouble comes upon me I will turn to you—ah, yes, I would turn to you without fear, dear monsieur!" she said, and her heart ached within her, for a premonition of trouble came upon her and filled her eyes, and made her heart like lead within her breast. "I know how true a gentleman you are!" she added. "I could give you everything but that which is life to me, which is being, and soul, and the beginning and the end."

The weight of the revealing hour of her life, its joy, its agony, its irrevocability, was upon her. It was giving her new thoughts, new meanings to existence—primitive woman, child of nature as she was. All morning she had longed to go out into the woods and bury herself among the ferns and bracken, and laugh and weep for very excess of feeling, downright joy and vague unrealized woe

possessing her at once. She looked the Seigneur in the eyes with consuming earnestness.

"Oh, it is not because I am young," she said, in a low voice, "for I am old—indeed, I am very old. It is because I cannot love you, and never can love you in the one great way; and I will not marry without love. My heart is fixed on that. When I marry, it will be when I love a man so much that I cannot live without him. If he is so poor that each meal is a miracle, it will make no difference. Oh, can't you see, can't you feel, what I mean, monsieur—you who are so wise and learned, and know the world so much?"

"Wise and learned!" he said, a little roughly, for his voice was husky with emotion. "'Pon honor, I think I am a fool! A bewildered fool, that knows no more of woman than my cook knows Sanscrit. Faith, a hundred times less! For Mary Flynn's got an eye to see, and, without telling, she knew I had a mind set on you. But Mary Flynn thought more than that, for she has an idea that you've a mind set on some one, Rosalie. She fancied it might be me!"

"A woman is not so easily read as a man," she replied, half smiling, but with her eyes turned to the street. A few people were gathering in front of the house—she vaguely, mechanically, wondered why.

"There is some one else—that is it, Rosalie. There is some one else. You shall tell me who it is. You shall—"

He stopped short, for there was a loud knocking at the shop door, and the voice of M. Evanturel calling:

"Rosalie! Rosalie! Rosalie! Ah, come quickly—ah, my Rosalie!"

Without a look at the Seigneur, Rosalie rushed into the shop and opened the front door. Her father was deathly pale, and was trembling violently.

"Rosalie, my bird," he cried, indignantly, "they're saying you stole the cross from the church door."

He was now wheeled inside the shop, and people gathered round, looking at him and Rosalie, some covertly, some as friends, some in a half-frightened way, as though strange things were about to happen.

"Shure, 'tis a lie, or me name's not

Mary Flynn—the darlin'!" said the Seigneur's cook, with blazing face.

"Who makes this charge?" roared an angry voice.

No one had seen the Seigneur enter from the little room beside the shop, and at the sound of the sharp voice the people fell back, for he was as free with his stick as his tongue.

"I do," said the grocer, to whom Paulette Dubois had told her story.

"Ye shall be tarred and feathered before y'are a day older," said Mary Flynn.

Rosalie was as pale as death.

The Seigneur was struck by her paleness and the strangeness of her look.

"Clear the room!" he said to Filion Lacasse, who was now a constable of the parish.

"Not yet!" said a voice at the doorway. "What is the trouble?" It was the Curé, who had already heard rumors of the scandal, and had come at once to Rosalie.

M. Evanturel tried to speak, and could not. But Mary Flynn did, with a face flaming like a piece of scarlet bunting. Having finished with a flourish, she could scarce keep her hands off the stubborn and cowardly grocer.

The Curé turned to Rosalie. "It is absurd," he said. "Forgive me," he added to the Seigneur. "It is better that Rosalie should answer this charge. If she gives her word of honor, I will deny communion to whoever slanders her hereafter."

"She did it," said the grocer, stubbornly. "She can't deny it."

"Answer, Rosalie," said the Curé, firmly.

"Excuse me; I will answer," said a voice at the door.

The tailor of Chaudière made his way into the shop, through the fast-gathering crowd.

CHAPTER XLII

A TRIAL AND A VERDICT

"WHAT right have you to answer for mademoiselle?" said the Seigneur, with a sudden rush of jealousy. Was not he alone the protector of Rosalie Evanturel? Yet here was mystery, and it was clear the tailor had something important to say. M. Rossignol offered the Curé a chair, seated himself on a

small bench, and gently drew Rosalie down beside him.

"I will constitute this a court," said he. "Advance, grocer."

Smugly the grocer came forward.

"On what information do you make this charge against mademoiselle?"

The grocer volubly related all that Paulette Dubois had said. As he told his tale the Curé's face was a study, for the night the cross was restored came back to him, and the events, so far as he knew them, were in keeping with the grocer's narrative. He looked at Rosalie anxiously. Monsieur Evanturel moaned, for he remembered that that night he had heard Rosalie come in very late. Yet he fixed his eyes on her in dog-like faith.

"Mademoiselle will admit that this is true, I presume," said Charley.

Rosalie looked at him intently, as though to read his very heart. It was clear that he wished her to say yes; and what he wished was law to her.

"It is quite true," answered Rosalie, calmly, and all fear passed from her.

"But she did not steal the cross," continued Charley, in a louder voice, that all might hear, for people were gathering fast.

"If she didn't steal it, why was she putting it back on the church door in the dark?" said the grocer.

"Ah, hould y'r head, ould sand-in-the-sugar!" said Mrs. Flynn, her fingers aching to get into his hair.

"Silence!" said the Seigneur, severely, and looked inquiringly at Rosalie. Rosalie looked at Charley.

"It is not a question of why mademoiselle put the cross back. It is a question of who took the cross away, is it not? Mademoiselle did a good, not a wicked act, if she put the cross back for some one else's sake?"

"If she did it to screen some one who stole the cross, I fear not," said the Curé, severely.

"But suppose it was not a theft. Suppose that the person who took the relic thought to do a pious act—for your holy Church, monsieur?" Charley asked the Curé, quietly.

"I do not see," the Curé answered, helplessly. "It was a secret act, therefore suspicious at least."

"Let your good gifts be in secret, and your Heavenly Father who seeth in secret shall reward you openly," answered Charley. "That, I believe, is a Christian principle, monsieur."

"At one time monsieur the tailor was thought to have taken the cross," said the Seigneur, suggestively. "Perhaps monsieur was secretly doing good with it?" he added, sourly. It irritated him that there should be a secret between Rosalie and this unknown man.

"It had to do with me, not I with it," he answered, quietly. He must travel wide at first to convince their narrow brains. "Mademoiselle did a kind act when she nailed that cross on the church door again—to make a dead man rest easier in his grave."

A strange hush fell upon the crowd.

Rosalie looked at Charley in surprise. But she saw his meaning presently—that what she did for him must seem to have been done for the dead tailor only. Her heart beat hot with indignation, for she would, if she but might, cry her love gladly from the hill-tops of the world.

A light began to break upon the Curé's mind. "Will Monsieur speak plainly?" he said.

"In spite of mademoiselle's wish to judge the dead man by his intention rather than his acts, I shall tell the truth, since silence would injure her. That I was indirectly to blame for the fact that the cross was taken from the church door does not affect her kind act."

"So you were in the business, monsieur?" said the Seigneur, gruffly.

"I did not see Louis Trudel take the cross, but I know that he did."

"Louis Trudel! Louis Trudel!" interposed the Seigneur. "What sort of charge is this?"

"Monsieur speaks the truth," interposed Rosalie.

The Curé recalled the death-bed of Louis Trudel, and the dying man's strange agitation. He also recalled old Margot's death, and her wish to confess some one else's wrong-doing. He was convinced that Charley was speaking the truth.

"It is true," added Charley, slowly; "but you may think none the worse of him when you know all. He took the

cross for temporary use, and before he could replace it he died."

"How do you know what he meant, or did not mean?" said the Seigneur, sourly yet curiously. "Did he take you into his confidence?"

"The very closest," answered Charley, grimly.

"Yet he looked upon you as an infidel, and said hard things of you on his death-bed," urged the Curé, anxiously. He could not see the end of the tale, and he was troubled for both the dead man and the living.

"That was why he took me into his confidence. I will explain. I have not the honor to have the fulness of your Christian faith, monsieur le Curé. I had asked him to show me a sign from heaven, and he showed it by the little iron cross."

"I can't make anything of that," said the Seigneur.

Rosalie sprang to her feet. "He will not tell the whole truth, messieurs, but I will. With that little cross Old Louis would have killed Monsieur, had it not been for me."

A gasp of excitement went out from those who stood by.

"But for you, Rosalie?" said the Curé.

"Yes, but for me," she replied. "I saw Louis Trudel raise an iron against Monsieur that day in the shop. It made me nervous—I thought he was mad. So I watched. That night I saw a light in the tailor shop late. I thought it strange. I went over and peeped through the cracks of the shutters. I saw Old Louis at the fire with the little cross, red-hot. I knew he meant trouble. I ran into the house. Old Margot was beside herself with fear—she had seen also. I ran through the hall and saw Old Louis upstairs with the burning cross. I followed. He went into Monsieur's room. When I got to the door"—she paused, trembling, for she saw Charley's reprov- ing eyes upon her—"I saw him with the cross—with the cross raised over Mon- sieur."

"He meant to threaten me," interposed Charley, quickly.

"We will have the truth!" said the Seigneur, in a husky voice.

"The cross came down on Monsieur's breast."

The grocer laughed vindictively.

"Silence!" said the Seigneur.

"Silence!" said Filion Lacasse, and dropped his hand on the grocer's shoul- der. "I'll baste you with a stirrup-strap," he added, viciously.

"The rest is well known," quickly in- terposed Charley. "The poor man was mad. He thought it a pious act to mark an infidel with a cross."

Every eye was fixed upon him. The Curé remembered Louis Trudel's last words, "Look—look—I gave—him—the sign—of—!" Old Margot's words also kept ringing in his ears. He turned to the Seigneur.

"Monsieur," said he, "we have heard the truth. That act of Louis Trudel was cruel and murderous. May God forgive him! I will not say that mademoiselle did well in keeping silent—"

"God bless the darlin'!" cried Mrs. Flynn.

"But I will say that she meant to do a kind act for a man's mortal memory— perhaps at the expense of his soul!"

"For monsieur to take his injury in silence, to keep it secret, was friendly too," said the Seigneur. "It is what our Curé here might call bearing his cross manfully."

"Monsieur!" said the Curé, reproach- fully. "Monsieur, it is no subject for jest."

"Curé, our tailor here has treated it as a jest."

"Let him show his breast, if it's true!" said the grocer, who, beneath his smirking, was a malignant soul.

The Curé turned on him sharply. Sel- dom had any one seen the Curé roused.

"Who are you, Ba'tiste Maxime, that your base curiosity should be satisfied—you, whose shameless tongue clattered, whose foolish soul rejoiced over the scan- dal? Must we all wear the facts of our lives—our joys, our sorrows, and our sins—for such eyes as yours to read? Be- think you of the evil things that *you* would hide—aye, every one here!" he added, loudly. "Know, all of you, what good- ness of heart towards a wicked man lay behind the secret these two have kept, that old Margot carried into her grave. When you go to your homes, pray for as much human kindness in you as a man of no Church or faith can show.

For this child"—he turned to Rosalie—"honor her! Go now—go in peace!"

"One moment," said the Seigneur. "I fine Ba'tiste Maxime fifty dollars for defamation of character. The money to go for the poor."

"You hear that, ould sand-in-the-sugar?" said Mrs. Flynn. Then turning to Rosalie, "Will you let me kiss ye, darlin'?" she added, and waddling over, reached out her hands.

Rosalie's eyes were wet as she warmly kissed the old Irish woman, and thereupon they entered into a friendship which was without end.

The Seigneur drove the crowd from the shop, and shut the door.

The Curé came to Charley. "Monsieur," said he, "I have no words. When I remember what agonies you suffered in those hours, how bravely you endured them—ah, Monsieur!" he added, with moist eyes, "I shall always feel that—that you are not far from the Kingdom of God!"

A silence fell upon them, for the Curé, the Seigneur, and Rosalie, as they looked at Charley, thought of the scar like a red cross on his breast.

It touched Charley with a kind of awe. He smiled painfully. "Shall I give you proof?" he said, making a motion to undo his waistcoat.

"Monsieur!" said the Seigneur, reprovingly, and holding out his hand. "Monsieur! We are all gentlemen!"

CHAPTER XLIII

JO PORTUGAIS TELLS A STORY

WALKING slowly, head bent, eyes unseeing, Charley was on his way to Vadrome Mountain, with the faint hope that Jo Portugais had returned.

The hunger for companionship was on him: to touch some mind that *knew*—knew all that he had been, could understand the deep loneliness which had settled on him since that scene in the post-office. It was the loneliness of a new and great separation. He had wakened to it to-day.

Once before, in the hut on Vadrome Mountain, he had wakened from a grave, had been born again. Last night had come still another living, had come, as with Rosalie herself, knowledge, revela-

tion, understanding. To Rosalie the knowledge had come with a vague pain of heart, without shame, and with a wonderful happiness. Pain, shame, knowledge, and a happiness that passed suddenly into a despairing sorrow, had come to him all at once.

In finding love he had found conscience, and in finding conscience he was on his way to another and great discovery.

Out of all the world, the company he sought now was that of a murderer. They had kinship; they were knit together in a secret knowledge of each other. In their sins and suffering each respected the other more than himself.

Looking to where Jo Portugais's house was set among the pines, Charley remembered the day—he saw the scene in his mind's eye—when Rosalie entered with the letter addressed *To the sick man at the house of Jo Portugais, at Vadrome Mountain*, and he saw again her clear, unsoiled soul in the deep inquiring eyes.

"If you but knew"—he turned and looked down at the village below—"if you but knew!" he said, as though to all the world. "I have the sign from heaven—I know it now. To-day I wake to know what life means, and I see—Rosalie! I know now—but how? In taking all she had to give—heart and soul and body. And what does she get in return? Nothing—nothing. Worse than nothing. Because I love her, because the whole world is nothing beside her, nor life, nor twenty lives, if I had them to give, I must say to her now, 'Rosalie, it was love that brought you to my arms; it is love that says, Thus far and no farther. Never again—never—never—never!' Yesterday I could have left her—died or vanished, without real hurt to her. She would have mourned and broken her heart and mended it again; and I should have been only a memory—of mystery, of tenderness. Then one day she would have married, and no sting from my going would have remained. She would have had happiness, and I neither shame nor despair. . . . To-day it is all too late. We have drunk too deep—alas! too deep. She cannot marry another man, for ghosts will not lie for asking, and what is mine may not be another's. She cannot marry me, for

what once was mine is mine still by ring and by book, and I should always be haunted by the shadow of another. Kathleen has the right of way, not Rosalie! Ah, Rosalie—I dare not wrong you further. Yet, yet—oh, yet to marry you, even as things are: if that might be! To live on here unrecognized? I am little like my old self, and year after year I should grow less and less like Charley Steele. But, no, no; that is not possible!”

He stopped short in his thoughts, and his lips tightened in bitterness, his brow knit, his face grew drawn and pale.

“God in heaven, what an *impasse*!” he said aloud.

There was a sudden crackling of twigs as a man rose up from a log by the way-side ahead of him. It was Jo Portugais, who had seen him coming, and had waited for him. He had heard Charley’s words.

“Do you call me an *impasse*, M’sieu’?”

Charley grasped Portugais’s hands in both his own. “Ah, Jo, you may be the way through—who knows!” he said.

“What has happened, M’sieu’?” Jo said, anxiously.

There was a moment’s silence, and then Charley told him of the events of the morning—no more.

“You know of the mark—here?” he asked, touching his breast.

Jo nodded. “I saw, when you were ill.”

“Yet you never asked!”

“I studied it out—I knew old Louis Trudel. Also, I saw ma’m’selle nail the cross to the church door. Two and two together in my mind did it. I didn’t think Paulette Dubois would tell. I warned her.”

“She quarrelled with mademoiselle. It was revenge. She might have been less vindictive. She had had good luck herself lately.”

“What good luck had she, M’sieu’?”

Charley told Jo the story of the Notary, the woman, and the child.

Jo made no comment. They relapsed into silence. Arriving at the house, they entered. Jo lighted his pipe, and smoked steadily for a time without speaking. Buried in thought, Charley stood in the doorway looking down at the village. At last he turned.

“Where have you been these weeks past, Jo?”

“To Quebec first, M’sieu’.”

Charley looked curiously at Jo, for there was meaning in his tone. “And where last?”

“To Montreal.”

Charley’s face became paler, his hands suddenly clinched, for he read the look in Jo’s eyes. He knew that Jo had been looking at people and places once so familiar; that he had seen—Kathleen!

“Go on. Tell me all,” he said, heavily.

Portugais spoke in English. The foreign language seemed to make the truth less naked and staring. He had a hard story to tell.

“It is not to say why I go to Montreal,” he began. “But I go. I have my ears open; my eyes, she is not closed. No one knows me—I am no account of. Every one is forgot the man Joseph Nadeau, who was try for his life. Perhaps it is every one is forget the lawyer who save his neck—perhaps? So I stand by the street-side. I say to a man as I look up at sign-boards, ‘Where is that writing “M’sieu’ Charles Steele,” and all the res’?’ ‘He is dead long ago,’ say the man to me. ‘A good thing too, for he was the very devil.’ ‘I not understand,’ I say. ‘I tink that M’sieu’ Steele is a dam smart man back time.’ ‘He was the smartes’ man in the country, that Beauty Steele!’ the man say. ‘He bamboozle the jury hevery time. He cut up bad, though.’”

Charley raised his hand with a sudden gesture of misery and impatience.

“‘Where have you been,’ that man say—‘where have you been all these times not to know ’bout Charley Steele, *hein*?’ ‘In the backwoods,’ I say. ‘What bring you here now?’ he ask. ‘I have a case,’ I say. ‘What is it?’ he ask. ‘It is a case of a man who is punish for another man,’ I say. ‘That’s the thing for Charley Steele,’ he say. ‘He was great man to root things out. Can’t fool Charley Steele, we use to say here. But he die a bad death.’ ‘What was the matter with him?’ I say. ‘He drink too much, he spend too much, he run after a girl at Côte Dorion, and the river-drivers do for him one night. They say it was acciden’, but is there any green in my eye? But he die trump—just like him! He have no fear of devil or man,’ so the man

say. 'But fear of God?' I say. 'He was hinfidel,' he say. 'That was behin' all. He was crooked all roun'. He rob the widow and horphan?' 'I think he too smart for that!' I say, quick. 'I suppose it was the drink,' he say. 'He loose his grip.' 'He was a smart man, an' he would make you all sit up, if he come back!' 'If he come back!' The man laugh queer at that. 'If he come back, there would be hell.' 'How is that?' I say. 'Look across the street,' he whisper. 'That was his wife!'"

Charley choked back a cry in his throat. Jo had no intention of cutting his story short. He had an end in view.

"I look across the street. There she is—'Ah, that is a fine woman to see! I have never seen but one more finer to look at!' The man say: 'She marry first for money, and break her heart; now she marry for love. If Beauty Steele come back—eh! *Sacré!* that would be a mess. But he is at the bottom of the St. Lawrence—the courts say so, and the Church say so—and ghosts don't walk here.' 'But if that Beauty Steele come back alive, what would happen it?' I speak. 'His wife is marry, blockhead!' he say. 'But the woman is his,' I hanswer. 'Do you think she would go back to a thief she never love from the man she love?' he speak back. 'She is not marry to the other man,' I say, 'if Beauty Steele is—' 'He is dead as a door!' he say. 'You see that?' he go on, nodding down the street. 'Well, that is Billy!' 'Who is Billy?' I ask. 'The brother of her,' he say. 'Charley, he spoil Billy. Billy, he not been the same since Charley's death—he is so ashame of Charley. When he get drunk he talk of nothing else. We all remember that Charley spoil him, and that make us sorry for him.' 'Excuse me,' I say. 'I think that Billy is a dam smart man. He is smart as Charley Steele.' 'Charley was the smartes' man in the country,' he say again. 'I've got his practice now, but this town will never be the same without him. Thief or no thief, I wish he is alive here. By the Lord, I'd get drunk with him!' He was all right, that man," Jo added finally.

Charley's agitation was hidden. His eyes were fixed on Jo intently. "That was Larry Rockwell. Go on," he said, in a hard metallic voice.

"I see—*her*, the next night again. It is in the white stone house on the hill. All the windows are open, an' I can hear her to sing. I not know that song. It begin, '*Oft in the Stilly Night*'—like that."

Charley stiffened. It was the song Kathleen sang for him the night they became engaged.

"It is a good voice—that. I see her face, for there is a candle on the piano. She sing like a harp—all low and full. It give me shivers. I come close and closter to the house. There is big maple-trees,—I am well hid. A man is beside her. He lean hover her an' put his hand on her shoulder. 'Sing it again, Kat'leen,' he say. 'Your voice, it go through me. I cannot to get enough!'"

"Stop!" said Charley, in a strained, harsh voice.

"Not yet, M'sieu'," said Portugais. "It is good for you to hear what I say."

"'Come, Kat'leen!' he say, an' he blow hout the candle. I hear them walk away, an' the door shut behin' them. Then I hear anudder voice—ah, that is a baby—very young baby!"

Charley suddenly got to his feet. "Not another word!" he said.

"Yes, yes, but there is one word more, M'sieu'," said Jo, standing up and facing him firmly. "You must go back. You are not a thief. The woman is yours. You throw your life away. What is the man to you—or the man's brat of a child? It is all waiting for you. You must go back. You not steal the money, but that Billy—it is that Billy, I know. You can forgive your wife, and take her back, or you can say to both, Go! You can put heverything right and begin again!"

For a moment anger, wild words, seemed about to break from Charley's lips, for his face became paler still, and his eyes blazed; but he conquered himself, though torn with emotion.

The old life had been brought back to him with painful acuteness and vitality. The streets of the town, the people in the street, Billy, the mean scoundrel, who could not leave him alone in the grave of obscurity, Kathleen—Fairing! The voice of the child—with her voice—was in his ears. A child! If he had had a child, perhaps— He stopped short in his thinking, his face all at once flood-

ing with color. For a moment he stood looking out of the window down towards the village. He could see the post-office like a toy house among toy houses. At last he turned to Jo.

"Never again while I live speak of this to me: of the past, of going back, or of—of anything else," he said. "I cannot go back. I am dead and shamed. Let the dust of forgetfulness come and cover the past. I've begun life again here, and here I stay, and see it out. I shall work out the problem here, Jo." He dropped a hand on the other's shoulder. "Jo," said he, "we are both shipwrecks. Let us see how long we can float."

"M'sieu', is it worth it?" said Portuguese, remembering his confession to the Abbé, and seeing the end of it all to himself—seeing it heavily.

"I don't know, Jo. Let us wait and see how Fate will play us."

"Or God, M'sieu'?"

"God or Fate—who knows!"

CHAPTER XLIV

"WHO WAS KATHLEEN?"

THE painful incidents of the morning weighed heavily upon Rosalie, and she was glad when Madame Dugal came to talk with her father, who was ailing and irritable, and when Mrs. Flynn drove her away with a kiss on either cheek, saying, "Don't come back, darlin', till there's roses in both cheeks, for yer eyes are 'atin' up yer face!"

She had seen Charley take the path to Vadrome Mountain, and to the Rest of the Flax-beaters she betook herself, in the blind hope that, returning, he might pass that way. Under the influence of the fresh air and the quiet of the woods her spirits rose, her pulse beat faster, though a sense of foreboding and sorrow hovered round her. The two-miles walk to her beloved retreat seemed a matter of minutes only, so busy were her thoughts.

Her mind was one luxurious confusion, through which travelled a ghostly little sprite, who kept tumbling her thoughts about, sneering, smirking, whispering. "You will never be the same again—never feel the same again—never think the same again; your dreams are done! You can only love. And what will this

love do for you? What do you expect to happen?"

Her reply had been the one iteration: "I love him—I love him—I love him. We shall be together all our lives, till we are old and gray. I shall watch him at his work, and listen to his voice. I shall read with him and walk with him, and I shall grow to think like him a little—in everything except religion. Oh, yes, in everything except that."

In the dreamy happiness of this thought the color came to her cheeks, the roses of light gathered in her eyes, and she sat in her bower glowing and expectant. In the tremulous ardor of her thoughts she scarcely realized how time passed, and her reverie deepened as the afternoon shadows grew and the sun made its covert behind the hills. She was roused by a man's voice singing, just under the bluff where she sat. To her this voice represented the battle-call, the home-call, the life-call of the universe. The song it sang was known to her. It was as old as Rizzio. It had come from old France with Mary, had been merged into English words and English music, and had voyaged to New France. There it had been sung by lovers in fair vales, on wide rivers, and in deep forests:

What is not mine I may not hold
(Ah, hark the hunter's horn!),
 And what is thine may not be sold
(My love comes through the corn!);
 And none shall buy,
 And none shall sell,
 What Love works well!

In the walk from Vadrome Mountain, a change—a fleeting change—had passed over Charley's mind and mood. The quiet of the woodland, the song of the birds, the tumbling brook, the smell of the rich earth, replenishing its strength from the gorgeous falling leaves, had soothed him. Thoughts of Rosalie had taken a new form. The image of her possessed him, excluding the future, the perils that surrounded them. He had gone through so much within the past twenty-four hours that the capacity for suffering had almost exhausted itself, and in the reaction endearing thoughts of Rosalie had dominion over him. It was the reassertion of primitive man, the demands of the first element. The great problem was still in the background.

The picture of Kathleen and the other man was pushed into the distance; thoughts of Billy and his infamy were thrust under foot—how futile to think of them! There was Rosalie to be thought of, the to-day and to-morrow of the new life.

And Rosalie was of to-day. How strong and womanly she had been this morning, the girl whose life had been bounded by this Chaudière, with a metropolitan convent and hospital as her only glimpses of the busy world! She could fit in anywhere—in the highest places, with her grace, her dignity, and her nobleness of mind and ease of speech, primitive, passionate, and beautiful. There came upon him again the feeling which possessed him the evening before, when he saw her standing in his doorway, the night about them, jealous affection in her eyes, an overwhelming love in her heart. It quickened his steps imperceptibly. He passed a stream, and glanced down into a dark pool involuntarily. It reflected himself clearly. He stopped short. "Is this you, Beauty Steele?" he said, and he caught his brown beard in his hand. "It is not you," he added. "It is another man. Beauty Steele had brains and no heart. You have heart, and your wits have gone wool-gathering! No matter.

What is not mine I may not hold
(*Ah, hark the hunter's horn!*),

he sang, and came quickly along the stream where the flax-beaters worked in harvest-time, then up the hill, then—Rosalie!

She started to her feet. "I knew you would come—I knew you would!" she said.

"You have been waiting here for me?" he said, breathless, taking her hand.

"I felt you would come. I was sure. I made you!" she added, smiling, and suddenly answering the look in his eyes, threw her arms round his neck. In that moment's joy a fresh realization of their fate came upon him with dire force, and a wild, bitter, indignant protest went up from his heart, that he and she should be sacrificed.

Yet the *impasse* was there, and what could remove it? What clear the way?

He looked down at the girl whose head was buried in happy peace on his shoul-

der. She clung to him, as though in him was everlasting protection from the sprite that kept whispering: "Your dreams are done. You can only love." But she had no fear now.

As he looked down at her a swift change passed over him, and, almost for the first time since he was a little child, his eyes filled with tears. He hastily brushed them away, and drew her down on the seat beside him. He was wondering how he should tell her that they must not meet like this, that they must be apart. No matter what had happened, no matter what love there was, it was better that they should die—that he should die—than that they should meet like this. There was only one end to secret meetings, and discovery was inevitable. Then, with discovery, shame to her. For he must either marry her—how could he marry her?—or die! For him to die *now* would but increase her misery. The time had passed when it could be of any use. It passed on that day in the hut on Vadrome Mountain when she said that if he died, she would die with him: "*Where you are going you will be alone. There will be no one to care for you—no one but me!*"

Was ever greater love than this? He looked at her where she sat in an abandon of quiet, her head upon his shoulder. He realized how she had put her life into his hands, how now, henceforth, there could never be a question of giving or taking, or withdrawing or advancing, for all was irrevocable, sealed forever with the great seal. Yet she must be saved. But how?

She suddenly looked up at him. "I can ask you anything I want now, can't I?" she said.

"Anything, Rosalie."

"And you know that when I ask, it is because I want to know what you know, so that I may feel as you feel. You know that, don't you?"

"I know it when you tell me, wonderful Rosalie." What a revelation of life it was, this transmuting power, which could change mortal dross into the coin of immortal health! She had taught him the secret of life—the way to it.

"I want to ask you," she said, "who was Kathleen?"

His blood seemed to go cold in his



"HE WILL NOT TELL THE WHOLE TRUTH, MESSIEURS, BUT I WILL!"

[SEE PAGE 213]

veins, and he sat without answering, shocked and dismayed. What could she know of Kathleen?

"Can't you tell me?" she said, anxiously, yet fearfully. He looked so strange that she thought she had offended him. "Please don't mind telling me. I should understand everything—everything! Was it some one you loved—once?" It was hard for her to say it, but she said it bravely.

"No. I never loved any one in all the world, Rosalie—not till I loved you."

She gave a happy sigh. "Oh, it is wonderful!" she said. "It is wonderful and good! Did you—did you love me from the very first?"

"I think I did, though I didn't know it from the very first," he answered slowly. His heart beat hard, for he could not guess how she should know of Kathleen. It was absurdly impossible that she should know.

"But many have loved you!" she said, proudly.

"They have not shown it," he answered, grimly; then added quickly, and with aching anxiety, "When did you hear of—of Kathleen?"

"Oh, you are such a blind huntsman!" she said. "Don't you know where my little fox was hiding? Why, in the shop, when you held the note-paper up to the light, and looked startled, and bought all the paper we had that was marked *Kathleen*. Do you think that was clever of me? I don't!"

"I think it was very clever," he said.

"Then she—Kathleen—doesn't really matter?" she said, eagerly. "Of course she can't, if you don't love her. But does she love you? Did she ever love you?"

"Never in her life."

"So of course it doesn't matter!" she rejoined. "Hush!" she added suddenly. "I see some one coming in the trees yonder. It may be some one for me. Father knows I come here sometimes. Go quickly and hide behind the rocks, please. I'll stay and see who it is. Please go—dearest!"

He kissed her, and, keeping out of sight, got to a place of safety a few hundred feet away.

He saw the new-comer run to Rosalie, speak to her, saw Rosalie half turn in

his own direction, then go quickly down the hill-side.

"It is her father!" he said, and followed at a distance. At the village he learned that M. Evanturel had been taken seriously ill again.

CHAPTER XLV

SIX MONTHS GO BY

SPRING again—budding trees and flowing sap; the earth banks removed from the houses, and outside windows discarded; the ice tumbling and crunching in the river; the dormant farmer raising his head to the energy and delight of April.

The winter had been long and hard. Never had there been severer frost or deeper snow, and seldom had big game been so plentiful. In the snug warm barns the cattle munched and chewed the cud; the idle, long-haired horses grew as spirited in the keen air as in summer they were sluggish with hard work; and the farm-hands were abroad in the dark of the early mornings with lanterns, to feed the stock and take the horses to water, singing cheerfully. All morning there were the clamor of the flail and the winnowing-machine, the swish of the knife through the turnips and the beets, and the sound of the saw and the axe, as the youngest man of the family, muffled to the nose, sawed the wood into lengths or split the knots.

At night there were the cutting and stringing of apples to dry, the shelling of the Indian corn, the making of rag carpets. On Saturday there was the going to market with grain, or pork, or beef, or fowls frozen like stones; the gossip in the market-place. Then again jingling sleigh-bells as, on the return road, the *habitant* made for home, a glass of white whiskey inside him, and black-eyed children in the doorway, swarming like bees at the mouth of a hive.

This particular winter in Chaudière had been full of excitement and expectation. For at Easter-time there was to be the great Passion Play, after the manner of that known as "The Passion Play of Oberammergau." Not one in a hundred *habitants* had ever heard of Oberammergau, but they had all shared in picturesque processions of the Stations of the

Cross to some *Calvaire*; many had even taken part in dramatic scenes arranged from the life of Christ. Drama of a crude kind was deep in them; it showed in gesture, speech, and temperament.

In all the preparations Maximilian Cour was a conspicuous and useful official. Gifted with the dramatic temperament to a rare degree in so humble a man, he it was who really educated the people of Chaudière in the details of the Passion Play to be produced by the good Catholics of the parish and the Indians of the reservation. He had gone to the Curé every day, and the Curé had talked with him by the hour, and then had sent him to the tailor, who had, during the past six months, withdrawn more and more from the life about him, practically living with shut door. No one ventured in unless on business, or were in need, or wished advice. These he never turned empty away.

Besides Jo Portugais, Maximilian was the one man received constantly by the tailor. With patience and insight Charley taught the baker through drawings and careful explanations the outlines of the representation, and the baker grew proud of the association, though Charley's face used to haunt him in his sleep, so strange and distant and sorrowful was it. Excitable, eager, there was an elemental adaptability in the baker, a versatile sympathy, as easily leading to Avernus as to heaven, which appealed to Charley's mind at this time, realizing as he did that Maximilian Cour was a reputable citizen by mere accident. The baker's life had run in a sentimental groove of religious duty; that same sentimentality would, in other circumstances, have led him with equal ardor into the broad primrose path.

In the evening hours and on Sunday Charley had worked at his drawings for the scenery and costumes of the Passion Play, and completed his translation of the German text, but there had been hours and days when he could not put pen to paper. Life to him now was one unceasing bitterness, one aching emptiness—since that day at the Rest of the Flax-beaters Rosalie had been absent in Montreal with her father. On the very morning after their meeting by the river she had gone away with her father to the

great hospital, as the one chance of prolonging his life. There had come but one letter from her since that hour when he saw her in the Seigneur's coach with her father, moving away in the still strong autumn air, a piteous appeal in her eyes. The good-by look she gave him was with him day and night.

She had written him one letter, and he had written one in reply, and no more. Though Charley was wholly reckless for himself, for her he was prudent now—there was nothing else to do. To save her—if he could but save her from himself! If he might only put back the clock!

In his letter to her he had simply said that it were wiser not to write, since the acting postmistress, the Curé's sister, must note the exchange of letters, and that must arouse suspicion. In his confusion and present helplessness he could not see what was best to do, what was right to do. To wait seemed the only thing, and his one letter ended with the words:

"Rosalie, my life is lived only in the thought of you. There is no hour but I think of you, no moment but you are with me. In the day that the greatest proof man can give is required to show that I love you, I will give it. But now, we must wait—we must wait, Rosalie. Do not write to me, but know that if I could go to you I would go; if I could say to you, Come, I would say it. If the giving of my life would save you any pain or sorrow, I would give it."

Sitting on his bench at work, it seemed to Charley that sometimes she was near him, and more than once he turned quickly round as though she were, in very truth, standing beside him. He thought of her continually, and often with an unbearable pain. He figured her in his mind as pale and distressed, and always her eyes had the piteous terror of that last look as she went away over the hills.

But the weeks had worn on, then the Seigneur, who had been to Montreal, came back with the news that Rosalie was looking as beautiful as a picture. "Grown a woman in beauty and in stature; comely—comely as a lady in a Watteau picture, my dear messieurs!"

he had said to the Curé, standing in the tailor's shop.

In reply to the Seigneur the Curé had said: "She is in good hands, with good people, recommended to me by an abbé there, yet I am not wholly happy about her. When her trouble comes to her"—Charley's needle slipped and pierced his finger to the bone—"when her father goes, as he must, I fear, there will be no familiar face; she will hear no familiar voice!"

"Faith, there you are wrong, my dear Curé," answered the Seigneur; "there'll be a face yonder she likes very well indeed, and a voice she's fond of too."

Charley's back was on them at that moment, of which he was glad, for his face was anxious, and it seemed hours before the Curé said, "Whom do you mean, Maurice?" and hours before the Seigneur replied: "Mrs. Flynn, of course. I'm sending her to-morrow."

And Mrs. Flynn had gone, and Charley had, in one sense, been made no happier by that, for it seemed to him that Rosalie would rather that strangers' eyes were on her than the inquisitively friendly eye of one who would prove her love by the tireless vigilance of service.

Weeks had grown into months, and no news came—none save that which the Curé let fall, or which was brought by the irresponsible Notary, who heard all the gossip of the village. Only the Curé's scant news were authentic, and Charley never saw the good priest but he had a secret hope of hearing him say that Rosalie was coming back. Yet when she came back, what would, or could, he do? There was always Kathleen, to whom was the right of way. There was always the crime for which he or Billy must be punished. Concerning this crime his heart was growing harder—for Rosalie's sake. But there was Kathleen—and Rosalie was there in the city where she lived, and they might meet! There was one solution—if Kathleen should die! It sickened him that he could think of that with a sense of relief, almost of hope. If Kathleen should die, then he would be free, free to marry Rosalie—but into what? He could only marry her into the peril and menace of the law: even if Kathleen set him free—was

he not counted guilty of Billy's crime? Again, even if Kathleen did not stand in the way, neither the Curé nor any other priest would marry him to her without his antecedents being certified. A Protestant minister would, perhaps, but would Rosalie give up her faith? But following him without the blessing of the Church, she would trample under foot every dear tradition of her life, win the scorn of all of her religion, and destroy her own peace; for the faith of her fathers was as the breath of her nostrils. What cruelty to her!

But was it, then, true that he had but to call and she would come? It might be—in truth it well might be that she had learned to despise him, that she felt how dastardly he had been to take her love, given in such blind simplicity, bestowed like the song of the bird upon the listening fields—to take the plenteous fulness of her life, and give nothing in return save the empty hand, the hopeless hour, the secret sorrow, disillusion, and regret!

His misery was great. Nothing could quench it. The physical part of him craved without ceasing for something to allay his distress. Again and again he fought his old enemy with desperate resolve. To fall again, to touch liquor once more, was to end all forever. The moral part of him, the thinking, higher part of him, fought tenaciously and gloomily, with little of the pride of life, with nothing of the old stubborn self-will, but with a new-awakened sense. He had found conscience at last.

The months went by and still M. Evan-turel lingered on, and Rosalie did not come. The strain became too great at last. In the week preceding Easter, when all the parish was busy at Four Mountains, making costumes, rehearsing, building, putting up seats, cutting down trees, and erecting crosses and calvarys, Charley disclosed to Jo a new intention.

In the earlier part of the winter Jo and he had met two or three times a week, but now Jo had come to help him with his work in the shop—two silent, devoted companions. They understood each other, and in that understanding were vital things—life and death. For never in any hour did Jo forget that a year from the day he had confessed his

sins he meant to give himself up to justice. But this caused him no sleepless nights. He thought more of Charley than of himself, and every month now he went to confession, and every day he said his prayers. He was at his prayers when Charley went to find him, to tell him of his purpose. Charley had often seen him on his knees of late, and he had wondered, but not with the old half-cynical wonder, the old pagan mind.

"Jo," he said, "I am going away—to Montreal."

"To Montreal!" said Jo, huskily. "You are going back—going back to stay!"

"No—never. I am going—to see—Rosalie Evanturel!"

Jo was dumfounded. It had slowly crept into his mind that Charley loved the girl, though he had no real ground for suspicion. His will, however, had been so long the slave of the other man's that he had far-off reflections of his thoughts, as he had curious anticipations of his wishes. He made no reply in words, but nodded his head.

"I want you to stay here, Jo. If I don't come back, and—and she does, stand by her, Jo. I can trust you."

"You will come back, M'sieu'—but you will come back, then!" Jo said, heavily.

"If I can, Jo; if I can!" he answered.

Long after he had gone, Jo wandered up and down among the trees on the river road, up which Charley had disappeared with Jo's dogs and sled.

CHAPTER XLVI

THE FORGOTTEN MAN

IT was Easter morning, and the good sunrise of a perfect spring made radiant the great hill above the town. Rosy-fingered morn touched with magic color the masts and scattered sails of the ships upon the great river, and spires and towers quivered with rainbow light. The city was waking cheerfully, though the only active life was in the pealing bells and on the deep flowing rivers. The streets were empty yet, save for an assiduous priest or the cart of a milkman. Here and there a window opened and a drowsy head was thrust into the eager air. These saw a bearded countryman

with his team of six dogs and his little cart going slowly up the street. It was plain the man had come a long distance—from the mountains in the east or south, no doubt, where horses were few, and dogs, canoes, and oxen the means of transportation.

As the man moved slowly through the streets, his dogs still gallantly full of life after their hard journey, he did not stare about him after the manner of countrymen. His movements had intelligence and freedom. He was an unusual figure for a woodsman or river man—he did not wear ear-rings or a waist-sash as did the river men, and he did not turn in his toes like a woodsman. Yet he was plainly a man from the far mountains.

The man with the dogs did not heed the few curious looks turned his way, but held his head down as though walking in familiar places. Now and then he spoke to his dogs, and once he stopped before a newspaper office, which had a placard bearing these lines:

*The Coming Passion Play,
In the Chaudière Valley.*

He looked at it mechanically, for, though he was concerned in the Passion Play and the Chaudière Valley, it was to him at this moment an abstraction. He realized the thing only subconsciously and mechanically, for his mind was absorbed by other things.

Though he looked neither to right nor to left, he was deeply concerned with all round him.

At last he came to a certain street, where he and his dogs travelled more quickly. It was a street opening on a cathedral square, where bells were booming in the steeple. Shops and offices in the street were shut, but a saloon door was open, and over the doorway was a sign—*Jean Jolicoeur, Licensed to sell Wine, Beer, and other Spirituous and Fermented Liquors.*

Nearly opposite was a lawyer's office, with a new-painted sign. It had once read, in plain black letters, *Charles Steele, Barrister, etc.*; now it read, in gold letters and many flourishes of the sign-painter's art, *Rockwell and Tremblay, Barristers, Attorneys, etc.*

Here the man looked up with a curious

trouble in his eyes. He saw the desk and the window beside which he had sat for so many years, and on the wall a map of the city glowed with the incoming sun.

He moved on, passing the saloon with the open door. The landlord, in his shirt sleeves, was standing in the doorway. He nodded to the man with the dogs, then came out to the edge of the board walk.

"Come a long way, m'sieu'?" he asked.

"Four days' journey," answered the man gruffly through his beard, looking the landlord in the eyes. If this landlord, who in the past had seen him so often and so closely, did not recognize him, surely no one else would. It was, however, a curious recurrence of habit that, as he looked at the landlord, he instinctively felt for the eye-glass which he had always worn in the old days. For an instant there was an involuntary interruption of Jean Jolicoeur's look, as though memory had been arrested, but the vague embarrassment swiftly passed, and he said:

"Fine dogs, them! We never get that kind hereabouts now, m'sieu'. Ever been to the city before?"

"I've never been far from home before," answered the Forgotten Man.

"You'd better keep your eyes open, my friend. You've a sharp pair in your head—sharp as Beauty Steele's almost. There's rascals in the river-side drinking-places that don't let the left hand know what the right does."

"My dogs and I never trust anybody," said the Forgotten Man, as one of the dogs snarled at the landlord's touch. "So I can take care of myself, even if I haven't eyes as sharp as Beauty Steele's, whoever he might be."

The landlord laughed. "Beauty's only skin-deep, they say. Charley Steele was a lawyer; his office was over there!"—he pointed across the street. "He went wrong. He come here too often—that wasn't my fault. Beauty Steele had an eye like a hawk, and you couldn't read it. Now I can read your eye like a book. There's a bit of spring in 'em, m'sieu'. His eyes were hard winter—ice five feet deep and no fishing under—froze to the bed. He had a tongue like a crosscut saw. He's at the bottom of the St. Law-

rence, leaving a bad job behind him. Have a drink—*hein?*" He jerked a finger backwards to the saloon door. "It's Sunday, but stolen waters are sweet, sure!"

The Forgotten Man shook his head. "I don't drink, thank you."

"It'd do you good. You're dead beat. You've been travelling hard—eh?"

"I've come a long way, and travelled all night."

"Going on?"

"I am going back to-morrow."

"On business?"

Charley nodded—he looked involuntarily at the sign across the street.

Jean Jolicoeur saw the look. "Lawyer's business, p'r'aps?" he said.

"A lawyer's business—yes."

"Ah, if Charley Steele was here!"

"I have as good a lawyer as—"

The landlord laughed scornfully. "They're not made. He'd legislate the devil out of hell. Where are you going to stay, m'sieu'?"

"Somewhere cheap—along the river," answered the Forgotten Man.

Jolicoeur's good-natured face became serious. "I'll tell you a place—it's honest. It's the next street, a few hundred yards down, on the left. There's a wooden fish over the door. It's called 'The Black Bass'—that hotel. Say I sent you. Good luck to you, countryman! Ah, la, la, there's the second bell—I must be getting to mass!" With a nod he turned and went into the house.

The Forgotten Man passed slowly up the street, into the side street, and followed it till he came to The Black Bass, and turned into the small stable-yard. A stable-man was stirring. He at once put his dogs into a little pen set apart for them, saw them fed from the kitchen, and betaking himself to a little room behind the bar of the hotel, ordered breakfast. The place was empty, save for the servant—the household were at mass. He looked round the room abstractedly. The objects before his eyes had no actual existence. He was thinking of a crippled man in a hospital, of a girl from a village in the Chaudière Valley. He thought with a shiver of a white house on the hill. He thought of himself as he had never done before in his life.

Passing along the street he had realized that he had no moral claim upon anything or anybody within these precincts of his past life. The place was a tomb to him.

As he sat in the little back parlor of The Black Bass, eating his frugal breakfast of eggs and bread and milk, the meaning of it all slowly dawned upon him. Through his intellect he had known something of humanity, but he had never known men. He had thought of men in the mass, and despised them because of their multitudinous duplication, and their typical weaknesses, but then he had never known one man or one woman from the subtler, surer divination of the heart. His intellect had made servants and lures of his emotions and his heart, for even his every case in court had been won by easy command of all those feelings in mankind which make possible personal understanding.

In this little back parlor it came to him with sudden force how, long ago, he had irretrievably cut himself off from any claim upon his fellows—not only by his conduct, but by his merciless inhuman intelligence working upon the merciful human life about him. He never remembered to have had any real feeling till on that day with Kathleen—the day he died. The bitter complaint of a woman he had wronged cruelly by having married her had wrung from him his own first wail of life in the one word “Kathleen!”

As he sat eating his simple meal his pulses were beating painfully. Every nerve in his body seemed to pluck at the angry flesh. There flashed across his mind in sympathetic sensation a picture. It was the axe-factory on the river, before which he used to stand as a boy and watch the men naked to the waist, with huge hairy arms and streaming faces, toiling in the red glare, the trip-hammers endlessly pounding upon the glowing metal. In old days it had suggested pictures of gods and demi-gods toiling in the workshops of the primeval world. So the whole machinery of being seemed to be toiling in the light of an awakened conscience, to the making of a man. It seemed to him that all his life was being crowded into these hours. His past was here—its posing, its folly, its pitiful

uselessness, its vanity, and its shame. Kathleen and Billy were here, with all the problems that surrounded them. Rosalie was here, with the great, the last problem.

“Nothing matters but that—but Rosalie!” he said to himself as he turned to look out of the window at his dogs gnawing bones and wrangling. “Here she is in the midst of all I once knew, and I know that I am no more a part of it than she is. She and Kathleen may have met face to face in these streets—who can tell? Cities are large, but there’s a sort of whipper-in of Fate, who drives the people wearing the same livery into one corner in the end. And if they met”—he rose and walked hastily up and down—“what then? I have a feeling that Rosalie would recognize her as plainly as though the word *Kathleen* were stitched on her breast.”

There was a clock on the wall. He looked at it. “It will not be safe to go out until evening. Then I can go to the hospital, and wait for her to come out.”

He stood thinking for some time, then, looking at his face in the mirror over the mantel, he said aloud to himself:

“I might have had ten thousand friends, yet I have a thousand enemies, who grin at the memory of the drunken fop down among the eels and the catfish. Every chance was with me. I come back here, and—and Jolicoeur tells me the brutal truth! But if I had had ambition”—a wave of the feeling of the old life passed over him—“if I had had ambition as I was then, I should have been a monster. It was all so paltry that, in sheer disgust, I should have kicked every ladder down that helped me up. I should have sacrificed everything to myself!”

He stopped short and stared, for in the mirror he saw a girl passing through the stable-yard towards the quarrelling dogs in the kennel. He clapped his hand to his mouth to stop a cry. It was Rosalie!

He could hear her voice speaking to the dogs: “Ah, my friends! ah, my dears! I know you every one. Jo Portugais is here. I know your bark, you Harpy and you Lazybones, and you Cloud and London! I know you every one. I heard you as I came from mass, beauty dears! Ah, you know me, sweethearts? Ah, God

bless you for coming! You have come to bring us home; you have come to fetch us home—father and me!” The paws of one of the dogs was on her shoulder, and his nose was in her hair.

Charley heard her words, for the window was open, and he listened and watched now as eager as a child, and with an infinite relief in his look. Her face was half turned towards him now. It was pale—very pale and sad. It was Rosalie as of old—thank God, as of old—but more beautiful in the touching sadness, the far-off longing, of her look.

“I must go and see your master,” she said to the dogs. “Down—down, Lazy-bones!”

There was no time to lose—he must not meet her here. He went into the outer hall hastily. The servant was passing through. “If any one asks for Jo Portugais,” he said, “say that I’ll be back to-morrow morning—I’m going across the river to-day.”

“Certainly, m’sieu,” said the girl, and smiled because of the piece of silver he put in her hand.

As he heard the side door open he stepped through the front doorway into the street, and disappeared round a corner.

CHAPTER XLVII

ONE WAS TAKEN AND THE OTHER LEFT

ROSALIE carried to the hospital that afternoon a lighter heart than she had known for many a day. The sight of Jo Portugais’s dogs had roused her out of the apathy which had been growing on her in this patient but hopeless watching beside her father. She had a smile and a cheerful word for him always. But a settled sorrow hung upon her face, taking away its color, but giving it a sweet gravity which made her slave more than one young doctor of the hospital, for whom, however, she showed no more than a frank friendliness, free from self-consciousness. For hours she would sit beside her sleeping father, her heart “over the water to Charley,” a kind of abstraction possessing her. As in a trance, she could see him sitting at his bench, bent over his work, now and again lifting up his head to look across to the post-office—where another hand than hers sorted the letters now.

Day by day her father weakened and faded away. All that was possible to medical skill had been done, but as the money left by her mother dwindled, she had no anxiety, for she knew that the life she so tenderly cherished would not outlast the gold which lengthened out the tenuous chain of being. This last illness of her father’s had been the salvation of her mind, the saving of her health. Maybe it had been the saving of her soul; for at times a curious reckless contempt of life came upon her—she who had loved it so eagerly and fully. There descended on her then the bitter certainty that never again while life lasted would she see the man she loved; never again would he hold her hands and look into her face, nor in the scents of the garden take her in his arms and tell her of his love. Then not even Mrs. Flynn could call back “the fun o’ the world” to her step and her tongue and her eye. Yet Mrs. Flynn had been to her like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. At first there had been a timid shrinking, but soon her father and herself were brighter and better for the old Irish woman’s presence, and she began to take comfort in Mrs. Flynn. Until Mrs. Flynn came, sorrow, solitude, and introspection were Rosalie’s cherished companions, eating her life away. If Charley had only been near, self-reproach would not have seized her; his love for her, and hers for him, would have lifted her into the rightfulness of the imagined hour when she should draw close the blinds of a little house, and say, This is home.

Mrs. Flynn gave hopefulness to whatever life she touched, and Rosalie, buoyant and hopeful enough by nature, responded to the living warmth and the religion of life in the Irish woman’s heart.

“’Tis worth the doin’, ivery bit of it, darlin’, the bither an’ the swate, the hard an’ the aisy, the rough an’ the smooth, the good an’ the bad,” said Mrs. Flynn to her this very Easter morning. “Even the avil is worth doin’, if so be ’twas not mint, an’ the good is in yer heart in the ind, an’ ye do be turnin’ to the Almighty, repentin’ an’ glad to be aloive: provin’ to Him ’twas worth while makin’ the world an’ you, to want, an’ worry, an’ work, an’ play, an’ pick the

flowers, an' bleed o' the thorns, an' dhrink the sun, an' ate the dust, an' be lovin' all the way! Ah, that's it, darlin'," persisted Mrs. Flynn, "'tis lovin' all the way that makes it aisier. There's manny kinds o' love. There's lad an' lass, there's maid an' man. An' that last is spring, an' all the birds singin', an' shtorms now an' thin, an' siparations, an' misthrust, an' God in hivin bein' that aisy wid ye for bein' fools an' children, an' bringin' ye thegither in the ind, if so be ye do be lovin' as man an' maid should love, wid all yer heart. Thin there's the love o' man an' wife. Shure, that's the love that lasts, if it shtarts right. Shure, it doesn't always shtart wid the sun shinin'. 'Will ye marry me?' says Paddy Flynn to me. 'I will,' says I. 'Then I'll come back from Canaday to futch ye,' says he, wid a tear in his eye. 'For what's a man in ould Ireland that has a head for anything but puttaties! There's land free in Canaday, an' I'm going to make a home for ye, Mary,' says he, wavin' a piece of paper in the air. 'Are ye, thin?' says I. He goes away that night, an' the next mornin' I have a lether from him, sayin' he's shtartin' that day for Canaday. He hadn't the heart to tell me to me face. Fwhat do I do thin? I begs, borrhers, an' stales, an' I raiched that ship wan minnit before she sailed. There was no praste on board, but we were married six weeks afther at Quebec."

Rosalie had listened with eyes that hungrily watched every expression, ears that weighed eagerly every inflection; for she was hearing the story of another's love, and it did not seem strange to her that the woman, old, red-faced, and fat, should be telling it.

Yet there were times when she wept till she was exhausted; when all her girlhood was drowned in the overflow of her eyes; when there was a sense of an irrevocable loss upon her. Then it was, in her fear of soul and pitiful loneliness, that her lover—the man she would have died for—seemed to have deserted her. Then it was that a sudden hatred against him rose up in her—to be swept away as suddenly as it came by the memory of his broken, overwhelming tale of love—his passionate words, "I have never loved any one but you in all my life, Rosalie." And again, in that letter from Chaudière,

his words that in the hour when the greatest proof of his love must be given he would give it. Reading the letter again, hatred, doubt, even sorrow, passed from her, and her imagination pictured the hour when all disguise, all secrecy, no longer necessary, he would step forward before all the world and say, "I take Rosalie Evanturel to be my wife." Despite the gusts of emotion that swayed her at times, in the deepest part of her being she trusted him completely.

When she reached the hospital that afternoon her step was quicker, her smile brighter, than they had been for many a day. Almost immediately after she came, the chief surgeon said that all that could be done for her father had now been done, and that since M. Evanturel constantly asked to be taken back to Chaudière (he never said to die, though they knew what was in his mind), he could now be permitted to make the journey, partly by river, partly by land. It seemed to the delighted and excited Rosalie that Jo Portugais had been sent to her as a surprise, and that his team of dogs was to take her father back.

She sat by her father's bed this beautiful, wonderful Sunday afternoon, and talked cheerfully, and laughed a little, and told M. Evanturel of the dogs, and together they looked out of the window to the far-off hills, in their golden purple, beyond which, in the valley of the Chaudière, was their little home. With her father's hand in hers the girl dreamed dreams again, and it seemed to her that she was the very Rosalie Evanturel of old, whose thoughts were bounded by a river and a hill, a post-office and a church, a catechism and a few score of books. Here in the crowded city she had come to be a woman who, bitterly shaken in soul, knew life's sufferings; who had, during the past few months, read with avidity history, poetry, romance, fiction, and the drama, English and French; for in every one she found something that said, "You have felt that." In these long months she had learned more than she had known or learned in all her previous life.

As she sat looking out into the Easter sky she became conscious of voices, and of a group of people who came slowly down the room, sometimes speaking to

the sick and crippled. It was not a general visitors' day, but one reserved for the few to come and say a kindly word to the suffering, to bring a few flowers and distribute books. Rosalie had always been absent at this hour before, for she shrank from strangers; but to-day she had staid on unthinking. It mattered nothing to her who came and went. Her heart was over the hills, and the only tie she had here was with the heart of this poor cripple whose hand she held. If she did not resent the visit of these kindly strangers, she resolutely held herself apart from the object of their visit with a sense of distance and cold dignity. If she had given Charley something of herself, she had unconsciously taken something from him, something unlike her old self, separate and *non-intime*. Knowledge of life had rationalized her emotions to a definite degree, had given her the pride of self-repression. She had had need of it in these surroundings, where her curious beauty drew not a little dangerous attention, which she had held at arm's-length—her overwhelming love for one man made her invulnerable.

Now, as the little group of visitors approached, she did not turn towards them, but still sat, her chin on her hand, looking out across the hills, in resolute abstraction. She felt her father's hand press hers, as if to draw her attention, for he, weak soul, was ever ready to open his hand and heart to whomsoever would. She took no notice, but held his hand firmly, as though to say that she had no wish to see.

She was conscious now that they were beside her father's bed. She hoped that they would pass. But no, the feet stopped, there was whispering, and then she heard a voice say, "Rather rude!" then another say, "Not wanted—that's plain!" the first a woman's, the second a man's. Then another voice, clear and cold, and well modulated, said to her father: "They tell me you have been here a long time, and have had much pain. You will be glad to go, I am sure."

Something in the voice startled her. Some familiar sound or inflection struck upon her ear with a far-off note, some lost tone she knew,—as it were from over the hills. She shivered, for it was un-

canny, and yet she knew not why it was. Of what, of whom, did this voice remind her? She turned round quickly and caught two clear, cold blue eyes looking at her. The face was older than her own, beautiful and still, and happy in a placid sort of way. Few gusts of passion or of pain had passed across that face. The figure was shapely to the newest fashion, the bonnet was perfect, the hand which held two books was exquisitely gloved. Polite charity was written in her manner and consecrated every motion. On the instant, Rosalie resented this fine epitome of convention, this dutiful charity-monger, herself the centre of an admiring quartet. She saw the whispering, she noted the well-bred disguise of interest, and she met the visitor's gaze with cold courtesy. The other read the look in her face, and a slightly pacifying smile gathered at her lips.

"We are glad to hear that your father is better. He has been a long time ill."

Rosalie started again, for the voice perplexed her—rather, not the voice, but the inflection, the deliberation. She bowed, and set her lips, but, chancing to glance at her father, she saw that he was troubled by her manner. Flashing a look of love at him, she adjusted the pillow under his head, and said to her questioner in a low voice, "He is better now, thank you."

Encouraged, the other rejoined, "May I leave one or two books for him to read—or for you to read to him?" Then added hastily, for she saw a curious look in Rosalie's eyes: "We can have mutual friends in books, though we cannot be friends with each other. Books are the go-betweens of humanity."

Rosalie's heart leapt, she flushed, then grew slightly pale, for it was not tone or inflection alone that disturbed her now, but words themselves. A voice from over the hills seemed to say these things to her. A voice from over the hills had said these things to her—almost these very words.

"Friends need no go-betweens," she said, quietly, "and enemies should not use them."

She heard a voice say, "By Jove!" in a tone of surprise, as though it were wonderful that the handsome girl from

Chaudière should have her wits about her. So Rosalie interpreted it.

"Have you many friends here?" said the cold voice, meant to be kindly and pacific, but really schooled to composure, because it gave advantage in life's intercourse, not from any inner urbanity or largeness of soul.

"Some need many friends, some but a few. I come from a country where one only needs a few."

"Where is your country, I wonder?" said the cold echo of a voice.

"Beyond the hills," said Rosalie, turning away.

"Is it not strange?" said the voice. "That is the title of one of the books I have just brought—*Beyond the Hills*. It is by an English writer. This other book is French. May I leave them, then?"

Rosalie inclined her head. It would only make her own position less dignified if she refused them. "Books are always welcome to my father," she said.

There was an instant's pause, as though the fashionable lady would offer her hand, but their eyes met, and they only bowed, and the lady moved on with a smile, leaving a perfume of heliotrope behind her.

"Where is your country, I wonder?"—the words of the lady kept ringing in Rosalie's ears. As she sat at the window again, long after the visitors had disappeared, the words, "I wonder—I wonder—I wonder!" kept beating in her brain. They were the echo of another voice, a hateful caricature of a voice from over the hills, the voice of the man she loved. It was absurd that this woman should remind her of the tailor of Chaudière.

Suddenly Rosalie was roused by her father's voice. "This is beautiful—ah, but this is beautiful, Rosalie!"

She turned towards him. He was reading the book in his hand—*Beyond the Hills*. "Listen," he said, and he read, in broken English: "*Compensation is the other name for God. How often is it that those whom disease or accident has robbed of active life secure greater inner rejoicing and a larger spiritual walk in life! It would seem that suffering purifies the mind, and withdrawal from the ruder activities gives a clearer seeing. Also for these, so often, is granted a greater love, which comes of*

the consecration of other lives to theirs. And these others also have their reward, for they are less concerned for the vanities of the world, having the joy of self-sacrifice." He looked at Rosalie with an unnatural brightness in his eyes, and she smiled at him now and stroked his hand.

"It has been all compensation to me," he said, after a moment, in French. "You have been a good daughter to me, Rosalie."

She shook her head and smiled. "Good fathers think they have good daughters," she answered, choking back a sob.

He closed the book and let it lie upon the coverlet.

"I will sleep now," he said, and turned on his side. She arranged his pillow, and adjusted the bedclothes to his comfort.

"Good-night!" he said, as, with a faint hand, he drew her head down and kissed her. "Good girl! Good-night!"

She patted his hand. "It is not night yet, father."

He was already half asleep. "Good-night!" he said again, and fell into a deep sleep.

She sat down by the window, in her hand the book he had laid down. A hundred thoughts were busy in her brain—of her father; of the woman who had just left; of her lover over the hills. The woman's voice again—a far-off mockery, as it were, of her lover's voice. She opened the book mechanically and turned over the pages. Presently her eyes were riveted to a page. On it was written the word *Kathleen*.

For a moment she sat transfixed. The word *Kathleen* and the voice became one, and her mind ran back to the day when she had said to Charley, "Who is Kathleen?"

Charley had passed out of Kathleen's life—he was dead to her, his memory scorned and buried. She loved the man to whom she supposed she was married; she was only too glad to let the dust of death and time cover every trace of Charley from her gaze; she would have rooted out every particle of association; yet his influence on her had been so great that she had unconsciously absorbed some of his idiosyncrasy—something in the tone of his voice, in his manner of speak-

ing, had even to-day repeated words that he had used.

Rosalie sprang to her feet. What should she do? Follow the woman? Find out who and what she was? Go to the young surgeon who had accompanied them and ask him who she was, and so find the clew to the mystery concerning her lover?

In the midst of her confusion she became suddenly conscious of two things: the approach of Mrs. Flynn, and her father's heavy breathing. Dropping the book, she leaned over her father's bed and looked closely at him. Then she turned to the frightened and anxious Mrs. Flynn.

"Go for the priest," she said. "He is dying."

"I'll send some one. I'm stayin' here by you, darlin'," said the old woman, and hurried to the room of the young surgeon for a messenger.

Within an hour, and as the sun went down, the cripple went out upon a long journey alone.

CHAPTER XLVIII

"WHERE THE TREE OF LIFE IS BLOOMING—"

AS Charley walked the shore of the great river by the city where his old life lay dead, he struggled with the new life which—long or short—must henceforth belong to the village of the woman he loved.... But as he fought with himself in the long night-watch it was borne in upon him that though he had been shown the Promised Land, he might never find there a habitation and a home. The hymn he had mockingly sung the night he had been done to death at the Côte Dorion sang in his senses now, an ever-present mockery:

On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.

In the uttermost corner of his intelligence he felt with sure prescience that, however it came, the end of all was not far off. In the exercise of new faculties, which had more to do with the soul than reason, he now believed what he could

not see, and recognized what was not proved. Labor of the hand, trouble, sorrow, and perplexity, charity and humanity, had cleared and simplified his life, had sweetened his intelligence, and taken the place of ambition. He saw life now through the lens of personal duty, which required that the thing nearest to one's hand should be done first.

But as foreboding pressed upon him there came the thought of what should come after—to Rosalie! His thoughts took a practical form—her good was uppermost in his mind. All Rosalie had to live on was her salary of postmistress, for it was in every one's knowledge that the little else she had was being sacrificed to her father's illness. Suppose, then, that through illness or accident she lost her position, what could she do? He might leave her what he had—but what had he? Enough to keep her for a year—no more. All his earnings had gone to the poor and the suffering of Chaudière.

There was one way. It had suggested itself to him so often in Chaudière, and had been one of the two reasons for bringing him here. There were his dead mother's pearls and one thousand dollars in notes in the secret panel of his old room in the white house on the hill, in this very city where he was. The pearls were worth ten thousand dollars—in all, there would be eleven thousand—enough to secure Rosalie from poverty. What should Kathleen do with his mother's pearls? What should she do with his money—did she not loathe his memory? Had not all his debts been paid? These pearls and this money were all his own.

But to get them. To go now to the white house on the hill; to face that old life even for an hour, a knocking at the door of a haunted house—he shrank from the thought. He would have to enter the place like a thief in the night.

Yet for Rosalie he must take the risk—he must go.

CHAPTER XLIX

THE OPEN GATE

IT was a still night, and the moon, delicately bright, gave forth that radiance which makes spiritual the coarsest and

most rugged thing. Inside the white house on the hill all was dark. Sleep had settled on it long before midnight, for, on the morrow, its master and mistress were to make a journey to the valley of the Chaudière, where the Passion Play was being performed by *habitants* and Indians. The desire to see the play had become an infatuation in the minds of the two, eager for some interest to relieve the monotony of a happy life.

But as all slept, a figure in the dress of a *habitant* moved through the passages of the house stealthily, yet with an assurance unusual in the thief or house-breaker. In the darkest passages his step was sure, and his hand fastened on latch or door-knob with perfect precision. And he came at last into a large hallway flooded by the moon, pale, watchful, his beard frosted by the light. In the stillness of his tread and the composed sorrow of his face he seemed like one long dead who "revisits the glimpses of the moon."

At last he entered a room the door of which stood wide open. In this room whatever of him was worth approving in the days before he died had been begotten or had had exercise. It was a place of books and statues and tapestry, and the dark oak was nobly smutched of Time. This sombre oaken wall had been handed down through four generations from the man's great-grandfather: the breath of generations had steeped it in human association.

Entering, he turned for an instant with clinched hands to look at another door across the hall. Behind that door were two people who despised his memory, who conspired to forget his very name! This house was the woman's, for he had given it to her the day he died! But that she could live there with all the old associations, with memories that, however bitter, however shaming, had a sort of sacredness, struck into his soul with a harrowing pain and horror. There she was whom he had spared—himself; whose happiness had lain in his hands, and he had given it to her. Yet her very existence robbed himself of happiness, and made sorrowful a life dearer than his own!

Kathleen lay asleep in that room—he fancied he could almost hear her breath-

ing; and, by the hospital on the hill, up beyond the point of pines, in a little cottage which he could see from the great window, lay Rosalie with sleepless eyes and wan cheeks, longing for morning and the stir of life to help her to forget!

For Rosalie he had come to this house once more. For her sake he had revisited this torture-chamber, from which he knew he must go again, blanched and shaken, as a man goes from a tomb where his dead lie unforgiving.

He shut his teeth, went swiftly across the room, and beside a great carved oak table touched a hidden spring in the side of it. The spring snapped; the panel creaked a little and drew back. It seemed to him that the noise he made must be heard in every part of the house, so sensitive was his ear, so deep was the silence on which the sounds had broken. He turned round to the doorway to listen before he put his hand within the secret place.

There was no sound. He turned his attention to the table. Drawing forth two packets with a gasp of relief, he put them in his pocket, and, with extreme care, proceeded to close the panel. By rubbing the edges of the wood with a little grease from a candle on the table, he was able to close the panel in silence. But as the spring came home, he became suddenly conscious of a presence in the room. A shiver passed through him. He turned round softly, quickly. He was in the shadow and near great window-curtains, and his fingers instinctively clutched them as he saw a figure in white at the door of the room. Slowly, strangely deliberate, the figure moved further into the room.

Charley's breath stopped. He felt his face flush, and a strange weakness came on him. There before him stood Kathleen!

She was in her night-gown, and she stood still, as though listening; yet, as Charley looked closer, he realized that it was an unconscious, passive listening, and that she was not actively aware of his presence.

Her mind only was listening. She was asleep. Was it possible that his very presence in the house had touched some old note of memory, which, automati-

cally responding, had carried her from her bed in this somnambulistic trance? That subtle telegraphy between our subconscious selves of which we have no practical knowledge, which we cannot reduce to a law, yet which astonishes and alarms us at times, announced to Kathleen's mind, independent of the waking senses, the presence which had inhabited this house with her for so many years. In her sleep she had involuntarily and mechanically responded to the call of Charley's presence.

Once, in the past, the night her uncle died, she had walked in her sleep, and the memory of this flashed upon Charley now. Silently he came closer to her. The moonlight shone on her face. He could see plainly she was asleep. His position was painful and perilous. If she waked, the shock to herself would be great; if she waked and saw him, what disaster might not occur!

Yet he had no agitation now, only presence of mind and a curious sense of confusion that he should see her *en déshabillé*—the old fastidious sense mingled with the feeling that she was now a stranger to him, and that, waking, she would fly embarrassed from his presence, as he was ready to fly now from hers. He was about to steal cautiously to the door and try to escape before she waked, but she turned round, moved through the door, and glided down the hallway. He followed swiftly and silently.

She moved quickly to the staircase, then slowly down it, and through a passage to a morning-room, where, opening a pair of French windows, she passed out on to the lawn. He followed, not more than a half-dozen paces behind her. His safety lay in getting outside, where he could easily disappear among the bushes, should some one appear and an alarm be raised.

She crossed the lawn swiftly, a white, ghostlike figure. Once in the middle of the lawn she stopped short as though in doubt what to do, as a thought-reader pauses in his search for the mental scent again, ere he rushes upon the object of his search with the certainty of instinct.

Presently she moved again, going directly towards a gate that opened out

on the cliff above the river. In Charley's day this gate had been often used, for it opened upon four steep wooden steps leading to a narrow shelf of rock below. From the edge of this cliff a rope-ladder dropped fifty feet to the river. For years he had used this rope-ladder to get down to his boat, and often, when they were first married, Kathleen used to come and watch him descend, and sometimes, just at the very first, would descend also. As he stole into the grounds this evening he had noticed, however, that the rope-ladder was gone, and that new steps were being built. He had mechanically noticed also that the gate was open.

For an instant he watched her slowly moving towards the gate. At first he did not realize the situation. Suddenly her danger flashed upon him. Passing through the gateway, she must fall over the cliff!

Her life was in his hands.

He could rush forward swiftly and close the gate, then, raising an alarm, could escape before he was seen; or—*he could escape now!*

What had he to do with her? A weird, painful suggestion crept into his brain;—he was not responsible for her, and he was responsible for a woman up there by the hospital whose home was by the hills of Chaudière!

If Kathleen were gone, what barrier would there be between him and Rosalie? What had he to do with this strange disposition of events? Kathleen was never absent from her church twice on Sundays; she was devoted to work of all sorts for the church on week-days—where was her intervening personal Providence? If Providence permitted her to die?—well, she had had two years of happiness with the man she loved, at some expense to himself—was it not fair that Rosalie should have her share? Had he the right to call upon Rosalie for constant self-sacrifice, when, by shutting his eyes now, by being dead to Kathleen and her need, as he was dead to the world he once knew, the way would be clear to marry Rosalie without crime?

Dead—he was dead to the world and to Kathleen! Should his ghost interpose between her and the death that was now within twoscore feet of her? Who could blame—who could know? It was

grim, it was awful, but was it not a wild kind of justice? Who could blame? It was the old Charley Steele, the Charley Steele of the court-room, who argued back humanity and the inherent rightness of things.

But it was only a moment's pause. The thoughts flashed by like the lightning impressions of a dream, and a voice said in his ear, the voice of the new Charley with a conscience:

"Save her—save her—save her!"

Even as he was conscious of another presence on the lawn, he rushed forward noiselessly. Stealing between Kathleen and the gate—she was within three feet of it—he closed it and locked it. Then, with a quick glance at her sleeping face—it was engraven on his memory hereafter like a dead face in a coffin—he ran along the fence among the shrubbery. A man not fifty feet away called to him.

"Hush—she is asleep!" Charley whispered, and disappeared.

It was Fairing himself who saw this deed which saved Kathleen's life. Awakening, and not finding her, he had glanced towards the window, and had seen her on the lawn. He had rushed down to her, in time to see her saved by a strange bearded man in *habitant* dress. His one glance at the man's face, as it turned towards him, produced an extraordinary effect upon his mind, not soon to be dispelled—a haunting, ghostlike apparition, which kept reminding him of something or somebody, he could not tell what or whom. The whispering voice and the breathless words, "Hush—she is asleep!" repeated themselves over and over again in his brain, as, taking Kathleen's hand, he led her, unresisting, and still sleeping, back to her room. In agitated thankfulness he resolved not to speak of the event to Kathleen, nor to any one else, lest it should come to her ears and frighten her.

He would, however, keep a sharp lookout for the man who had saved her life, and would reward him duly. The face of the bearded *habitant* came between him and his sleep.

Meanwhile this disturber of a woman's dreams and a man's sleep was hurrying to an inn in the town by the water-side, where he met another *habitant* with a team of dogs. It was Jo Por-

tugais. Jo had not been able to bear the misery of suspense and anxiety, and had come hunting him. There was little speech between them.

"You have not been found out, M'sieu'," was Jo's anxious question.

"No, no, but I have had a bad night, Jo. Get the dogs together."

A little later, as Charley made ready to go back to Chaudière, Jo said,

"You look as if you'd had a black dream, M'sieu'."

With the river rustling by, and the trees stirring in the first breath of dawn, Charley told Jo what had happened.

For a moment the murderer did not speak or stir, for a struggle was going on in his breast also; then he stooped quickly, caught his companion's hand, and kissed it.

"I could not have done it, M'sieu'!" he said, hoarsely.

They parted, Jo to remain behind as they had agreed, to be near Rosalie if needed; Charley to return to the valley of the Chaudière.

CHAPTER L

THE PASSION PLAY AT CHAUDIERE

FOR the first time in its history Chaudière was becoming notable in the eyes of the outside world.

"We'll have more girth after this," said Filion Lacasse, the saddler, to the wife of the Notary, as, in front of the post-office, they stood watching a little cavalcade of *habitants* going up the road towards Four Mountains to rehearse the Passion Play.

"If Dauphin's advice had been taken long ago, we'd have had a hotel at Four Mountains, and the city folk would be coming here for the summer!" said Madame Dauphin, with a superior air.

"Pish!" said a voice behind them. It was the Seigneur's groom, with a straw in his mouth. He had a gloomy mind.

"There isn't a house but has two or three visitors. I've got three," said Filion Lacasse. "They come to-morrow."

"We'll have ten at the Manor. But no good will come of it!" said the groom.

"No good! Look at the infidel tailor," said Madame Dauphin. "He translated all the writing. He drew all the dresses,

and made a hundred pictures—there they are at the Curé's house!"

"He should have played Judas," said the groom, malevolently. "That 'd be right for him."

"Perhaps you don't like the Passion Play," said Madame Dauphin, disdainfully.

"We ain't through with it yet," said the death's-head groom, discouragingly.

"It is a pious and holy mission!" said Madame Dauphin. "Even that Jo Portugais worked night and day till he went away to Montreal, and he always goes to mass now. He's to take Pontius Pilate when he comes back. Then look at Virginie Morrisette, that put her brother's eyes out quarrelling—she is to play Mary Magdalene."

"I could fit the parts better," said the groom.

"Of course. You'd have played St. John," said the saddler—"or, maybe, Christus himself!"

"I'd have Paulette Dubois play Mary the sinner."

"Magdalene repented, and knelt at the foot of the cross. She was sorry and sinned no more," said the Notary's wife in querulous reprimand.

"Well, Paulette does all that," said the stolid, dark-visaged groom.

Filion Lacasse's ears pricked up. "How do you know—she hasn't come back?" he said, eagerly.

"Hasn't she, though! And with her child too—last night."

"Her child!" Madame Dauphin was scandalized and amazed.

The groom nodded. "And doesn't care who knows it. Seven years old, and as fine a child as ever was!"

"Narcisse—Narcisse!" called Madame Dauphin to her husband, who was coming up the street. She hastily repeated the groom's news to him.

The Notary stuck his hand between the buttons of his waistcoat. "Well, well, my dear madame," he said, consequentially, "it is quite true."

"What do you know about it—whose child is it?" she said, with curdling scorn.

"'Sh—'sh!" said the Notary. Then, with an oratorical wave of his free hand, "The Church opens her arms to all—even to her who sinned much because she loved much, who, through woful years,

searched the world for her child and found it not—hidden away, as it was, by the duplicity of sinful man"—and so on through tangled sentences, setting forth in broken terms Paulette Dubois's life.

"How do you know all about it?" said the saddler.

"I've known it for years," said the Notary, grandly—stoutly too, for he would freely risk his wife's anger that the vainglory of the moment might be enlarged.

"And you keep it even from madame!" said the saddler, with a smile too broad to be sarcastic. "*Tiens!* if I did that, my wife would pick my eyes out with a brad-awl."

"It was a professional secret," said the Notary, with a desperate resolve to maintain his position.

"I'm going home, Dauphin—are you coming?" said his wife, with an air.

"You will remain, and hear what I've got to say. This Paulette Dubois—she should play Mary Magdalene, for—"

"Look—look! What's that?" said the saddler. He pointed to a wagon coming slowly up the road. In front of it a team of dogs drew a cart. It carried something covered with black. "It's a funeral! There's the coffin. It's on Jo Portugais's little cart," added Filion Lacasse.

"Ah! God be merciful; it's Rosalie Evanturel and Mrs. Flynn! And it's M'sieu' Evanturel in the coffin!" said Madame Dauphin, hurrying to the door of the post-office to call the Curé's sister.

"There'll be use enough for the baker's Dead March now!" said M. Dauphin, sadly, buttoning up his coat, taking off his hat, and going forward to greet Rosalie. As he did so, Charley appeared in the doorway of his shop.

"Look, Monsieur!" said the Notary. "This is the way Rosalie Evanturel comes home with her father."

"I will go for the Curé," Charley answered, turning white. He leaned against the doorway for a moment to steady himself, then hurried up the street. He did not dare meet Rosalie, or go near her yet. For her sake it was better not.

"That tailor infidel has a heart. His eyes were running," said the Notary to Filion Lacasse, and hurried on to meet the mournful cavalcade.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Wisdom of the Serpent

BY DUFFIELD OSBORNE

YOU who have never met Mrs. Van Santvoord may weary, perhaps, of these hymns in her praise. I cannot help it. She is clever, tactful, logical, truthful—and very feminine; and if you can see no excuse for enthusiasm in such a combination, I would not, for worlds, that you should read a word I write.

Mrs. Van Santvoord is a young woman, but she insists that she has been younger—oh, so *much* younger; and that brings me to the story she tells of her first attempt to regulate the lives of her friends: her first attempt, and, *I* insist, her only failure. I know several men, now, who would give half they possess to have Mrs. Van Santvoord take an advisory interest in certain affairs; and it is quite likely she may do so, for some of them, out of sheer kindness of heart and an unwillingness to see good hands played badly. I don't know how women feel about her help. They never will tell, and I never could.

Mrs. Van Santvoord does not believe in social traditions, nowadays. She calls them "The Wisdom of the Serpent," which she insists has been greatly overestimated. This story is of the days before her full awakening, when she had been married only about a year, and believed most of the things that other people thought they believed. The position of a young matron impressed her with its dignity and responsibility; she was very happy, and being, as I have said, an ever-gushing fountain of kindness, she felt that her responsibility centred in the mission of making all her friends *nearly* as happy as she and Jack Van Santvoord were.

This is where Tom Kennicott and Mabel Strange come in.

Tom Kennicott was a chum of Jack Van Santvoord's, and a clean, white fellow all around; but Tom Kennicott saw fit to fall desperately, madly in love with Mabel Strange, who was one of Mrs. Van

Santvoord's "most intimate friends," had graduated with honors from Jones College, and was passing through the post-graduate course of "woman-sufficient-unto-herself" philosophy. Therefore she was the best of friends with half a dozen men, but "could never be any more to any of them," including Tom Kennicott.

Now Mrs. Van Santvoord *knew* this was sheer nonsense. She knew that Mabel was not sufficient to herself, any more than Tom was sufficient to himself—which he wasn't in the least; and she liked Mabel, and felt sure that she was enough of a woman to wake up some day to the folly of non-matrimonial missions. Mrs. Van Santvoord did not want her to wake up too late, and realizing that Tom Kennicott was in a condition to lead from a three-suit of spot cards, and to trump his partner's king in the first trick, she undertook to glance over his hand and make a few suggestions.

It was a very good hand too, and Kennicott was grateful to the grovelling-point. He had proposed twice, and attained the full measure of abject humility. He was perfectly sure that Mabel Strange was an angel straight from heaven, and that he was a fool and a worm and an Otos and Ephialtes of impertinent audacity.

Not one of these things was true in the least, and Mrs. Van Santvoord first started in to stimulate the self-esteem of her patient, in order that he might be brought to a condition where he could follow out her suggestions with some degree of spontaneity.

She succeeded in this, too, as she always does, God bless her! There's nothing a good man needs so much or so often as an occasional tonic for his self-esteem, popular prejudice to the contrary notwithstanding.

Then came the application of "The Wisdom of the Serpent."

Mrs. Van Santvoord had always heard—or perhaps the tradition had come into her being through some subtle process of heredity—that the best and the surest way for a man to awaken dormant love in the heart of an obdurate maid was to turn, after a proper season of devotion, and make furious love to some one else. It had never occurred to her to question this axiom, any more than she would have questioned the divine origin of chaperonage, or that the parable of the wedding garment bore directly on the question of Easter bonnets.

Therefore she advised Tom Kennicott accordingly, and when that helpless young man begged her to recommend a competent understudy, during the “indisposition” of his “leading lady,” she promptly suggested Grace Dorrien, the far-and-away belle of the season and the champion flirt of the last three.

Several worldly-wise reasons appeared to sanction this choice. In the first place, it seemed a perfectly natural thing for the blighted Kennicott to do, men being, as Mrs. Van Santvoord then held, and as most women still hold, something of sheep in such matters. This exemplifies the unfortunate tendency of the sex to generalize in their masculine deductions; but never mind that now. Then, too, the surrender of a new man to Grace Dorrien was sure to be noised around more quickly than news of a similar conquest by a less observed young woman, and any feeling of irritation or resentment it might arouse would be intensified by natural dissatisfaction with the “to-them-that-have-shall-be-given” principle. Above all, Grace Dorrien could be absolutely depended upon, despite the many calls on her affections, to manage her end of the affair in a supremely artistic fashion.

So Tom Kennicott trotted off obediently to make love to Grace Dorrien, and Mrs. Van Santvoord leaned back to watch the game, with a happy consciousness of well-doing, and a consoling trust that, if the present policy didn't bring things out right, it would be only because things couldn't be brought.

Now it is only fair to Kennicott to say that while, as I have stated, he trotted off obediently enough, he, nevertheless, carried no manner of enthusiasm to his

strategic devotion. Mrs. Van Santvoord admits this very frankly in her pupil's lasting honor. She even goes so far as to add that she was filled with the gravest kind of misgivings that her ruse would prove transparent, and that the last state of that man would be worse than the first.

Here was where Grace Dorrien came to the rescue of the situation, a point which must be set to Mrs. Van Santvoord's credit, since she made her selection of an understudy with the chance of such an emergency well in view.

Grace Dorrien was never known to have too large a flock—from her own stand-point. No member of it was allowed to feel slighted or detached for a single instant, and she was altogether possessed by a kindly and apostolic spirit that would impel her at any moment to leave her ninety-and-nine in the wilderness in order to seek out and recover one that had strayed. Half-hearted or perfunctory devotion she tolerated least of all, or to be more accurate, she had never been called upon to tolerate it; and so it happened that Tom Kennicott was promptly singled out, both as the newest and the most uncertain of her admirers, for radical and personal treatment.

It succeeded, of course. Not that his devotion to Mabel Strange wavered for an instant; but no man lived who could look straight into Grace Dorrien's eyes without being carried through his part with a certain degree of credit.

Society was soon buzzing and humming quite satisfactorily. Mabel Strange saw and heard, and Mrs. Van Santvoord imagined she detected just a suggestion of the “freezing up,” which she looked for as the first symptom of the coming thaw.

Only Grace Dorrien was not satisfied. She had experienced too much real devotion to be deceived for a moment by anything in that line which savored in the least of the histrionic. She was not an analytical young woman, and she would have been the last in the world to hit upon the real truth in the matter. All she knew was that Tom Kennicott's attentions lacked something. She also knew, incidentally, that he was good-looking and clever and well-bred, and that she had always regarded his former affair with unfeignedly sympathetic interest.

You see, Kennicott was constantly alert for Mrs. Van Santvoord's signal to the effect that Mabel Strange was reduced to the approximate melting-point, and Mrs. Van Santvoord could see no sign whatever of the approach of that psychic moment.

After the first impulse of surprise on the part of the deserted maiden, and the unguarded flash of pique indicated by her slightly lowered temperature, she returned precisely to her former attitude of serene friendliness and warm interest.

As I have said, she and Mrs. Van Santvoord were very dear friends, and saw each other three or four times a week. Naturally they discussed everything from creation to crochet, including Tom Kennicott; and when Mrs. Van Santvoord ventured little catty remarks about "men caught on the rebound," etc., Mabel maintained, with just sufficient warmth, that Tom was a dear boy, and she sincerely trusted that, whatever he did, it would lead to his happiness. As for her opinion of Grace Dorrien, she persisted in holding that that young woman had very much more to her than people gave her credit for, and that, after she got through playing, she'd settle down and make one of the sweetest and best of wives.

Mrs. Van Santvoord was in despair. Who could imagine such heartlessness! She waxed indignant when she thought of it, and dropped Mabel down to once or twice a week in sheer disgust.

Meanwhile Grace Dorrien had awakened to a full consciousness that she was having a new experience. "Of course Tom Kennicott loved her. To imagine anything else for the smallest moment would be quite too absurd." And yet—

You and I can readily understand that, besides the advantages intimated above, Kennicott had in his favor (or disfavor) the one inestimable point of *not* being really in love. Therefore he held all his powers at command. When the true slaves of the Dorrien lamp were silent and moody through jealousy or misgivings, he scintillated and amused with the best his wit could proffer; when they, in their despair, became sullen or sharp-tongued, he laughed the more good-naturedly, and was ever thoughtful and rich in all the little politenesses and at-

tentions that women demand. As he felt no rebuff or discouragement, he knew no abstraction or irritation or blue-devils.

Therefore and for these things Grace Dorrien liked him better and better, while his rivals, one by one, retired from the field, or, giving ill-advised battle, were driven thence in such confusion as the intensity of their several loves and disappointments ordained.

Now mere liking is not, by any means, the parent of love in a woman's soul. I have heard excellent authorities intimate that there were occasions when an able-bodied hatred was a much more promising sentiment; just as a wild colt will gallop more readily than will a trained trotter; but you must remember that Grace Dorrien's jog-trot liking, founded as it was on most excellent grounds and most fallacious deductions, was spurred constantly toward the mad gallop of love by the enigmatic something in Kennicott's attitude which piqued both her curiosity and her pride, and furnished her, above all, with that foremost desideratum of social femininity—a new sensation.

That was why it happened that she "broke" at last, and being a young woman with somewhat frank methods and a habit of getting what she wanted, it was not long before a realizing sense of this new phase of the situation dawned upon the mind of Kennicott.

Lulled into a false security by the premise with which he and his commander had opened their campaign—that Grace Dorrien's heart was arrow-proof—it came to him very suddenly that, of all the company who had hung on her smile, he alone remained, and that the others had fallen for his sake, who had but to reach out his hand for the woman-love that hung trembling toward him.

Kennicott knew all this as in a second, and he never hesitated or faltered. He had played; now he must pay. It was rank caddishness to argue that he had not realized that he was risking anything. To be sure, he did not love Grace Dorrien as he loved Mabel Strange, but Mabel Strange was lost to him forever: colder than ice to the great passion that had dominated his life. On the other hand, he *liked* Grace immensely. She never bored him, and her little, kittenish

ways both amused and soothed. Above all, his man's heart responded with a great bound to the consciousness that a woman's love had been conferred upon him. He himself had loved, and he knew what love was worth; that it was too glorious a thing to cast aside lightly, even when every motive of chivalry and honor did not join to forbid. Before God, his life should at least mean this much—that he would devote it to the happiness of the one woman who loved him; and strong, nay, even glad in the magic of this dream, he turned from play to earnest, and begged humbly for the heart that was already his.

To say that Mrs. Van Santvoord was dumfounded when she realized the result of her strategy would be putting the case very mildly. First she refused to believe. Then she sent for Tom Kennicott, who, for some reason of his own, had not been bearer of the tidings.

He came, in aspect very like a school-boy whom the principal had ordered to a private interview, and she proceeded, first, to humble herself, and then to pronounce against the sacrifice.

The situation, she said, was most sad and painful, and it was all her fault; but that was no reason for making bad worse. She, in her blindness, had driven him to a point where he must do one of two great wrongs; but the greatest of these, she insisted, the greatest of all such wrongs, the one that he must avoid at any cost, was marrying a woman he did not love, and who accepted him, loving, and believing in his love for her.

Then Kennicott spoke—it was really his first chance—and he spoke very quietly and firmly. All that she said he admitted to be perfectly just and true, but the weakness of her contention lay in the fact that he *did* love Grace Dorrien.

Mrs. Van Santvoord sat aghast. Such inconstancy seemed to her quite unspicable, and she ventured several gently sarcastic innuendoes. Kennicott answered again, still more quietly and firmly. Possibly he deserved her criticisms—this much he admitted; but the fact remained that, while he had thought that he loved Mabel Strange, until her coldness had revealed to him that he did not, now he *knew* he loved Grace Dorrien—which clinched the revelation.

So he went away, and Mrs. Van Santvoord smiled bitterly and pondered upon the fickleness of men. Kennicott had succeeded even beyond his hopes: I know he must have lied more than well to deceive Mrs. Van Santvoord, and it was not his fault that he failed to deceive me; only *I* was a man, and a just ordinary man can see through another man better than the cleverest woman that ever lived.

So Tom Kennicott married Grace Dorrien, and these are the two really interesting features of the whole affair.

The chance of the one might be fairly foreseen by a good many people: that Kennicott, being a man, with a fine, chivalric nature, should really and truly cease to love Mabel Strange, and come to love his wife as much as she loved him. That developed very quickly, and I do not know of a happier marriage among all my friends, who have run the gamut of marriages for love, for money, for convenience, and—just for instance. Kennicott married for honor; possibly under a mistaken sense of it, but best, according to his lights, and he had his reward. The other interesting feature of the affair—one that I learned long afterward, no matter how, but to a *certainly*—was that, as a matter of fact, Mrs. Van Santvoord's little plot worked *exactly* as she had planned it should—with one fatal omission. Mabel Strange found out that she loved Tom Kennicott, when she thought she had lost him; and Mabel Strange, like nineteen women out of twenty, took the most careful and effective precautions against any one suspecting her discovery. She has never married, and she never will, because she will always love Tom Kennicott.

Now it seems to me there is a very pitiful lesson that runs through this history; only it is not altogether easy to apportion the blame and the credit. Just one principle occurs to me, upon which the council of the gods may have distributed rewards and punishments. Grace Dorrien was natural, and won. Mabel Strange and Mrs. Van Santvoord were artificial, and lost. Tom Kennicott should have lost on the same score, but, doubtless, his advocate before the Court of Heaven pleaded "honor" in extenuation, and the plea saved him.

Pawns

BY E. S. CHAMBERLAYNE

IN the clearings of the tangled woodland that was being made famous by their struggles the two armies lay panting. They would get their breath soon and renew the battle, but the rest, while it lasted, was welcome.

Sheltered by a little pile of fence rails, I lay on the ground fifty yards in advance of the picket reserve. In the edge of the woods a few rods away were the Confederate outposts. It was a drowsy morning. Bits of gray mist—remnants of the night that was past—still lingered under the distant trees and in the edge of the nearer woods, clinging about the underbrush like sleep about the heavy eyes of a reluctant riser.

Suddenly a battered slouch hat bobbed up from behind a log a few yards in front of me, and the gun came to my shoulder instinctively.

"Don't shoot," said a voice. And I saw a thin, boyish face under the hat. The rebel held up his hand to show that he was unarmed. "Do you want some tobacco?" he inquired with a slow drawl. "I'll trade you for some coffee."

I glanced back at the reserve, looked up and down the line, and smothered my scruples. A moment later I had dropped my gun and had crept forward on hands and knees to the little hollow where the Confederate lay concealed. It was midway between the two picket-lines, and hid us from the sight of both. I found him a pale, hollow-eyed young fellow, apparently about my own age.

"I been watchin' you for half an hour," he remarked with a grin. "I could o' picked you off easy. But I reckon we done enough shooting yeste'day. You got any coffee?"

I opened my haversack and displayed my store. His eyes lighted up hungrily, but in the interest of trade he refrained from audible comment.

"There's a prime lot o' tobacco," he said, producing a quantity of Virginia

"twist." "Good as they is. Trade you even for what yo' got." We bickered a few moments and the trade was completed.

He took the coffee in both hands and held it up to his nose with a long, satisfying sniff. "Oh Lord!" he murmured impressively. Then he explained: "I 'ain't had a cup o' coffee for 'mos' three months—real coffee—and I been missin' it since you fellows crossed the river." He spread it out on the cover of his haversack and feasted his eyes on it.

"Was you in it yeste'day?" he inquired, looking at me curiously.

"Yes," I answered. "We went in towards night."

"Lose many?"

"No. It was 'most all over before we could get up. The woods were so thick," I added.

He nodded understandingly.

"Well," he remarked a moment later, "I reckon the No'th's about got us licked now."

"Why don't you quit, then?" I demanded.

He grinned a little, and looked at me with tired, determined eyes. "Oh, we'll never quit," he said, cheerily. "And *we* ain't licked any—Uncle Robert ain't. It's jes the gove'nment. We took a heap o' you fellows yeste'day. We'll get some more to-morrow. We're jes beginnin' to fight." He laughed a soft low laugh.

"I was watchin' you a while back," he said, as if to change the subject. "You 'peared to be actin' mighty careless—looked like you was watchin' the sky, or the trees, or something. I was goin' to shoot, but I didn't. I reckoned mebbe you was thinkin' o' some other mornings you'd seen that was like this one—sort o' quiet and still and sleepy—back yonder at home, mebbe. I didn't know."

I flushed with surprise and displeasure at this reading of my thoughts.

"Don't mind," he continued. "I was thinkin' the same thing. I reckon mebbe that's why I didn't shoot. And it is a nice day, ain't it? Lord, I could 'mos' forget they was any fighting." He looked away at the woods in silence.

"What State you from?" he inquired presently.

"Vermont."

"'S that so? Where the ab'litionists come from. I'm from down near No'folk. You been away long?"

"About two years," I answered. "I joined a little while before Antietam."

"You mean Sharpsburg? Oh, my father was there. He—he was killed there." Again he was silent a moment. "I was at home then. They wouldn't let me go before. They didn't think I was old enough."

I glanced at him in surprise.

"Why, how old do you think I am?" he demanded.

"About twenty three or four, I should say."

He smiled. "I was seventeen last Febr'ary. My mother's livin' down near No'folk," he remarked, with apparent irrelevance. "Right near by, as yo' may say. But I 'ain't heard from her in over six months—and I don't s'pose she's heard from me. It's so hard to get the letters through," he explained. "You fellows can send letters home any time you want to, I reckon?"

"Yes, 'most any time," I replied. "The mails go pretty often, or the chaplain 'll send 'em for us. But they don't always come back so very regular."

He smiled sympathetically. "Yes," he said. "I know how it is."

He took off his battered hat and poked his fingers through his hair in embarrassed silence. "Do you know why I got you out here?" he inquired, looking at me shyly.

"I suppose you wanted some coffee."

"I did, but it ain't that. You can keep your coffee. I—I wanted to ask a favor of you. You can have the tobacco. Could you—do you s'pose you could send a letter for me?" He fumbled in the breast of his jacket and took out a letter, gazing at me anxiously. "It's all right," he assured me. "They ain't nothing in it harmful. Jes—jes home talk, and such like. It's to my mother."

"I presume I could," I answered, doubtfully. I took the letter and balanced it in my hand, and read the address with innocent curiosity—"Mrs. Daniel Callis, Norfolk, Va."

"It's so hard gettin' 'em through the lines," he continued. "And it's likely she 'ain't heard from me for a good many months, and—she may be worryin' about me. She's alone there now, yo' know. I'm the last they is of us. D'yo' think you could send it? I'd give you something more, but the tobacco's all I got."

"Yes," I said. "I'll send it. It 'll be all right. And," with a burst of generosity, "you can keep the coffee."

"Thank yo'—no; I won't keep it. I got something else to ask. It's a—another letter. Do you think you could send two?"

"Yes, just as easy as one, I guess."

He flushed a little as he produced the second letter. "You're sure you can get 'em through?"

"Oh yes. The mails go there all right. I'll give 'em to the chaplain next time I see him." I held out my hand for the letter.

He gave it to me without comment. I glanced at the address, saw that a "Miss" preceded the name, and read no more. He smiled, but his eyes wore an anxious look.

"You can trust me," I said. "I've got a— There's a girl up in Vermont that—" I stopped, and we both smiled a little. Neither of us spoke for a few moments.

"I never thought much about her till it come to going away," he explained, looking thoughtfully at the letter in my hand. "That makes quite a difference, don't it?"

"Yes," I admitted, recalling my own experience.

"We was only children when the war started," he went on. "But we'd always sort o' b'longed to one another. It did seem 'most as if we was made for each other. They say some people are that way. Do you think so?"

"Made for each other? I don't know but they are."

"That's what she believes. She reads poetry a good deal. You find that in poetry, yo' know. Sometimes I reckon she's right. Times like yeste'day, when

they's so many gettin' killed, it seems 'most as if 'twas true. They must be something that takes care of a fellow. My mother says prayers 'll do it. But she prayed for my father—" He paused abruptly. "But I reckon it's jest as well to have a mother prayin' for you. What do yo' think?"

"Yes," I said. "I guess it's a good thing."

"Well," he remarked, after another pause, "I won't forget what you've done for me." He scooped up the coffee in his hands and held it out to me.

"No, keep it," I insisted. "It's a fair trade. I don't want pay for doing a favor. I may want something myself some time."

"Well, I'm 'bliged to you." He put it into his haversack with evident satisfaction. "And about those letters, I won't forget what you've done for me. It 'll do a heap o' good to the folks at home, gettin' those letters. You know how it is. And I reckon it 'll do me good, sendin' 'em. Yo' see," he added, with a little hesitation, "I 'ain't been jes well lately—little touch o' fever, I reckon—and I sort o' got to thinkin' about home a good deal—yo' know how a fellow 'll get when he ain't jes well—and so— Well, I'm 'bliged to you. And I won't forget what you've done. Mebbe some time I'll get a chance to make it up to you. What's your name?"

I told him.

"Well, I won't forget you. Mebbe we'll meet again some time—after the fighting's over, mebbe. But I won't ever forget you, anyhow."

I raised my head suddenly and listened. The report of rifles which had sounded at intervals during our talk had grown louder and more frequent, and in the silence that followed we heard, farther down the line, a rattle of shots that told of something more serious than picket-firing.

"We'd better be gettin' back," he observed. "Good-by."

"Good-by," I said.

He gave me a shy smile, hesitated an instant, and held out his hand. I shook hands with him.

"Well, good-by," he repeated. "I won't forget you."

Before I had reached my little shelter

of fence rails, bullets were singing through the air above my head, and as I dropped down beside my gun, a shot knocked a splinter off the wood in front of me. I rose to my knees with my thumb across the hammer of my musket, and peered over the rails at the Confederate outposts. While I looked, a group of men in gray started out from among the trees, running clumsily toward me like a crowd of schoolboys just dismissed. They climbed over a broken rail fence and came stumbling across the cleared ground beyond. To the right and left other groups advanced, forming a broken, irregular line. Here and there along the line little puffs of smoke appeared, and the "bang," "bang," of the rifles grew more rapid. My breath came quick, my fingers twitched nervously, but for a moment I stared at the approaching skirmishers and did not think to shoot. Then a sudden fear laid hold upon me, and I raised my gun and fired. The smell of powder roused me, and I loaded and fired again and again. I looked neither to the right nor left. I hardly looked before me. I was firing with a heedless energy that saw nothing beyond the details of my own act. The men in gray had become vague phantoms, seen dimly through the thin veil of smoke that was gathering about them. Suddenly the veil melted away, and a half-dozen combatants burst through, almost upon me.

I fired again, and a wave of savage exultation swept over me as I saw the man I had shot stagger backward, drop his musket, and clutch blindly at the air. But as he fell I recognized his face, the thin, boyish face with a powder smudge across the cheek, the face of the lad whose letters were in my pocket. I threw down my gun, turned about, and fled in horror. Back in the edge of the clearing a line was forming to meet the attack, but I broke through it madly. I had no thought for anything save the passion of remorse that was consuming me. In the rear of the line I stumbled and fell headlong. I sat up on the ground, stunned by the fall, hardly realizing where I was. An officer, walking up and down behind the line, approached and put his hand on my shoulder.

"That was good work, boy," he said, kindly. "I saw it all. You stood 'em off first rate. I'll speak to the Colonel about it." He was turning away, but the sight of blood running down my wrist caught his eye. "Oh!" he exclaimed. "Did they hit you?"

I had not noticed it before. Half dazed, I watched him rip up my coat sleeve, tear off the sleeve of my shirt, and bind it tightly over the dirty red smear on my forehead. It was all done in a moment. And I felt as little concerned in it as if the wound had belonged to some one else. The officer ordered me back out of range, and turned again to his men.

But I could not keep away from the firing. Something seemed to be drawing me forward, out into the clearing. And when, after a little, the attack had been rolled back and both lines had passed, fighting, into the woods beyond, I went slowly forward to the spot where my Confederate had fallen. He lay on his back, his arms outstretched, his poor gray uniform clinging to him like a bundle of tattered rags. His lips were parted and his face wore a startled expression. And in the dead eyes staring up at the sky there was a strange, childish look of wonder.

A choking sense of pity and of helplessness came over me. I knelt down beside him, and took one of the thin hands and stroked it gently. It lay half opened with the same appealing look it had worn when he offered, timidly, to shake hands with me. A little blood, trickling down my arm, stained his fingers. I wiped it off carefully with my coat sleeve. I had a wild longing to speak to him. I would call him back and tell him it was all a mistake, show him in some way the remorse I felt. But he lay there silent, with his wondering gaze fixed on the gray-washed sky overhead. And there was nothing I could do. The harsh roar of the firing came to my ears with the pitiless sound of mocking laughter. My wounded arm pained me. The air was close and hot. The smell of the burning woods stifled me. I felt faint and sick. And above it all was the heart-ache of a hopeless regret.

I covered his face with his old bat-

tered hat, and turned away. Wounded men were slowly straggling back across the clearing, and I joined them and wandered drearily through the woods looking for a field-hospital.

It was on the straw-covered floor of a warehouse in Fredericksburg that Father Malone came upon me. He was an old man with iron-gray hair, and a kind, stern face, with a suggestion of Irish humor in the wrinkles about his eyes.

"Can you mail some letters for me?" I asked, in reply to his offer of service. "They're not my own. And I haven't any money," I explained. "And the sutler's got an order for my next month's pay, but just as soon as I get any—"

"Tut, tut, lad. Give me the letters." He took them from the pocket of my coat, and listened attentively while I explained how they had come to me.

"And—there's another letter to be written," I added. "Can you write to his mother? The boy's name is there on the outside of his letter. Tell her he was—was killed. I can't remember the day. I've lost track. How long have I been here? It was the day I was shot. I guess the surgeon 'll know, maybe. And you might tell her— Well, you'll know how to write it. Say it as kind as you can."

He nodded, and made an entry in a little book that he carried. Then he glanced at me keenly. "Is there something else, lad?"

"Yes. I was wondering—if you could— Is it allowed— I mean, could you hear any one confess—any one that wasn't a Catholic? Would it do any good?"

"Sure yes. It's all one, lad, whatever ye are. Just tell me what it is."

When he had heard my confession, he looked at me with a curious smile. Then he said gently: "Think no more of it, lad. Sure it's no sin ye've committed. I—there's nothing I can do. It's all right. God help ye!"

But when I got back to the regiment, before Petersburg, and found they had made me a sergeant for "bravery in action," I went to the Colonel and—well, I was young then—I refused the promotion.

His Primeval Conscience

BY JENNIE BULLARD WATERBURY

Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away!

—ROBERT BROWNING.

“ARE you quite sure, Helen?”
“Quite sure, John.”
“Think again. Seven years is a long period for even a woman’s heart to ache.”

Mrs. Wentworth’s face flushed. Then she remarked, evasively,

“Perhaps I am unconsciously imitating St. Paul’s example. Perhaps I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.”

Frost’s kindly glance had swept over her as he demanded enlightenment. As she replied, with an undisguised expression of mystification, he looked away.

Outside, a driving sleet blurred and blunted the elaborate outlines of the dwellings opposite. Inside, the long low room with its bowls of flowers, some few choice etchings and engravings, a grand piano thrown open, on its rack a Chopin prelude, Daghestan rugs disposed discreetly at rare intervals along the inlaid parquet floor, and the low bookcases, running the entire length of the walls, holding the daintiest editions of standard works, framed in one whom her friends named “the loveliest woman in the world!”

“How old are you, Helen?” Frost inquired abruptly.

Surprised, resentful, and then intensely amused, Mrs. Wentworth threw back her handsome head and contemplated her visitor merrily through half-shut eyelids.

“Guess!”

“Let me see,” began Frost. “Four years abroad with masters—you crossed when you were sixteen; that makes you twenty. Then you married.”

“Such fun, John! And how I danced!”

“How you flirted, you mean!”

“I exonerate you from all blame concerning that adjunct of my education!”

“Would that I might as truthfully exonerate you!”

“You took me too seriously. Some one is bound to be wounded in a skirmish of hearts. Were you really hurt, John?”

“Irrevocably hurt.”

“I am so sorry!”

She leaned forward and looked tenderly into the reserved face with its crown of gray hair. John Frost had always been a part of her life from girlhood to womanhood, from wifehood to widowhood. Of rare parts, he had unobtrusively attained the highest eminence. Helen Wentworth had grown so accustomed to his quiet devotion that often she forgot it altogether; or if she thought about it at all, she sighed. To-day, however, the pathos of his disappointed life came home to her, and made her exclaim, both hands outstretched,

“There are so many other women, John!”

“Hush! There is but one!”

“But you must conquer it!”

“I don’t wish to conquer it.”

She sank back in her luxurious chair, her full figure in its steel-gray gown set like a cameo against the dull red background.

“Shall I tell you why I love you, Helen?”

She made an almost imperceptible gesture of remonstrance, to vouchsafe apologetically,

“If it affords you any comfort—yes.”

“I loved you at first because you were you: it’s the law of the universe for one man to love one woman, and none other.”

“And for one woman to love one man—usually the wrong one!” she flung out, irritably.

“I loved you, secondly, for the turn of your wrist, for the modulation of your voice; because you were the only person in the world who could stir my heart. I could not misunderstand you if I tried. To me you were transparent even in your



"ARE YOU QUITE SURE, HELEN?"

most aggravating moods. When you married Wentworth, even, I knew you did it because—"

"Because he was so good."

"You became his wife. That was sufficient. Was his goodness satisfying, Helen?"

"Entirely."

She seated herself, yielding to an impulse of overpowering fatigue.

"In all those childless years, John," she averred, thoughtfully, "he never once lost his temper or upbraided me!"

"Extraordinary."

There was a long pause. Then Frost continued:

"I love you, Helen, for your fine character. Your conduct in every visible emergency gives evidence of extraordinary good sense and latent force. I love you most of all because you have been faithful. It is so like you; it shows a noble resolution. Although austere and precluding friendly intercourse—the intercourse that is only attained through a mutual exchange of confidences—I never hesitate to pay it entire homage from the depths of my soul! Is it to be wondered at that as a woman you stand alone in my estimation? But, Helen, why can't you be as frank with me as I am toward you? Will your heart never wake again? Am I not to be considered at all? Is my long patience to go for naught. True love is sweet. Are you so complete that you dare thrust it from you? Are you so sure that solitude is best that you coldly reject every companionship?"

"Stop!" cried a voice.

Mrs. Wentworth's face was white as snow. Her features were stamped with unalterable resolve:

"Take that chair," she commanded, unflinchingly, in that strange voice, "and listen to me. What I am going to do is small enough return for twenty years' worship of a false image. Sit down!"

Frost sank into a chair, the white inflexibility in Mrs. Wentworth's face reflecting itself in his own.

She stood with her back to the fire again, her arms behind her, one small foot advanced.

"New York may translate me as it will," she said, firmly. "It is not my business nor my intention to enlighten it. But you must know the truth, John; I

tell it to save you from yourself! I married because I thought my heart was broken, and required diversion! There never has been but one man in the world for me. There never can be but that one."

She dragged one hand from behind her as though a weight were attached to its fingers, and dashed it hurriedly across her wet eyes. Biting her lips as though to control their trembling, she continued:

"'Faithful!' I was faithful to nothing once. I am trying to be faithful 'in the least of things' now—to myself, and others!"

"How could you marry where you did not love?"

She started violently.

"Listen! The other was a poor student who used to come to my father's house to study law. It took him years and years to earn enough to support his aged mother. He never told me he loved me. Because he could not leave her and marry me, he was too honorable to speak; but I saw it in his startling pallor and heard it in the tones of his voice. How the consciousness of it made my heart leap! But 'hearts,' you know, 'after leaps, *ache*.' I was hungry for love, and motherhood. I married. When my widowhood came upon me, still he could not marry. He could not leave her; he would not. She is old. Her ways are not my ways. He is too loyal to hurt her, or to blame her, or to explain himself; and she is entitled to the first consideration. I love him better for his renunciation than I possibly could if he married me at her expense!"

"That's right!"

The involuntary ejaculation from the man before her made her eyes fill and run over.

"There must be a way," he said, thoughtfully, after a few seconds.

"There is no way. His portion is provided for him. He is no longer young; he is worn out. She absorbs every moment when he is not occupied. He has plodded on and on. I have these!" pointing contemptuously at the rare paintings on the walls, at the conservatory beyond, at the hall with its rich furnishings. "I have 'everything,' my friends say, 'that human creature can desire'; but, oh, John, John, the days are empty, empty!"

She buried her face in her hands, and stood sobbing convulsively.

"What a tangle life is!" said Frost.

"I could not let you go on saying and thinking all those nice things about me any longer, when I was such a hypocrite!" she sobbed.

"Nonsense! You are nothing of the kind!"

"I want to be happy and to make others happy, but it is taken out of my hands. I try to do for everybody, and forget myself—what the novelists call 'cloaking my grief in merciful deeds.' But life is so bare, and bald!"

He crossed the room and laid a big hand against her bowed head.

"Brave little woman; there, there!" he whispered, soberly.

"What shall I do?" she asked, convulsively.

"Endure!"

The words were as firm as adamant. Frost's face was like gray marble.

She lifted her head and looked at him with grateful eyes.

"That you, of all others, should counsel this when it makes you suffer so! Oh, there are days when I am beside myself; and my youth is ebbing out, ebbing out! I think until I'm almost out of my mind. I rarely see him now. He only comes once in a while, and each parting is nothing short of agony for us both. Sometimes I believe I am idealizing him, and that love cannot exist on such short rations—but when I see him"—her eyes behind the tear-laden lashes grew glad—"ah, well. Then I *know*!" she concluded.

"Cling to that. It's the only thing that makes life worth living!" He had lifted his hat from a small table. Now he stood by the door. As the light from the hall lantern fell across his pale, set face, Helen drew a sudden sharp breath.

"How noble you are!" she exclaimed, wonderingly. "You advise me, then, to cling to this hollow thing which leaves me, and every one, desolate?"

"Don't outrage nature," advised Frost, quietly. "Good-night."

"But, John!"

The door slammed. He was gone.

They were in the same room, only the hour was later, and they were two years

older. Her manner was less frank and his more reserved. They had consumed a Welsh rarebit at a little table drawn close to the fire, with fervent outspoken supplications to be spared bad dreams, and now, like a modern Darby and Joan, they were ensconced comfortably at opposite corners of the hearth.

Mrs. Wentworth laid her fingers calculatingly point against point; her arched eyebrows curved mischievously; her slippered foot tapped the fender restlessly.

"Any news?"

"Let me dream," he begged.

"I refuse. You're no longer in Europe, remember. Life here is essentially practical. Come! Brush off Old World mould, John. By-the-way, did you know that the Warrens were divorced?"

"Too bad," feebly. "They seemed as happy, when I left, as the proverbial turtle-doves."

"Yes; too happy. Love is out of fashion!"

"You're looking handsomer than ever," interrupted Frost, with a frown.

"Isn't that what might be termed a 'back-handed' compliment? What do you mean by the 'ever,' pray? Give me much and more of praise, though, please. I'm growing old, and I'm as thirsty for compliments as a spinster is for cats."

"Helen, why haven't you married?"

"Don't ask stupid questions."

"I know that his mother is dead—since. Be yourself, Helen. Life is so short. Try rest."

He had risen. She too rose, and they stood face to face. With a sigh she whirled her arm-chair towards her so that she might lean the entire weight of her body against it. Her mocking eyes looked inward for an instant; then she said, impulsively,

"Will you do me a favor?"

"Command me."

"Go over to the window, turn your back, and don't speak until I have concluded."

He glanced at her sharply, but her expression was impenetrable. With three strides he was at the window. Folding his arms across his broad chest, he stood still.

"When you went away," began Mrs. Wentworth, "you unconsciously left me

possessed of a delightful acquisition. Every woman should value as her most precious possession the feminine capacity to read between the lines. I have always considered it my sixth sense. Your unquestioning resignation betrayed a state of things that electrified me; you had preserved your primeval conscience! Your reverent and uncomplaining submission to my will divulged my selfishness. You turned me to the rightabout, and took it for granted that I would live up to things. I began at once to go about more, to try and forget my foremost grievance, to interest myself in other people; but once again their littleness appalled me, and their superficiality in contrast with your genuine merit made me unhappy.

"One day I read a notice of his mother's death in the newspaper. It came like a clap of thunder. When he reached my side his words, so long pent up, reminded me of a lava stream that overflows its crater surcharged with the concentrated fire of centuries. He told me what for long years I thought to have yearned to hear—that he loved me. He told me that my silence had helped him to be silent, that his mother had been a peculiarly constituted person with whom I never could have been happy; that until now, in loyalty to her, he had been dumb.

"I answered that intuition had taught me patience, and that the certitude of his strength of character had inspired my allegiance! 'Although your decision was against me,' I said, 'I admired you more for making it than if you had weakly rejected your portion and made all three of us wretched in consequence.' 'If you had known my mother,' he answered, 'you would have seen for yourself that the plan adopted was the one honest way to prevent a painful complication. She would share me with no one. It would have killed her if I had spoken of you. But,' he added, 'when Wentworth died I had to exercise my utmost forbearance. I knew you had married once; you would marry again.' 'That would have been impossible,' I interrupted. 'Remember, I am a woman now. Before, I was only a vain weak girl. Married life taught me how entirely I had outraged my better nature.' He looked

bewildered, and then he slowly shook his head. 'I am quite sure,' he affirmed, 'that if you had had the opportunity you would have married again. Shadow for substance! Human nature is too weak for any such folly! I probably arrived just in time!'

"I looked at him in speechless dismay; he is an ugly, powerfully built man, with a heavy jaw and a corrugated forehead. As I looked, a bubble seemed to dissolve before my eyes, and with it vanished all the prismatic colors of my youth. Don't turn your head. Just listen.

"The day of his visit I was tired and ill. I suddenly realized that my sluggish destiny had at last quickened. Inevitable doom stood knocking at my door. It said, 'Be this man's wife!'

"All at once a thought came to me like a rope thrown towards a drowning man; I decided to test him. I would put before him a similar case to that I had submitted to you, and his decision would reveal his true self. I said, 'Before we go any further I must ask you a question, and request that you answer it candidly. Imagine,' I began, after he had complied, 'that in the interim of my husband's death and your mother's loss I had come to love another man! What would your advice be to me—to marry him, or you?' And, John, I listened for his answer as a mother awaits the cry of her first-born—"

"I will come to you. I want to see your face. Now; tell me it all fully."

Frost had whirled, strode towards her, and clasped her reluctant fingers.

Mrs. Wentworth recoiled. Then she spoke again after a supreme effort, the words emerging indistinctly from between her dry lips:

"He said instantaneously, without a moment's hesitation, 'Your first duty is to me.' He said it obstinately, like a man who will not be forced to admit what is already evident. 'But if I no longer loved you?' I insisted. 'No longer loved me,' he repeated, mockingly. 'You are mine, I tell you!' My heart froze. I asked him to leave me for a few hours, as I felt faint and ill; but he would not go. He seemed to be trying to ward off a crisis. Finally he rose, and accused me of loving another man!"

"Well?" The question was equivocal,



MRS. WENTWORTH TURNED FROM HIM

but Frost's expression betrayed unmitigated disapproval.

Mrs. Wentworth turned from him and buried her face in her nervous, trembling hands.

"I told him to go away. He would not. He said that he had come for his answer, and that he meant to have it."

"Continue; I am listening." The curt exclamation shot out like a projectile that had expended its force upon some intervening obstacle in its headlong course.

"I could not marry him," she cried, agitatedly. "My doll was stuffed with sawdust. Don't you see? I could not. And yet my decision seemed so cruel. All those duty-strangled years of his; all those mistaken heartaches of mine!"

"You mean you refused him?" Frost's voice was emphatically severe.

"He would not understand that matrimony exacts its just equivalent; he only recognized my abject and piteously mistaken fidelity. When I tried to explain this to him he said: 'I've always heard that women had no principle; now I know it. Do you mean to say, Helen, that you are going to throw me over?' 'You released me,' I told him, 'when in answering my question you betrayed that your happiness, not mine, was the foremost consideration. If this morning you had come to me and said that you loved another woman, I should have, without an instant's hesitation, told you to leave me and marry her!'"

"'I must say you are honorable,' he taunted. 'You confound honor with honesty,' I replied. 'Honor is the core of the soul; honesty is a principle of education.'"

"You no longer love him, then?"

"How could I trust my happiness to a being so deficient in acuteness of perception?"

"But that other love! You only supposed it to test his strength. How heartless! He suffered, and you did not appease. He came for his reward, and you refused to give it. Where is your sense of justice, Helen?"

His flashing eyes blazed with righteous indignation.

"How like a man!" she exclaimed, in a thrilling voice. "You taught me that there can be but one love, and that the true love. You alone should hold your-

self responsible for the whole miserable affair!"

Frost interpolated a harsh denial:

"One word. You sent him from you?"

"Yes!"

"You have consigned him to an existence of utter desolation for the sake of a passing whim?"

"You appear to take delight in ignoring the fact that his dimness of perception will of itself institute a cure!"

Her lips were very scornful; her eyes glittered.

Frost's face hardened. With a resounding thud he brought his hand down upon a table near him.

"From this night on I swear I'm done with women!" he cried.

An irrepressible tremor darted across Mrs. Wentworth's face. With a movement of exceeding exasperation she pushed away the chair which had been supporting her during her argument, and stood erect, her eyes fixed indignantly upon her old friend.

"Look at me, Helen, with the face I knew as a girl's, and loved as a woman's, and yearned for as a wife's. Rather than hear what you have just told me I would gladly cut off my right hand. It mattered not that my hopes were dead; your happiness was assured. It mattered not that another man was to benefit from an accumulation of sweetness garnered in secret for him alone, evidence of a tenderness I would have given my life to inspire. Love is a divine and indestructible law. I had been less than a man not to recognize that. But this! I flatly decline to stand by and see my idol chipped to pieces bit by bit."

As he stepped towards the threshold Mrs. Wentworth sprang between him and it, her lips drawn and very white. Into her face during the interval of Frost's scathing denunciation had come a look of mingled rapture and anguish. One mesh of her hair loosened and fell against her bare shoulders; a gloss like that in the under side of a bird's wing revealed itself captive in those distracting ripples.

A dry lump welled in Frost's throat and obstructed his breath.

She made a sudden unpremeditated movement, barring Frost's progress.

"I did not 'suppose' the case," she whispered.



After a photograph by C. B. Waite

ENTRANCE AND FACADE, RUINS OF MITLA

The Buddhist Discovery of America

A THOUSAND YEARS BEFORE COLUMBUS

BY JOHN FRYER, LL.D.,

Professor of Oriental Languages and Literature, University of California

IN a comfortable building on one of the more quiet and retired streets of the city of San Francisco there have lately been established the headquarters of a Japanese Buddhist Mission to America. The object of this mission is not only to keep up the teaching and practice of Buddhism among the fast-increasing numbers of Japanese who have come to live in California, but it also embraces the more ambitious hope of spreading the knowledge of that cult among the people of America. A director and four priests, all having received a good English education in Japan, have been sent out by the wealthy members of the "Shin-shiu," or True Sect of Buddhists, and are already actively at work. About five hundred Japanese attend the regular services of this Oriental church, which are of course conducted in the Japanese language. The Young Men's Buddhist Association connected with it numbers over two hundred members.

Three branches are established at other cities of California. There is a separate service on Sundays in English, at which twenty or more Americans are generally present, of whom eleven have already been converted to Buddhism, and have openly professed that they take their refuge in Buddha, in his gospel and in his order. The church is called the Dharma-Sangha of Buddha.

There are various features connected with this mission that are of deep interest and importance. Perhaps the most extraordinary feature is its well-authenticated claim to be the successor and counterpart of an early Buddhist mission to America which existed in the fifth century, and which, like the present one, consisted of five Buddhist priests. It seems almost incredible that just at that notable period when the Dark Ages commenced in Europe, through the western influx of barbarian tribes, Buddhism, "The Light of Asia," was carried eastward across the

wide waters of the Pacific, and began to spread the first rays of its dawn upon the American continent. It is easy to see that this is a subject well worthy of most careful study and investigation, promising to fully repay the labor involved. It opens up new theories and explanations

to Mexico for the express purpose of examining the ruined temples and other antiquities of a Buddhist character which are to be found there. Other persons have spent much time in making investigations on this and similar lines. The result is that, link after link, a chain of evidence of the early arrival of Buddhist missionaries in America has already been found, which is sufficient to satisfy the judgment of all who are not wilfully sceptical.

The ease of making a trip from Asia to America along the Kurile and Aleutian islands to Alaska strikes one at the first glance. Starting from Kamtchatka, which was early known to the Chinese, and to a certain extent under their control, the voyage in an open boat or canoe, following the great thermal ocean current, could at most times of the year be undertaken without the least danger or difficulty, it being unnecessary to be more than a short time out of sight of land. From Alaska down the American coast the journey would be still easier. Such a trip, compared with some of the well-authenticated wanderings of Buddhist priests, especially of those who travelled overland between China and India, is a mere trifle. Each part of the journey from Asia to America would be as well known to the natives of the various chains of islands in the fifth century as it is now. Hence the zealous missionary, determined to fulfil the commands of Buddha and carry his gospel to all lands, would merely have to press on from one island to another. The natives of each island would tell him of the large continent farther east; and thus he would ultimately find himself in America.

The direct evidence of this early Buddhist mission, though chiefly based on Chinese historical documents, covers also the traditions, histories, religious beliefs, and antiquities to be found in America, extending all the way down the Pacific coast from Alaska to Mexico, as well as to many localities lying at a considerable distance inland.

From early times the Chinese classics, as well as the historical, geographical, and poetical works, allude to a country or continent at a great distance to the east of China, under the name of Fusang or Fusu. Its approximate distance is given



After a photograph by C. B. Waite

ELEPHANT-FACED GOD; EVIDENTLY AN AZTEC IMITATION OF THE INDIAN IMAGE OF GANESHA

as to the origin of the various religions and civilizations which the Spaniards found among the native tribes and kingdoms in the sixteenth century.

The former director of the mission at San Francisco, the Rev. Dr. Shuye Sonoda, before leaving California last year to study in Germany, made a visit

as twenty thousand *li*, or above six thousand five hundred miles. Its breadth is stated to be ten thousand *li*, or about three thousand two hundred and fifty miles. A wide sea is said to lie beyond it, which would seem like a reference to the Atlantic Ocean. It grew a wonderful kind of tree called the "fusang," from which the name of the continent is derived. The name would seem to imply that this is a species of mulberry, but every part of the description is utterly unlike any known species of that tree. What answers most nearly to the description is the Mexican *agave* or *maguey*. In ancient poetry the name of this land is used

as a synonym for the extreme East, and many fabulous or fantastic accounts are given of its marvels. No doubt during the many catastrophes that overtook Chinese literature, whatever knowledge existed of this distant land became distorted, vague, and even contradictory. Yet enough was known with certainty to fire the enthusiasm of any itinerant Buddhist priest who wanted to spread his religion to the utmost bounds of the world. He would know of those who had gone to preach the Buddhist faith in the extreme West, and would naturally ask why he should not go to the extreme East.

The narrative of only one visit to the land of Fusang is on record in Chinese history, namely, that of Hui Shen, a native of Cophène, or Cabul, which was the great centre of Buddhist missionary exertions in early times. Since this ac-



After a photograph by C. B. Waite

FIGURES OF BUDDHIST IMAGES NOW IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF MEXICO

count was considered of sufficient importance to deserve a place in the imperial archives of the Liang dynasty, and is handed down with the full authority of the great Chinese historian Ma Tuan-Lin, there should be no doubt as to its authenticity. Any attempt at fraud or misrepresentation would have been easily detected at the time, or before very long, and would have been of no advantage to the narrator, who certainly had nothing to gain but everything to lose by deception. His short story contains nothing marvellous or unnatural, and the internal evidence of truthfulness is such that only a foreign critic would ever suppose it might be a figment of the imagination.

The narrative states that there was a Buddhist priest named Hui Shen, originally a native of Cabul, who in the year 499 A.D., during the reign of the em-

peror Yung Yuan, came from the country of Fusang to King-chow, the capital of the dynasty of Tsi, situated on the river Yang-tse. The country being in a state of revolution, it was not till the year 502 that he had an opportunity of going to the court of the emperor Wu Ti, of the new Liang dynasty. He gave presents to the emperor of curious articles brought from Fusang, among which was a material looking like silk, but the threads of which could support a great weight without breaking. This was evidently the fibre of the Mexican agave. He also presented a mirror of a foot in diameter, possessing wonderful properties, and resembling those in use in Mexico and other localities in America at that time. The emperor treated him as an envoy from Fusang, and deputed one of the four principal feudal lords, named Yu Kie, to interrogate him respecting the country, and to take down his story in

writing. This was accordingly done, and we have what is undoubtedly the original text, with only perhaps here and there a typographical error which can be easily explained.

Among other things, Hui Shen said that the people of Fusang were formerly in ignorance of the doctrines of Buddha, but during the reign of the Chinese emperor Ta Ming, of the Sung dynasty, or A.D. 458, there were five bikshus, or Buddhist monks, from Cabul, who travelled there and promulgated the knowledge of the doctrines, books, and images of Buddhism. Their labors were successful, so that they ordained monks from among the natives; and thus the customs and manners of the people were soon reformed. He gave particulars of the journey through the Aleutian Islands, and Alaska, with the length of the route, and a description of the inhabitants. He described the country of Fusang as



After a photograph by C. B. Waite

ASTRONOMICAL IMAGE REPRESENTING THE DRAGON WHICH CAUSES ECLIPSES BY SWALLOWING THE SUN. FOUND IN THE TEMPLE AT UXMAL



After a photograph by C. B. Waite

RUINS OF PYRAMID AND TEMPLE AT MITLA

twenty thousand *li*, or six thousand five hundred miles, to the east of Kamtchatka, and also due east from China. It grows great numbers of fusang-trees, which when they first appear aboveground are like bamboo shoots, and the people eat them. Threads are spun from the skin of the plant, which are woven into cloth from which clothing is made, or else it is made into embroidery. They also use the fibrous material of the fusang for making paper. These and many other features seem to point unmistakably to the Mexican agave. Red pears are mentioned which agree in description with the fruit of the prickly-pear, while grapes are represented as plentiful. There is plenty of copper, but no iron; and no money value is put on gold or silver. Their markets are free, and there are no fixed prices.

The manners and customs of the people, their forms of government, their marriage and funeral ceremonies, their food and clothing, the method of constructing their houses, the absence of soldiers and military weapons, cities and fortresses, are all particularly noted, and agree with what is found in no countries border-

ing on the Pacific, except on the continent of America in general, and in Mexico in particular. To suppose that Hui Shen could have invented all these statements, and that his story can be satisfactorily explained upon any other theory than that he had actually made the journey which he so truthfully and soberly describes, is to say the least of it absurd.

But it is time to take another view of the subject, and search for proofs of Hui Shen's visit among the early inhabitants of the American continent. There exists in Mexico a tradition of the visit of an extraordinary personage having a white complexion, and clothed in a long robe and mantle, who taught the people to abstain from evil and to live righteously, soberly, and peacefully. At last he met with severe persecutions, and his life being threatened, he suddenly disappeared, but left the imprint of his foot on a rock. A statue erected to his memory still stands upon a high rock at the village of Magdalena. He bore the name of Wi-shi-pecocha, which is probably a transliteration of Hui Shen bik-shu. Another foreign teacher is described

as coming with his followers to Mexico, named Quetzalcoatl. He landed on the Pacific coast, coming from the north by way of Panuco, and was most probably the leader of the party of five Buddhist priests that are already referred to. Hui Shen may have been one of the five, from the rest of whom he may afterwards have become separated, and then returned to China alone. The teachings ascribed to these visitors closely resemble those of Buddhism.

The religious customs and beliefs of the nations of Mexico, Yucatan, and Central America, their architecture, their calendar, their arts, and many other things which were found by the Spaniards when they conquered America, exhibit the most surprising coincidences with the details of Asiatic beliefs and Asiatic civilization. So much is this the case that those independent observers who have known nothing of the story of Hui Shen have been convinced that there must have been some kind of communication between America and Asia since the beginning of the Christian era. Thirty-five of these coincidences are given by Mr. Edward P. Vining, of San Francisco, in his exhaustive study of the subject, contained in his work entitled, *An Inglorious Columbus*. He says: "Almost any one of these coincidences might be fortuitous, but it seems impossible that so many coincidences could have existed unless the civilization of one continent was to some extent borrowed from the other." It may be added that the majority of these coincidences point most unmistakably to Buddhism, and if not actually introduced by Hui Shen and the party of Buddhist priests which he mentions, they must have been introduced in some similar way.

Searching for traces of Buddhist origin among the old names of persons, places, and things in America brings to light some curious facts. The name "Buddha" is not in general use in Asia, but instead is used his patronymic, "Gautama," or the name of his race, "Sakhya." Hence we may expect to find these names constantly recurring in America. In the places Guatemala, Huatamo, etc., in the high-priest Guatemotzin, etc., we find echoes of the first of these names. In Oaxaca, Zacatecas, Sacatepec, Zacat-

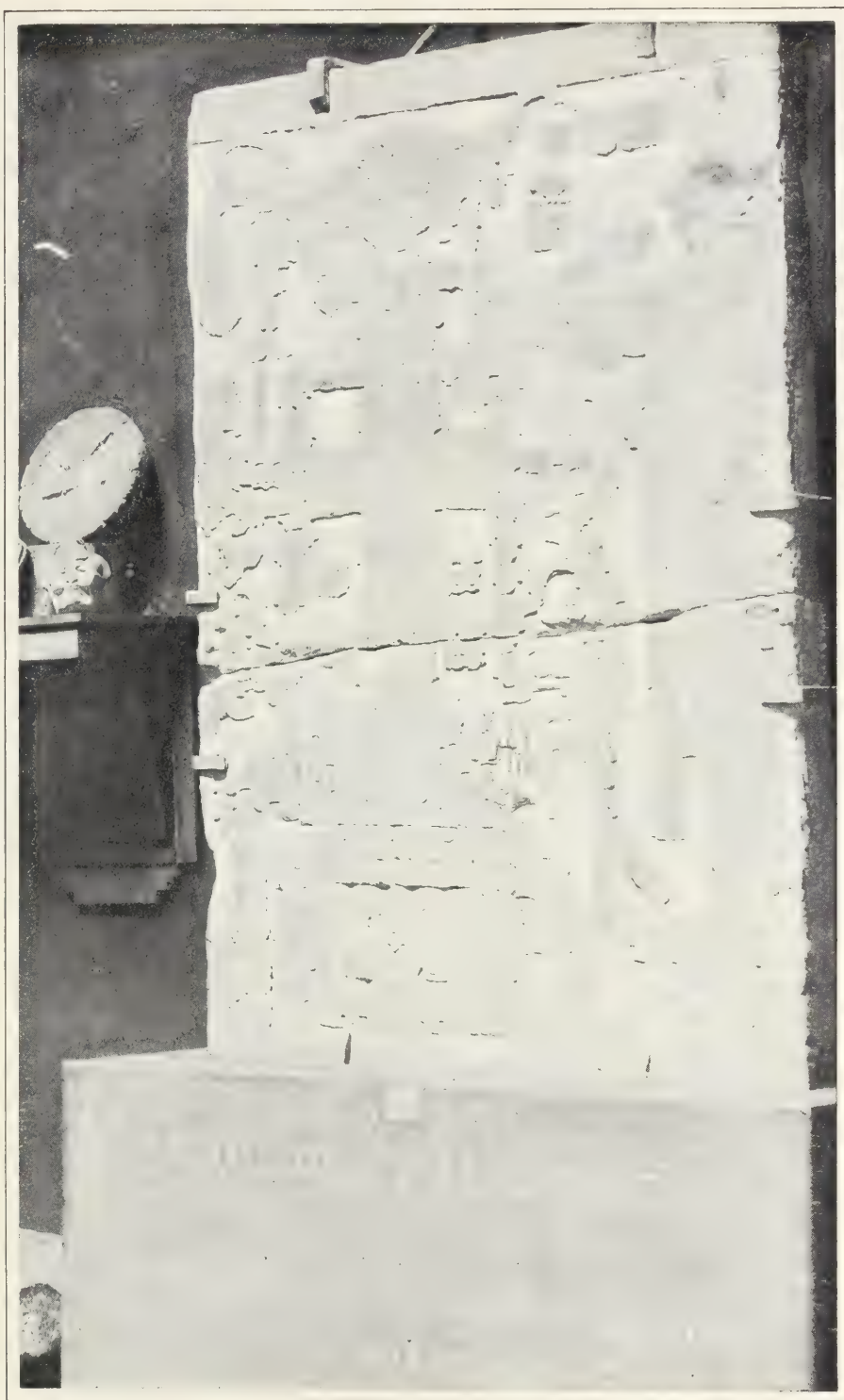
lan, Sacapulas, etc., we find more than a hint of the second. In fact, the high-priest of Mixteca had the title "Tayasacca," or the man of Sacca. On an image representing Buddha at Palenque there is the name "Chaac-mol," which might have been derived from Sakhyamuni, the full rendering of one of Buddha's names. The Buddhist priests in Tibet and North China are called "lamas," and the Mexican priest is known as the "tlama." A deified priest or lama, who is said to have lived on a small island near the Colorado River, had the name of Quatu Sacca, which seems to combine the two names Gautama and Sakhya. No very great value, however, is due to any single case of these resemblances to Buddhist names, but there being so many makes it highly probable that they are not all accidental. Again, it is worthy of notice that if "fusang" was used by Hui Shen to represent the maguey or agave plant, then as Mexico signifies "the place or region of the agave," it follows naturally that if Mexico was the country he visited, he would call it the country of the "fusang."

When we come to look for visible traces of Buddhism among the antiquities of Mexico, we are soon amply rewarded. Images and sculptured tablets, ornaments, temples, pyramids, etc., abound that cannot well be ascribed to any other source with the show of reason. Among these may be mentioned the following: A large image found in Campeachy representing accurately a Buddhist priest in his robes.—An image of Buddha at Palenque, sitting cross-legged on a seat formed of two lions placed back to back, closely representing images found in India and China.—An elaborate elephant-faced god (1) found among the Aztecs, which is evidently an imitation of the Indian image of Ganesha.—A Buddhist altar or table of stone found at Palenque.—Figures of Buddha sitting cross-legged with an aureola around his head, and placed in niches in the walls of the temples at Uxmal, Palenque, etc., being the exact counterparts of the images found in niches both inside and outside of Buddhist temples in China, Japan, and India.—A perfect elephant's head sculptured on the walls at Palenque, the

elephant being the usual symbol of Buddha in Asia, and no elephants being found in America.—An old Mexican image now in the Ethnographical Societies' museum at Paris, and depicting Buddha sitting in the usual cross-legged attitude, with an inscription on either side, one of the characters being evidently intended for the Chinese character for Buddha, but engraved by a sculptor who did not know the Chinese written language.—On the walls of the temple of Uxmal there are astronomical diagrams and images, representing among other things the dragon which causes eclipses by swallowing the sun—a thoroughly Chinese notion—but instead of scales it is covered with feathers (2), showing the idea that it can fly.—The enormous temples or palaces at Palenque and Mitla (3), (3a), (3b)

are almost the counterparts of Buddhist temples that are found in Asia, particularly in Java, North China, and Mongolia, the large pyramidal base and the mode of construction all seeming to point to Buddhist origin.—The ornaments in the walls of the temples in different parts of Mexico are similar in design to those of many buildings in China and India; particularly the pattern known as the "Greek fret" or "Greek key" pattern,

which is found in an almost endless variety of diamond fret, labyrinth fret, meander fret, double fret—having the fillets interlacing at right angles—and others for which we have no names. These may be seen to advantage in pictures of the walls of the "Room of Mosaics," of Mitla (4), (5), at Uxmal, and elsewhere.—There is a Buddhist cross, or symbol of Buddha, carved on a pillar at Palenque (6).



After a photograph by C. B. Waite

BUDDHIST CROSS, OR SYMBOL OF BUDDHA, CARVED ON A PILLAR
AT PALENQUE



After a photograph by C. B. Waite

ROOM OF MOSAICS IN A TEMPLE AT MITLA, ALMOST A COUNTERPART OF BUDDHIST TEMPLES FOUND IN JAVA, NORTH CHINA, AND MONGOLIA

It must be acknowledged that there are many difficulties and inconsistencies in Hui Shen's account of the introduction of Buddhism into Fusang, or America. These, however, are easily accounted for when it is remembered he was a native of Cabul, speaking Chinese imperfectly, while Yu Kie, who had never travelled, must have failed to understand some of his statements. The account was written before printing was in use, and hence in the copying many errors may have crept in. Furthermore, the Chinese characters are subject to changes, in the lapse of time, both in sound and meaning. Again, when the Spanish overran America they soon abolished all the features of the indigenous civilization, which they supplanted by their own. Hence proofs which may then have remained of the introduc-

tion of Buddhism in the fifth century may have been soon swept out of existence.

Above fourteen centuries have elapsed since Hui Shen and his colleagues pressed on from one unknown land to another to spread the light which they possessed. Their faith was strong enough to enable them to brave all toils and dangers. They accomplished their task, and the success they achieved may yet prove to have been much greater than is generally supposed. At any rate they have the honor of being the pioneers; and now they are followed by the members of the Japanese Buddhist Mission, who are working in San Francisco. Dr. Shuye Sonoda may be able to find many traces of his predecessors when he goes to preach among the Mexican Indian tribes, as he intends ere long to do.



The Fourth Gentleman

BY E. DUVALL

THE hotel lay peacefully somnolent in its post-dinner nap; it was the breathing-time of day with the proprietor, old Peter Shurick.

His father and grandfather before him were keepers of the old Villenoy Inn, known as the "Heron and Dove." When Peter, on the death of his father, took the inn, he built the hotel, scarcely more than a stone's-throw from the inn, and there lived and ended his days. The inn itself he used as an annex, and assigned to it the unmarried men.

It was against the shady side of this old inn, just clear of the fern-bed, that we four were sitting on that August afternoon: the Rector, a tall, ascetic man, mighty in the Fathers, but correspondingly weak in human nature; the Doctor, a celebrated member of that fine profession whose esoteric view it is that Providence would have done better to consult *it* in the making of man; old Peter; and myself.

Peter settled his chair at a more comfortable angle on its back legs, skilfully worked it along the wall into deeper shade, and said: "It's a mighty good thing we all haven't the same likings; for if we had, we shouldn't get the tenth of the good out of life—no, nor the knowledge either." He wriggled his chair still nearer to the Rector. "Now, say, if we all took to telescopes and star-gazing, where would be farming? or if all had a liking for doctoring, where would be preaching? No, sir; it's the diversities of men that give life its go and flavor."

The Rector looked at him wistfully; the Doctor put down his newspaper, and said, briskly, "What did you do with your young man?"

"Drove him to the 1.50 train," was the slow answer. "I gave him his choice between that and the summit, and he took the train."

"You made him go, then?" said the Rector, half reproachfully.

"Well, sir, I didn't exactly *make* him go, not just to say *make* him; but I put it to him that I wouldn't be responsible for his stayin'," said Peter, blandly.

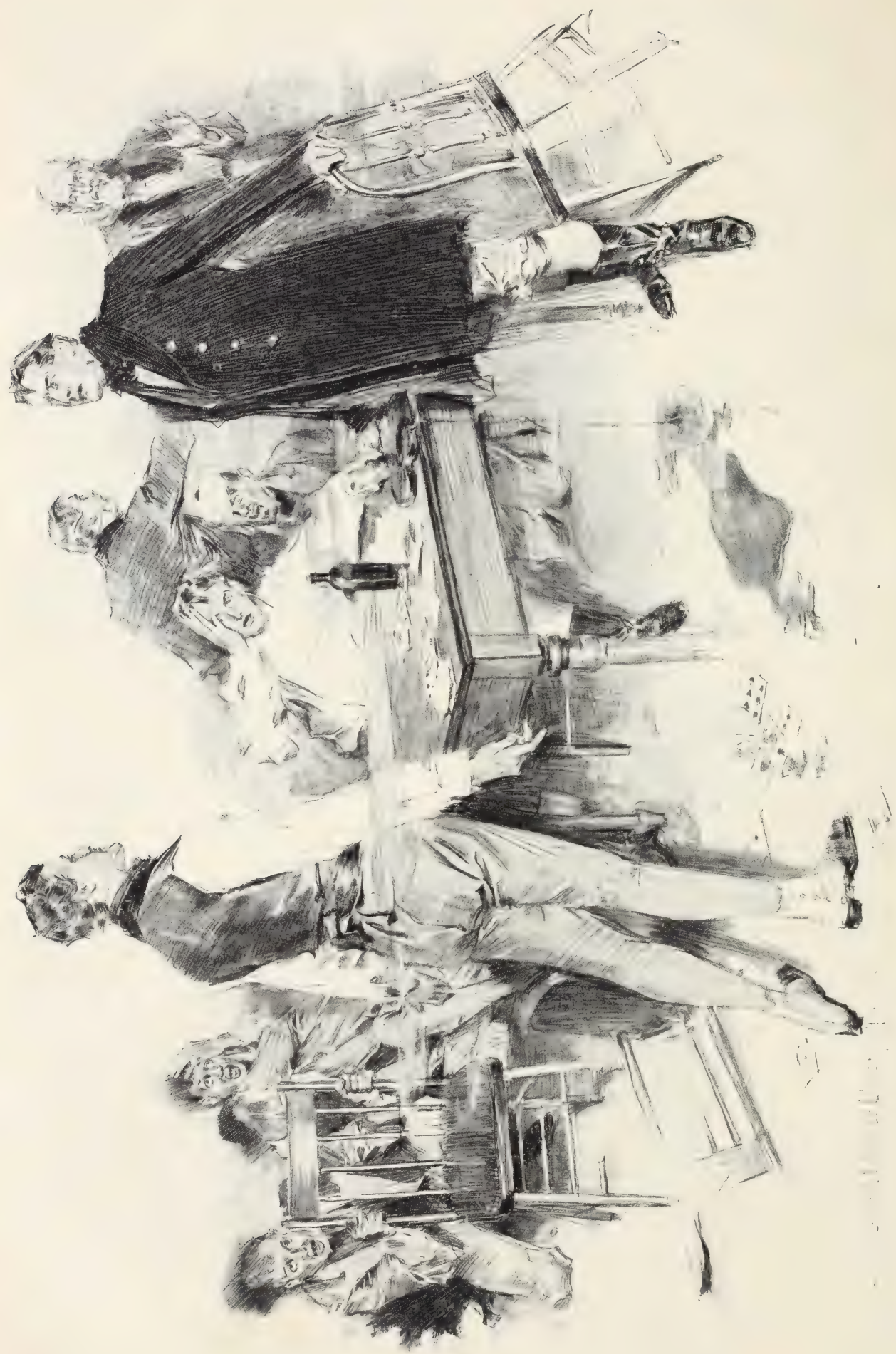
The Doctor grinned, and the Rector sighed.

"There's a heap o' boys here this summer, little tags runnin' round loose, and maybe you don't know how takin' a swishy-swashy young man like that is to a boy. The little fellows hear his big talk, and think *him* big. But I know his breed—he was raised right over there in the town—knew his father and grandfather before him. They all had the loose-hung, swearing tongue, and he's inherited it. But I won't have it. It's one of the few things I won't put up with."

Peter hitched his chair along a little nearer, tilted his shoestring hat more comfortably back, adjusted his suspenders by several rapid shoulder-shakes, and swept us into a little convenient heap by a comprehensive look from under the bushy brows.

The old man seemed to be slowly gathering up his thoughts, and, after a short silence, said:

"There are things that run in families—like the color of hair and eyes, and cast of feature—which, any more than the outward likeness, we can't explain. All our family have, and have had, a horror of swearing; I had it naturally, and was brought up to have it. My grandfather's grandfather was a French silk-weaver, named Suricas, who, after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, came, by way of the Channel Islands, to England, and from thence here. He was an austere, silent man, not like the common idea of a Frenchman, and about all we know of him in the family is that he had a mortal dread of oaths. It's said that every generation of us has a queer experience. I don't know how that may be,—it's never come to me,—but my fa-



"I WILL PLAY WITH YOU, GENTLEMEN"

ther had it, something I partly remember; and late in his life he told me the whole of it.

"It happened right here, too, in the inn," he continued, throwing up his hand to touch the old stone wall, "in or about the fall of '36. The surveyors for the railroad were going through these parts then; but there was still only the old pike for travelling. The mountains were full of good game—partridges, grouse, and wild turkeys—and people used to come up from Baltimore and Washington, and from farther south too, with darkies, horses, dogs, and guns, and stay for a while in the season. They were gentlemen mostly, or what passes for such, though some of 'em could show more noise than wit or manners, and could drink more liquor than was good for them or convenient for father.

"It was getting rather late for the city people when one day there came three young men, with more servants, dogs, guns, and rig-out generally than father had ever seen before. And they just took possession. Father said they hadn't more than opened their lips before he saw they were the kind which expects the earth to give way before 'em. Oh, they were mighty polite—that kind generally is—but father could see that they'd never been crossed, and didn't know the sound of a 'no.'"

"However, all went well with the three young men; they were out all day, and were so tired at night as to sleep like a babe in arms. They had such luck, too, the first few days, that they decided to stay the week out, possibly the fortnight. And that was the trouble."

Peter sat ruminating in a silence which we forbore to break. Rousing himself, he continued:

"Father said that the fourth evening of their stay was as fine as any he'd ever seen; the sky was soft and blue, the stars low and liquid, and not a breath of wind to shake even a loosened leaf. The young men congratulated themselves, and at supper father heard them planning great things. The next morning the rain was dashing against the windows, and the wind was blowing almost a hurricane from the southeast.

"Well, the young men were disappointed, of course, but they bore it as best they

might,—kept in their rooms and amused themselves with cards and a guitar, for one had a good voice and sang handsomely. That did pretty well for the first day, not so well for the second, and not at all for the third. Then the mischief began.

"They'd brought plenty of liquor with them, and of the best, too.

"Each of the young men had his own body-servant, and on this night those poor fellows were kept busy fetching and carrying glasses up and down, bottles here and bottles there, getting well sworn at for doing this and for not doing that, till at last one came down with a cut head, his master having flung a glass at him and told him to get out for a fool and a blockhead. But mother hadn't more than got the fellow's head patched up with lily vinegar and a bandage when his master whistled for him, and he had to go. The young men were deep at it with cards, the darky said, and his master was losing heavily. I, a little chap, was playing about with my sisters, and I remember that father looked worried and mother frightened, while old grandfather sat in the chimney-corner nodding his head, and saying, like the ticking of the clock, 'No good, no good, no good; turn 'em out, Matt, before it's too late, too late, too late.'

"But to turn anything out in such weather was impossible; father wouldn't have done it even if he could.

"Presently there was a great stamping overhead, the door was flung open, and a voice called, 'Here — you — Shurick, come up, quick!'

"Mother wanted to keep father back; but he went at once; he thought it was better. And such a room! Tobacco smoke thick as mist; cards strewn everywhere; one of those green bottles upset, and the sweet sticky stuff trickling over the carpet and filling the air with a hot, fine odor. Two of the young men were on their feet, bawling; and the third sat, with his elbows on the table. He was the one who had lost, and was in a furious temper. As soon as he saw father he said:

"'Shurick, you'll have to take a hand at this. We're sick of playing three, and my luck's been damnable. Sit down,

man, and, to put heart in you, take some Maraschino. Here, Ted'—to his darky—'give him a glass, and set these things straight.'"

The Doctor had started, but Peter, not noticing, continued:

"Father refused flatly. The young men begged, bullied, threatened, but father stood firm. Then one, with the sudden veering of the drunken, cried, 'Then if he won't drink, Linwood, he sha'n't play.' And another burst out: 'But play with three again I won't. Here, Ted, you know how to play, you've watched us long enough—you take a hand.' 'Play with a nigger! No, I'll be hanged if I will,' screamed out Ted's master. And this being an easy cause for quarrel, the hubbub began again, and went fast and furious.

"At last Ted's master bawled, 'I'll have a fourth player and play this out if I have to play with the devil. The young man's comrades seemed, for a second, startled. Then they burst into wild laughter, jeering and cheering, clapping and calling, 'That's a good one; give us another!'

"The scene made father sick, and he was trying to slip out, when a voice at the door said, 'I will play with you, gentlemen, with pleasure.'

"And there just inside the door, which he must have entered unseen during the noise and quarrel, stood a fourth gentleman. His voice was very sweet, like the dying notes of the guitar, and his words were as low almost as a whisper, yet words and voice filled the room. There fell a dead silence, in which the words and soft voice seemed to echo, 'I will play with you, gentlemen, with pleasure.'

"His sudden appearance so surprised everybody that no one could utter a word. Finally Ted's master fumbled out, 'How—how—the deuce did you get in?'

"'Where did you come from?' asked another.

"'Who are you?' demanded the third. And during these questions the stranger slowly approached the card table.

"He was a young, well-dressed, handsome man, without hat or coat, with no sign of travel or wet about him, and might apparently have just stepped out of some one's parlor.

"Father was so dumfounded he could

neither think nor speak; and the young men themselves looked doubtful and as if inclined to shy off.

"But the stranger's manner was so polite and easy, he seemed to take the whole thing as such a matter of course, that it would have been hard to ask him any serious question. But Ted's face was green with terror, and the other two darkies cowered like frightened dogs in a corner.

"As the strange young man drew near the table he picked up and began to arrange the cards. He held all eyes like a magnet. The two who were standing did not advance, and Ted's master would have risen, but, fixing his eyes on him, the stranger said, 'Surely a man who is gallant enough to play at a pinch with the devil is gallant enough to play with an accidental substitute.'

"That speech was enough for Ted's master. 'I don't go back from my word,' he said, rather more steadily. 'Ted, pour the fourth gentleman a glass of wine.'

"Then the fourth gentleman, looking steadily at the young men, put his hand into his waistcoat pocket and drew forth a handful of gold, and put it—a glittering pile—on the table. Over the pile he held his hand a minute, then took it slowly off, but kept his eyes the while fixed on the fascinated men. That sight, of course, whetted their appetite for play, and there was no more sign of hesitating.

"'Gentlemen,' said the stranger, softly, 'if *you* win, this gold is yours; if *I* win, I ask but one favor—not your money, I have more than enough of that—but your promise, or oath, rather, that you will meet me at the time and the place I shall choose.'

"The three friends stared in wonder.

"'Do you promise?' asked the stranger.

"'I promise,' said Ted's master, quickly.

"The two others paused, looked at the gold, and nodded.

"'You may go now, Shurick,' said one of them; and father, more dead than alive, got out of the room.

"Once downstairs, though, in the clean, quiet, bright bar-room, father felt better. He gave a long look all round, as if expecting to see some one or something, and said,

"When did he come, Neely?"

"Mother didn't understand, so he repeated the question in a louder tone.

"He—who?" said mother, staring.

"The man—gentleman—upstairs," said father, sharp like.

"Why, there's been nobody," we all cried.

"You surely don't look for travellers on a night like this, Matt," said grandfather.

"I can see father now, shaking, and holding to a chair as if his legs were water.

"There's some one upstairs—a fourth gentleman—playing with those young fellows," he whispered. His look and tone made us run, like frightened chickens, to mother, who stared back at him in terror, while grandfather slowly rose and said:

"There hasn't foot of living thing crossed the door-sill to-night. We've been right in these rooms, and the outer doors are locked."

"Not a footstep's stirred, nor a knock sounded," added mother.

"Then *who's* upstairs?" gasped father, falling into the chair, while the sweat came out on his face in drops.

"No one spoke. He looked at grandfather; grandfather looked at him; and we hid our faces, for it's dreadful to children to see their parents' terror.

"But father got up and lighted every light—candle and lard-oil lamp—in the house. Then he, grandfather, and mother sat down and waited, or walked softly to and fro and listened.

"We children were not put to bed; they kept us with them, as if afraid to let us go. My little sisters fell asleep, one on the floor, the other on the settle, and mother held the year-old baby in her arms. I slept and woke, old enough to be frightened, and to know something was wrong, though not near old enough to understand,—woke to find the lights blazing, the fires kept up, and father waiting at the foot of the stairs.

"At last it was nigh on to dawn. With the first cock-crow there came a noise overhead. Father went up. The game was over. The young men, their faces like the dead, still sat at the table, but the fourth gentleman had risen. He was gazing at the three with a look so strange and triumphant that father held his

breath. Each was gloating over his pile of gold, which was put jealously before each winner. And they all seemed more sober.

"It's most unusual," Ted's master was saying, 'but if you insist—' And his eyes seemed fairly to lick his heap of glittering winnings.

"I insist," said the stranger, gently; 'for though I have won, yet, as we played for different stakes, the result should be different. You keep what you have won from me; I will keep what I have won from you—your oath to meet me when and where I choose.' He bowed to them in leave-taking, and turned to the door. Father stepped forward, but, meeting the stranger's eyes, questions died in his throat. He could no more have spoken to him than he could have stepped on his own shadow.

"A sudden cry from the table startled him. 'Linwood, where's my gold? You've taken it.'

"You're a—"

"But before Linwood could get the word out, Ted's master struck at him. Father and the darkies rushed between the two, who began to rage at each other like beasts.

"Where's *my* gold?" suddenly cried the third. 'Who's taken that?' And then there was worse trouble and tumult.

"They had surely had the gold. It had been upon the table, and in their very hands; but now, in a second, it was gone, clean gone. All turned to the door. The stranger was gone too. Unseen, as he had entered, he had left the room.

"Father, darkies—all rushed out into the hall. We children were wakened by the noise as the men pitched down stairs.

"But the lights, the fires, the wakeful look of grandfather's old still face, the sense of emptiness where they had expected to find a man—all completely sobered the young men.

"Gentlemen," said grandfather, solemnly, 'look and see for yourselves that there is, and has been, no one here.'

"Is that all?" asked the Doctor, breaking at last upon Peter's deep silence.

"No," returned the old man, slowly, 'but the rest came later.'

"That very day the young men packed

up bag and baggage, and, notwithstanding the weather, departed. Nothing would induce them to stay. And that, we thought, was the last of them. But one evening in the following spring, as father was coming from the barn, he heard some one whistle like a partridge. He waited a minute, and then whistled in return. Then out from an old straw-stack crept a man, and when father turned the lantern on him, he proved to be the mulatto, Ted. He was starved and miserable-looking, and his clothes were nearly gone to rags. Brought into the kitchen and fed, he told his tale. The three young men were dead—they had died before the end of the year. Linwood was drowned by falling from a sail-boat in Charleston Harbor. Cartenelle was found dead—no one could tell how or why—in a little out-house on his father's place. They said it was from shock. Boyce, Ted's master, died last. He never recovered from the dread of that night. He fell into a moody, melancholy way, drinking continually, starting at his own shadow, in terror of every one and every thing. Finally delirium came on, and in this state he died, crying to the last, 'Keep him off! keep him

off!' begging Ted to hold him and run for Shurick. Ted, who had been fond of his master, could hardly tell this part of his story. The whole thing had so worked on the poor fellow's mind that he was almost crazy, and nothing would satisfy him but to go North. Father kept him in the barn—he couldn't be induced to stay in the house—until he got better, and then drove him across the line."

Peter brought his chair down on all its legs, and looked again eastward along the beautiful gap.

The Doctor folded up his paper. The Rector kept his eyes fixed steadily on Peter, who was again lost in his own thoughts.

The Doctor's face wore a troubled, thoughtful expression, and he said presently: "Well, perhaps you were right, Shurick, in sending the young man away. Even I sometimes think that life is too strange to be a matter of mere coincidence. My mother was a Miss Boyce. In the family it has always been spoken of as a very singular coincidence—the death of those three friends. And until this moment none of us ever knew what had become of my cousin's invaluable body-servant, that mulatto, Ted."

Silence

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH WELLS

SILENCE divine! within whose magic deep
The perfect soul of sound has fallen asleep;
Wake not unless thou tell in words of fire
The heart's supremest wish, the soul's desire.

Silence divine! enfold thy petals yet.
In fields of mystery thy bloom is set.
Thy secret and thy fragrance guard awhile;
Fold deep life's hope; despair and death beguile.

Silence divine! keep if thou wilt the years.
Safe in thy bosom are our loves and fears.
In stillness wrap our souls, our hearts' unrest.
Sound mocks our longing. Silence, thou art best.

A Plea for Cultivating the English Language

BY ALFRED AYRES

FROM observation I know that in Germany and in France, and I am told that in Spain and in Italy, a critical knowledge of one's mother-tongue is reckoned the most desirable of all the polite accomplishments. Nor do I doubt that the like is true of other continental countries—Holland, Denmark, and Sweden, for example. In Berlin, where I once was quite well acquainted, in cultured circles, during an entire evening, no matter how many present, one would not hear a word mispronounced or a sentence wrongly constructed, complicated as the German grammar is. Nor would one hear anything that savored of dialect, except a slight missounding of the *g*. All the difficult—and gloriously sonorous—vowel sounds, which never by any chance are made by the lower orders, one would hear made by every one without exception in a cultured circle in all their purity. Never a slip in syntax, never a dative, for example, where the accusative is required, an error constantly made by the less educated.

In France, one finds the cultured quite as fastidious in their speech as are the cultured Germans. There, too, one hears no mispronouncing, and no involuntary syntactical slips. Euphony with the Frenchman is paramount, and to avoid certain verbal terminations that are ear-offending, he will sometimes employ a construction not strictly grammatical; but aside from that the cultured Frenchman is always strictly grammatical.

How different in the most cultured English-speaking circles! True, one cannot, without attracting attention, use *seen* for *saw* or *saw* for *seen*, *done* for *did*, or put two negatives in a sentence; but one can misuse the auxiliary verbs continually, misuse the tenses, use adverbs where adjectives are required, mis-

use the cases, use *lay* for *lie*, *since* for *ago*, *without* for *unless*, the indicative where the subjunctive is required, and so on and on, without attracting attention, unless there chances to be a stickler for purity present.

The orthoepy in cultured English-speaking circles, on the whole, is no better than the syntax or the word-choosing. The orthoepy is better in certain localities and worse in others. But go where one will, one meets with college and seminary graduates that mispronounce at every breath. Within a month I have met a graduate of a New England college and a graduate of a Pennsylvania seminary that pronounced father *foth-er* and daughter *dot-er*. It is quite safe to assert that fully twenty-five per cent. of our educated people pronounce the little, much-used word *very* incorrectly. Instead of the vowel's being pronounced short and up in the teeth, it is pronounced in the throat, which is very objectionable, or it is so prolonged as to make it very like long *a*. One's mispronouncing comes, of course, from one's surroundings. If a child never hears any mispronouncing, it will never mispronounce—at the least, never any of the words in common use. This being true, how desirable it is to pronounce well, since to pronounce ill is evidence, as far as it goes, that one's surroundings have been of the unlettered sort! A gross error, orthoepical or grammatical, may quickly take the nap off the handsomest suit that ever came from the tailor.

Very common with us is the failure to conform to authority in sounding the *a* in such words as answer, basket, casket, dance, fast, glance, half, last, mast, past, rafter, shaft, task, vast, and waft. The tendency is to sound the *a* short, as in and, can, dan, whereas, according to all

the dictionaries, its proper sound lies between the sound of *a* in *fat* and *a* in *father*. The sound is easily learned, even by adults to whom it is new.

Then there is the vowel *o* in such words as *on*, *body*, *log*, *lost*, *gone*, *song*, and *moss*. On every hand we hear the *o* in these words—and in many others—which, properly, is short, like the *o* in *con* and *don*, sounded like *au*. *On*, with the Southerner, is always *aun*, and from the lips of the Northerner we commonly hear, where has he *gaun*? what have you *laust*? what did it *caust*?

A sound that is always made by educated Englishmen, and is heard only to a limited extent in American speech, is the sound of *e* in *person*, of *i* in *girl*, of *o* in *word*, of *u* in *murder*, and of *y* in *myrtle*. Previously to about fifteen years ago the sound was seldom heard from the lips of American actors. Now, there are few of them that do not make it properly. The five vowels *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, and *y* in certain words have precisely the same sound. This sound is easily learned, but it must be learned orally; it cannot be described to any practical purpose. The making of it is a very important matter, if one would have one's utterance conform to refined usage. The sound commonly heard trenches closely on the border-land of the vulgar.

The sound of *a* in such words as *care*, *dare*, *fare*, *swear*, and *scarce* is often mis-made, and of all the errors made in pronouncing English this one is the most difficult to correct. One of our most distinguished actresses never has pronounced the words correctly in which this *a* sound occurs, and she never will. The sound occurs in words in which there is no *a*, as, for example, in *there* and *where*. All the other orthoepical errors, numerous as they are, can be corrected more easily than this one. The correct sound is made in the throat, the incorrect sound is nasal, and is made in the roof of the mouth. As an ear-offender it is in the front rank.

Then there is the long sound of *o*, which is seldom heard from the mouths of some quite correct speakers. Though they make the sound in *ooze* and *mood*, they pronounce *choose* *chuse*. With them *do* is *du* and *to* is *tu*. This is due to the circumstance that long *o* requires a

greater effort than does the shorter and less sonorous sound. The sound they employ is that of long *u*, considerably shortened.

Another mispronunciation that is most offensive is that in which the speaker, in an endeavor to be nicely correct, goes widely wrong. The *o* in such words as *police*, *position*, *opinion*, and the like, these speakers are careful to give its long sound, whereas it should not be sounded even short. It should be barely touched, and is properly described as being obscure. Then to the *o* in such words as *mentor*, *pastor*, and *actor* these care-takers give the sound of *o* in *or* and *nor*, whereas, properly, the quality of the vowel should not be heard. Write these words *er*, *ur*, *ar*, or *ir*, and we do not change the sound.

Another very common error, one made by the majority of persons of liberal culture, is that of giving to the *s* of such words as *version*, *excursion*, *Asia*, and *Persia* its soft or *z* sound, for which there is no dictionary authority.

Then among the most common of the sins against good usage is the mangling of the final unaccented vowels. Even in the mouths of some of our most prominent players *ment* becomes *munt*, *sent* *sunt*, *less* *luss*, *ed* *ud*, and the like. Such pronunciations as *perul*, *interum*, *chapul*, *Latun*, and *Helun* are by no means uncommon.

If I were writing a lesson in orthoepy, I should make a large addition to this list, but as I am writing only to convince such as may read me that there is room to improve the manner in which we commonly hear our mother-tongue pronounced, it is, I trust, not necessary for me to cite more of the more common errors. Since it takes but little more breath and but little more time—it does take a little more of both—to pronounce correctly and to articulate distinctly than it takes to pronounce after the fashion of the unschooled, I do not think it probable that there are any who will plead lack of time or lack of breath as an excuse for not so pronouncing and so articulating as to give the impression—as far as may be with one's manner of pronouncing—that one's advantages and surroundings have been of the better sort. Who is not ambitious

to make a good impression? True, we sometimes meet with people, foolish people, who do not hesitate to say they don't care what others think of them, but we always know that what they say is not true. It is safe to insist that there is no other one thing that goes further in making one appear to advantage than does a correct, clean-cut pronunciation.

Being usually correct—nobody is expected to be always correct—with one's grammar and pronunciation goes a great way toward making one's English what it must be to enable one to make a creditable appearance in the society of the well-schooled; but correctness herein will alone not suffice. One thing more must be added. To say the least, it is quite as necessary to choose our words well as it is to pronounce them well, or to use them in the right form and to put them together properly. Syntax and orthoepy are two good things, but they are not everything. Of the things from the dictionaryal view-point to learn in order to speak well, the proper choice of words is the most difficult. As for clearness, it depends chiefly on the speaker's success in selecting the best words to express his thought.

The fault most common, except the misuse of words, with the average speaker is extravagance. In nothing else has simplicity a greater charm than in language, and in nothing else, perhaps, is simplicity so forceful. Nothing else is so weakening as an apparent effort to be forceful. Nothing is easier than the over-use of qualifying words. As there are ten actors and public speakers that gesticulate too much to one that gesticulates too little, so there are ten writers and talkers that use too many adjectives and adverbs to one that uses too few.

We all know—with now and then an exception—that such expressions greatly offend as: what a beautiful actor he is! what a lovely dinner we had! what a perfect love of a bonnet! if it only weren't so horribly hot! you seem to be awfully in a hurry! and so on and on. Nothing is more common than to hear even persons of culture misuse such much-used words, to cite a few only, as *since*, *answer*, *reply*, *by*, *and*, *left*, *mutual*, *on*

and *upon*, *each other* and *one another*, *perpetually*, *aggravate*, *plenty*, *over*, *balance*, *transpire*, *anticipate*, *hurry*, *anxious*, *though*, *financial*, and many, many more.

There are a few words that by well-nigh everybody are very much more frequently wrongly used than they are rightly used. Among these are, for example, *anticipate*, *anxious*, *financial*, and *hurry*. Not one time in a dozen are people anxious when they say they are. They are simply desirous, and desire and anxiety are widely different things.

Only a few days ago I heard a learned man, an LL.D., a dictionary-maker, an expert in English, say that he was anxious to finish the moving of his belongings from one room into another.

"No, you are not," said I.

"Yes, I am. How do you know?"

"I know you are not."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"There is no anxiety about it. You are simply desirous."

He thought a minute. "That's true, that's true," said he. "You are right. Nobody ever called my attention to that before."

The words of the language, however, that are most misused are not *anticipate*, *anxious*, *hurry*, and *financial*. The words we most misuse are the auxiliary verbs *will* and *shall*.

Mastery in the use of any language is beyond the reach of all but the very few; proficiency, however, in the use of one's mother-tongue is within the reach of most of us; and that proficiency, it has always seemed to me, is beyond compare the most to be desired of all the polite accomplishments.

It is said that every succeeding year there is more and more attention paid to the study of English. However this may be, there is good reason to believe that there are still many persons who sympathize with the farmer who said to his son, when he expressed a desire to take up grammar, "No, no; stick to your 'rithmetic, my boy, stick to your 'rithmetic. I never studied no grammar, and I hain't never had no trouble in makin' folks understand me. I guess you won't have no trouble neither without no grammar. Stick to your 'rithmetic."

Mahnet

BY W. A. FRASER

PHOBAB was king of the Yen-an district.

Yen-an is half-way from Rangoon to Mandalay, in British territory; and Phobab was only a dacoit, yet he was king of the district. He took toll in rice, or rupees, or heads; or sometimes in all three, just as it pleased his pagan fancy.

Langworth was superintendent of police and acting magistrate at Yen-an.

Phobab had the regular knight-of-the-road chivalry; he seized the goods of the rich, and when he had more than enough for himself and his merry men, he gave to the poor.

The police were handicapped. No man came forth and told where Phobab was in hiding—the rich man because he was afraid of losing his head, and the poor man because Phobab fed him when he was hungry. All the same, this bandit-king took a regular dacoit's delight in killing people who incurred his enmity.

If Phobab was king of the jungles, his sister, Mahnet, was queen of the village.

When Langworth first went to Yen-an, no Europeans lived there, and the air, that was empty of everything but the taint of natives, hung heavy on his soul.

That was why Phobab's sister, Mahnet, who was really pretty, appeared more beautiful than anything else in the world—meaning, of course, the Yen-an world.

Burma is not as conventional as Belgravia—not openly, at any rate; so Mahnet rolled cheroots for Langworth, and wove jasmine flowers in her hair, and put the golden-hearted champac blossoms in her ears, and wore the sky-colored silk putsoes daintily and coquettishly, and glazed the olive and rose of her cheek with sandal-wood powder, all for the sake of the smart police officer who talked gently to her with his full rich English voice.

If Mahnet was pretty, Langworth was handsome. The cavalry officer's beauty he had; tall and lithe and agile, blue

eyes and blond hair, and the square, sun-browned jaw that made strong setting for the man-beauty that was in the face.

It was a cheap little heaven that Mahnet had; just to sit there and watch this man-god through the rings of curling smoke, and sometimes to catch the music of his laughter as he chaffed her.

But one thing bothered Mahnet. Phobab, who was her brother, was a dacoit, a bad dacoit, on whose head there was a price; and some day this god-thakine, the superintendent, would go out with his soldier-police after him, and there would be a fight.

Twice Langworth went out with his Punjabi police after the dacoit chief; but they saw only the trail of the serpent—the blackened iron-wood posts of the bamboo houses he had burned. There were no fights, neither were any dacoits captured.

So in Yen-an itself there was much peace right up to the day Padre Hoskins came with his mission.

Now Padre Hoskins knew of the home history of Langworth; he knew there were broad acres and a manor-house; also the prospect of a title, with only two lives between.

So, while Langworth watched for a chance to land Phobab, and incidentally attended to routine matters, Padre Hoskins set himself the task of putting the superintendent's household gods in order.

Once started in that direction, Hoskins worked with feverish intentness. This intentness woke Langworth up—it was like playing a hose on a light sleeper. He had not thought of all the things the padre discussed with him in a seemingly disinterested manner. If he had thought of them at all, it was only in a nebulous way; the only concrete thing in the whole bag of tricks was Mahnet, and she was pleasant.

Hoskins was a past master at mental manipulation, and the tall dacoit-fighter

was no match for him at that game. Even Mahnet couldn't help him a bit, though she knew what was going on.

But though Langworth was outclassed at this mental fencing, yet he was as bull-headed as—as—well, an Englishman. Hoskins could see that, or rather feel it.

An inspiration came to him. He must have re-enforcements; that was the key to the whole situation—he must have a woman to play off against Mahnet. So he sent to Rangoon for his niece, Florence, to come to Yen-an to help him in his “missionary work.” If Hoskins had not been a padre, he would have smiled a little when he wrote that—“missionary work.”

Mahnet knew why the white girl had come: just as the native news-carriers beat out the telegraph, Mahnet's subtle Oriental mind discovered this fact long before Langworth had the least suspicion of it.

“Does my lord like the English lady?” she asked Langworth.

“Yes; she's a ripping fine girl! How do you like her swagger frocks, Mahnet? Better than putsoes, aren't they?”

These were things for Mahnet to think over—slowly, dreamily, in a proper Burmese manner, so she said nothing. And at the end of some of the thinking Mahnet did a proper silly thing: she had some dainty muslin dresses made, and in anger stripped from the bronze, statuesque limbs the clinging silk folds of the graceful putsoe, and imprisoned them in the skirts that were like the English lady's.

Of course she couldn't eradicate all the grace that had come from years of freedom of limb, but she went a long way toward it; and this little false play, trifling as it seemed, did considerable toward the realization that the padre had been working for. It was the illustration that went with his story of the incompatibility of this sort of thing in England.

With the re-enforcements thrown into the field, the padre commenced to score. The sight of Florence's English face and high-bred manner reawoke the “caste” that had been bred in the bone of Langworth's English home life.

Florence, to do her justice, knew nothing about this—that was why it was

so effective; she was natural, and liked Langworth.

A man couldn't fight against all this, so in the end the padre won, and Langworth became engaged to Miss Florence.

So Mahnet spent most of her time now at her father's little bamboo house, because her lord wished it. And Langworth spent most of his time thinking out futile little schemes for breaking off the thing effectually: a trip to Darjeeling would perhaps be the best way, with a substantial recompense to Mahnet for her disappointment.

Then suddenly, one sultry night, Ragathu, who was a village woon, came to the superintendent and whispered frightenedly that Phobah was hidden in the Zealat jungle, close to Ragathu's village. His villagers had captured one of the dacoits, named Yaman, and Ragathu had brought him to Yen-an.

The dacoit was marched before Langworth. A proper cocoanut-headed villain he was. On his legs, from knee to hip, was much barbarous tattooing in blue and red; snakes and big-tusked dragons fought each other on the great muscles of his sturdy thighs. The scar of a dah-cut traced its unpleasant length down his cheek from ear to mouth.

“Judging from the specimen,” Langworth remarked, “I should say they were a pretty tough gang. No wonder you villagers drop your guns and run, if they're all as hideous as this gentle creature. What does he say for himself, Ragathu?”

“He says, thakine, that if you will not take away his life, nor send him off to the Devil Island, where the government puts the dacoits, he will show where Phobah and his jaekals are hiding.”

“I thought so; he looks a proper traitor. He ought to be shot out of hand. But Phobah is worth a bigger price than this sneak's useless life. Tell him that if he keeps his word, I'll try to get a pardon for him. But mark you, Ragathu, if I see anything suspicious, I'll kill him as I would a cobra. I don't want my Punjabis led into a trap. How far is it to the dacoits' camp? Ask him.”

“Four hours, thakine, he says.”

“Well, we had better nab Phobah to-night, then; he'll be gone in the morning.”

Yaman was closely guarded, and the sergeant of police given orders to line up fifteen picked Punjabis and get ready for a start immediately.

Mahnet had heard that one of Phobah's men was at Langworth's bungalow, so she had come down to hear if evil had befallen her brother. Sitting out on the veranda, she had heard all this talk, the bamboo walls were so thin—not thick enough to keep this misery from her heart. What a black cloud it was!—at last somebody would be killed!

She sat huddled up on the floor, her face buried in the arms folded across the knees, the silly muslin dress drinking greedily the tears that dropped from the big dark eyes. She was thinking, thinking, thinking. Phobah would be killed, or Langworth thakine would be killed.

Suddenly she raised her head. Buddha would help her do that, help her prevent the killing.

Yaman had been left in the bungalow, handcuffed to a policeman, while Langworth arranged for his men over at the *thanna*. Mahnet went in to where the dacoit and his guard were. "Quick, brother," she said in Yaman's jungle speech: "where is Phobah?"

"What are you saying?" asked the Punjabi, for he did not understand the language.

"I am asking how many men Phobah has with him," she replied, with Oriental diplomacy.

"At the white pagoda that is where the *nullah* crosses the road from Zealat to Minbu," answered Yaman; and his red and yellow eyes lighted up furtively.

"What does he say?" asked the policeman, suspiciously.

"He says Phobah has many men, and that the police must go very slowly and carefully, because the guns are always watching at the little path that leads through the jungle."

Then Mahnet went out and sped swiftly down into the village to her father's house, where lived Lathu, her young brother.

"Lathu! Lathu!" she called softly, just at the foot of the teak-wood steps.

Lathu came down from the little house, his sandals knocking irritably at the hard wood of the primitive stairway. "What is it, little sister?" he asked.

"Phobah is at the Zealat pagoda, and the thakine is going out with the police. Oh, Lathu, somebody will be killed!"

"It is four hours there," said Lathu, plaintively.

"You are afraid, then," sneered Mahnet, drawing back disdainfully.

"I will go," answered Lathu, with decision; "but Phobah must go away—he must not shoot at the police."

"Yes; tell him that Mahnet says he must not shoot at the police, because the thakine is Mahnet's brother."

Over the government road that led to Ragathu's village, tramp, tramp, tramp, with the stately military tread of soldier-bred Punjabis, the fifteen tall policemen marched through the thick, sensuous gloom of the Burmese night. At their head rode the superintendent on his gray Pegu pony, and between him and the policemen was Ragathu, the sergeant, and Yaman.

At Ragathu's village they halted for a rest. It was twelve o'clock. The Pegu pony was left at the village, and the brown figures of Langworth and his men, with soft muffled steps, melted into the deep shadow of the Zealat jungle. In front of the column marched Langworth and the sergeant; between them the dacoit guide, Yaman.

Down the Minbu road they moved softly, silently. The Punjabis had slipped off their big loose sandals and shoved them into the khaki blouses. The order for silence had been passed, and no one spoke—no one whispered.

At the *nullah* that cut its little gorge across their way, Yaman touched Langworth on the arm, and they halted. With his lips close to the ears of the sergeant he whispered something. The sergeant spoke to Yaman, so low that no one heard. Then he put his face close to the superintendent's. "He says," whispered the sergeant, "that a path on the other bank of the *nullah* leads down to the white pagoda, that is in a thick jungle of bamboos. Beyond the pagoda Phobah has a stockade."

"When we come to the pagoda," whispered back Langworth, "take six police and work around the back to cut off their retreat. I will charge them from in front. They will be sleeping, and we'll bag the lot."



THE DACOIT WAS MARCHED BEFORE LANGWORTH

He touched Yaman, and the party moved down into the dark bottom of the *nullah*, over the little bridge, and up on the farther bank. They turned sharp to the left along the narrow ribbon of the jungle-hid path; they could only walk two abreast.

Suddenly something rustled the hang-

ing leaves of the drooping bamboos on their right. Langworth cocked his revolver and half turned. Then they moved forward again.

As they started, a sharp bird-whistle sounded at Langworth's elbow; he could have sworn it was Yaman giving a signal a step behind him. Wheeling like a flash,

he stretched out his hand for the dacoit's throat. His fingers clutched the sergeant—Yaman had gone.

Then again that sharp hissing note sounded from the jungle on their left.

"Forward! Quick march!" he commanded.

Too late. Hell belched forth; its hot breath scorched their faces. The sergeant pitched forward on his head—shot through the heart.

Langworth felt a pair of red-hot pincers grab the tendons of his right arm, and tear them down, down, to the elbow. The arm hung useless as a withered leaf—a slug had shattered the bone. And something was ripping at his breast with a knife, or a jagged nail; it seared his flesh, and clutched at his lungs—they were choking.

A glaring flame darted out and withered his cheek; the light was burned out of his eyes.

The leaderless Punjabis were charging like madmen through the jungle; firing, and mixing up indiscriminately with spearlike bamboos that had been planted in a bayonet wall about Phobah's nest. But after the first volley Phobah and his men had melted into the waste of darkened jungle. Pursuit was useless.

Tenderly the baffled police picked up their fallen leader and the sergeant, and started back dejectedly over the road to Ragathu's village. There a *charpoy* was improvised as a litter, and with swinging tread the silent men bore Langworth to Yen-an.

Mahnet had been waiting like a frightened bird for the police to come back out of the jungle.

"The sahib will die," said the Punjabi *Naik*, who was in charge since the sergeant's death. "Somebody betrayed us to Phobah; his men shot from the jungle before we came to the pagoda, and the sergeant is already dead. The sahib will die also; because there is nobody here but the guru sahib, who is a fool, and knows only to pray. The doctor sahib is at Minbu, which is twenty miles, and so our captain will die."

Now Langworth had a race-pony, and in three minutes Mahnet was galloping on the road to Minbu. In an hour and a half she was there; and the civil surgeon, who was a Bengali baboo, was

having it explained to him that if he did not go quick* to Yen-an, Phobah, the dacoit, would crucify him to please Mah-net.

So in three hours more, just as the blare-faced sun was slipping down behind the Yomas, the baboo was picking twisted slugs from the torn holes that were in Langworth's arms and chest and legs.

"He will die," said the baboo, cheerfully, with soulless brevity, "because of the proper shooting of the dacoits. What can I, who am but a civil surgeon, do, when the fusillade had been conducted with such commendable precision? Also are the damn slugs corkscrewed into him with beastly sinuosity.

"In the morning he will be defunct; therefore you must arrange about some futurity matters, because the demise may be accelerated at any time. Also do not keep the lamp here, for optical inflammation has transpired on account of Phobah's short aim."

The prodding by the doctor was a terrible ordeal; like the attack in the jungle, it ended in chaos for Langworth.

"He is weak; we must give him stimulants," said the Bengali.

A little rest, a little of the doctor's prescription, and the battered man's senses came back. When he awoke, the padre was beside his cot.

"Bad business, eh?" said Langworth, feebly. "What does the baboo think of it?—not that he's much of a judge."

Hoskins hesitated a little, and looked troubled.

"Bad as that, eh?" queried Langworth.

"Yes, it's terrible!" answered the padre, in a trembling voice. "The baboo's afraid that something may happen internally at any moment. He has suggested, and it would perhaps be as well, that you arrange any worldly matters in case his fears turn out to be well grounded."

The wounded man was silent for a few minutes, save for a sharp, pained gasp that caught him at intervals. Then he spoke brokenly, with a strange mixture of petulant humor and seriousness:

"The baboo's an ass—always was; but I'm afraid he's right this time; it's usually big odds the other way. I'm not going to give up—that's no good; but

still we'd better fix things a bit, if you'll help.

"Oh, hang it! I shouldn't mind if I'd bagged that beast Phobah, and hadn't lost the sergeant—poor devil! I wonder who sent the dacoits word we were coming? I'd like to know that.

"There's a bit of land at home, and if I don't fix it, Basil—you remember him; deuced bad lot—will come in for it, and make ducks and drakes of the whole business. It wouldn't do him a bit of good either—wouldn't last long. We must save the acres so they'll be of benefit to somebody who deserves it. It's about time I did something decent. Would Florence mind if we were married to-night?"

"Robert—" commenced the padre, distressedly.

"Don't bother!" broke in Langworth, petulantly. "If the baboo's right, I'll snuff out by morning, so don't upset what ought to be because of form scruples. Send for Florence, that's a good man. She won't mind if I'm torn up a bit.

"Afterward you must fix up the papers leaving everything to her—bar a thousand pounds for Mahnet; she deserves something too—I'm afraid I've treated her beastly bad.

"Now hurry this up and don't bother, for it's slippery going, and I may take a header at any moment."

The padre stepped out on the back veranda and called the orderly. "Bring the memsahib, quick," he said. "Your captain's order."

Then he went back and sat beside Langworth, and waited. Presently a step sounded on the gravelled road at the veranda. She had come.

The padre rose and went to the door. He could see the shadowy figure of the girl in the dusk of the gathering night. "Come here, my dear," he said, softly; "Robert wants you."

As she came forward in the gray of the unlighted room, droopingly, he whispered: "He wishes to make you his wife to secure the property for you. He is dying, poor fellow. It is bitterly hard to be cut off in his prime by those treacherous murderers, but it seems like the Master's will."

Then he stepped up to the cot, and bent over the man lying there with his eyes

bandaged. "She has come," he said, softly. "Shall we proceed with the ceremony; is it really your wish?"

"Yes; hurry up, or we may be short a bridegroom," answered Langworth. "Come here, little woman. Deuced good of you to come. Sorry I can't see you; my eyes are bunged up."

The girl slipped to her knees beside the figure, which was almost swallowed up in the shadow of the coming night. The wounded man heard the soft rustle of the dress, and stretched his left hand gropingly toward her. She caught the hand in both her own, and covered it with sobbing kisses. The hot tears scalded it.

"Don't cut up, girl," said Langworth. "I think I'll pull through in spite of the baboo and Phobah; but we've got to do this thing for fear of accidents, you know."

"Shall we go on without a light?" asked the padre; "the baboo has forbidden one in the room."

"Yes," answered Langworth. "I like the gloom—it rests me."

Impressively the tall, slender padre, with strained voice, repeated the solemn sentences which joined them together till death should them part. Only a few hours at the most, perhaps a few minutes, it might be till the parting would come.

"Now, girl," said Langworth, when the padre ceased speaking, "I'm glad that is settled. We must make a strong fight to get over these cuts. You'll be all right at home if I don't pull through."

It was a strange marriage—pluck and misery, and perhaps just a little worldly satisfaction on the part of Padre Hoskins to relieve his genuine sorrow at the almost certain loss of a friend.

"It doesn't seem very regular," said the clergyman, as he thought canonically of the usual routine, "but the circumstances must be considered."

"It's all right," answered Langworth, wearily; "I'm glad I pulled through it. Give me a drink, please. Hurry the papers—they'll need my name to them."

"You'll remain with your husband, my dear, until I return," said the padre, softly. "I'll send the doctor to help you with Robert."

As he stepped off the veranda hastily he fairly ran into somebody.



THE GIRL SLIPPED TO HER KNEES BESIDE THE FIGURE

"Oh, uncle!" a frightened voice exclaimed: "You nearly knocked me down. I came over to see how Mr. Langworth is. The doctor says he is dangerously wounded."

Hoskins stood petrified with astonishment for an instant; then he spoke in a voice of wonder: "You—you—Florence? You—weren't—in the room just now?"

"Why, no, uncle; I've just come from the bungalow."

"My God! whom, then, have I married to Robert?" as a horrible suspicion flashed through his mind. "It must be—the—other,—Mahnet."

He turned and passed quickly to the door of Langworth's room. Just inside he stopped, awed by the sight of a blurred picture.

Drooping over the cot in broken misery was the slight figure of the woman he had joined in marriage to the dying man. The unwounded left arm was thrown about her neck. The hush of the little room was broken by plaintive sobs, and a man's voice was saying: "It's a terrible mix-up, Mahnet—why did you do it, girl? I can't blame you, though. It seems like

Fate. You can't beat out Fate—nobody can."

It seemed to the listener that there was more of resignation than regret in the voice. And Mahnet was sobbing.

The padre turned, and taking Florence gently by the hand, said: "Come home with me, dear; I will come back to Robert presently."

In the morning Langworth was still alive,—and that night,—and the next morning; and as the days went by he grew stronger and stronger, and Mahnet nursed him back to life. The doctor said it was the nursing that pulled him through.

Only the light that had been scorched out of the eyes never came back; and the right arm was gone. But Mahnet didn't mind that; she was happy.

Afterward the padre learned that Mahnet had come into her own innocently enough; it was his amateur Hindustani that was at fault. He should have said, "Bring the Missie Baba," not the "mem-sahib." Then the orderly would not have gone for Mahnet, thinking the padre wanted her.

Her Protest

BY CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE

THRONE me not so apart, my poet-king,
Nor on so high a dais. See, I reach
Impotent arms of yearning. . . . While you sing
Your fealty, we are distant each from each.

Build me no altars, O my worshipper!
Here in the cloistered church's dim alcove
You heap my shrine with frankincense and myrrh,
And stifle me for lack of simple love.

And set me not to be your guiding-star
Beyond the spaces where the heavens unfold.
Who knows but many a light that comes so far
Has left its source long since burnt out and cold?

Not Queen, Saint, Star,—let me be none of those,
But just your human love, held close, held close.

If You Would Address

BY CHARLES HENRY WEBB

ADDRESS me not where but till light
I halt my camel for the night;
Where on the desert, sand-storm swept,
Unsheltered from the blast I slept.

Beyond, a golden city waits,
And nearer swing the distant gates,
Inside of which are rest and calm
And crystal springs and groves of palm.

As o'er the worn and dusty road
My patient camel on I goad,
We sometimes see oases green—
But wastes of desert lie between.

The well at which I kneel to drink
My parched lips mocks with bitter brink;
The tree beneath whose shade I'd lie
Is leafless, and its boughs are dry.

Sometimes fair cities seem to rise
With minarets that pierce the skies;
I urge my camel on with blows—
They sink in sand from which they rose.

But these white walls that now I see
Mirage and mockery cannot be—
Upon the air a music swells
That drowns the sound of camel bells.

Hunger and Thirst, what are ye now?
I see the palm-tree's laden bough;
I hear cool fountains splash inside
The gates that open swing and wide—

Quite wide enough for me—and too,
I think, to let my camel through....
Though still outside the gates I plod,
Address me, "Pilgrim—care of God."

The Scope of Modern Love

BY HENRY T. FINCK

PESSIMISM—the disposition to exaggerate the evil in the world—is not a modern invention, since it has always been customary to speak of the “good old times.” Schopenhauer made it fashionable for a while, but in truth there is less reason for such despondency now than there was at any other time, in view of the great progress that has been made in suppressing or mitigating cruelty and vice. Even war has become less inhuman.

No one gainsays that there has been within the last few centuries a remarkable expansion of our charitable or humanitarian sympathies. What it is still the fashion to deny, however, is that there has been a corresponding growth of our domestic virtues and affections since primitive times and conditions. So far as maternal love is concerned, there seems at first sight to be some ground for this exception, since we read in the books of explorers and missionaries of mothers, among the lowest savages, risking life to save a babe from a lion's jaws, and treating their children in camp with tender care and fond indulgence. In reality, however, what prompts a Bushman mother to face a lion is not an ethical virtue, but an irresistible, instinctive impulse, which she shares with the most timid and irresponsible animal mother. It is indeed altruism—action for another's benefit—but not the conscious, voluntary altruism which alone deserves the name of affection. As if realizing that such conscious, deliberate, altruistic affection cannot be looked for in these lower grades of mankind, nature (natural selection) has, moreover, made the fondness which a mother lavishes on her babe when she suckles and caresses it both a necessity which it is painful to suppress and a *pleasure to herself*—the deepest and intensest pleasure, indeed, that she is capable of. While this fondness is, therefore, pleasant to see,

it cannot be accepted as evidence of altruistic affection.

The gulf which separates such primitive, instinctive, selfish fondness from full-fledged modern maternal affection is revealed when we observe the actions of savage mothers more closely. In Fison and Howitt's book on Australia we read that “the aboriginal mind does not seem to perceive the horrid idea of leaving an unfortunate babe to die miserably in a deserted camp.” The average number of children born to an Australian mother used to be six, but of these, as a rule, all but two were murdered by their own parents. In the South Sea Islands not less than two-thirds of the children were killed in the same way. It has been suggested, in extenuation of such heartless, unmotherly conduct, that the hardships of savage life account for these infanticides; but this is a poor apology. Eyre testifies expressly that Australian mothers killed their babes “solely to get rid of the trouble of rearing” them; and concerning the Fijians, Williams says that their motives were “whim, expediency, anger, or indolence.”

Surely our mothers have outgrown this stage in the evolution of maternal affection! In the matter of permanence, too, there has been a great growth in parental affection. What Agassiz said of the Brazilian Indians is true of the lower races in general: “Though the mothers are very fond of their babies, they seem comparatively indifferent to them as they grow up.” “When childhood is past,” wrote Burton of the East Africans, “the father and son become natural enemies, after the manner of wild beasts.” Parental indifference is manifested especially in the heartless way in which girls are given in marriage without consulting their preferences. An Australian father's sole object in giving his daughter in marriage is to get in exchange for her a new girl—

wife for himself. What becomes of the daughter afterwards concerns him no more than it does the Africans or Indians, who trade off their daughters to that man, however repulsive and much-married he may be, who can offer the largest number of cows or ponies for them. Not only have our parents outgrown all such heartless practices—with a few exceptions that are abhorred by all—but even within a century there has been an improvement in the more friendly relations between fathers and sons, imperious authority and fear having been replaced by sympathy and companionship.

Aged parents being unnecessary for the maintenance of the species, natural selection developed no special instinct for their benefit, wherefore filial affection has developed more slowly than parental love. Harrowing tales might be cited of the cruel and widely prevalent custom of exposing old men and women to starvation and death—the obverse of infanticide. The Sardinian proverb, "It is easier for a mother to support a hundred sons than for a hundred sons to support a mother," shows how hard filial indifference was to eradicate. Yet here, too, there has been a great growth of affection in recent times; and in this country, at any rate, there are now few sons and daughters who refuse to care for their aged parents. A King Lear would be as un-American as any other kind of a king. In Japan filial love is more developed; but it is less a matter of heart-culture than of religious precept.

No end of confusion has been created in scientific literature by the ignoring of the truth that no attachment, however fond, tender, and amorous it may seem, deserves to be called affection unless it is associated with an altruistic impulse—a willingness to sacrifice one's own pleasure for another.

George Catlin, who lived among the American Indians a number of years, wrote that they were "not in the least behind us in conjugal, in filial, and in paternal affection"; and many anthropologists have accepted this as expert evidence. If they had taken the trouble to read his book through, they would have found it full of facts flatly contradicting that assertion; for Catlin tells

us frankly that all Indian women are "the slaves of their husbands"; that wives are "regularly bought and sold"; that the wives even of a chief were "not allowed to speak, though they were in readiness to obey his orders;" that the men always ate first, while the "women and children and dogs" came next; that the women were too much despised to be allowed to join in the religious rites, or the dance, or other amusements, etc. Very much like our conjugal affection, is it not?! Horatio Hale shows the same lack of insight when he declares that squaws are badly treated only when there is a lack of food. But that's just where the test of affection comes in. A well-fed hawk may dwell "affectionately" in the same cage with a chicken; but let him starve a day, and what becomes of his companion? The affection which prevails in our "happy families" is most active when most needed, and always ready for self-sacrifices, small or great.

Of all the family affections, romantic or prematrimonial love was the last to develop, for the simple reason that it is only within the last century or two that youths and maidens who are refined enough to experience supersensual love have been allowed to know each other before marriage. There is such a thing as love at first sight, but it is apt to be skin-deep and fickle. True affection needs time to grow; it will then endure, and become deeper and more complex, because it has more roots to feed it. Our tests of romantic love are also different from those which used to prevail. A lover who committed suicide was supposed to show deep affection, whereas he was only a moral coward, and did not benefit the girl in any way. Nor would a modern girl of the finest type be so foolish as the heroine of the old French opera *Ludovic*, who is shot by a rejected suitor when about to marry another, and is so impressed by this mark of love that she changes her mind and marries him.

Perhaps in individual cases, romantic love, like parental, filial, and conjugal affection, has reached with us as fine a growth as it is ever likely to attain. It is shown in the best fiction of the day, and will be more apparent as time goes on and it becomes more widely prevalent.

The Baby

A CHRONICLE OF PUTNAM PLACE

BY GRACE LATHROP COLLIN

PUTNAM PLACE cannot be described as a street, for it does not lead anywhere. It is an end in itself. Its flagged sidewalks are considered by its residents, not as laid-out paths leading to the main street, but as conveniences for reaching each others' houses. At the farther end of the Place is a meadow, with a willow-edged brook beyond. This meadow is the domain of the Lattimer cow, with fat red sides like a horse-chestnut, and of the Hooper horse, a lanky pepper-and-salt beast, that in summer wears trappings of white net, with tassels that flap about his yellowish legs, and in winter is muffled in a gray woollen chest-protector, tied, bib-fashion, about his rigid old neck.

There are only five houses in Putnam Place, but there are a great many trees. These are of that most genteel variety known as wine-glass elms, and stand in two decorous rows, meeting in Gothic arches above the roadway. Their great girth, their mighty branches, with the Putnam Library and the Putnam Fire-Engine, are exhibited to strangers as among the wonders of the town.



It was October. No longer were lilac-sprigged muslins the appointed costumes for morning calls, but cashmere shawls with palm-leaf designs covered the ladies' slim shoulders. At service on Sunday mornings the fragrance of camphor-chests, in which winter wraps had lain, hung heavy on the air. Garden plants had been "potted" for the winter, and, on little green flights of steps, were stationed behind lace-curtained parlor windows. The only flowers left blooming in the box-bordered beds were the chrysanthemums,—the bushy kind, with neat buttonlike blossoms, yellow and white and maroon, compact as daisy

centres. The yellow elm leaves shone like metal against the pale sky. The air snapped and crackled with autumn frost and autumn sunshine; and the First Congregational horse had been seen to trample the leaves, wind-swept into the gutter, to pull at the frost-coated hitching-post, and to draw the Hooper buggy, at what he doubtless believed to be a trot, the length of the Place.

With a purple knitted shawl over her shoulders, Miss Quincy picked her way across the street and entered the Hale hall. "Miss Eunice," she called, directing her voice up the stairs, round the landing, and along the upper hall,—for, in the Place, such vocal feats are the customary announcement of one's presence. "Come right up," was the descending answer. So the visitor climbed the white-painted stairs, passed the clock and warming-pan standing guard at the corners of the landing, and was welcomed by Miss Eunice at the doorway of "the east room." Here the sunshine fell pleasantly through muslin curtains, and across the dimity-hung furniture of the room that had been Miss Eunice's since girlhood. Even now its austere simplicity was broken by a few girlish touches—the ribbon-tied work-basket, the embroidered cloth over the "stand," with candle, watch-case, and Testament, set at the bed-head, the minutely executed drawings over the mantel-shelf of "A Knight," and "A Brigand." The programme of a course of lectures to be held in the church parlors, the only appointed social event for the fall, was stuck in the mirror. The room had never grown older in spirit than when, forty years before, Eunice had first been installed there. Its atmosphere was maidenly, but not spinsterly.

"I've had a letter from Caroline," began Miss Quincy, when Miss Eunice had

again seated herself at the work-table. "She is ill, and wants me to take the baby for a month."

"The baby!" exclaimed Miss Eunice, laying down the white stocking whose heel she was daintily mending with needle held at finger-tips, "to take care of?"

"Yes," her friend went on, rocking nervously. "Of course I am glad to have this opportunity to help, but I do realize that this is a great undertaking."

"I should say so!" the other ejaculated, quite appalled.

"It is such a responsibility to have a child in the house. When I was twelve," she mused, "I can remember rocking my brother Joshua to sleep."

"There were five of us, you know," said Miss Eunice, "but I was the youngest. I remember hearing my mother speak of taking care of babies as if it was enjoyable. But I cannot remember ever having one in the house. My sister Maria was efficient, even when she was a child, in the care of other children. If she were here, she would know how to help you now."

"Well, I must be going," said Miss Quincy, abruptly, after a moment's pause that Miss Eunice might steady her voice, that always trembled in pronouncing the name of the sister whose death had left her so pitifully desolate. "I didn't do anything about the house after I had read that letter. I ran right across to ask you if you won't come over every morning (you see, I can't be going out) and see if the child looks all right."

"Of course I'll come, and do all in my power," replied Miss Eunice, gravely. "As I look back upon my childhood I wonder how my mother ever found time to dust the parlor or to make desserts. You must let me help about the house, for I am sure that your Annie will have many additional duties. But about the baby itself—"

"Himself," corrected Miss Quincy—"Homer Bumpus, Junior."

"Himself—you mustn't expect me to do anything, for I should be sure to do it wrong. To tell the truth, when I've seen the baby-carriages on Putnam Street, I've been rather afraid to go near them, for fear of doing them some damage; and I've fancied that the

children have always known how ignorant I am, and are afraid of me. Some women, I've been told, have a 'faculty,' as it's called, with babies. But I haven't. So you won't take it unkindly if I don't offer to help you in its—I mean his—care. I'll try to make up in other ways."

"Indeed, I'll be very much indebted to you for coming at all," responded Miss Quincy, with due formality.

That evening, from her bed-room window, Miss Eunice saw Mr. Bumpus arrive, with what, in the light of her neighbor's open door, looked like an oblong white bundle over his shoulder. An hour later, through the stillness of the Place, she heard his cheerful masculine voice bidding Miss Quincy good-by. "I hope the youngster will behave himself," said he. "If he doesn't, treat him as if he were your own child."

"How like a man!" murmured Miss Eunice, drawing the curtains; "and how heavily he walks! Yes, he can leave his cousin with that baby and go off whistling. Poor Miss Quincy! To-morrow I'll go over early in the morning—babies sleep till quite late, I presume—and help tidy her rooms; and then I'll slip away before the child wakes."

So, while the dew was yet on the grass, and the elm-tree shadows yet long across the lawns, Miss Eunice, a bowl of custard as a sympathetic offering in one hand, her favorite dusting-cloth, freshly washed, in the other, crossed to the Quincy house, and quietly opened the front door. A loud wail, not begun with her entrance, but evidently the diminishing after a long-sustained high note, greeted her. Then came a silence so long that she, not reckoning on the time required for the indrawing of breath, that the succeeding wail may be duly full and prolonged, fancied that the child must have suddenly abandoned all idea of further lamentation. "Miss Quincy!" she called. But her voice was drowned in the full blast of the second wail, and alarmed for the child's health, she ran up stairs to the bed-room. There, sitting upright in the ancestral four-poster, banked round with pillows, sat a two-year-old child, his face contorted with crying, and tear-drops standing out on his round red cheeks. Miss Eunice ap-

peared in the doorway just in time to catch a glimpse of Miss Quincy bending over him, while he, raising one chubby fist, with all his baby might smote her upon the cheek. At the impotence of the blow he opened his mouth to wail again. But the cry stopped half-way, for at that moment he caught sight of Miss Eunice, with her soft brown hair and wide blue eyes, her color heightened by the morning air, her arms, bearing the bowl and the duster, outstretched. "Mamma, mamma," he screamed, scrambling over the pillows. All unmindful of the bumps which Miss Quincy's arms could not avert, with uncertain but purposeful steps, he made his way across the room, and clutching Miss Eunice's smooth skirt in both hands, buried his head against her knee.

"There," said Miss Quincy, dropping, completely exhausted, into a chair by the bed-side, "that's all the sense babies have. His mother's fair, you know, and I'm black as an Indian. I suppose I scared him." With new disfavor she regarded her face, reflected in the tilted glass on the mahogany bureau. "I never was well-favored," she went on, "but I didn't suppose I was as homely as little Homer makes out."

"It isn't that, Luella," said Miss Eunice, unconscious of the new informality, as she stroked the downy, mouse-colored hair that even to her smooth fingers seemed strangely soft; "he thinks that I am his mother."

The baby gave a sigh of content, and still clutching her skirt, looked up into her face. "Mamma," he said, and smiled, while two gathering tears rolled down and splashed upon his night-gown.

With an authority quite new to her, Miss Eunice laid down her burdens, gathered him in her arms, and seated herself by the hearth fire. Here the little bath-tub and towel-rack and all the other paraphernalia of Homer's toilet stood ready, but abandoned by Miss Quincy. "Have his milk warming, Luella," she said; "he'll need it when he is dressed, after all this excitement. And please tell Annie to bring another pitcher of hot water." With hands decisive in every movement as they had never been before in her life, she unbuttoned and untied his small white gar-

ments, while the child burrowed his downy head in the hollow of her arm. "Mamma," he said again. Her down-bent face was almost hidden. But when she looked up, her eyes were glowing. "You must be tired, Luella," said she; "do go and have breakfast. You needn't give a moment's anxiety to the baby. I will assume all that care," she added, with a new-found dignity which refused to see anything ludicrous in her appropriation of her friend's charge. The situation was accepted as unquestioningly by Miss Quincy as were the other facts in her love-bare life.

"Yes," she said hurriedly, as to some one obviously in authority—"yes, I'll have his breakfast ready."

"Thank you," said Miss Eunice, graciously.

Throughout the following month Miss Eunice did not once return to her home. Her little serving-maid, heretofore considered incapable of assuming such responsibilities as watering the geraniums and feeding the canary, was unhesitatingly left in charge. With new accessions of dignity, Miss Eunice realized that, save for her presence, one little child would be helpless and miserable. In the evenings, at bedtime, the baby demanded her attention imperiously; and all night long she was blissfully aware of his soft warm body pressed close to her side. Through the days, each hour brought some service, accepted on Homer's part in true baby fashion, with reluctance or acquiescence, or even with complacency, but never with gratitude; and rendered with an ecstasy of devotion by Miss Eunice.

After breakfast, when the air was freshly crisped with sunshine, she would gather up the baby, his knees pressed against her heart, and with a long, swinging step, quite other than her habitual hurried yet hesitating gait, pace the Greek portico. In the early afternoons, when for a few hours the air was balmy and the sun streamed mellowly through the silhouetted elm branches, she would put the child in his carriage and institute an imperial progress to and fro in the Place. How different then was her bearing from her former manner of shrinking deprecation! Timid no longer, she commanded dogs

with lolling tongues to go away. Even the Hooper horse, standing with its fore feet on the curb, in accordance with time-honored precedent, had no terrors for her when his inquisitiveness interfered with the baby's airing. To the expressions of admiration that Homer elicited from passers-by she was wont to respond modestly, but with a beaming face. "I suppose there may be *handsomer* babies," she would say, tucking in more securely the white furry robe, and restoring the flannel rabbit to the outstretched mittens, "but this is a perfectly *healthy* child." The line in the middle of the sidewalk, being the smoothest, was appropriated as the route for the baby-carriage, and her expectation that any one would consider it a privilege to turn into the gutter was never disappointed. With a pride which none of the neighbors thought of resenting, she accepted their homage. She received, not as a favor, but as a right, the tribute paid to her new-found womanhood.

"Eunice Hale was pretty as a girl," said Judge Lattimer to his sister, "but I had never regarded her as a beautiful woman until I saw her this morning at Miss Quincy's gate. And then she was beautiful. She has changed, Helena, this fall. There's a difference—I can't tell what."

His sister nodded wisely and pursed her lips. She could have recounted every detail that had made the change, had she considered it, in the first place, "quite nice," and in the second place, worth while, in any cause, to enlighten poor ignorant man. Through the cracks of the green blind she had watched Miss Eunice's springing step; the spirited poise of the head, with the shoulders thrown back, that the child might lean against her bosom; her hair, roughened and loosened by clutching baby fingers; the pretty disarrangement in her dress; her dimples, come back again in response to baby mirth; her cheeks flushed with animation; her eyes deep with tenderness.

"It is a great pity," the Judge went on, "that she refused young Stedman."

"He was not worthy of her," replied his sister, briefly and conclusively.

"Oh, as to that," said the Judge, with his charming smile, "who is?"

At the end of the month, the baby's

father drove to Putnam Place in the hack that had stood so long by the station door that its leave of absence seemed indecorous and even dangerous, as if the turn-table or the telegraph poles should have gone away. As long as Miss Eunice held the child in her arms, she did not seem to realize that he was to be taken from her. She drew his arms, unfailingly crooking in the wrong directions, into his coat, while he, in baby wise, looked through and far beyond her. She tied on his cap, while he, with childish disinterestedness in such proceedings, pulled at her brooch. Then the man gathered the baby awkwardly on his arm, and little Homer found a new diversion in pulling his father's ear. "I can never thank you enough for the care you have taken of the child," said the father. "Carrie will write to you in a few days, when she is a little stronger. You have been very good to help us out."

But no answering formula rose to Miss Eunice's lips. She was watching the little brown curl that fitted so softly into the hollow in the nape of the baby's neck. Silently she followed Miss Quincy and Mr. Bumpus to the Greek portico. Her arms felt strangely empty. She watched the father and son install themselves in the hack. The child did not once look back. The horse was switching his tail in an interesting manner.

"Wave by-by," said Mr. Bumpus senior.

At these fateful words the import of the situation seemed to burst upon the child. With a face piteous in baby grief, he turned to Miss Eunice. "Mamma," he called, despairingly. But his father pulled up the carriage window, and the child's lamentations were lost in the rattle of the wheels.

Miss Eunice watched the hack until it disappeared behind the giant elm at the corner of the Place.

"Well, I don't know what I should have done without you," said Miss Quincy.

But Miss Eunice, still speechless, lifted her eyes, again grown faded and wistful, to her neighbor's. And then, the autumn sunshine upon her bowed head, her skirts trailing in the fallen yellow leaves, her hands clasped upon her sunken bosom, she returned to her empty house.

The Tropical Renaissance

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER

MODERN civilization, long barred from the tropics, has lately turned thither with determined purpose, and in strange coincidence science casts down the mightiest barrier in the way. There was the primitive home of man, but the white race, man's standard-bearer, domiciled in rigorous latitudes, has been deemed incapable of flourishing in the lands where it was cradled.

But now the world has just learned that climate in itself has little or naught to do with the chiefest ills of tropical existence. With the knowledge that malaria is solely caused by a certain species of mosquito, and that yellow fever likewise has its source in another species, climate is seen to be blameless. So soon has it become possible to deal unerringly with those two diseases, their source definitely located, that already certain localities, historic as hopeless plague-spots, have been quickly and permanently rid of their curses. The drainage of marshes and swamps, and the covering of stagnant waters with petroleum, prevent the breeding of mosquitoes; screening keeps them from houses; and even travelers and explorers can guard themselves in the wilderness under due precautions. Besides, there are the successful inoculative measures of Professor Koch against malaria, and of Doctors Sanarelli and Bellanzaghi against yellow fever. Altogether the dangers from these terrible diseases now appear to have been reduced to a minimum.

What will be the outcome? Must not the old theory that climatic conditions are adverse to the white race in the tropics be radically revised? In fact, civilization in the higher latitudes is comparatively of yesterday. Only a few centuries have passed since the rude barbarians of the North came under the influence of the southerly branches of the white race. On the other hand stand

the ancient civilizations of Egypt, the Semitic races there and in Arabia, the Aryans in India, both white races commingling in the mild Mediterranean lands. At the most, the influences of wintry climates upon civilization appear to have been but subsidiary. Some of its highest developments have been seen in lands of gentle climates—centres for the intensest human energies, both physical and intellectual.

The most productive parts of the world should belong to the most capable among men—those best fitted to put the land to the best use. The parable of the ten talents applies here. If the peoples in possession are slothful, incapable, and socially inefficient, only a fraction of the soil's wonderful potentialities will be developed. But the full fruitage will be needed in the world, and eventually the tenure must pass to them that can do the work. This does not imply the extermination or the expulsion of existing populations. But the guiding power, the directive authority, must rest with the superior race.

Climate has undoubtedly done much to modify and differentiate civilization. Wintry climates have probably had their chief influence by inducing more intense physical activities. Not only have men had to do a deal of "thrashing around" to get warm, but they have had to thrash around after the means to keep warm. Hence the need of increased earning capacity with the need of more clothing, fuel, and shelter; hence a great diversification of wants, a multiplicity in manufactures, an extension of mercantile activities, a branching out of commerce; hence a competition for new markets, an invasion of lands where climate makes no need for most of these things, and where many of them may be positively detrimental.

Commercial activity is fundamentally a beneficent force. But with the exploita-

tion of mankind regarding selfish profit solely as its motive it develops vicious tendencies. And precisely for this end are artificial wants stimulated among primitive peoples: cravings for intoxicants and narcotics are fostered, together with demands for unnecessary raiment. Physical and moral uncleanness, disease, and increased mortality have been chief results. On the whole, however, the proportion of benefits conferred by civilization appears to be greatly in excess of evils induced. The loss of primitive simplicity is a price paid for parting with much that is bad. A truer civilization may eventually return to a higher simplicity.

In the high latitudes the dormant tendency of all nature in winter extends even to man, who then inclines to hibernation. More sleep is needed then. In the tropics the blood circulates quicker, and in various ways a greater vital energy is indicated there. In tropical dietaries the fuel foods predominate—the carbohydrates: rice, oil, sugar, and sweets in general, though modified by cooling fruits.

Visitors in the tropics are disposed to regard the lack of hustle and bustle as indicating a defect in popular character. But why should there be hustle and bustle? In Northern lands is not the stress to support physical existence so great as to preclude, on the part of the many, due attention to life's loftier aspects? In tropical lands, however, together with the milder temperate-zone regions, nature favors a more genial civilization: less pressure upon life, social benefits more accessible and more widely diffused. This is peculiarly a comfort-commanding age, and it has seen an extraordinary democratization of luxury, in countless things that lend pleasure, worth, and graciousness to life. Under the simple and slightly varying conditions of tropical climates, and with the resources of modern science at command, it is comparatively easy to secure comfort. The element of pure air immensely favors life there. In the higher latitudes the great majority passes the most of the time in air more or less foul. A most potent cause of many diseases is the noisome atmosphere of our shut-in winter life.

The climatic aspects of tropical regions

cannot be classed under one caption any more than may those of the so-called temperate zone. There are enormous differences between the steaming atmosphere of the Brazilian lowlands, of the Isthmus of Panama, or of the Malay Peninsula, and the ovenlike dryness of Sahara and Arabia, or the delightful equability of the islands of Polynesia; just as between New England, the Mississippi Valley at Memphis, the Canadian north, the south of England, or the Russian steppes. But with healthful existence made possible in substantially all parts of the tropics, the development of an advanced civilization there should be as practicable as it has been in many Northern localities where thermometers record terrific fluctuations in temperature. But the ideal regions for agreeable habitation are the tropical uplands, which, of all parts of the world, seem best adapted for high civilizations. Their climates are the most genuinely temperate on earth. From day to day and from season to season the weather changes just enough for a gentle variety, with transitions seldom violent and never extreme. Mexico, Central America, a large part of the Andean region, portions of Brazil, much of Central Africa, exhibit these conditions. Civilized or partially civilized peoples occupy some of these countries. But their vast natural resources, yet but slightly utilized, offer immense possibilities for great and enlightened populations.

Perhaps ages will pass before the tropical civilization differentiates itself from the cultures of to-day, free from hampering precedents and entangling conventions. But humanity grows plastic with enlightenment; race tends to adapt itself to environment; and so we may look for the flowering of a tropical renaissance.

Our race has reached no loftier levels in intellect and spirit than were attained in India and Greece under tropic suns and in soft Mediterranean air. May not the zone where man was cradled some day become the theatre of his highest life—the sane simplicity of the Greeks underlying a culture savored by the essence of the best that modern science and art can give, leading to heights yet unimagined?

Colonies and Nation

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

BY WOODROW WILSON

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS



STAMPS FORCED ON THE COLONIES

the strength of the English, either in population or in wealth, when this war came. There were fifty-five thousand white colonists in Canada, all told; and only twenty-five thousand more in all the thin line of posts and hamlets which stretched from the St. Lawrence through the long valley of the Mississippi to the Gulf,—eighty thousand in all. In the English settlements there were more than a million colonists (1,160,000); not scattered in separated posts set far apart in the forested wilderness, but clustered thick in towns and villages, or in neighboring plantations, where the forest had been cleared away, roads made, and trade and peace established. The English had been seeking, not conquest, but comfort and wealth in busy centres and populous country-sides, where their life now ran as strong and as calm, almost, as if they were still in the old lands of England itself. The French, on the contrary, were placed where their government wished them to be; could hardly be said to be forming independent communities at all; and were glad if they could so much as eke out a decent subsistence from the soil, or from food brought by ship from France over sea. The English spread very slowly, considering how fast they came, and kept a sort of solid mass; but the result was that they thoroughly possessed the country as they went, and made homes, working out a life of their own. The French merely built frontier posts, the while, on the lakes and rivers, as they were bidden or guided or exhorted by their governors; took up such land as was assigned them by royal order; did their daily stint of work, and expected nothing else.



NO one who marked how the English colonies had grown, and how the French had lagged in the effectual settlement and mastery of the regions they had taken, could wonder that in the final struggle for supremacy the English had won and the French lost everything there was to fight for. The French had been as long on the continent as the English, and yet they did not have one-tenth

The Marquis Duquesne had called the Iroquois to a council in 1754, ere he left his governorship, and had commended his sovereign's government to them because of this very difference between French and English. "Are you ignorant," he said, "of the difference between the king of England and the king of France? Go, see the forts that our king has established, and you will see that you can still hunt under their very walls. They have been placed for your advantage in places which you frequent. The English, on the contrary, are no sooner in possession of a place than the game is driven away. The forest falls before them as they advance, and the soil is laid bare so that you can scarce find the wherewithal to erect a shelter for the night." Perhaps Duquesne, being a soldier and no statesman, did not realize all that this difference meant. The French posts, with the forests close about them, were not self-supporting communities such as everywhere filled the English dominion. Their governors were soldiers, their inhabitants a garrison, the few settlers near at hand traders, not husbandmen, or at best mere tenants of the crown of France. No doubt it was easier for the savages to approach and trade with them; but it would turn out to be infinitely harder for the French to keep them. Their occupants had struck no deep rootage into the soil they were seated upon, as the English had.

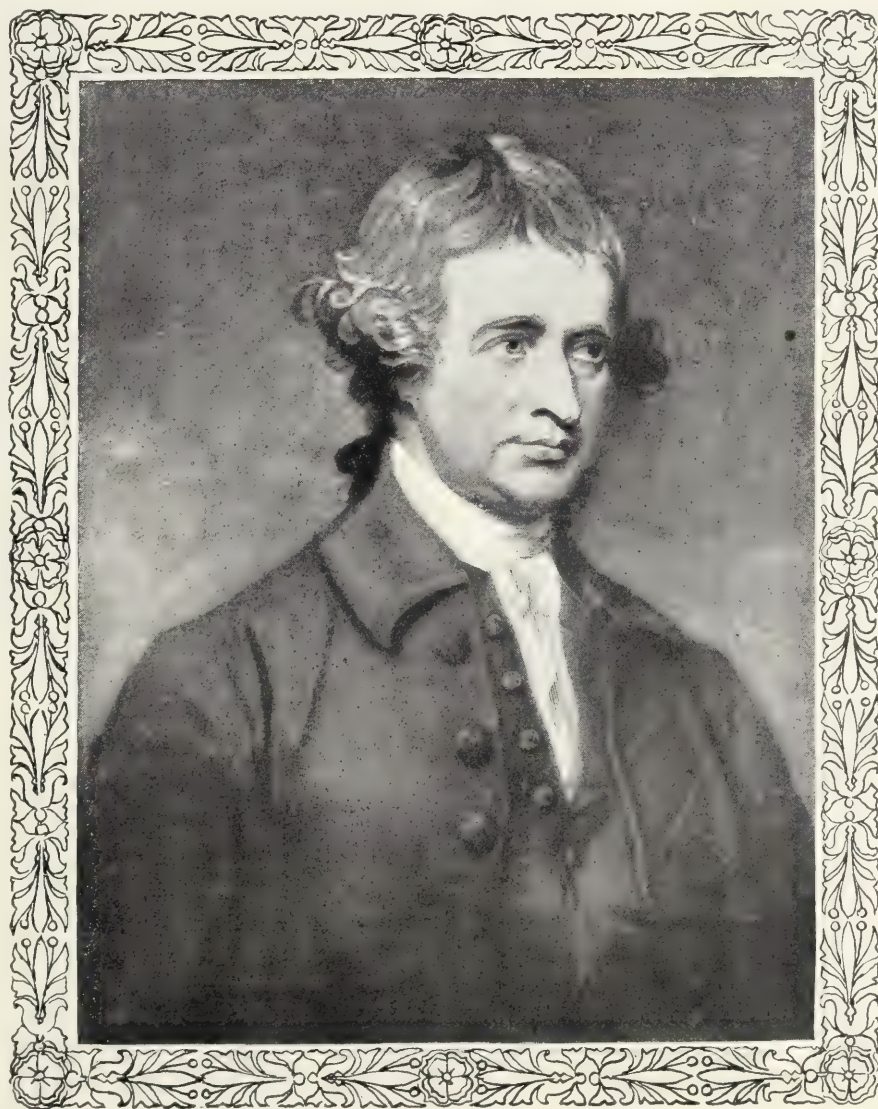
Englishmen themselves had noted, with some solicitude, how slow their own progress was away from the sea-coast. It was not until 1725 that settlers in Massachusetts had ventured to go so far away from the Bay as the Berkshire Hills. "Our country has now been inhabited more than one hundred and thirty years," exclaimed Colonel Byrd of Virginia in 1729, "and still we hardly know anything of the Appalachian Mountains, that are nowhere above two hundred and fifty miles from the sea. Whereas the French, who are later comers, have ranged from Quebec southward as far as the mouth of the Mississippi, in the Bay of Mexico, and to the west almost as far as California, which is either way above two thousand miles." But Colonel Byrd was thinking of discovery, not of settlement; the search for minerals and the natural

wealth of the forests, not the search for places to which to extend permanent homes and government. The difference arose out of the fundamental unlikeness of French and English, both in life and in government.

The statesmen of both France and England accepted the same theory about the use colonies should be put to,—the doctrine and practice everywhere accepted in their day. Colonies were to be used to enrich the countries which possessed them. They should send their native products to the country which had established them, and for the most part to her alone, and should take her manufactures in exchange; trade nowhere else to her detriment, and do and make nothing which could bring them into competition with her merchants and manufacturers. But England applied this theory in one way, France in another. It was provoking enough to the English colonists in America to have to evade the exacting Navigation Acts, which restricted their trade and obliged them to buy manufactured goods at prices fixed by the English merchants. It a little cramped and irritated them that they were forbidden to manufacture for exportation anything that could be bought in England, even though the materials for making it were at their very doors, or growing on the backs of their own sheep. But the home government, fortunately, was content with statutory restrictions. It did not diligently enforce them. Above all, it did not go on to manage the very lives of the colonists in the colonies themselves. That was what the French did. They built their colonies up by royal order; sent emigrants out as they sent troops, at the king's expense and by the king's direction; could get only men to go, therefore, for the most part, and very few women or families. For the English there was nothing of the sort, after the first. Rich men or great mercantile companies might help emigrants with money or supplies or free gifts of land in order to fill up the colonies which the crown had given them the right to establish and govern; but only those went out who volunteered. Emigrants went, moreover, in families, after the first years were passed and the colonies fairly started, if not at the very outset of the enter-

prise,—in associated groups, congregations, and small volunteer communities. When they reached the appointed place of settlement they were left to shift for themselves, as they had expected, exactly as they would have been at home; and they insisted upon having the same rights and freedom that they had had there. They were making homes, with-

were the more anxious then about how the new life they were beginning should go, and the less sure of their power to resist the efforts of the crown to manage and interfere with them. By the time the French war came there was no mistaking the fact that the English colonies had grown to be miniature states, proud, hard-fibred, independent in temper, prac-



EDMUND BURKE

out assistance or favor, and for their own use and benefit.

It was inevitable under the circumstances that their colonial governments should be like themselves, home-made and free from control in the management of their own affairs. They were just as hard to supervise and regulate when the settlements were small as when they had grown large and populous,—a little harder, indeed, because the colonists

tised in affairs. They had, as Edmund Burke said, "formed within themselves, either by royal instruction or royal charter, assemblies so exceedingly resembling a parliament, in all their forms, functions, and powers, that it was impossible they should not imbibe some opinion of a similar authority." At first, no doubt, those assemblies had been intended to be little more than the managing bodies of corporations. "But nothing in progres-

sion can rest on its original plan. We may as well think of rocking a grown man in the cradle of an infant. Therefore, as the colonies prospered and increased to a numerous and mighty people, spreading over a very great tract of the globe, it was natural that they should attribute to assemblies so respectable in their formal constitution some part of the dignity of the great nations which they represented." They "made acts of all sorts and in all cases whatsoever. They levied money upon regular grants to the crown, following all the rules and principles of a parliament, to which they approached every day more and more nearly." And Burke saw how inevitable, as well as how natural, the whole growth had been. "Things could not be otherwise," he said; "English colonies must be had on these terms, or not had at all."

They had used their governments for their own purposes, and rather like independent states than like dependent communities. In every colony the chief point of conflict between governor and assembly, whether in the proprietary or in the crown colonies, had always been connected with the subject of salaries. Again and again governors had been instructed to insist upon an adequate income, charged permanently upon some regular source of public revenue; but again and again their demand had been refused,—as often as made. They could get only annual grants, which kept them not only, but all other officers of the crown as well, dependent upon each assembly for maintenance while in office. There had long been signs that the ministers of the king and the proprietors at home were tired of the contest, and meant, for the mere sake of peace, to let the colonial assemblies alone, to rule, as Parliament ruled, by keeping control of the moneys spent upon their own governments.

There was, too, more and more money in the colonies as the years went by. New England, where, except in the rich valley of the Connecticut, the soil yielded little beyond the bare necessities of life, led the rest of the colonies in the variety of her industries. Parliamentary statutes forbade the making of woollen goods or hats or steel for export; but the colonists were free to make anything they

might need for use or sale within a single colony or in their own homes, and the thrifty New England farmers and villagers made most of their own furniture, tools, and household utensils, while their women wove the linen or woollen stuffs of which their clothes were made. They lived upon their own resources as no other colonists did. And their trade kept six hundred vessels busy plying to and fro to English and foreign ports. Almost every sea-coast hamlet was a port and maintained its little fleet. A thousand vessels, big and little, went every year to the fisheries, or up and down the coasts carrying the trade between colony and colony. A great many of these vessels the colonists had built themselves, out of the splendid timber which stood almost everywhere at hand in their forests; and every one knew who knew anything at all about New England that her seamen were as daring, shrewd, and hardy as those bred in past generations in the Devonshire ports of old England. Their boats flocked by the hundreds every year to the misty, perilous banks of Newfoundland, where the cod were to be caught. They beat up and down the long seas in search of the whale all the way from "the frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay and Davis's Straits" to the coasts of Africa and Brazil, far in the south. "Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise," exclaimed Burke, "ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people,—a people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood."

Their annual catch of whale and cod was worth two hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling; and, besides fish and fish oil, they shipped their fine timber, and not a little hay and grain even, across the sea or to the other colonies. Everywhere in America the forests yielded splendid timber, as his majesty's ministers well knew: for they sent into the northern forests of pine and had the tallest, straightest trees there marked with the royal arms, as a notice that they were reserved to be used as masts for his majesty's war-ships,—as if the king had



FRANKLIN IN A COLONIAL DRAWING-ROOM

a right to take what he would. "New England improved much faster than Virginia," Colonel Byrd admitted; and yet Virginia had her own rich trade, of which tobacco was the chief staple; and all the colonies busied themselves as they could, and visibly grew richer year by year. The middle colonies were scarcely less industrious than those of the bleaker north, and prospered even more readily with their kindlier climate and their richer soil. Pennsylvania, with her two hundred and twenty thousand colonists, with her thrifty mixture of Germans, Quakers, Scots, and Scots-Irishmen, needed a fleet of four hundred sail to carry each season's spare produce from the docks at Philadelphia; and New York had her separate fleet of close upon two hundred sail.

England depended upon the colonies for much of the naval stores, of the potash, and of the pearlash which she needed every year. Mines of iron and of copper had been opened both in the middle colonies and in the south. The colonists made their own brick for building, and their own paper and glass, as well as their own coarse stuffs for clothing, and many of their own hats of beaver-skin. Substantial houses and fine sightly streets sprang up in the towns which stood at the chief seaports; and in the country spacious country-seats, solidly built, roomy, full of the simpler comforts of gentle-folk. The ships which took hides and fish and provisions to the West Indies brought sugar and molasses and wine and many a delicacy back upon their return, and the colonists ate and drank and bore themselves like other well-to-do citizens the world over. They were eager always to know what the London fashions were; there was as much etiquette to be observed upon quiet plantations in Virginia as in English drawing-rooms. It was, indeed, touched with a certain beauty of its own, because of the provincial simplicity and frank neighborliness which went along with it; but it was grave and punctilious, and intended to be like London manners. There was as much formality and gayety "in the season" at Williamsburg, Virginia's village capital, as in Philadelphia, the biggest, wealthiest, most stately town in the colonies.

There were many ways in which the colonies finished and filled out their lives which showed that they regarded themselves as in a sense independent communities and meant to provide for themselves everything they needed for living alone on a separate continent. They had no thought of actually breaking away from their allegiance to the home government over sea; but no man could possibly overlook the three thousand miles of water that stretched between England and America. At that immense distance they were obliged in great measure to look out for themselves and contrive their own ways of living. Before the French war began, two more colleges, in addition to Harvard in Massachusetts and William and Mary in Virginia, had been established to provide the higher sort of training for youths who were to enter the learned professions. Besides Yale, the College of New Jersey had been founded. At first set up in 1746 as a collegiate school, at Elizabethtown, it was in 1756 given a permanent home and built up into a notable training-place for youth at Princeton. In 1754, the year Washington attacked the French in the western forests, King's College was added to the growing list, in New York, by royal charter. Ten years later (1764), upon the very morrow of the signing of peace, certain public-spirited men of the Baptist communion followed suit in Rhode Island by founding the school which was afterwards to be called Brown University. Here were six colleges for this new English nation at the west of the Atlantic. Many wealthy colonists, particularly in the far south, continued to send their sons to the old country to take their learning from the immemorial sources at Oxford and Cambridge; but more and more the colonies provided learning for themselves.

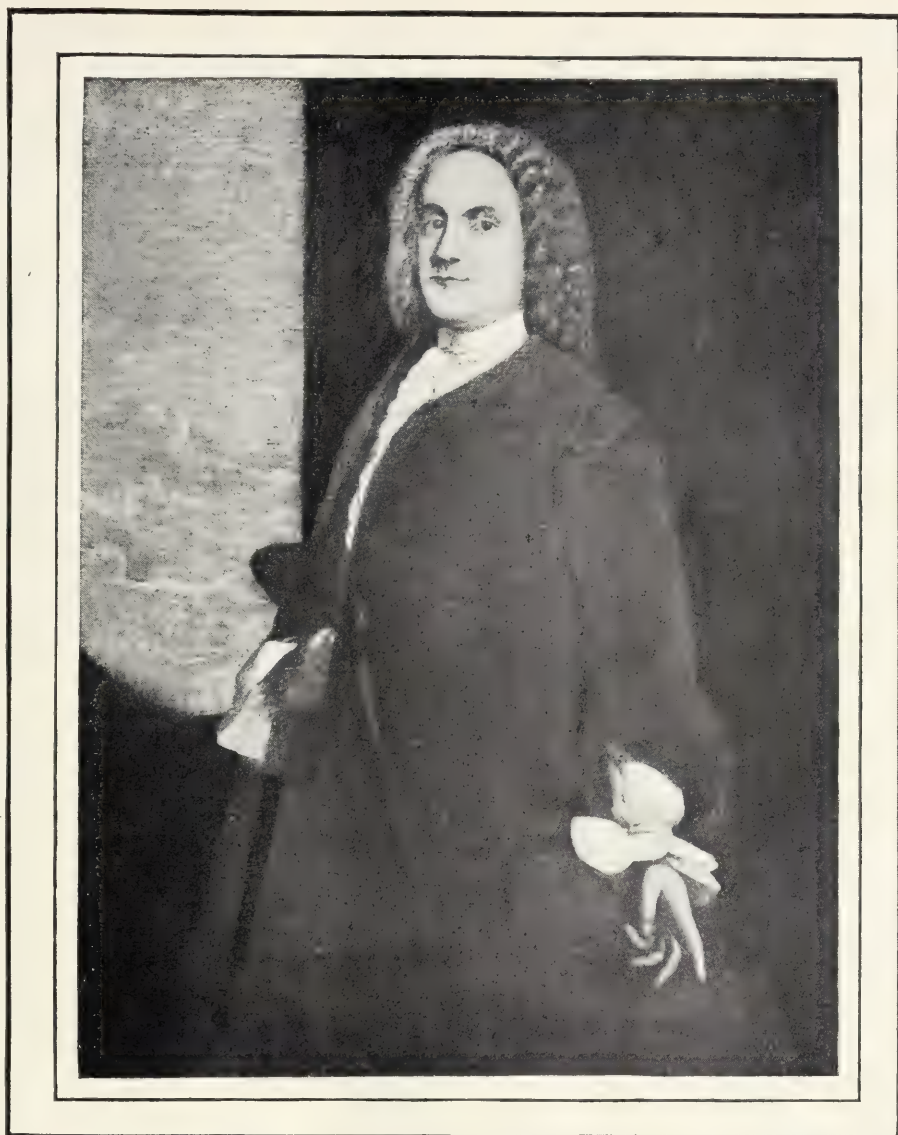
Their growing and expanding life, moreover, developed in them the sense of neighborhood to one another, the consciousness of common interests, and the feeling that they ought to co-operate. In 1754, while the first sharp note of war was ringing from the Alleghenies, a conference with the Six Nations was held at Albany, which, besides dealing with the red men, considered nothing less than a plan of union for the colonies. This

was the fourth time that the representatives of several colonies at once had come together at Albany to confer with the Iroquois. The

first conference had taken place there in 1689, the year King William's War began. Albany lay nearest the country of the Iroquois. It was necessary when war was afoot to make sure that the redskins should side with the English, and not with the French; and that was now for the fourth time, in 1754, more critically important than ever. The home government had directed that the conference be held, before they knew what Washington had done.

It was the ministers in London, too, who had directed that a plan of union be considered, in order that the colonies might act in concert in the coming struggle with the French, and if possible under a single government even. Seven colonies were represented at the conference. Twenty-five delegates were there to take part in the business; and there was no difficulty about securing their almost unanimous assent to a plan of union. They adopted the plan which Mr. Benjamin Franklin, one of Pennsylvania's delegates, had drawn up as he made the long journey from Philadelphia.

Mr. Franklin had led a very notable life during the thirty eventful years that had gone by since he made his way, a mere lad, from Boston to Philadelphia to earn his livelihood as a journeyman printer; and how shrewd a knowledge he



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

had gained of the practical affairs of the world anybody could see for himself who would read the homely-wise maxims he had been putting these twenty-two years into his "Poor Richard's" Almanacs, begun in 1732. The plan of union he suggested at Albany was, that the colonies should submit to have their common interests attended to by a congress of delegates chosen by their several assemblies, and a "president general" appointed and paid by the crown; giving to the congress a considerable power of legislation, and to the president general the right to veto its acts, subject to the approval of the ministers at home. To all the delegates at Albany except those from Connecticut the plan seemed suitable and excellent; but the ministers at home rejected it because they thought it gave too much power to the proposed

congress, and the colonial assemblies re-
jected it because they thought it gave too
much power to the president general.
Mr. Franklin said that the fact that
neither the assemblies nor the king's
ministers liked the plan made him sus-
pect that it must be, after all, an excel-
lent half-way measure, the "true medi-
um" between extremes, effecting a par-

swept from the continent, it was plain
that it had not been the power of the
colonies but the power of England and
the genius of the great Pitt that had won
in the critical contest. France could
send few re-enforcements to Canada be-
cause England's ships commanded the
sea. The stout Canadians had to stand
out for themselves unaided, with such
troops as were already in the colony.
In 1759, the year Wolfe took Que-
bec, there were more soldiers in
the English colonies threatening
the St. Lawrence than there were
men capable of bearing arms in
all Canada,—and quite half of
them were regulars, not provin-
cials. Pitt saw to it that enough
troops and supplies were sent to
America to ensure success, and
that men capable of victory and of
efficient management even in the
forested wilderness were put in
command of affairs in the field.
He did not depend upon the col-
onies to do what he knew they had
no plan of organization for doing,
but set himself to redress the bal-
ance of power in Europe by de-
cisive victories which should make
England indisputable mistress of
America. "No man ever entered
Mr. Pitt's closet who did not find
himself braver when he came out
than when he went in," said a sol-
dier who had held conference with
him and served him; and it was
his statesmanship and his use of
English arms that had made Eng-
land's dominion complete and
England's colonies safe in Amer-
ica.

English fleets and armies had
not been sent to America, how-
ever, and equipped for warfare
there, sustained in war season and
out of it, without enormous ex-
pense; and that expense, which
had set the colonies free to live without
dread of danger or of confinement at any
border, England had borne. It had been
part of Mr. Franklin's plan of union,
proposed at Albany, that the congress of
the colonies should sustain the armies
used in their defence and pay for them
by taxes levied upon themselves; but that
plan had been rejected, and this war for

S E P T E M B E R. IX Month.									
In vain it is to plant, in vain to sow, In vain to harrow well the levell'd Plain, If thou dost not command the Seed to grow, And give Increase unto my bury'd Grain. For not a single Corn will rush to Birth, Of all that I've intrusted to the Earth. If thou dost not enjoin the Shoot to spring, And the young Blade to full Perfection bring									
Remark, days, &c.		☉ ris		☉ set		D pl		Aspects, &c.	
1	3 Dog-days end, 9.	5	32	6	28	1	11	☿ sets 8	1
2	4 Windy and	5	33	6	27	24		Good Men	
3	5 Day break 4 12	5	34	6	26	17	7	from Vice,	
4	6 fair, then	5	35	6	25	21	7	*s rise 9	13
5	7 warm, with	5	36	6	24	22	6	☿ rises 11	57.
6	12 past Trin.	5	38	6	22	21	6	☉ ☿ for	
7	2 clouds, and	5	39	6	21	16	6	* ☿ ☿ Lowe	
8	3 Nativ. V. M.	5	40	6	20	21		Sirius rise 2	22
9	4 like for rain;	5	41	6	19	17	6	of Virtue, run,	
10	5 Day dec. 2 16	5	43	6	17	21		But Fear	
11	6 foggy mornings,	5	44	6	16	8	6	alone makes	
12	7 then clear,	5	46	6	14	20	4	sets 6	43
13	13 past Trin.	5	47	6	13	11	4	*s rise 8	40
14	2 Holy Rood.	5	49	6	11	17		* ☿ ☿	
15	3 Swan's Tail.	5	50	6	10	22	0	☿ with ☿	
16	4 Ember Week.	5	51	6	9	13		☿ ☿ ☿	
17	5 with warm suns,	5	53	6	7	25		☿ sets 7	21
18	6 temperate,	5	54	6	6	17	7	Sirius rise 1	47
19	7 cloudy, with	5	56	6	4	19		☿ rises 11	8
20	14 past Trin.	5	57	6	3	17	1	Vice to ☿.	
21	2 St. MATTHEW.	5	58	6	2	13		☿ with ☿	
22	3 K. GEO. III crown.	6	0	6	0	25		☿ with ☿ Vice	
23	4 Eq. Day & Night.	6	1	5	59	2	7	☉ in ☿ D	24
24	5 wind, and	6	3	5	57	19		*s rise 8	0
25	6 perhaps	6	4	5	56	17		Sirius rise 1	23
26	7 rain, then	6	5	5	55	13		☿ w ☿ ☿ ☿	
27	15 past Trin.	6	7	5	53	25		☉ ☿ ☿ deceives	
28	2 fair and pleasant.	6	8	5	52	1	7	us, under the	
29	3 St. MICHAEL.	6	9	5	51	20		Colour of	
30	4 Mouth of Pegasus.	6	11	5	49	17	3	☿ ☿ ☿ Virtue.	

A PAGE FROM POOR RICHARD'S ALMANACK

ticularly fair and equal distribution of
power.
Then the war came, and made many
things plain. The colonies did not co-
operate. They contributed troops, watch-
ed their own frontiers as they could
against the redskins, spent blood and
money in the great struggle; but when
it was all over, and the French dominion

the ousting of the French had been fought at England's cost,—much as the colonies had given of their own blood, and of their own substance for the equipment of their provincial levies, and much as they had suffered in all the obscure and painful fighting to protect their frontiers against the redskins, far away from set fields of battle. Colonial governors, viewing affairs as representatives of the government at home, had again and again urged the ministers in London to tax the colonies, by act of Parliament, for means to pay for frontier forts, armies of defence, and all matters of imperial administration in America. But the ministers had hitherto known something of the temper of the colonists in such matters and had been too wise to attempt anything of the kind. Sir George Keith, who had been governor of Pennsylvania, had suggested to Sir Robert Walpole that he should raise revenue in the colonies; but that shrewd politician and man of affairs had flatly declined. "What," he exclaimed, "I have old England against me, and do you think I will have New England likewise?" Chatham had held the same tone. What English armies did in America was part of England's struggle for empire, for a leading station in power and riches in the world, and England should pay for it. The desire of the colonies to control their own direct taxes should be respected. English statesmen, so far, had seen the matter very much as observant Colonel Spotswood had seen it thirty-odd years ago. If the ministers should direct moneys to be paid by Act of Parliament, he said, "they would find it no easy matter to put such an act into execution"; and he deemed it "against the right of Englishmen," besides, "to be taxed, but by their representatives,"—new colonist though he was, and only the other day a governor of the crown in Virginia, the oldest and most loyal of the colonies.

It was now more than forty years since Colonel Spotswood, in the days of his governorship, had ridden to the far summit of the Alleghenies and looked down the western slopes towards the regions where England and France were to meet. Since that day he had served the crown very quietly as Postmaster General for

the colonies. At last he had died (1740) when on the eve of sailing with Virginian troops for Cartagena, about to return at the very end of his days to his old calling of arms. He had lived thirty years in Virginia, all told, and spoke out of abundant knowledge when he expressed a judgment as to what the ministers would find it hard to do in the



FRANKLIN'S OLD BOOK-SHOP, NEXT TO CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA

colonies. He knew, as every man did who had had anything to do with the service of the crown in America, how stubbornly the colonists had resisted every attempt to unite their governments under a single governor or any single

war, therefore, had been fought by the government in England, and not by any government in America.

Very few public men in England understood the temper or the unchangeable resolution of the colonies in such matters. Pitt understood, but he was no longer suffered to be master in affairs. Burke understood, but few heeded what he said. Such men knew by instant sympathy that this seemingly unreasonable temper of the colonists in great affairs was nothing else than the common English spirit of liberty. The colonists were simply refusing, as all Englishmen would have refused, to be directly ruled in their own affairs, or directly taxed for any purpose whatever, by a government which they themselves had no part in conducting; and, whether reasonable or unreasonable, so long as they remained Englishmen it was useless to try to argue them out of that refusal. "An Englishman," cried Burke, "is the unfittest person on earth to argue another Englishman into slavery"; and he knew that to an Englishman it would seem nothing less than slavery to be stripped of self-government. Now that the French were driven out it was more useless than ever to argue the point. The chief and most obvious reason for feeling dependent upon the mother country was gone. And awe of the British was gone too. The provincial levies raised in the colonies had fought alongside the king's troops in all the movements of the war, and had found themselves not a whit less undaunted under fire, not a whit less able to stand and fight, not a whit less needed in victory. Braddock had died loathing the redcoats and wishing to see none but the blue cloth of the Virginian volunteers. When the war began, a regular from over sea had seemed to the colonists an unapproachable master of arms; but the provincials knew when the war was over that the redcoats were no better than they were. They had nothing to remember with mortification except the insulting contempt some of the British officers had shown for them, and the inferior rank and consideration their own officers had been compelled to accept.

It was the worst possible time the home government could have chosen in which to change its policy of concession towards



JAMES OTIS

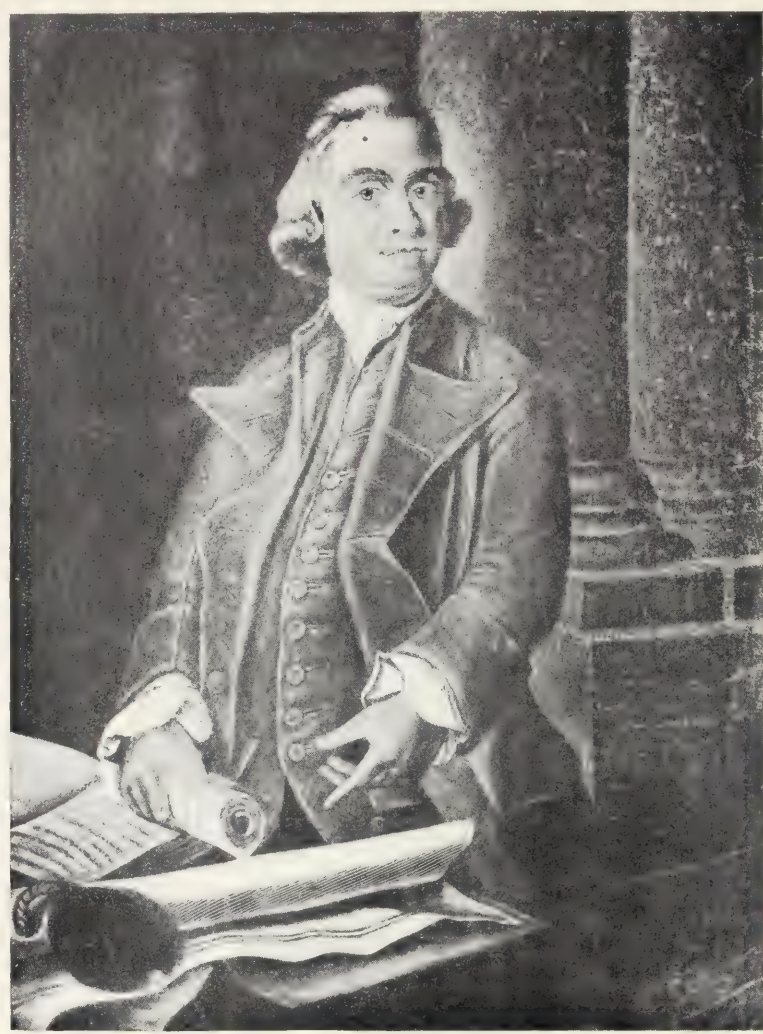
system, and how determined they had been to keep their governments in their own hands, notwithstanding they must have seen, as everybody else saw, the manifest advantage of union and a common organization in the face of England's rivals in America, north and south. The king's object in seeking to consolidate the more northern colonies under Sir Edmund Andros, whom New England had so hated, was not to attack their liberties, but "to weld them into one strongly governed state," such as should be able to show a firm front to the encroachments of the French,—a statesmanlike object, which no man who wished to serve the interests of English empire could reasonably criticise. But the colonists had not cared to regard their little commonwealths as pieces of an empire. They regarded them simply as their own homes and seats of self-government; and they feared to have them swallowed up in any scheme of consolidation, whatever its object. The French

the colonies and begin to tax and govern them by Act of Parliament; and yet that was exactly what the ministers determined to do. No master of affairs or of men, like Walpole or Pitt, was any longer in a place of guiding authority in London. George Grenville was prime minister: a thorough official and very capable man of affairs, of unquestionable integrity, and with a certain not unhandsome courage as of conviction in what he did, but incapable of understanding those who opposed or resisted him, or of winning from them except by an exercise of power. The late war had been no mere "French and Indian" affair for English statesmen. It had been part of that stupendous "Seven Years' War" which had fixed Prussia in a place of power under the great Frederick, and had changed the whole balance of power in Europe; had brought India under England's widening dominion on one side of the world and America on the other:—had been a vast game which the stout little island kingdom had played almost against united Europe. It had not been a mere American war. America had reaped the benefits of England's effort to found an empire and secure it, east and west. And yet the colonists seemed, when this momentous war by which they had so profited was over, to drop into indifference towards everything that remained to be done to finish what had been so well begun, even though it remained to be done at their own very doors.

France had ceded to England as a result of the war all the vast territory which lay upon the St. Lawrence and between the Mississippi and the eastern mountains, north and south. It was possible to provide a government for the province of Quebec and for the lands in the far south, in Florida and beside the mouths of the Mississippi; but between these lay the long regions which stretched, unsettled, along the great streams which ran everywhere into the Mississippi,—the Illinois country, the country round about the Ohio, the regions of the Cumberland,—all the boundless "back country" which lay directly behind the colonies at the west. The Lords Commissioners for Trade and Plantations in London wished to keep settlers out of these lands, in order that

they might be left as a great hunting-ground for the Indians, and so remain a permanent source of supply for the fur skins which enriched trade between the mother country and her colonies. But, meanwhile, whether settlers made their way thither or not, it was necessary to carry England's power among the Indians, and make them know that she, and not the king of France, was now sovereign there. This the Indians were slow to believe. They could not know what treaty-makers in Europe had decided: they did not believe that the French would leave and the English come in in their stead at the western forts; and it moved them hotly to think of such a change. The French had made them welcome at their frontier posts, and did not drive off the game, as Duquesne had told them ere this fatal war began. The French had been willing to be comrades with them, and had dealt with them with a certain gracious courtesy and consideration; but the English treated them, when they dared, like dogs rather than like men, drove them far into the forests at their front as they advanced their settlements, bullied them, and often cheated them in trade. It was intolerable to the northern Indians to think of these men whom they feared and hated being substituted for the French, with whom they found it at least possible to live.

The danger was near and palpable. The war was hardly over when English settlers began to pour across the Alleghenies from Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia,—men of the stern and sober Scots-Irish breeding for the most part, masterful and imperious, and sure to make the lands they settled upon entirely their own. There were already tribes among the Indians in the northwest who had been driven out of Pennsylvania by the earlier movements of these same people, and who had taken with them to their new homes the distress and the dread of exile. It were fatal, they knew, to wait. If the English were ever to be driven within the barriers of the Alleghenies again, it must be done now, and all the tribes must rally to the desperate business. They found a leader in Pontiac, a chief of the Ottawas. A dozen powerful tribes heeded him when he counselled secret confederacy,



SAMUEL ADAMS

not fickle savages, in the fighting; and, though the work was infinitely hard and perilous and slow in the doing, within two years it was done. Before the year 1765 was out, Pontiac had been brought to book, had acknowledged himself beaten, and had sued for peace.

But by that time the English ministers knew the nature of the task which awaited them in America. It was plain that they must strengthen the frontier posts and maintain a force of soldiers in the colonies, if English power was to be safe there, and English lives. Not less than twenty thousand men would be need-

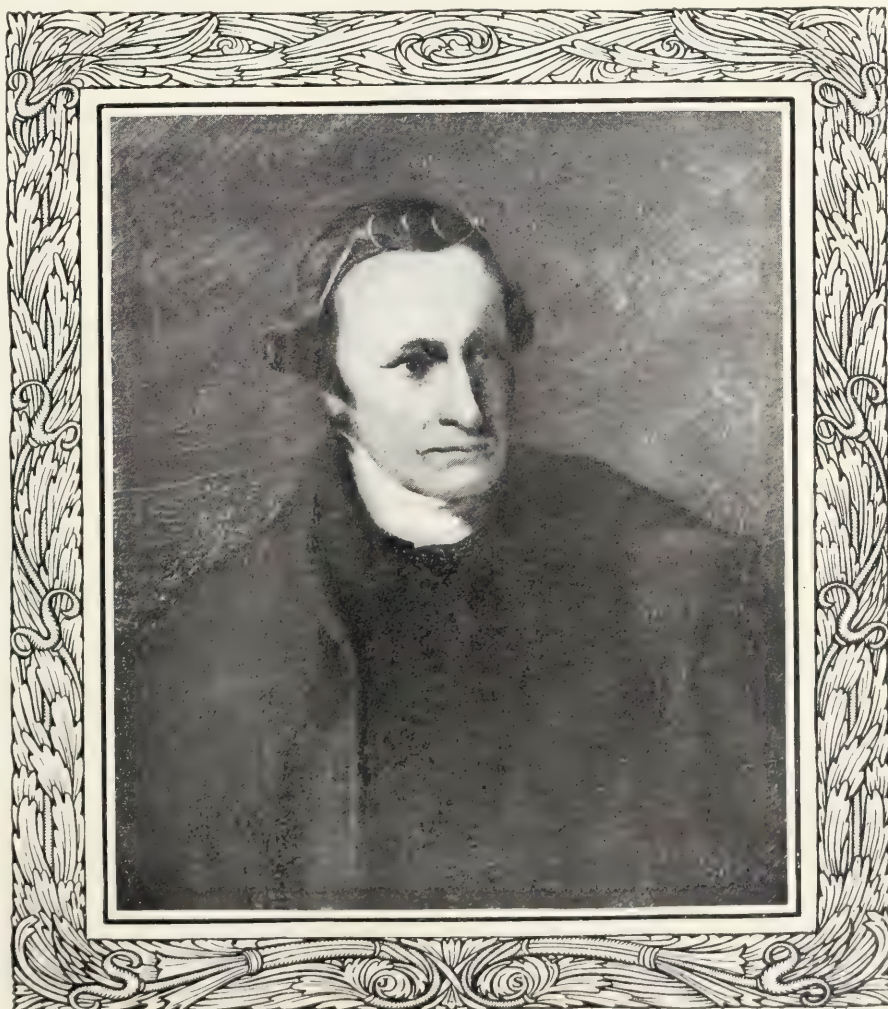
and, when all should be ready, sudden war; and the English presently had reason to know how able an enemy they had to fear,—a man of deep counsel, astute and masterful. In June, 1763, the first blow was struck,—from end to end of the open border,—even the Senecas, one of the Six Nations, joining in the bitter work. Every frontier fort except Detroit, Niagara, and Pitt was in their hands at the first surprise: smoking ruins and the bodies of white men slain marked all the borders where the French had been. The English rallied, stubborn and undaunted. Three forts at least were saved. There were men at hand like Colonel Bouquet, the gallant officer who went to the relief of Fort Pitt, who knew the strategy of the forest as well as the redskins did, and used steadfast English,

ed; it would be necessary to organize government, civil as well as military, in a more effective way henceforth. It might be necessary to pay the colonial judges and even the colonial governors out of the general treasury of the empire, rather than leave them always dependent upon the uncertain grants of the colonial legislatures. The new plans would, taken all together, involve the expenditure of at least £300,000. Mr. Grenville, now at the head of the government in England, was a lawyer and a man of business. "He took public business not as a duty which he was to fulfil, but as a pleasure he was to enjoy," and, unfortunately, he regarded American affairs as ordinary matters of duty and of business. England had spent £60,000,000 sterling to put the French out of America; £140,000,000 had

been added to the national debt. Her own sources of revenue were quite run dry. Mr. Grenville and his colleagues did not know where else to turn for another penny, if not to America. They therefore determined that, since heavy additional expenditures must be undertaken for the proper administration and defence of the colonies, America must be made to supply at least a part of the money to meet them. Not all of it. It was the ministers' first idea to raise only £100,000 out of the £300,000 by taxes directly derived from the colonies: and every farthing of that, with twice as much more, was to be spent, of course, in America. The money was none of it to cross the sea. It was to remain in the colonial treasuries until expended for colonial administration and defence.

Some men there were in England who were far-sighted enough to see what this new policy would lead to; but Grenville did not, and Parliament did not. In March, 1764, therefore, upon the introduction of his annual budget, the prime minister introduced a bill, which was passed, laying fresh and more effective taxes on wines, sugar, and molasses imported into the colonies, tightening and extending the old Navigation Acts, and still further restraining manufactures; and at the same time announced that he would, the next year, propose a moderate direct tax upon the colonies in the form of an act requiring revenue stamps to be used on the principal sorts of documents employed in legal and mercantile business. Mr.

Grenville had no desire to irritate the Americans. He thought they might protest; he never dreamed they would disobey. He was no doubt surprised when he learned how hot their protests were; and when his Stamp Act the next year became law, their anger and flat defiance must have seemed to him mere wanton rebellion. He introduced the Stamp Act with his budget of 1765. The Commons gave only a single sitting to the discussion of its principles; passed it almost without opposition; and by March twenty-second it was law. A few members protested. Colonel Barré, standing there in his place, square, swarthy, a soldier from the field, that staring wound upon his face which he had taken where Wolfe died, on the Plains of Abraham, told the ministers very flatly that the colonists, whom he had seen and fought for, owed to them neither the planting nor the nourishing of their colonies, had a liberty they had made for themselves, were very



PATRICK HENRY

jealous of that liberty, and would vindicate it. Benjamin Franklin was in London to make protest for Pennsylvania; and the agents of the other colonies were as active as he, and as ready to promise that the colonial legislatures would themselves grant out of their own treasuries more than the Act could yield, if only they were left to do it in their own way. But the vote for the bill was five to one. Neither the ministers nor the Commons showed the least hesitation or misgiving.

The Act operated in America like a spark dropped on tinder. First dismay, then anger, then riot and open defiance, showed what the colonists thought and meant to do. Their own agents in London were as little prepared as the ministers themselves for the sudden passion. They had asked for appointments for their friends as stamp distributors under the Act. Richard Henry Lee of Virginia even asked for a place for himself under it, so different a look did things wear in London from that which they wore at home in the Old Dominion. But these gentlemen learned the temper of America, and changed their own, soon enough. The Act was in no way extraordinary or oppressive in its provisions. It required of the colonists only what was already required in respect of business transactions in England: namely, that revenue stamps, of values varying with the character of the transaction or the amount involved, should be attached to all deeds, wills, policies of insurance, and clearance papers for ships, to legal papers of almost every kind, to all written contracts and most of the business papers used by merchants in their formal dealings, and to all periodical publications and advertisements. The colonies themselves had imposed such taxes; in England they had been used since William and Mary, and had proved eminently convenient and easy of collection. Governor Shirley of Massachusetts had himself urged that Parliament use them in America, American though he was; Mr. Franklin had taken it for granted, when he saw the Act become law, that they must be submitted to. But America flatly refused obedience, and, except in the newly conquered provinces of Nova Scotia and Canada, the stamps were not used.

The Act was not to go into operation

until the first of November (1765); but long before the first of November it was evident that it would not go into effect at all. It was universally resisted and made impossible of application. There was instant protest from the colonial assemblies so soon as it was known that the Act was passed; and the assembly of Massachusetts proposed that a congress of delegates from the several colonies be held in October, ere the Act went into effect, to decide what should be done to serve their common interest in the critical matter. The agitations and tumults of that eventful summer were not soon forgot. In August, Boston witnessed an outbreak such as she had never witnessed before. Mr. Andrew Oliver, who had been appointed distributor of the stamps there, was burned in effigy; the house in which it was thought the stamps were to be stored was torn down; Mr. Oliver's residence was broken into and many of its furnishings were destroyed. He hastily resigned his obnoxious office. Mobs then plundered the house of the deputy registrar of the court of admiralty, destroying his private papers and the records and files of the court,—because the new acts of trade and taxation gave new powers to that court. The house of the comptroller of customs was sacked. Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, the lieutenant-governor of the colony, found himself obliged, on the night of the twenty-sixth, to flee for his life; and returned when order was restored to find his home stripped of everything it contained, including nine hundred pounds sterling in money and manuscripts and books which he had been thirty years collecting. Only the walls and floors of the house remained.

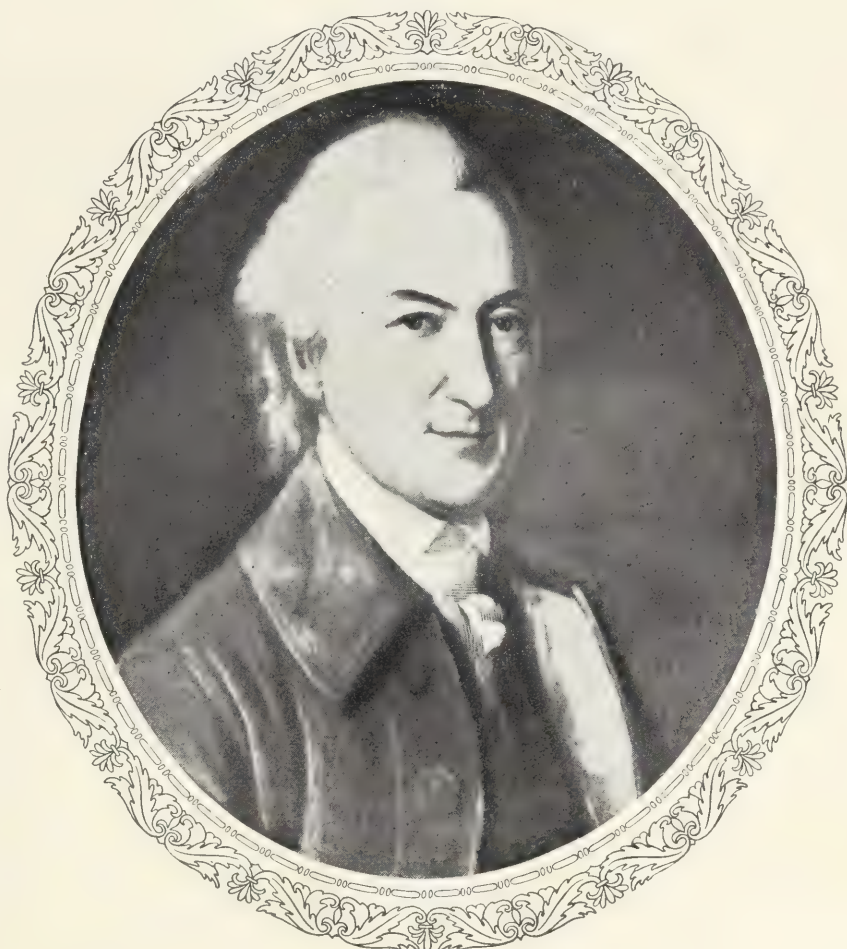
There was no violence elsewhere to equal this in Boston. There was tumult everywhere, but in most places the mobs contented themselves with burning the stamp agents in effigy and frightening them into the instant relinquishment of their offices. Not until the autumn came, and the day for the application of the Act, did they show a serious temper again. Then New York too saw a house sacked and its furniture used to feed a bonfire. The people insisted upon having the stamps handed over to their own city officers; and when more came they seized and burned them. At Philadelphia many

Quakers and Church of England men, and some Baptists, made as if they would have obeyed the Act; but the mobs saw to it that they should not have the chance. The stamp distributor was compelled to resign, and there was no one from whom stamps could be obtained. Stamp distributors who would not resign found it best to seek safety in flight. There was no one in all the colonies, north or south, who had authority to distribute the hated pieces of stamped paper which the ministers had expected would so conveniently yield them a modest revenue for their colonial expenses. There was a little confusion and inconvenience for a time. The courts hesitated to transact business without affixing the stamps required to their written pleadings; it seemed imprudent to send ships out without stamps on their clearance papers; business men

doubted what would come of using no stamps in their transactions. But the hesitation did not last long. Business was presently going forward, in court and out, as before, and never a stamp used!

It was singular and significant how immediately and how easily the colonies drew together to meet the common danger and express a common purpose. Early in October the congress which Massachusetts had asked for came together at New York, the delegates of nine colonies attending. It drew up and sent over sea a statement of the right of the colonies to tax and govern themselves,—as loyal to the king, but not as subject to Parlia-

ment,—which arrested the attention of the world. Mr. Grenville and his colleagues were just then, by a fortunate turn of politics at home, most opportunely obliged to resign, and gave place to the moderate Whigs who followed Lord



JOHN DICKINSON

Rockingham (July, 1765), and who thought the protests of the colonies not unreasonable. On the 18th of March, 1766, accordingly, the Stamp Act was repealed,—within a year of its enactment. It was at the same time declared, by special Act, that Parliament had sovereign right to tax the colonies, and legislate for them, if it pleased. It was out of grace and good policy, the ministers declared, that the tax was withdrawn: and everybody knew that it was done as much because the London merchants were frightened by the resolution of the American merchants to take no cargoes under the tax as because the colonies had declined to submit. But the results were

none the less salutary. The rejoicings in America were as boisterous and as universal as had been the tempest of resentment.

But that was not the end of the matter. The Stamp Act had suddenly brought to light and consciousness principles and passions not likely to be again submerged, and which it was worth the while of statesmen over sea to look into very carefully. Some there were in England who understood them well enough. Mr. John Adams used to say, long afterwards, that the trouble seemed to him to have begun, not in 1765, but in 1761. It was in that year that all the colonies, north and south, had heard and heeded what James Otis said in the chief court of the province at Boston against the general warrants, the sweeping writs of assistance, for which the customs officers of the crown had asked, to enable them to search as they pleased for goods brought in from foreign parts in defiance of the acts of trade. The writs were not new, and Mr. Otis's protest had not put a stop to their issue. It had proved of no avail to say, as he did, that they were violations of individual right, and that the acts of trade which they were used to enforce were violations of the rightful independence of the colonies. But all the colonies had noted that hot contest in the court at Boston, because Mr. Otis had spoken with a singular eloquence which swung men's minds into the current of his thought and quickened their pulses, and because it had made them more than ever aware of what the ministers at home had been doing to fix upon the colonies the direct power of Parliament. These writs

of assistance meant that the government was in earnest about breaking up the trade with the West Indies and the Spanish Main. Presently armed cutters were put on the coasts the more effectually to stop it. A vice-admiralty court was set up to condemn the cargoes seized, without a jury. The duties were to be rigorously collected and the trade broken up, for the sake of the sugar-growers of the British West Indies and merchants in London.

Trade with the Spanish Main and the French islands of the West Indies was New England's chief source of wealth. If she could not send thither her horses, cattle, lumber, casks, and fish, and get in exchange for them molasses and sugar, she could find no market at all for her chief staples; could buy no English goods; must let her ships rot at the wharves and five thousand of her seamen starve. Ever since 1733 that trade had been by law forbidden; but the law had not been enforced. Now it was to be carried out, by armed vessels, writs of general search, and the summary proceedings of a court of admiralty. In 1764 Mr. Grenville had drawn the lines tighter than ever by a readjustment of duties. That meant ruin; and the Stamp Act was but the last touch of exasperation. The disposition of the ministers seemed all the more obvious because of the obnoxious "Quartering Act" which went along with the Stamp Act. They were authorized by Parliament to quarter troops in the colonies, and by special enactment the colonists were required to provide the troops with lodgings, firewood, bedding, drink, soap, and candles.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Apart

BY FRANCES BACON PAINE

IF I were dead I think that you would come
And look upon me cold and white and say,—
"Poor child—I'm sorry you have gone away."

But just because my body has to live
Through hopeless years—you do not come and say,—
"Dear child—I'm glad that you are here to-day."



"Across the Bridges," see page 308

"IS NOT ALL THIS WORTH WHILE?"

Across the Bridges

BY MARY M. MEARS

PAUL CHESTER helped his pretty dark-eyed companion to *poulet rôti*, and filled up her glass with wine. She wore her piquant hat tipped well forward, and now that she had deposited her *couturière's* bundle on a chair, she looked more what she really was, or had been until recently—a model much in demand among the great artists. Paul himself had painted a great deal from her, but lately she had been reduced to posing in the schools, and now she was plainly grown too thin and weak to pose anywhere. She tried to turn her cough into a laugh, however, when she saw the pity in his eyes.

He had met her that evening coming over the Pont Neuf, and had brought her to the *Petit Suisse*, where he remembered that the dinners were good. At least they had seemed good to him in his impecunious student days, and but for the fact that he had already dined he would have been tempted to find out how much his tastes had changed. As it was, he contented himself with ordering the entire bill of fare for the girl, and then staring absently into the street. They were seated at a table out on the walk. It was after nine, and but for them and the waiter lounging tentatively in the door, napkin in hand, the place was forsaken.

Young as he was, Paul had the air of one who had experienced not only the pleasure of success, but also something of its weariness. He leaned on his elbow and turned his handsome, kind-eyed face towards the bridge. An occasional *fiacre* rolled over the bridge, and under it the river darkled like a brilliant serpent. But it was not of the scene before him he was thinking, nor of his companion, Diane. He was trying to decide whether Margaret Lawton's judgment of him was just. Margaret was fresh from his old home in Wisconsin, and in the school-days the relation existing between them had been of such a character as to war-

rant perfect frankness whenever they met, even after a separation of ten years, in which interval they had slipped completely out of each other's lives. So that afternoon she had looked at him in the old straightforward way that he remembered, and had judged him by the old clear standards that he had forgotten, and he had felt, during the process, as though a flood of Sabbath sunlight from his childhood had been let in upon his soul. At first he had laughed good-naturedly, and then he had been bewildered, for in that radiance all the growth of broader sentiment which a larger life had fostered in him had showed forth deep shadow. He was not dissipated, and he had considered, in the atmosphere in which he lived, this was something to his credit. Certainly there had been no lack of temptation, but he had kept out of it, he saw now, not so much on account of any views he entertained, but simply because of his temperament, in which there was a strong flavor of Puritanism, and also because of his art. An artist painted as he lived. As for the specific charge Margaret brought against him, he willingly admitted it. He *had* forsaken his old opinions, but what he had not realized the possibility of before was the fact that the new ones were pernicious. "You are too tolerant," she had said to him. "Your moral perceptions are blunted. Why, you seem to think anything's all right, and consequently your influence is all wrong." These were her words, and they still rankled. But perhaps she was right, and he passed his hand across his brow.

"Monsieur is weary?" murmured Diane, sympathetically.

He looked at her. What would Margaret say of Diane? But he knew. Diane's full, soft lips were touched with rouge, so were her beautiful thin cheeks where the bones showed, but the eyes looking at his from between the loopings of

dark hair were filled with such wistful, unconscious sadness that he could feel nothing towards her but compassion, untinged by a thought of blame. And this, he supposed gloomily, could be taken as proving Margaret's charge. Yes, he was very much changed from the youth that she remembered. But Margaret herself was not changed, and the same qualities of bloom and strength and directness that had recommended her to his boyish fancy recommended her to him now. Come to face the matter—and suddenly he sat up very straight—was he not as much in love with her as he had ever been? She had been in Paris but a week, he called upon himself to remember, but a great deal had happened in that time, and twisting still further from the table, he began reviewing the conditions that had led to a renewal of their acquaintance and had thrown them together almost constantly ever since.

The conditions, now that he considered them independent of anything else, were not at all pleasant, centring, as they did, around that miserable lad, her brother. Harry Lawton had always been the first thought in the lives of his mother and sister, and was the cause now of their coming to Europe. They had lost track of him, and, for that matter, he had fairly lost track of himself, and was wandering helplessly through those many miry paths of Latin Quarter existence that await just such young adventurous feet as his. The pitiful part of it was that he was not nearly as bad as he wished to be considered, and really succeeded in appearing, but he was bad enough. He had been abroad barely a year, and in that time he had managed to acquire so much hopeless knowledge of the world that the whole youthful meaning of him was changed, and it was as though his boy's soul was as eccentrically clothed as his body. Paul had met him the previous Sunday, clad in a coat which descended past his knees, velvet-trousers, and a bell-shaped felt hat, wandering through the Luxembourg Gardens with Diane, and had scarcely had time to recover from the disagreeable surprise when he had encountered Mrs. Lawton and Margaret entering the gardens.

Had his own old aunt appeared in Paris, he could not have been more dum-

founded, but even through his amazement and his great delight had come an uneasy recollection of Harry. It made him thrill now when he remembered how near the lanky figure in velveteens had approached with the beautiful, questionable Diane, and when he learned that they had not seen the boy, and were even ignorant of his address, he had lost no time in leading them from the gardens.

"There was no occasion for anxiety," he agreed with Mrs. Lawton. Harry, since his last letter to them, had changed his address—that was all. He, Paul, would look him up. Then he had driven back with them to their *pension*, and had scarcely been able to take his eyes from Margaret's face the whole way. It was an interesting, alert face, with a cheek rounded almost to the curve of first youth, despite her twenty-six years. It reflected the fairness and evenness and simplicity of a life not unmarked by mental striving, and called up to him Sunday mornings at church, and hours spent at the debating society of the high-school. When he left her, it had been with thoughts that followed old forsaken courses. This had been the beginning.

What had happened in the evening, however, had not been so pleasant, and he shifted his position uneasily. He had discovered Harry dining with Diane at a café on Boulevard St.-Michel. Seen through a cloud of tobacco smoke, with his cheeks flushed and his delicate lips red from wine, there had yet been upon him a stamp of boyish innocence in strong contrast with his surroundings, so that Paul had been tempted to gather him in his arms and take him away from all these. But controlling his rage and pity, he had quietly requested Diane's assistance. Together they had induced Harry to enter a cab.

He had put his arm around Harry Lawton, and when the boy let his foolish, dishonored young head drop on his shoulder drowsily, with a thrill of satisfaction he had gathered him to him, while the horses' hoofs beat swiftly away from the place.

After they had placed Harry on his cot in his erratically decorated *atelier*, he had tried to explain the case to Diane. She had signified that she understood with touching eagerness.

"He is very young and foolish to drink so much wine, is he not?" she had said sadly.

"Yes. Heaven forbid that his mother and sister should see him this way! Why, all this disgraceful tomfoolery would seem a thousand times worse to them than it can seem to us—it would be monstrous, hideous! And in this boy—this child—good sweet women that they are, it would break their hearts."

In his excitement he had lapsed into vehement English, and had quite forgotten to whom he was speaking, and it mortified him to remember how Diane, whose knowledge of the language was limited, had questioned him with pitiful half-comprehension, and he had gone on heedlessly to translate and even add to his description of these other women until checked by a look in her eyes as if he had raised his hand against her. It was a seeming lack of that delicate consideration which, he held, differentiated a man for and of the world from a canting critic. Still, he no longer regretted the words. He was glad now that he had said all that he had of Margaret. It satisfactorily explained the *couturière's* bundle, and he smiled. He liked to think that the change he saw in the model could be attributed to Margaret.

And after that evening, his thoughts ran on, his time had been spent in calling upon this friend of his boyhood and taking her to see the sights, and in inventing satisfying excuses for Harry's non-appearance. Harry had gone on a sketching trip, he had explained, for the boy, through either obstinacy or shame, had delayed going to them, and he had thought it best to allow him to take his own time. He had witnessed their pain with an aching heart. But at last Harry had put in an appearance—that very afternoon, according to Diane, and had he not left Margaret so abruptly, he would probably have met the lad.

All of which brought him back to the point at which he had started, and Margaret's charges against himself. He sighed and stirred impatiently; then forced himself to consider more calmly than he had yet done that last very frank conversation.

They had sat in the neglected garden of the *pension*, and just as it had thrown

the wholesome attractiveness of her presence into strong relief, so, to his fancy, had his own unfettered opinions, like a tangle of unpruned vines, been a background for her positive views. The conversation had started, he remembered, with her denouncing Paris. He had felt some chagrin when she ignored the art and beauty of the city, and dwelt only on its wickedness, and although the thought of Harry haunted him persistently, he had answered with Brownell's statement that morality is a fundamental matter, and French morality is fundamentally different from our own. But she had checked him. "I have proved what I felt from the first," she had said; "you have lost all your anchors, Paul Chester." With her clear eyes shining full upon him, his mind had wandered audaciously, and his thought had been apparent to her, for the color had rushed into her face.

Now as he sat with his eyes on the river he experienced a reminiscent thrill. These moments were more pleasant to dwell upon than those that came later, filled with charges that somehow proved unanswerable. Though he had defended the city whose sins defied reckoning, he had found little to say for himself. Forsaking the tenets of the faith in which they had both been reared, he had, as she expressed it, enthroned his own judgment.

"And that it has not led you entirely astray," she had said to him, gravely, "is due to your parents, for whatever stanchness and adhesion to principle remains in you is of their hardy planting. Your attitude of toleration, however, which waives decision between right and wrong, is a distinctly foreign growth. They struggled to know the right and bend themselves to it. They sought Divine help, while you are apparently satisfied with that which is merely human. With this result: you have come to regard the easy condoning of evil as charity, without stopping to consider that it encourages evil. And your influence is all the more pernicious," she had concluded, "because you yourself are what you are. A good man with lax standards does more harm than a bad man possibly can."

These words, uttered in forceful fashion, had been like blows which he had

been unable to ward off. He had suddenly felt beside her very old and worn in his soul; wrong too, perhaps. After all, were not the quiet spots of the earth the most conducive to mental and spiritual growth? Did not the cities breed confusion and unbelief? These questions had formulated themselves involuntarily, but he had been too sore to answer them—too sore to do more than stare at the ground. His success, the result of untiring effort, she had not referred to, and he had found this quite in character. She expected nothing less of him than the best of which he was capable. Thus he explained her indifference to his art, which was with him, however, the expression of his inmost conscience, and which, could she have known, answered her morality with a morality just as high, if tenderer—through experience,—broader-visioned.

When he rose to leave, he looked down into her face. It called up to him pictures of his old life stronger than any argument. The thought of the boy he had been, ambitious, conceited, and narrow, perhaps, but unafraid, was pleasant to him, and still more he liked to think of this very girl, whose presence then had pledged his own not far away, and of their strong affection for one another. The re-establishment of this affection now seemed something to base a life on, but at parting from her he had felt only the sting of her words.

But he was a fool—yes, plainly he was a fool to worry about them! There was but one fact of importance. She suggested to him some heartening home flower whose fragrance he had long missed without realizing it. Between his art, at least, and her ideals there was no divergence; and suddenly there swept over him a longing—ay, an eagerness—to rest his judgment on hers, his weary head against her fair untired one.

He came out of his reflections and looked up, with a quick indrawing of the breath, but Diane just then touched his arm.

"See," she whispered, in her soft French, pointing to an approaching *fia-**cre*, "he has been back to his studio for some of his work, and is that his sister?"

A cab, with an easel jolting beside the driver, bore down upon them, and on the

instant Paul started to his feet, but Harry, turning swiftly, whispered to Margaret, and she set her face straight ahead, while the color that flamed in her cheek showed even in that uncertain light. Paul stood staring until they rounded the corner, then sank back in his chair.

Diane shrugged her shoulders. "Poor child! he is jealous of you."

"Jealous of me?" He looked at her, a sickening comprehension in his face. She had aided him in bringing about Harry's return to his family, and he had not only wished to show his gratitude, but had wished to recognize the change he read in her—a change indirectly due to Margaret, he had thought—and this was the result.

He pushed back from the table with an exclamation which Diane, who had been watching him eagerly, misinterpreted.

"Is he not ridiculous?" she said, losing the shy constraint which until now had characterized her. "But he is a mere infant, and almost the last words he said to me this afternoon were that I cared more for you than for himself. But what will you?" Her eyes were filled with a large soft shining. "Oh, sir," she exclaimed, "you are good; you are different from the others! You wish a woman to be good before all else—is it not so? See, I comprehend, and I have become a seamstress. And behold, you honor me as never before." Her words had come with a rush, but now she paused, trembling, smiling, and yet with a touch of ineffable appeal in her gesture towards the black bundle.

Paul regarded her in amazement, and for an instant a faint glow showed itself in his eyes. Then it faded, and utterly confused, he looked down the now almost vacant *Quai du Louvre*. She, too, misunderstood.

"But you mustn't do it for me," he said, gently, and with sudden weariness, "but—because it's right."

She sprang to her feet, and with one hand pressed to her side, stood questioning him with her wide, burning glance. She read only a dull, almost superficial, compassion in the harassed upturned face. "My God! I won't do it at all," she cried, with a wild laugh. "The Seine shall finish the work."

He watched her as though a spell had

been laid upon him. He saw her cross the pavement and pause for an instant near a newspaper-kiosk. Then he lost sight of her, and the thought that the failure of the pitiful attempt, quite as much as its inception, was due to him, dispelled his temporary bewilderment. With a nod to the waiter, he flung down a ten-franc piece and hurried after her.

Margaret Lawton's flushed, averted face rose before him and stung him to keener resolve. Hastening to the bridge, by the aid of the lamp-posts, stretched up into the darkness like iron arms with fists of light, he scanned the massive circular seats which jut out so grandly over the water. In the embrace of one of these were two figures—a sodden crone with her bonnet slipping off and a little girl. Later she would be jostled by desperate women and river roughs, but now she slept undisturbed, her little face upturned to the sky like a white flower—the first chapter of the story. Something tightened about Paul's heart, and he descended the nearest flight of steps to the wharves almost at a bound. Another time he would have taken the precaution to feel ahead of him with his cane, but now he dashed over the damp, uneven stones to where he saw a blot of greater darkness. She stood under the arch of the bridge, and he caught her arm. "I did not mean to frighten you," he said as she shrank back, and his voice betrayed his relief. She trembled violently.

"Great God! why do you follow me?" she burst out.

"Because you must keep on as you have begun. Where is the sewing?"

"Oh, the sewing!" she echoed, piteously; "here it is," and she touched the bundle with her foot; but when he tried to draw her with him, she resisted; and the look on her face, which he could see shining wanly, chilled him. It was desperate to a degree that he had never imagined. He could not doubt her purpose. With health and beauty slipping from her day by day, it had probably lurked in her childish mind for some time. However, she had made one last attempt to compel his admiration—which he now saw she had pathetically striven for before—and she had failed. When he recalled the dull platitude with which he had brought this failure home to her, telling her to

do right because it was right, he cursed himself. Yet what could he say?

He looked up at the bridge with its double line of lamps streaking the water below with crimson, and at the shadowy forms of buildings lining the banks. Somehow he felt that the city, of which she was as much a feature as its very paving-stones, should help him. But with its boulevards stretching away into silence, it seemed remote and irresponsible. Even the towers of Notre Dame were lost to view. The Seine, however, lapping and gurgling and washing the quais, splashed by red and blue lights from tug and steamer, and by innumerable twinklings all along its inky surface—the Seine seemed to exult in a joke of its own, and to Paul it was a tragic joke of wet rags and a white face. As he stood gazing ahead of him, from the roof of the great bath-house opposite the words "*La Samaritaine*" flashed at him with sardonic meaning. He turned towards the girl.

"Come," he said, "you must keep on as bravely as you have begun."

She reared her head. "For what purpose?" she demanded. "I am to spend my days in an attic sewing until my back and fingers burn with the pain—without air, without companionship, without an object to make it worth while—that I may put into my pocket a few sous. My God! life is not worth it! It is not enough!"

He was silent. "If the sous were all the object," he said at last, gravely, "it would not be enough. It is not enough in a material way, anyway. But there is the higher regard in which you will not only hold yourself, but in which people will hold you. Is not that worth something—that they will respect you?" He was too much a man to understand that it is the individual standard that prevails with a woman.

"Would you do that?" she whispered.

"Listen, Diane," he said. "You go to the cathedral over there sometimes, do you not? And you must have noticed how men never enter it with their hats on. Sometimes they take them off when they are merely passing it. Now why is that?" She did not answer. "It is through reverence and respect for the place," he continued; "and for the same

reason men uncover in the presence of a good woman. Even when they know that her goodness has cost her nothing, that with her birth and circumstances it would have been difficult for her to be otherwise—still they respect her. Now if this is so, how much more respect is due to one, born with different impulses and into harder conditions, who struggles and overcomes and works to keep worthy; who fights her battle out amid surroundings that could scarcely be more trying than they are right here in the Quarter, but who comes out victorious! Why,” he added, earnestly, “to deny respect to such a one would be equal to withholding the insignia of honor from a general who had fought in a noble cause. To my mind, the cases are parallel. And this,” he concluded, dropping to a less excited tone, “is my answer to you. And I believe it is the usual attitude of people who have thought about these things.” His utterance had been quick and eager, but now he paused and looked at the girl anxiously.

She stood drooping a little forward, her hands hanging straight at her sides, clinched, her eyes gazing directly ahead of her. There was something in her attitude pathetically suggestive of her native desire for admiration giving place to thoughts deeper than any she had known before. But as he waited, the feminine consciousness came uppermost. The barbaric power of her beauty had failed her, and the glance that she gave him, compounded of pain and bewilderment, hurt him so that he turned away sharply. The next moment he had returned to the charge. Conscious that his voice was pitted against that other that called and would keep on calling, he went back to his first argument.

“Reverence and respect,” he repeated, “any woman can receive if she will. Her influence is great, even if she be plain; but when she is as beautiful as you are, and good also, her power cannot be estimated. When men know that with her hands she does some work that has to be done, with her lips she speaks only helpful words, with her eyes she pities, and with her whole presence she blesses, they feel as reverently towards her as they do towards any saint in a cathedral. Tell me, is not all this worth while?”

And he held the fair, rehabilitated vision of herself before her, as a priest might hold a crucifix.

She trembled. An ideal was being born in an agony of travail.

“Can you afford to be anything less?” he demanded. “Do you wish to?”

She slowly shook her head; then, with a sudden movement, covered her face.

But not at once did he believe in his triumph, and when they had gained the lighted street, he scarcely dared to look at her. But from the shadowy bands of hair, the sunken crimson cheeks, the rouged lips, the old pitiful, shameful meaning had disappeared, and in the eyes he read that which lifted her above death or disease or defilement. In time to come she might sink weakly beneath the wave of temptation, but now she stood on a unique eminence. Presently, carrying the bundle in the curve of one arm as if it were indeed something precious, she moved off across the bridge, and he watched her, his head bare.

Conscious of the irreproachableness of his position, he decided to wait some sign from Margaret, and a week passed before he found himself in her presence. He held himself a little stiffly, and let his eyes dwell upon her in the half-obscurity of the *salon*.

“I received your note,” he said; “you start for home to-morrow?”

“Yes.”

“I am sorry.” But he was sorry for something deeper than this.

“We have thought best on Harry’s account to go back at once. It was the greatest mistake our letting him come,” she continued, casting a quick glance at him. “We thought only of his art—his education. We did not consider the effect on his character. Paris,” she went on rapidly, “may nourish in one way, but it poisons in another.”

He wished she would talk to him and not at him. He took up her words. “That is, Paris offers us two spoons, the mental food and the moral poison, but the choice of the dose remains with us.”

“The doses are usually taken together,” she returned.

Still he was not angry. During the past few days he had patiently admitted to himself that her stand was a perfectly natural one, and now he felt this even

more strongly. Yet that which had happened was a subtle thing, and the fact that she had not trusted him made him feel towards her almost as towards a stranger.

"That is what you told me the other day," he reminded her.

"And I tell you again. You have changed utterly, Paul Chester. You are worse than my little brother, in that you are less straightforward. *He* makes no secret of his real self. This morning he put on the idiotic clothes he has been in the habit of wearing, and he would have gone tearing over to the other side had I allowed him. There is a woman over there—but I cannot talk of her—" She paused precipitately.

Paul felt more and more tired. "I conceal nothing," he said. "I have known the woman you saw me dining with for years, if that is what you mean. What of it?" A flash of fierceness leaped into the question, then died away. He looked at the girl with even something of pity for her.

"But isn't she a—model?" Margaret's cheeks grew crimson.

"She is a seamstress now, but she posed as long as her health would permit. Yes, she is a model."

"Then she isn't, she can't be—good."

He seemed to see a figure lifting an unaccustomed burden and struggling on with uplifted face. He rose.

Margaret started. "You haven't answered my question," she said, but merely with the thought of detaining him. All severity had vanished from her manner.

"But I can't answer it, at least not satisfactorily. If I said that she was as good as her nature would let her be and the world would help her to be, with her pitiful, glorious soul thrown into the right balance at last, you would not understand. She lives," he continued, "not on the side of the Seine where you have lived during your stay here, but on the poorer, more disreputable side across the bridges. Across the bridges," he repeated, "not alone of Paris, but of life, and up to this time she has viewed all questions from that side. That is all." He took Margaret's hand.

"And you are not coming back with

us?" she said, and her voice trembled.

He saw that she had not comprehended his words, or if she had, she ignored them. She merely looked up into his face, and by all the power of her strong virtuous womanhood, rendered the more womanly by this touch of pleading, she seemed drawing him with her. He saw her averting her eyes from unseemly sights, withdrawing her garments from the touch of sin, living her life out in a placid spot, and for a moment he longed, with every impulse of his being, to follow. Then Diane and all the representatives of that other side rose before him. In the voice of the city which came to him through the open window they pleaded with him to keep faith with erring, failing humanity. They appealed to him through his art, his conscience, which saw morality in varying tones and half-tones, like shades perceptible to the eye, and like them dependent upon surroundings, atmosphere, and in a blinding flash he recognized his creed—the broad and human creed of the heart—set over against the pure, cold morality of Margaret's belief.

Abandoning the half-apologetic attitude into which she had forced him, his views rose to the dignity of a religion. What would become of art, which strives to reproduce nature, if measured by such a code? Where would be the tender comprehension which elevates more than the denunciation which springs from neither sympathy nor understanding? In his answer there was the solemnity of one who defends his faith. "No," he said, and a wave of regretful feeling swept over him—"no, I cannot go back."

As he passed into the street some one brushed by him. It was Harry Lawton. He looked after the slight figure. He felt a strange yearning tenderness, a sense of possession in the lad. Had he not found him and returned him to the fold? "They will take him back with them," he thought, wistfully, "to the old simple life, and she will guide him." He paused as if listening to the tones of that voice, so sweet and unwavering and sure. Then, with a quick lifting of his head, he turned to the city, which was overlaid by the glory of the sunset.

Chanson Breton

(After Albert Delpit)

BY ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON

A LAS, my love is far away,
And there is naught can comfort me. . .
A gallant wooed me yesterday
Beneath the shady greenwood tree.
"Fair sir," I said, "thy vows are vain,
This heart is wrung with heavy pain,
And he I love. . . . Thou art not He."

With gauds of jewels and of gold,
And robes of pearl and silver thread,
Came a great lord who would me wed,
And give me all his heart to hold.

And then came Death. . . . O Sweet and Fair!
Stretch forth thine arms and clasp me there. . .
Dear Death, do thou my body bear
There where my love is lying cold!
Only thy breast should stay her head
Who never may be comforted.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE is a passage in one of Jane Austen's novels where, after some talk of keeping good company, or, as we should now say, being in good society, the question follows as to what good company is, and whether that of certain sorts of distinguished people, as artists, scholars, authors, jurists, and the like unfashionable persons, is good company. The answer comes, "Oh, no! That is not *good* company; that is the *best*;" and the reader, if he happens to be of any of the callings indicated, cannot help, after a hundred years, feeling a glow of self-satisfaction in the truth so aptly expressed. It is, of course, something he has always known, but it is pleasant to have it recognized in such terms that nobody can refuse acquaintance with it.

I

From time to time, in the history of good society everywhere, the misgiving

that it is not so good as it might be, or so good as it thinks itself, is forced upon the observer, and within a very short period an observer of the eminent quality and authority of Senator Depew has yielded to this misgiving. As might have been expected of a temperament so genial, his doubt took the form of hope for the improvement of good society, or at least expressed itself in the sort of censure which does not imply despair. In a speech ascribed to him he notified his hearers of the fact that in London, "the social centre of the world, genius which has won distinction in arms, in literature, in public life, in education, in invention, upon the lyric or dramatic stage, or in journalism, finds a cordial welcome" in the houses of the Great, while here, in the houses of the Rich, "our millionaire exclusives refuse to let in upon a social equality these representatives of intelligent achievement," and try to "make all except the possessors

of exaggerated incomes socially second class." In other words, which may be as nearly those of Mr. Depew as the words here quoted from the newspaper report, New York is a hundred years behind London in civilization, and is of the ignorance of that capital in the days when genius or achievement was not accounted good company, and had to be explicitly affirmed the best. Mr. Depew seems not only to declare the fact, but to be sensible of a growing resentment in the distinguished elements left out in the cold.

Whether this is so it would be hard to say, but there can be no doubt of the amiability of Mr. Depew's wish at once to better exclusive society and to soothe the malcontents by persuading our mistaken millionaires to open the doors now barred against the best company. It is surely from no desire to burlesque a matter which has some seriousness in it that the Easy Chair confesses the sense of a certain complexity in a situation apparently so simple. At first glance it appears—not so much to Mr. Depew as to the less judicial observer—that the multi-millionaire bars his door against genius or achievement out of stupid vanity or pure insolence, or the joy of snubbing his betters. Such a view of the situation has possibly occurred to every distinguished man and, still more, every distinguished woman in New York whom the Four Hundred have failed to ask to their dinners and dances, or even their teas, or large receptions.

To the wounded pride of modest merit there might be no other explanation, and yet there is more than one that might be suggested. In the first place, we may reasonably suppose that some multi-millionaires, at least, are exclusive through ignorance rather than vanity or insolence. They probably do not know, poor things, who our distinguished people really are, and if they meant to invite them, must inform themselves not only of their validity, but their existence, by means of their secretaries or type-writers, or perhaps their housekeepers, who might be prejudiced, or disqualified through want of taste for the delicate work. In certain cases, no millionaire, however rich or

new, could fail. He or she—more probably she than he—could not help knowing a great actor, or diva, or divine, or portrait-painter, by reputation; but when it came to an author, or, still worse, a scientist, her trouble would begin. Very likely she would invite some one in these sorts whose name was loathing on the lips of his instructed brethren; who might indeed be of notoriety, but was of no real distinction. She could not well ask every one of his calling in order to avoid such a blunder, for that also would be an offence, and no honor; but if she happened to hit upon the very man or woman of all others who could add grace and lustre to her function by his or her just celebrity and unchallengeable genius, still another perplexity would arise. She would have necessarily invited society people of her own sort to meet her distinguished guest, and the distinguished guest might be so bored as to refuse ever to come again.

II

It is by no means a new discovery which Mr. Depew has made in regard to our plutocratic society, though the fact does not impugn his originality in proclaiming it. The present tenant of the Easy Chair remembers hearing his famous predecessor, who so wished all manner of men and women well, and was always trying to make life more interesting and edifying, tell of a certain experience of his, apropos of the very situation which Mr. Depew regrets. This presented itself so deplorably to the eminent humanist that he took counsel with a certain Great Lady, a lady really great enough to imagine his motive and aim, for the amelioration of exclusive society by an infusion of the best company. If the memory of the witness serves him rightly, the humanist provided the Great Lady with a list of delightful as well as distinguished people, whom, as one of the most delightful and distinguished among them, though yet a man of society, he was in the habit of meeting on their own ground, on those lofty levels where they did their high thinking and possibly joking; and the Great Lady asked them to her house. They came; but they did not come again; and she was thereafter shut up to her fellow-

millionaires, and the best company kept itself to itself, as far as she knew.

The fact could be variously explained; but it may be sufficiently accounted for upon the theory that genius, as we may largely call the best company, hated the trouble of the forms by which fashionable society exists. Very often, in the process of achievement, it had forgotten them, and sometimes it had never known them. In either case, if the person of genius was a man, he shrank from the memory of the bother which that evening in fashionable society had been, and would not go a second time; if a woman, she had learned that she had not the clothes for it. The reader may think this is attributing such a slight of social privilege to rather a low cause, but we are not sure that a lower one yet cannot be alleged. We are reluctant to cast discredit upon intelligent achievement, but we have sometimes feared that in exclusive society it must miss the recognition, the appreciation, not to say the flattery, which it meets in the best company. It is pleasant to be known and valued for what one has done; it is pleasant to be honored for it; and in fashionable society people of the best company can only be a passing show and a momentary wonder. Fashion has not read their books with the authors in mind, or seen their pictures to remember their fine points, or heard of their inventions to understand them; and the brilliant lights wander lonely and lost in the gilded salons which they are not aware of illumining.

Fashion is not flattering, and worse than this, for persons of the best company, it is within its own bounds democratic, and apt to be indifferent to distinctions which are the life of the best company. As a general thing nobody in our exclusive society has done anything worth mention, except make money, which is now so very common that one cannot turn to look at a single millionaire in the street, much less one of many in a drawing-room. Exclusive society conceives with difficulty of a person who has done something, and is not able to take him in that way. Only some one else who has done something is capable of this, and so the "representative of intelligent achievement" comes home

bruised from the varnished contact of that not really unkindly indifference, and vows to go no more.

Something better might be said of the refusal of the best company to mingle with exclusive society, as that it has not the time, and cannot give its precious leisure to the functions which form the business rather than the pleasure of such society. All this, we are aware, has an effect of arrogance which it were a pity should be left with the reader, since the real meaning is that the "representatives of intellectual achievement" do not regard society as the main affair of life, but as the relaxation and rest from that affair. This may or may not be their misconception. The more numerous representatives of unintelligent non-achievement may have quite as good a right to say what society is, but they ought to be warned that if they do unbar their doors to the best company, it will not and cannot enter upon the present cumbrous conditions. It is not merely that one puts one's body into evening dress; that is a simple matter, and one does it even in the best company; but that in going into good society one must put one's soul into evening dress, and one's thoughts and opinions. Certain rigors of convention rule out naturalness and simplicity; you cannot be yourself, and who else can you be? The spectacle is that of an insipid drama played by amateurs; an adaptation of an English drama; and genius is not amused, or rested, or in any wise repaid for its outlay of time and money.

For it does cost money, and the representatives of intelligent achievement have commonly not so much money as the poorest of the millionaires who, in his comparative destitution, might consent to open his doors to them. They have often so much less that they can never hope to repay the hospitality shown them. The notion of that would be quite grotesque both to host and guest, and the guest must remain with the stamp of inferiority which such insolvency gives.

III

It is impossible not to sympathize with the generous rage of such a spirit as Mr. Depew, who sees how poor our

rich society is, and thinks he sees how it might be bettered. But it is also impossible not to feel the fatuity of his aspiration for a different state of things under the actual conditions. The conditions are economical and financial. Money not only rules in our exclusive society, but among people of no society whatever, and the best company cuts no figure in the popular imagination, because it cannot render itself objective in splendid houses, carriages, and clothes. It may go on being the best company, but unless exclusive society invites it, and it appears in the public prints among *Those Present*, the world of society, and the yet vaster world of readers about society, know nothing of it.

Any attempt to modify or ameliorate exclusive society by an infusion of the best company must proceed upon the supposition that this society wishes to be improved, or that it is sensible of a duty toward the best company and wishes to discharge it. But there is no proof that exclusive society feels the need of improvement, or is conscious of any neglected duty. In fact, it is where it is solely for its pleasure, and has no other ideal. It would be contrary to the nature, to the genius of exclusive society to have any sort of obligation except to what is for the moment good form. If it could somehow become good form to receive the best company, then exclusive society would do it, and not otherwise; but perhaps then that other difficulty might present itself, and the best company would refuse to be received.

We have already hinted at one very notable difference between exclusive society and the best company which the friend of both seldom takes into account. Exclusive society is willing to work for its pleasure, and the best company is not. The best company, or genius, as Mr. Depew calls it, is willing to work for any of the arts in which it seeks distinction, but it expects pleasure to accrue to it without being worked for. It regards pleasure as a relief from work, but the pleasures of exclusive society do not seem to be reliefs from work; they are apparently themselves its work, its sole employment, and they look like terrible drudgery. The life of a person of fashion has the effect of

slavery which it is wonderful any one should sell or give one's self to; and the offer to impart some supreme moments of this servitude to the free laborers in other fields could not conceivably be regarded with favor. What those blithe spirits want in the way of pleasure is a festivity, and any function in exclusive society has to them every effect of a solemnity. Their real happiness they find in their art or their science, and when they unbend from that they like their pastimes to be gay.

It may be urged that if genius took part in the pastimes of society they would be gayer than they now look, but this is very doubtful. They would probably still seek, as they have always sought, the lowest intellectual level, or, if they did not, they might further stupefy the less enlightened majority. Things are as they are quite inevitably and irretrievably. Fashionable society here is made up solely of people who have duties to it, and to nothing else. They are bound to invite the best company, or the representatives of intelligent achievement, or genius, call it what you will, only in their own interest, and if they do not find it in their interest, there is nothing more to say. It seems to have always been so in New York, and it probably always will be so. New York is above all a commercial capital, and its good society must be thoroughly commercial, and can take account only of pecuniary values in its membership.

London is a different sort of capital, and it represents something besides commercial success in England. It is a real synthesis of all the English interests, achievements, aspirations; and more logically, more reasonably, more fitly, the representatives of intelligent achievement find themselves in its social swim. Apparently they find themselves there upon a perfect social equality, but at such crucial moments, for example, as going out with titles to dinner, they bow their necks and take the yoke of social inferiority in the most public manner. If it ever happened to genius, or intelligent achievement, to be asked into exclusive society in New York, there would be no rule of precedence to make it the tail of the procession to the dining-room. It might even stand some little, slender

chance of finding itself at the head; but in London the rule of the road is so absolute that the least lordling of them all gives his dust to the greatest commoner. That is not the American idea of "cordial welcome and intelligent appreciation in the homes of the proudest aristocracy and oldest nobility," yet under the frown of precedence hospitality may hide a smiling face, all the same, for the representative of intelligent achievement. But how about the women of his family? It is woman, lovely or unlovely, who defines the social status of every man belonging to her, and if the wife of genius is not asked along with genius into those stately English homes, then genius is received there to be petted, perhaps, or perhaps snubbed, but certainly to be patronized, and not welcomed on an equality.

Upon the whole, self-respecting genius might prefer to be left out altogether, as by our society of exaggerated incomes. In the great world genius has always had a humiliating part to play. When Philip II. picks up the brush of Titian, it is with the understanding as distinct as it is tacit that the difference between them is simply intensified by the King's condescension to the painter. Voltaire is welcomed to the table of one of the greatest French nobles, but he is called out from it to be cudgelled by the lackeys of another; and a contemporary dignitary of the church confesses that he would not know how to manage if poets had no shoulders. Addison "married discord in a noble wife," but Pope, who notes the fact, found as little comfort in his less intimate relations with the Great, though he put on such an air of being at ease with them. He could give insult for insult, but they had the superior power of snubbing. We may be sure that in all the Augustan ages, when genius seems to have been cordially welcomed and appreciatively recognized by fashionable society, it was accepted rather as a curious monster. Fashionable society has been more cultivated at some times and in some places than others, but it has not been from an infusion of intelligent achievement. The general spread of education has reached it; that is all; and if our exclusive society is sordid and stupid, it

may be because our period and people are so, or it may be because it is made up of exceptionally belated and benighted persons whom the universal enlightenment has not yet reached. It is not the duty, as certainly it could not be the pleasure, of "genius which has won distinction" to bear the torch among them. Even if they decided to admit men and women of moderate incomes, there would be no obligation on the part of the illustrious poor to profit by the opportunity; still less are these invoked by any high behest to clamor at the unyielding gates with proposals of benevolent assimilation.

If in any considerable number the representatives of intelligent achievement among us are just now resenting the implicit intention of the very rich to stamp them as "socially second class," they have an easy means of retaliation at hand. They can refuse to invite or to receive any of the millionaire exclusives who seek their acquaintance; they can make great wealth a cause of hesitation, of suspicion, even of exclusion from the best company. It might work a hardship in some cases, but these would be few. If the reader will search his mind, what multi-millionaires will be found worthy to associate on equal terms with the representatives of intelligent achievement among us? There can be no genuine reciprocity between the two classes. If they met, the man of genius would be continually giving the man of money ideas, which could not be repaid in cash, and for which the most sumptuous dinner, the largest tea, the grandest ball, would be no equivalent.

By looking at the actual situation in some such way, we shall finally reconcile ourselves to it. If the representatives of achievement go on thinking the very rich do not want them, their spirits may in some cases droop; but if they once vitally possess themselves of the truth that the very rich cannot get them, they will in all cases experience the most consoling rise of self-respect. They must never forget that they are the best company, or suffer themselves in their meekest moments as individuals to relax the collective consciousness of their social primacy.

Editor's Study.

I

LOOKING backward has this advantage over any prospective outlook, that it is not an imaginary view, but one regarding actual events and accomplishments; the perspective is clear, and the data for comparison, if not for perfect co-ordination, are complete. It is true that if we look back far enough the record is lost, and even such monuments as remain are enigmatic, and our vision of early men and institutions is more imaginary than that of things to come. This year we are looking back a thousand years to the date of the death of Alfred, the first English king. That far the record stands forth in clear outline; but it is mainly due to his studious industry, completing the work already done by Bede, the father of English scholarship, that we have any definite knowledge of our ancestors and their doings in the few preceding centuries.

If we look back to the first Christian century, we have, outside of monuments, no clear knowledge of the Europe and Asia of that time save through the Latin and Greek literatures; and in these there is not to be found a single intimation, through contemporary mention, of the greatest personality that ever was upon earth. Going back three thousand years, we could not find in the records now extant of so advanced peoples in civilization as the Egyptian and Assyrian any distinct indication of the Hebrew people beyond that of its mere existence, although, in the religious history of the world, of all ancient peoples it was the most eminent; for any knowledge of its character, history, and singular mission we depend wholly upon its own scriptures. By way of contrast, we have in those scriptures a vivid illumination and informing characterization of every other important ancient people. Indeed, for the unlearned there is little other knowledge of those peoples; in their minds Babylon, Tyre, and Sidon exist only as pictured by the prophets. How much of "the know-

ledge of Egypt" goes with Moses in the Exodus; how much of Chaldaic lore is revived in the story of Genesis, to say nothing of the great Chaldaic spiritual drama preserved in the Book of Job! The only picture of patriarchal life in all literature is given in the story of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—a picture true to its specialty, but also generically typical. The Hebrew was so assimilative (creatively assimilative, for whatever he derived from Chaldea, or Egypt, or Persia he transformed, informing it with his own spirit) that his history and institutions give us indications beyond themselves—reflexes of the peoples with whom he had contacts in his ever-shifting career.

Even a brief retrospect, going no further back than to the time of our own grandfathers, is an imperfect view. From *It is* to *It was* is a change not merely of tense, but of the point of view as well, so that even the immediate past refuses to be revived in its full content and color, however readily it may yield its precise form. Human nature is the same in all ages and under all conditions in only its simple, primary emotions, and these are so modified in their expression by culture that they seem to undergo transformation, moving upon new planes, weaving more complex webs with ever-varying patterns. When, therefore, we attempt to take into our view the whole of a past century or of a past millennium, the picture is in outline, truer in form than in reality.

We strive not the less to truly restore the past, through scholarly research and in our literature and art; it is the special office of the historian. We mark the closing of a century by literary enterprises that supplement the historian's proper work—undertakings by specialists having for their end a summary of the century's progress in different fields. Sometimes a single field will furnish material for a volume, such as Dr. Williams's *Story of Nineteenth Century Science*. In 1876 the close of the first century of the re-

public was celebrated in this Magazine by a series of papers—a score of them—devoted to American progress in art, literature, science, education, mechanical invention, etc. That series was the pioneer in this kind of literary enterprise. The general delight in these landmarks of progress increases with the momentum of the progress itself. A single decade now shows more of advance in science and industry than was shown in any full century before the nineteenth. Even year by year there is material for satisfaction in counting up our increasing treasure of accomplishment as the miser counts his gold. Our retrospects stimulate our optimism and exalt our expectations. Indeed, so glittering is the near achievement and so forward our eager regard that we are in danger of losing one of the chief values of these retrospective occasions—the scholar's opportunity to dwell upon the past, to learn its lessons, and to fully appreciate its proper virtues and achievements. As the tree while it climbs and puts forth its branches takes deeper root in the soil, so should any people in its vigorous growth and aspiration have a deepening of its historic sense, of that downward pride—looking to its roots—which is a rich humility.

II

The month chosen for the celebration of the King Alfred millennial happens, very appropriately for us, to be that in which we celebrate our nation's birthday. As this writing meets the eye of the reader he can almost see his country's flag unfurled on every eminence, and can almost hear the ringing of bells and the firing of cannon—the sounds that John Adams said should forever herald the national holiday, and which were nearly the last to reach his ear, as he died on the Fourth of July seventy-five years ago. It is a gala-day, a day of pride; and this year—the most notable in our national existence—we celebrate it, mingling with our patriotic songs joyous pæans of thanksgiving for our unprecedented material prosperity. Never has there been a moment when with greater propriety and benefit we could take the long backward look and consider the pit whence we were digged.

Our separation from England in no sense deprives us of our heritage. We were never more insistent in claiming that heritage, were never truer Englishmen, than when we declared our independence of a government that exploited its subjects; and our revolt taught England her present wise and beneficent colonial policy—a lesson which we now have to learn for ourselves.

There is no sovereignty but service. This principle was being conspicuously illustrated in the Europe of King Alfred's time. In the preceding century Charlemagne had accepted the crown of empire at the hands of Pope Leo III., who then knelt to the emperor. The mediæval dream of the unity of Christendom was for a moment realized, and because it was a dream ruling the hearts of men, those who stood for it—the emperor for the temporal hope, the pope for the spiritual—received universal fealty. But before Alfred became king the dream had been broken. Charlemagne's successors served themselves rather than the people; while the papacy suffered spiritual loss from the necessary assumption of temporal power, honestly though vainly endeavoring to maintain and satisfy the popular aspiration. Feudalism soon secured its hold, with its good and its evil, serving through both, and lasting while it served, until it was finally supplanted by the nations of modern Europe, for whose emergence it had prepared the way.

But Alfred himself was the best example in all history of the truth that the king serves his people. The epitome of his character and services given by Richard Green in his *Short History of the English People* will forever stand as a worthy appreciation.

"Aelfred was the noblest as he was the most complete embodiment of all that is great, all that is lovable, in the English temper. He combined as no other man has ever combined its practical energy, its patient and enduring force, its profound sense of duty, the reserve and self-control that steadies in it a wide outlook and a restless daring, its temperance and fairness, its frank geniality, its sensitiveness to affection, its poetic tenderness, its deep and passionate religion. . . . His temper was instinct

with piety. . . . But he was no mere saint. . . . Vexed as he was by sickness and constant pain, his temper took no touch of asceticism. His rare geniality, a peculiar elasticity and mobility of nature, gave color and charm to his life. . . . He not only longed for the love of his subjects, but for the remembrance of generations to come. . . . To the scholars he gathered round him he seemed the very type of a scholar, snatching every hour he could find to read or listen to books read to him. . . . He passed from court and study to plan buildings and instruct craftsmen in gold-work, to teach even falconers and dog-keepers their business. . . . Each hour of the day had its appointed task; there was the same order in the division of his revenue and in the arrangement of his court. . . . Scholar and soldier, artist and man of business, poet and saint, his character kept that perfect balance which charms us in no other Englishman save Shakspeare. . . . His intellectual activity breathed fresh life into education and literature. His capacity for inspiring trust and affection drew the hearts of Englishmen to a common centre and began the upbuilding of a new England. Little by little men came to recognize in Aelfred a ruler of higher and nobler stamp than the world had seen. Never had it seen a king who lived solely for the good of his people."

Of the debt of our language to King Alfred, Professor Matthews has already treated in the pages of this Magazine. To him belongs the distinction of having written the first English prose—translations, mainly, of the Consolations of Boethius, the Pastoral of Pope Gregory, Orosius's universal history, and Bede's Anglo-Saxon history.

England was not yet known as England, and the English written by Alfred was far from being the English we know. Below is a passage as quoted from the Anglo-Saxon text by Mr. Frederic Harrison, in his interesting essay, "The Writings of King Alfred":

"Eala thu scippend heofenes and eorþan, thu the on tha ecan setle ric-sast, thu the on hroedum foerelde thone heofon ymbhweorfest, and tha tunglu thu gedest the gehyrsume."

"O thou creator of heaven and earth,

that rulest on the eternal throne, thou that makest the heavens to turn in swift course, and the stars to obey thee," etc. [From Boethius.]

It was five hundred years to Chaucer, and seven hundred to Shakspeare.

Alfred did not make England, or English law, or the English language, but he began the making of all these, and he was the first great Englishman. We could not more gladly recognize our kinship with the English than in taking this long leap backward over a thousand years and joining them in doing honor to the noblest of their kings.

III

The brief essay on "The Scope of Modern Love," published in this number, is by Henry T. Finck, the author of a recent interesting work on *Primitive Love*. The theme of the essay is, in the limited space allotted to it, developed only in large lines, but so suggestively that the reader will be glad to hear from Mr. Finck again on other phases of the subject. As our readers will have noticed, we are making a feature of brief essays occupying two or three pages, a little more than the editorials of a daily or weekly paper, but shunning the vice of the general article, which usually aims at completeness, and is unduly elaborate, exhausting the subject—and the reader. The themes chosen are those specially appropriate to a popular magazine whose appeal is always to the thoughtful reader. This essay by Mr. Finck, and another in this number, entitled "A Tropical Renaissance," by Mr. Sylvester Baxter, are good examples; and the editor takes this opportunity to invite others from contributors who can present points of novel and general interest—literary, social, or scientific.

If the general article has the vice of attempting too much, by way of elaboration and completeness, even to the extent of including details that are obvious or unessential, there is the same vice also in the short story as it is commonly written. Anybody can see how much more entertaining an article is if the writer confines himself to the point of interest which tempted him at first to write it. There is, or should be, some particular appeal to the reader's sensibility which

the writer has in view when he attempts a short story; or, if he is not thinking of the reader (better if he is not), there is something which has especially moved himself—some dramatic *motif*, as we say—so that his imagination inevitably seeks embodiment. Well, it is then just *that* which, as an artist, he has to convey, and he is to do nothing which is not essential to that. Everything beyond is not only inert, but distracting. There is a good deal that he may think essential which is not so. We make no plea for bareness, but in what is merely concomitant to the main effect—weather, natural scenery, furniture, costume, details of personal appearance, relieving incident, secondary characters—a hint is better than the elaboration, however well done. Considerable indulgence must be given to some writers, who, like Edith Wharton, give us in every phrase an intellectual satisfaction. But even in the case of such writers we shall find on a critical examination (if we have the heart for it) that in all their elaborate texture there is nothing idle or inert—not too much or too little for the full appeal, the artistic effect. Even simplicity is comparative, but it is always possible as well as desirable. A story is like a living body: add a member, and it is a monstrosity; cut off one, and it is mutilated.

Edward Everett Hale, cleverest of short-story writers, once contributed to this Magazine a love-story occupying little more than half a page. That was a bravura. The best of very short magazine stories that we remember is "A Legend of Sonora," by Hildegard Hawthorne. It begins as a love-romance, and by the subtlest of transitions passes into a ghost-story—all within the compass of about eight hundred words.

IV

But to return to Mr. Finck and his treatment of modern love. The culture of affection is shown by the author mainly through an extreme contrast—between the modern man and the savage. This is natural, since the author's studies for his recent book are drawn from the earliest records of human development. The really primitive man is of course without a record, and should never be confounded with the savage, who is a degenerate.

The difference between the primitive and the modern man is like that between a wild rose and an "American Beauty"; and if we could only get at this primitive man we should discern the rare flavor of his romance, the distinctive quality of his tender affections. This wild Eden must be left to the poet for such intimations of it as may be possible. Milton surely was far astray in every point, as are the sculptors who have attempted the plastic embodiment of Adam or of Eve. We are so fixed in our fine cosmicity that a touch of insanity almost seems necessary ere the imagination can yield one note or color of that alien garden; or is it we that are alien and that the old familiar?

But for the purpose of contrast, to mark the development of modern affection, and especially of romantic love, we need go no further back than to our grandfathers. We have the growing disclosure of it in the modern novel from Jane Austen down. Mr. Finck notes the effect of the greater freedom between the sexes upon the development of romantic love. This is an important point—especially in America, where there is comparatively so little chaperonage. But it does not tell the whole story, being itself not so much the cause as it is the index of that revolution through which woman has come to live for herself—for her individual development—rather than for the race. If we take a narrow and aristocratic section of contemporary humanity, the result seems disastrous. It has been estimated that in fifteen consecutive blocks on upper Fifth Avenue there are but fifteen children. And, taking a more general view, we cannot but consider the denial of motherhood to so many women, whether it be voluntary or involuntary, the saddest tragedy of our modern life.

Nevertheless, the freer play of human affection in all the relations of life which has come with a more complex development of society and a greater diversification of human interests is a great gain to the home and to the community. It has given to our affections greater dignity, an ampler fruition. It is merely an incident that it has also made possible some of the greatest novels of contemporary literature.

The Fall of James Potter

BY FREDERICK VEEDER

PERSONALLY he always traced his downfall to that hired man having come home and gone to sleep in the horse-trough, and he never ceased to regret that he hadn't turned on the water and drowned the wretch. Other people looked upon the hired man as an instrument in the hands of Providence.

The Honorable James Potter had many

of the elements of popularity. Not the least of these lay in the beautiful political possibilities of his name. It is not strange that he was sent to the Legislature many times, and finally to Congress. To his free and enlightened constituents he was Jim Potter, Jimmy Potter, Uncle James, Old Jim, Honest Jimmy, Our Jim, Jimpot, Old Pot, Old Jay Pee, Old Reliable Potter,



HELPING AN ORATOR'S PERORATION

Watch-dog Jimmy, Fighting Jim, Grand Old Jim, Old Pot Eloquent, The People's Pot, The Whirlwind of Ghost-dance Prairie, The Tall Sycamore of the North Fork, and other endearing terms. But mainly it was Jim, plain Jim. Men, women, and children called him Jim. The babies of the district, after they had passed the ah-goo stage, and before arriving at the mum-mum-mum period, were heard by fond mothers to articulate "g-g-Jim." Small wonder he always ran ahead of his ticket. His ticket panted after him in vain.

In the same degree that the Honorable James Potter profited by his name another man in the district suffered from his. This individual was burdened with the politically disastrous name of Howard St. John Van Rensselaer. It was hopeless. No one knew this better than did he himself. He had tried to suppress the "St. John," but the partisans of Potter, with fine instinct, fastened on it and would not let it disappear. They wrote it "Sinjin," and accused him of pronouncing his first name "'Oward," and added to the suspicious character of his last by printing the "Van" with a small v. For a while his few followers tried to call him "How," and even "Old How," but the free and independent electors would none of it. Then his friends gave it up, and in a shamefaced, apologetic manner spoke of him as "Mr. Van Rensselaer." Potter waxed mighty on it directly and indirectly. "Jim Potter, the People's Favorite, was in town yesterday," the Singing Bird *Sentinel* would observe. "Asked as to the truth of the report that he now signs his name St. Jeemes von der Pootier, the War-Horse of Barbed-wire Flat smiled and said crops were looking well out his way. The people know where to find old Jay Pee."

But the last shall be first: the mighty are sometimes cast down.

In the Legislature Jim Potter made an enviable record. During his first term it is on record that he four times moved that We Do Now Adjourn, and voted twice against an increase of salary, and three times in favor of a higher rate of mileage. The Treasury would have fared better if he had reversed his position on these questions, but nobody noticed it. In subsequent sessions he took a more active part, and made several ringing speeches. All went well for a number of years, and probably would have so continued had he not been elected to Congress. When he returned there began to be dark whisperings. Soon there were open murmurings. Old Jay Pee, the People's Idol, was said to be showing aristocratic tendencies. There was little real proof, but many ugly rumors. It was reported on fair authority, and generally believed, that he had been heard to speak of having been "ill," it appearing that he had reference to a case of sickness. Tom Bridger announced that he had with his own ears heard him say that on a certain occasion he "had driven," his meaning clearly being that he "had drove." But far worse than these verbal defections

was the rumor that he had changed his dinner hour from noon to six o'clock at night. And not satisfied with this abnormality, he was reported to be taking the meal in what the ingenious Mr. Bridger called "short lengths"—that is, he had the table dismantled several times in the course of the meal and a new generation of food brought on.

Still it was generally held that old Jay Pee's character rested on too firm a foundation to be seriously shaken even by this; but what could his staunchest supporters say to the charge that he was the possessor of a dress suit? Here was something that struck at the very basis of character and left reputation not a leg to stand on. The Old Reliable himself recognized the gravity of the charge, and promptly came forward with an emphatic and circumstantial denial. In fact, he pronounced the charge a tissue of falsehoods, and later, on its being repeated, he branded it as an unmitigated lie, and crammed it down the base throats of those who had uttered it. Many believed him, and he was quite generally looked upon as the victim of persecution.

About this time the Congressman hired one Sam Brock to look after his horses and other live stock. This was the beginning of the end. Sam proved an unfaithful servant. He spent most of his time at the village, and his condition on returning therefrom often raised the gravest suspicions in the Congressional mind. There finally followed the incident of the horse-trough before alluded to. He slept there all night, and emerged in the morning wet and ill-tempered. The silver-tongued Potter promptly discharged him. He growled a good deal, but finally left, after first treacherously attempting to induce the hired girl to go too, with the white clothes on the line, and the colored ones in the boiler. Be it said to the credit of her sex that the scoundrel failed in his base design.

The fellow now repaired to the village, and made merry with the aid of his month's wages. He industriously confirmed and spread broadcast every slander which he had heard or could invent about Jim Potter. He even pretended to have seen the dress suit airing on the clothes-line, and when at his worst said he knew what closet the guilty garments were kept in. The best people frowned on the fellow, and even the enemies of the Watch-dog said he ought to be suppressed.

It happened in the midst of the scoundrel's slandering that the Fourth of July turned up. He was promptly made Committee on Salutes, the pleasing hope being entertained by not a few that he might blow himself up. The rickety old brass cannon was passed over to him on the evening of the 3d, together with a keg of powder. Promptly at midnight he began the bombardment, and kept it up till breakfast-time. Those who had fondly hoped that he would be hoist with his ordnance were disappointed. He announced when he knocked off that

he had but one charge of powder left, but that it was a "plumb b'iling sockdoliger."

At ten o'clock the patriotic exercises were begun on the common—a large open space bearing the name of Potter Park. Chief of these exercises was the oration by Grand Old Jim himself. There had been some criticism at first of his selection on this occasion, but his frank and fearless denial of the dress-suit charge had silenced these objectors. When he rose to deliver his address the square was filled with a multitude of several hundred. He himself referred to it with fine original poetic imagery as a "sea of upturned faces." It was a welcoming multitude, too—all except the wretched Sam Brock, who stood on the edge of the crowd with one hand resting gloomily on his cannon. He had previously remarked to a neighboring citizen that he'd "like to ram old Potter into this yere cannon and fire him out," by which amiable observation his character may well be judged. But a threat to run him off the grounds and insert him in the town lock-up curbed his spirit, and no more plans for using the Favorite Son of Singing Bird as a projectile were heard.

The oration of the Whirlwind of Ghost-dance Prairie was one long to be remembered. It began with a reference to our glorious past, our present greatness, and our brilliant future. It touched on everything that

a Fourth-of-July oration should touch on, including the British lion, to whose pliable tail a few artistic turns were given, and closed with an impassioned appeal for a return to the simplicity of Jefferson's times. It was felt that here the speaker was embracing the opportunity to set himself right with the voters of the district, but the charitable view was taken that it was not just to muzzle the orator that treadeth out the speech.

Coming down close to the edge of the platform, the honorable gentleman began his impressive peroration. "Let us," he began, "return to the glorious Jeffersonian simplicity from which we have drifted!" "Lemme help you!" whooped that vindictive Sam Brock, at the same time touching the vent of his cannon with a match. There was a report which shook the earth, and a black, misshapen and scattering mass went ploughing its way across the surface of the common. At first sight many citizens thought that this actually was the person of the orator who had just addressed them, but a closer inspection showed that it was only his thrice-denied dress suit.

Right here Howard St. John Van Rensselaer properly comes into this narrative. Under the loving appellation of Honest Old Van, the Bald Eagle of Eureka Township, he was chosen for Congress at the next election by a rousing majority.



THE TENDER AGRICULTURAL HELPER

"Now why these tears," the farmer said, "upon your cheek of lan?"
 "'Tis sympathy—the willow—see!" replied the hired man.

DIFFICULTY WITH AN AIR-SHIP

"You see, a big thousand-ton air-ship, forty rods long, and flopping its wings fit to kill, is dif'rent from a Waterbury watch—they got to be handled dif'rent."

The statement seemed reasonable, but it was delivered so earnestly that I peered with one eye over the back of the car seat to see the speaker. But both he and his companion were ordinary-looking men, with nothing air-shippy in their appearance. I twisted back into my place, but somehow I couldn't help regretting that I had not given ear to the conversation sooner.

"So you lost a fortune by it, did you?" said the other man.

"A cool half million," returned the first speaker. "Slick and clean. I had solved the problem of aireerial navigation. Had the whole thing plumb-tight, and then it got away from me. They say riches have wings—so they have; and they know how to use them, too, as well's these here South American condors which fly over the tops of the Andes before breakfast. You see, I had that there air-ship all finished, and setting there on the ground in the back pasture. Everything all shipshape and ready to start. Wings folded 'long its sides ready to spread out and beat the atmosphere to a foam, and my perpetcheral-motion engine inside just reg'larly panting to get started. That there engine—"

"This was after you put the damper in the volcano, like a stove-pipe, and turned it on every day at three o'clock, eh?"

"Year after. It was that perpetcheral-motion contraption that was the big thing about my air-ship—and the ruination of me, too. You see, it was genyooine perpetcheral motion—the pure quill. No such thing as its ever stopping 'less you stopped it. Well, she sot there, ethic force up to the b'iling-p'int and vibratory energy raging to get loose, and I was just going to step aboard when I turned around to pick up a monkey-wrench, and a woman on a bicycle come along, and pop! away that air-ship went 'fore you could say scat!"

"Frightened at the bicycle?"

"It did 'pear that way. But, course, that wa'n't it. Just a coinsideance. That there ethic force and vibratory energy just happened to fetch loose, that's all. 'Way she sailed, and me weakly following on foot and yelling for somebody to head it. But what you going to do when an air-ship gets away from you, all charged up with perpetcheral and everlasting and eternal rip-snorting energy? You can't noose an air-ship, or lasso it, nor butterfly-net it, nor put salt on its tail, nor nothing. My ship soon disappeared, and I sot down to rest. What you going to do, I say. When a team of hosses runs away they're just bound sooner or later to go one one side of a tree and t'other t'other. When one hoss runs away he always either jumps on a dray or busts through a store window. When an auter-moob'l runs away it either smashes into a

fence or a statute of some celebrated man. But what's going to stop an air-ship? Might bunt its head into a star, but how you going to get it back if it does? No good to offer a reward, or notify the police, or advertise in the newspapers, or nothing. Just got to grin and bear it. But I've another scheme for—"

"Tell me 'bout it going up in the 'bus," broke in the other man. "This is our station," and they walked out.

When the brakeman came along I asked him if there were any public institutions at that place. "Insane asylum, I b'lieve," he said. But of course there's no proof they were going there.

STUART PATTERSON.

NO UNKINDNESS INTENDED

JUDGE RICE, of Novena, is perhaps lacking in a sense of humor, but he is the most punctual man in the State. When made superintendent of the Sunday-school he at once set about reform in the matter of attendance and punctuality. It was impossible to resist the Judge's benign persistence, and the list of tardies and absences, read out by him impressively every Sunday, has steadily decreased.

A few Sundays ago he had the pleasure of making the following statement: "My dear fellow-workers and children, I am able to announce to-day that out of the entire school only one person is absent—little Maggie Wynn. Let us all hope that she is sick."

M. A. B.

A SLIGHT DEFICIT

A WEATHER-STAINED, creaking wagon drew up in front of a photographer's establishment in a Georgia town. Beneath its body a lean hound came to a standstill. Strapped on behind was an armful of fodder, and from the whiffletree swung a clanking wooden bucket.

A man clad in jeans trousers, homespun shirt, and guiltless of coat or vest, emerged from the vehicle's anterior extremity. His length of limb, of face, of articulation, stamped him as one of nature's own. Settling his soft slouch-hat on the back of his head, he adjusted his lone gallus and gave the lines to the wife and baby within. Behind these, from the dome of canvas beyond, peered, big-eyed and solemn, numerous editions of the lord and master, merging one into the other with almost imperceptible gradations of size.

Entering the shop, the stranger paused before a case of samp'le photographs, and pointing to one, said, "Mister, what d'yer charge fer takin' picters like that?"

"Three dollars a dozen," replied the clerk.

Thrusting his hands into his pockets, he turned thoughtfully toward the wagonful of offspring. "Waal, I reckon I'll have ter wait a bit," he said, softly, to himself; "I 'ain't got but 'leven."

F. B.



THE PANTHER—AN IMITATION



A DANGEROUS PLACE

"Mammy, hit's a hunerd degrees in de shade."

"You come out o' dat shade! You wanter git ober-come by de heat?"

VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT

"SAY!" exclaimed Mr. Stebbins, who had opened his front door a fraction of an inch and regarded me cautiously through the crack, "I thought you wuz another delegation of them everlastin' boys. Set right down here on the porch an' make yourself to home."

"Evidently you don't like boys, Mr. Stebbins."

"Not this mornin'. This time yistiddy I wuz a lover of boys an' a tender friend to 'em; but b'gosh! I've changed since then. I ain't nuthin' now but a V. I. A. an' a D. C. Ginerally speakin', V. I. A. stands fer Village Improvement 'Sociation; but me an' the boys call our'n Victoria's Innocent Amusement—Mis' Stebbins's name bein' Victoria. D. C. stands fer Durn Chump, which is me. Why? Becuz, knowin' whut the old lady's capable of, I didn't lock her up in her own room the day o' that there fust V. I. A. meetin'. Ez mebbe ye know already, Mis' Stebbins is one o' them kind o' folks thet takes ev'rythin' contagious, from mumps to foolishness; same ez a nalligator takes to mud.

"Ye see, one o' them here agitatin' new women wuz here 'long towards the tail end o' winter, an' give a stirrin' lecture on them there dratted V. I. A. movements, an' whut marvellous things they wuz a-doin' fer the good o' the kentry. Of course Mis' Stebbins wuz all afire to do somethin' fer the good o' the kentry too; so when they organized a company, she up an' j'ined, fust lick.

"Them women wuz jest a-bubblin' with enthusiasm, an' couldn't scursely wait fer

the snow to git off'n the ground so's they could git to work. Besides nominatin' a president an' other officers, they hed a list o' committees ez long ez your arm. None of 'em wuz slighted. The minister's wife wuz app'inted a committee o' one on pickin' up scrap-iron on Furnace Street; Mis' Banker Hightop hed the job o' gatherin' up tin cans off'n Main Street; an' Mis' Bice, the butcher's wife, wuz to see that Pucker Avenue was kep' clear o' cats and dogs—Mis' Bice had to resign, though, after the fust week; said it wuz damagin' Bice's business.

"Mis' Stebbins wuz the head o' the dandelion committee. Ev'ry dandelion wuz to be expatriated—yes, I meant exterminated—an' she wuz to see that it wuz did; an' you bet she done it. Mis' Stebbins offered, in the name of the V. I. A., a cash prize o' three dollars to the boy that dug the most dandelions before a certain time; an' every boy thet dug a bushel, er more, wuz to get a packet o' nice seed.

"Well, fer two weeks them boys dug dandelions to beat all creation. Nuthin' wuz said ez to *where* they wuz to dig 'em, so they just naturally picked out a place a little beyond the city limits where the dandelions wuz thickest. At the app'inted time, which wuz four o'clock yistiddy afternoon, the returns begun to come in. Mis' Stebbins, wearin' a pleased, expectant smile, an' her best bib and tucker, stood on the horse-block, ready to distribute the prizes.

"I wish you could of seen that there street. It wuz black with boys. It looked like the procession comin' from both directions wuz about four miles long. Some o' them boys brought their dandelions stacked up like hay, in wagon-loads; some came rollin' 'em along in barrels; some brought their'n in wheelbarrows; an' one pore little perspirin' rascal hed his'n in one o' them there quart strawberry-boxes thet holds a pint. Said he *hed* hed a bushel in there, but they'd shrunk.

"They wuz all alike in one thing, though. Ev'ry last one on 'em thought he hed the most. There wuzn't no way o' findin' out just *whut* they hed; so we hed to take their word fer it. Ev'ry feller thet come swore he hed more bushels than the last. You'd 'a' thought we wuz offerin' a prize fer fish stories. But there wuz dandelions enough, too, ez I hev good reason to know.

"The lad thet took the prize hed twenty-seven bushels—so he said. He went away with a grin that 'd reach from here to Cincinnati; but if he'd 'a' known thet the check wuz goin' to be wore to rags before he got out o' the crowd, an' all the clothes tore from his back, he wouldn't 'a' been so plumb cheerful. He wuz back last night at supper-time with his pa. They wanted damages on account of his clothes.

"The chap thet came next hed twenty-six bushels—he 'nounced his'n 'fore the fust-prize feller. When Mis' Stebbins presented him with a leetle five-cent packet o' bachelor-button seed—they bein' the flower chusen

by the V. I. A.—gee whiz! but thet boy was mad. 'See here,' sez he, 'if I don't get no money fer all them dandelions, you got to gimme twenty-six packets o' them seeds. You said you'd give one fer each bushel.' He wuz calculatin' to sell 'em fer five cents a packet, you see.

"'No,' sez Mis' Stebbins; 'we promised to give one to ev'ry little boy thet got one bushel er more. I'm real sorry about it.' So wuz them boys. Red rags to a gladiator bull wuzn't nuthin' to them bachelor-button seeds to them poor deluded boys, all hevin' expected to take fust prize. They tore open them packets, flung them seeds all over my yard—where I reckon they'll all go to seed an' spile the grass. Then they dumped their dandelions in a heap in the road in front o' my place, an' by gum! if them little skee-sickses didn't up an' call Mis' Stebbins a old heathen. An then, b'gosh! if they didn't make a rush fer Mis' Stebbins. Mis' Stebbins made a rush fer the house, an' locked the door after her, leavin' me all alone to grapple with them ferocious little beasts.

"'See here,' sez I to myself, 'I'll jest try a little army discipline on them boys. I'll jest show 'em I ain't to be fooled with.' With that I broke a stout switch off'n a lilac-bush, laid a medium-sized lad across my knee, an' applied thet switch vigorous, mebbe 'most furious. That there straw broke the camel's back. Mine too, jest about. Them pesky little scoundrels grabbed me around the legs, threw me down in the road, piled their dandelions atop o' me, an' then danced a Injin war-dance on top o' the heap.

"There wuzn't no use in tryin' to stem the tide. I lay still, breathin' dandelion fuzz, an' sand, an' grasshoppers; an' wuz thankin' my lucky stars I wuz able to breathe at all. After a while, an' sort o' sudden like, them boys took a fright. 'We've killed him,' sez one boy. 'We'll be hung,' sez another, 'if we're found around here.' 'I never touched him,' yelled about a hundred o' the boys thet wuz nearest to me. 'There's a cop,' yelled about a hundred o' the boys thet wuz furthest away.

"An' then them boys croolly abandoned their victim an' lit out. When I crawled from under, five minutes later, there wuzn't a boy in sight.

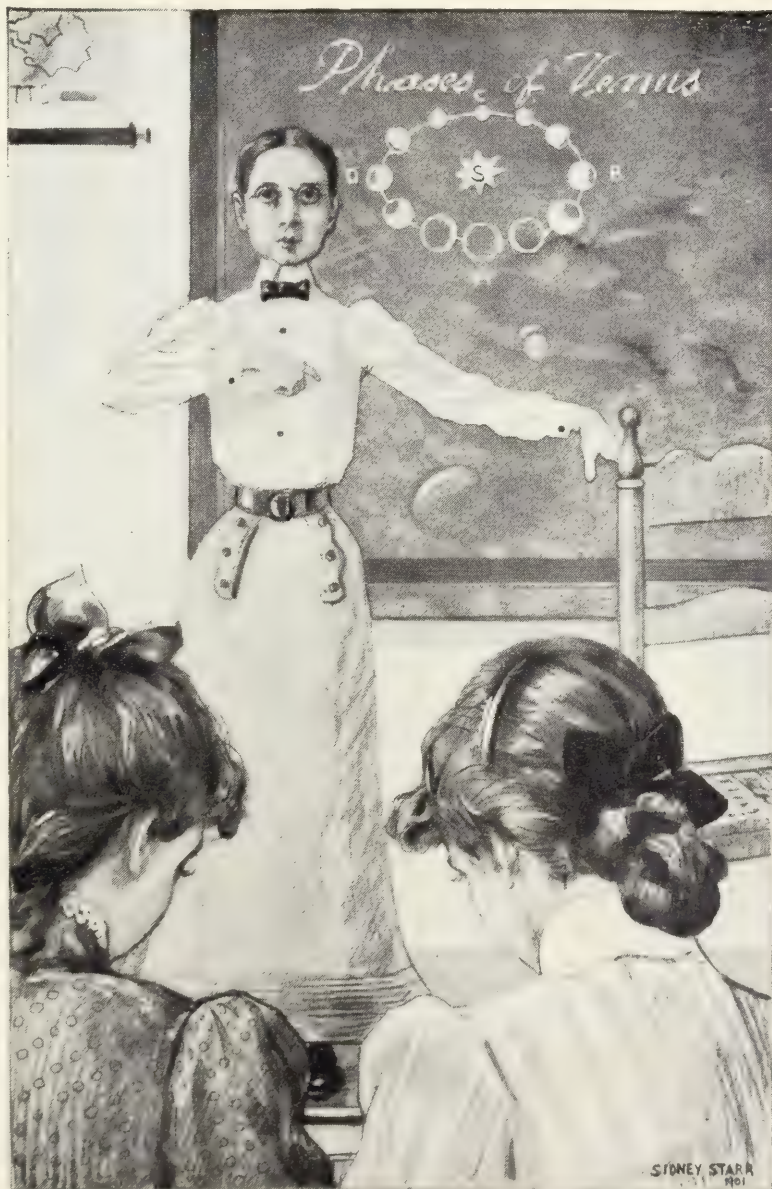
"But it didn't last. I hedn't no more 'n got the

sand an' caterpillars an' June bugs out o' my ears when a wagon come tearin' down the street with another load o' dandelions an' a frantic boy. Said he'd hed a balky horse an' wuz late. Mis' Stebbins writ him a polite little note an' sent it out by the hired girl.

"All the rest o' the afternoon them belated but industrious boys come stragglin' in, even from the next town, with more dandelions. All the evenin' the door-bell rung, till the little scalawags got it pulled out by the roots.

"All night long they pounded on the door, an' yelled fer Mis' Stebbins an' the V. I. A. They quit at three-fifty-five A.M. fer the night, an' began again at four this mornin'. I feel ez old ez—Great Jupiter! there comes another squad of 'em now! Lemme get in out o' sight. Say, do me a favor, will ye? Just tell 'em I'm dead."

CARROLL WATSON RANKIN.



ASTRONOMY MADE DIFFICULT

"Young ladies, since you do not seem to understand the diagram, we will try another method. Let this chair represent the sun—I am Venus."



IN CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY HOUR

"Go kiss aunty, dear!"

Hop o' My Thumb

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL

A WORTHY couple, man and wife,
 Dragged out a discontented life.
 The reason, I should state,
 That it was destitute of joys,
 Was that they had a dozen boys
 To feed and educate.
 There's naught in the world that such pa-
 tience demands
 As having twelve boys on your hands!

For twenty years they did their best
 To keep those urchins neatly dressed
 And teach them to be good;
 But so much labor it involved
 That, in the end, they both resolved
 To lose them in a wood;
 Though nothing the heart of a parent an-
 noys
 Like heartlessly losing his boys!

But while they plotted, every word
 The youngest of the urchins heard
 And winked the other eye.
 His height was only two feet three—
 I might remark in passing, he
 Was little, but oh, my!
 He murmured: "The word is apparently
 mum!"
 He was foxy, was Hop o' My Thumb!

They took the boys into the wood,
 And lost them, as they said they should,
 And came in silence back;
 But, worse for them, Hop o' My Thumb
 At every step had dropped a crumb,
 And so retraced the track:
 While his parents sat weeping the wander-
 ers for,
 He led them all in at the door!

He placed his hand upon his heart,
 And said: "You think you're awful smart,
 But I have foiled you thus!"
 His parents humbly bent the knee,
 And meekly said: "H. O. M. T.,
 You're one too much for us:
 We can't be surprised that your feelings
 are sore,
 And we won't never do so no more!"

The Moral is: While I do not
 Endeavor to condone the plot,
 I still maintain that one
 Should leave no chance of being foiled,
 And having one's arrangements spoiled
 By one's ingenious son.
 If you turn down your children, albeit with
 pain,
 Look out they don't turn up again!



SHE TOOK DOWN HER RIDING-WHIP

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CIII

AUGUST, 1901

NO. DCXV

The Cleansing of the Lie

BY ALFRED OLLIVANT

I
“HE lied,” said the Duchess.
“Yes,” said the Subaltern, “to shield Baby.”

“That doesn’t alter it a pin,” said she.
“Nothing alters a lie. He lied. A son of mine lied.”

She stood against the dark panelling in the blaze of her outraged motherhood; young and tall and strenuous, with hair like the burnished west.

“What are you going to do?” he asked.

“I am going to whip him.”

He looked at her.

“Has it ever happened before?” he asked.

“Never,” she said. “He has always been straight as his father—till now.”

“I didn’t mean that,” he said. “I meant, has he ever had to be whipped before?”

“Once,” she said. “It was when he was quite a tiny. Tom had to pretend to cane him. Not for that, though.”

“For watering the canary,” he said; “I remember.”

She moved across the room to a whip-rack on the wall. He followed her with his eyes.

“I was wondering,” he said.

“What?” she said, and turned.

“About this whipping.”

“Wondering?” she cried,—“wonder-

ing? What’s the use of wondering? It’s got to be.”

“Of course,” he said.

“Then why wonder?” she said, and turned in scorn.

“I was going to ask,” he said, “when you interrupted me, who was going to do it?”

“I am.”

“But—”

“The boy hasn’t got a father,” she said; “and so his mother must.” Her anger was still upon her like a flame on snow; she reached up her hand to the rack and took down her riding-whip.

“How old is he?” asked the Subaltern.
“Eleven.”

“And big,” mused the other, and looked at her. “I wouldn’t.”

She glanced at him, scorn in her eyes.

“He’s not that sort,” she said, “isn’t Harold. He lied; but it was to shield Baby.”

“You don’t understand,” he said.

“There’s nothing to understand,” she replied. “He lied; and he shall be whipped. He has no father; so his mother must.”

“It won’t do,” said the Subaltern, resolutely.

“It must do,” said she.

“It’s not fitting,” he said.

“There’s no alternative,” she replied.

“It’s not nice,” he said.

"Nice!" she cried, flashing her eyes on him. "Is it nice for a mother to have a son who lies?"

He stood by the great mantel-piece, himself young and strong and passionless.

"You're quite sure he did lie, Lilian?" he asked.

"My good man!" she retorted, "d'you think I should invent that a son of mine lied?"

"You might be mistaken."

"Ask him yourself," she said; turned her back and stalked away.

"Where is he?" he asked.

"In his bed-room," she replied, and went forth on to the terrace, queenly and cold as the morning.

He went out into the antlered hall, and called,

"Harold!"

"What?" came a boy's far voice.

"Come down here a minute, will you? I want you."

"I mayn't," came the voice.

"Harold!" came the voice of the Duchess from the terrace, very cold. "Come down into the Library."

The Subaltern turned back into the room and walked across to the window.

The Duchess stood on the terrace without, leaning over the balustrade.

"You ask him, Lilian," said the Subaltern.

"Certainly not," said the Duchess, nor turned her back.

"It would come better from you," said he.

The Duchess said never a word. She stalked further down the terrace, stately as the peacock pluming himself upon the balustrade.

Quick steps sounded in the hall. The Subaltern turned.

The door opened, and there entered a slip of a boy in flannels. He was a cutting from his mother: slender, tall, with delicate strong features, and her eyes. Now he too was pale, and bore himself with the high-strung air of a lady at bay.

He stood just within the door and looked about him.

"Where's Mother?" he asked.

"I want to put a question to you, Harold."

"What?" with darkening eyes.

"Did you lie?"

"Who told you?" he cried, passionately. "Answer the question," sternly.

The boy walked across the room to the window. In it he met his mother, high distaste in her every feature.

"Mother!" cried the boy, "you *didn't* tell him?"

"Yes," she said, "I did."

"Oh," he said, "Mother!"

"I've always been proud to tell my friends about my children till to-day, my boy," said the Duchess. "This is the only time, so far as I know, that you've ever done anything you had cause to be ashamed of Lulu or anybody else knowing about."

"You needn't have told outsiders, Mother," said the boy, with heaving bosom.

"And you," she answered, warmly, "shouldn't have given your mother cause to tell him what I have told him. Don't blame me, my boy."

"He fished to find out," said the boy.

"Harold!" flamed the Duchess.

The boy quailed.

"You'll apologize," said the Duchess, hands on hips.

The boy breathed deep.

"You'll apologize," said the Duchess, cold as a passionate star.

"Sorry," said the boy, pale as his mother.

"That's all right," said the Subaltern, quickly.

"Lulu did not what you're pleased to call 'fish,'" said the Duchess, with high scorn. "It's not his way. I told him."

"You needn't have told outsiders, Mother," said the boy.

"He's not an outsider," flashed the Duchess. "I've always told him everything about you; and I told him to-day that you'd lied to me—and he wouldn't believe me. That's why he sent for you."

The white anger still upon her, she turned to the Subaltern.

"Ask him yourself," she said.

"Did you lie, Harold?" said the Subaltern.

Dumb as a lily, stubborn as a thorn, the boy made no sign.

"Harold!" said the Duchess.

"Yes, Mother."

"D'you hear Lulu?"

"Yes, Mother."

"Then why don't you answer?"



"YOU'RE QUITE SURE HE DID LIE, LILIAN?" HE ASKED

"I have answered, Mother."

"You've not answered him."

"I've answered you, Mother."

"Answer him, Harold."

"Harold," said the Subaltern, "did you lie?"

"Answer him, Harold."

"I've said, Mother."

"Harold! do what you're told."

"What business is it of his?" said the boy.

The Subaltern caught the Duchess's eye.

"Harold," said the Duchess, "answer. Did you lie?"

"Yes, Mother."

"You may go back to your room, Harold."

"I'm going."

The Duchess looked after him.

"You've forgotten something, Harold."

The boy stood in the door.

"Mother," he said; and went.

II

The Duchess turned to the Subaltern. She was panting.

"And now," she said, "perhaps you're satisfied!"

"Quite," he said.

"You wouldn't believe me," she said; "you believe him."

"No man in his senses would think of disbelieving him," said he. "He's as honest as the day."

She looked at him with cold eyes.

"Yes," she said, "you needn't sneer. If he is a liar, he is my boy. And he never has before."

"I wasn't sneering," he said. "I only say he is not a liar."

"What!" she cried. "You think he owned to a lie he never told! Really, Lucius, it seems you make him out blacker than he is."

"One lie doesn't make a liar," said the Subaltern, doggedly. "The boy lied. It's over now; and he never will again."

"He lied," said the Duchess; "and he's got to be cleansed of it."

"He lied," said the Subaltern, "to shield Baby."

"That doesn't alter it a pin," said the Duchess. "A lie is a lie. Nothing alters a lie."

"Nothing," said he; "only I was thinking it was like his father."

"Like Tom!" she cried—"to lie!"

"Like Tom," said he, "to shield a girl."

"Tom hated a lie," said she. "No, I don't care what you say—Tom never lied."

"I remember her now," said the Subaltern. "She was tall-ish and thin-ish and nice-ish to look at. Tom was dead nuts on her. Her name was—"

She flashed round upon him.

"What?"

"Lilian," he said.

The color tided to her cheeks, and into her eyes a flooding tenderness.

"You remember, Lilian?" he asked, and smiled at her.

"Tom never lied to his mother," she said sternly, and yet with lowered eyelids.

"Tom lied to me," said the Subaltern.

"I don't believe it," said the Duchess.

"Yes, you do, Lilian!"

"Well," she said, "you lied to him first. Tom never lied except out of contrariness. If you lied to him—as I've no doubt you did—of course he'd lie back, because it wasn't likely he was going to be outdone by you."

"That doesn't alter it a pin," said he, inexorably. "A lie is a lie. Nothing alters a lie. Tom lied; and he got jolly well hid for it."

"And I hope you got jolly well hid for yours," said the Duchess.

"It was this way," said he. "Tom lied—"

"So did you."

"—and there was no one to flog him—"

"And you?"

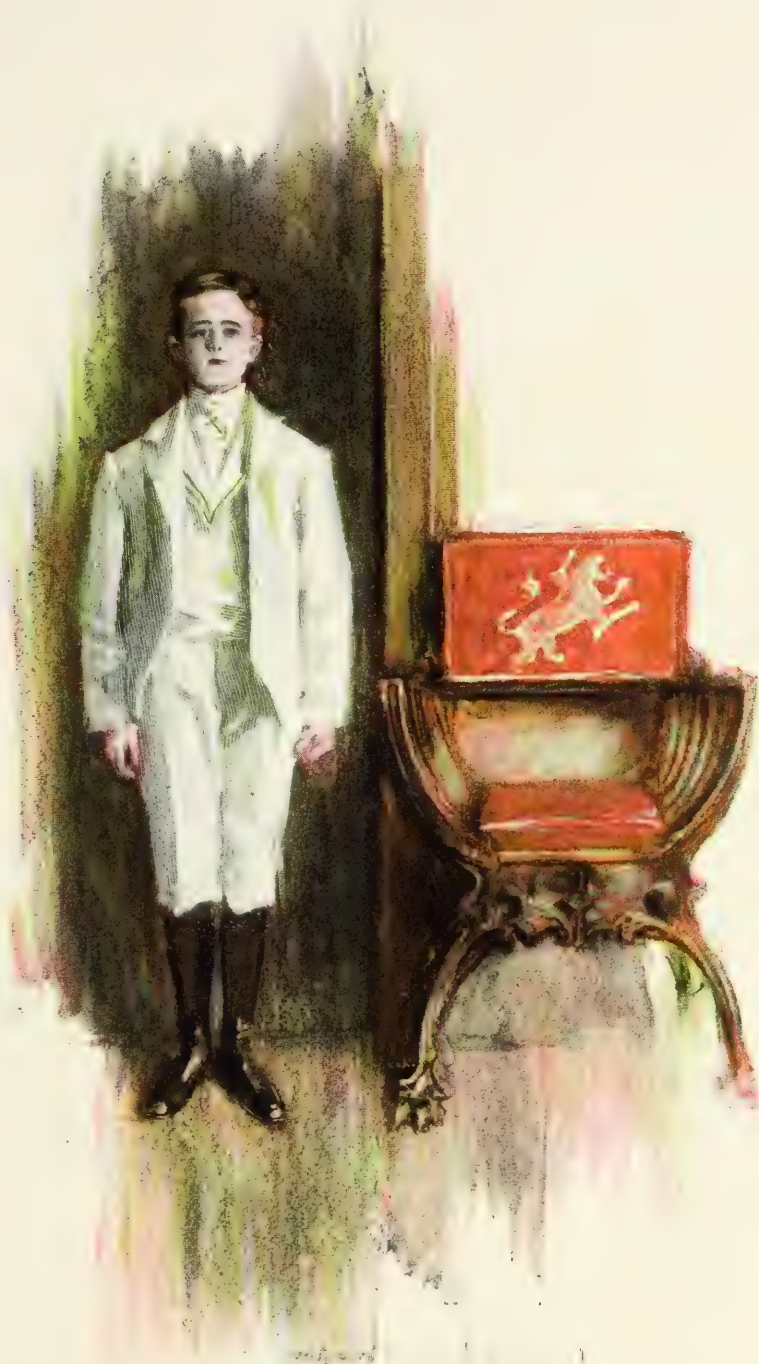
"—but his mother; and she wouldn't."

"She was weak," said the Duchess, with tight lips—"weak."

"She was nothing of the sort, as you very well know," said he. "She had us up, and she said she wasn't going to cane us, because she was a woman, and a woman who tries to rule by the rod fails. 'If it was a case for slippering, I would do it,' she said; 'but it's not; you're too big, to start with; and you deserve a flogging, and you're going to get one. But there isn't a suitable man available, so you'll have to flog each other; and I shall sit by to see it's done properly!'"

"Good old Gran!" said the Duchess.

"So we took off our coats, and the old lady stood by to see fair play. I was



"WHERE'S MOTHER?" HE ASKED, SHORTLY

the younger, so I had first knock; and I did my blooming best, you bet."

"You bet," sniffed the Duchess.

"Then came Tom. He crossed his, every mother's son of them, did Tom."

"Dear Tom!" said the Duchess.

"And chucked in a few extra for love at the end." He rubbed the seat of his trousers thoughtfully — "The old swine!"

"I am glad," said the Duchess.

Then the sternness came back into her face like a white shadow. She crossed to the door, whip in hand.

"You're not going to?" he asked.

"I am," she said.

He passed her and stood with his back to the door.

"Lilian," he said, "you can't."

"I can," she said; "I must."

He stood where he was.

"Let me pass, please," she said. "I

mustn't keep him waiting any longer. It isn't fair to the lad."

"But I've just been telling you—"

"That was quite different. There aren't two boys in this case; and if there were, I wouldn't let them. Let me pass."

"It won't do."

"Lucius," she said, "it must do. Now don't be tiresome, Lulu. Let me pass. It's not fair to him or to me to keep us."

"It won't do."

"It must do," she said. "The boy hasn't got a father; so I must."

"It won't do," he said, stubbornly.

"Let me pass, please."

"Very well," he said, and opened the door for her. "You're making a great mistake, Lilian."

"I can't help it," she said. "He must be whipped; and there's no one else; so I must;" and she added, resentfully, "I believe you think I want to."

"No, I don't," he said; "but I know you needn't; and therefore you should not."

She paused.

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Well, for one thing, you won't hurt him."

"I will try," said the valiant mother.

He smiled, and she saw it.

"It's all very well for you to make a mock of it, Lucius," she said. "You forget it's no laughing matter to me. And I don't think it's a bit nice of you. I thought you'd help me."

"I am trying to help you," said he, "but you won't listen."

"I have listened."

"Well, listen some more."

"Well, be quick, then."

He shut the door again.

"Harold and you would never be on the same footing again."

"Oh yes, we should," said she. "Harold's not like that. He wouldn't bear malice against his mother."

"Not malice," said he, "but his instinct would tell him it was all wrong. And, besides, it would hurt his pride mortally—a great boy of eleven—to be caned by a woman."

"And hasn't he hurt me mortally by doing what he has?" she cried, lifting quick eyes.

"That's got nothing to do with it," said he.

She picked up her whip without a word.

"Let me pass," she ordered.

"Wait," he said.

"No," she said. "He lied, and he must be whipped. There's no one else to do it; so I must."

"You mustn't," he said. "A man must."

"There is no man."

"There is."

"Who?"

"Well, there's old Jacob?"

"It won't do."

"Why not?"

"He's too kind."

"Then that steward chap—what's-his-name?"

"It won't do."

"Why not?"

"He's too weak."

She moved off to the door.

"It's no good, Lu," she said. "There's no one but me."

"That long-legged parson at Little Thorpe?"

"No," said the Duchess.

"Why not?"

"He's half a Dissenter," said she, with high nose. "He preaches in a black gown."

"Then the other parson, the chap at the gate?"

"Certainly not," said the Duchess, with tightening lips.

"Why not? He's not weak; he's not kind; and Heaven knows he's not a Dissenter."

"Parson!" sniffed the Duchess. "He is half a priest. Why, directly he'd got the boy on his knees, he'd want him to confess."

The Subaltern sighed.

"Then," said he, "there's no alternative."

"None," said the Duchess.

"I must," he said.

She looked at him doubtfully.

"No, Lu."

"Yes, Lil."

"It won't do," she said. "Thank you, though."

"Why won't it?" he asked. "I'm not weak; I'm not kind; I'm not High-Church; and I don't preach in a black gown. I'm just healthy Pagan."

"You're not a relation," she said;

"and it's a family matter. You saw how he resented your knowing at all."

"Yes," he replied, "but as I do know I don't see what difference it makes to him whether I cane him or know that you've caned him."

She looked at him irresolutely.

"You'd hate it," she said.

"Not so much as you would."

"It's my duty."

"Well, it's not exactly my pleasure," he admitted. "But I'd any day rather do it than have you do it. So'd Tom."

She half turned, still dubious.

"You've no authority," she said.

"All the better," he said. "I've none to damage."

"He'd resent it," she said. "You don't know how jealous Harold is of outside interference."

"I must," he said, and held out his hand for her whip.

"He'll hate you."

"Let him," he replied, and plucked it out of her hands.

"And you've been such good friends."

"And shall be again."

"I don't think I ought to let you," she said, and surrendered.

He walked to the whip-rack and laid the whip back in its place.

"Aren't you going to use it?" she asked, large-eyed.

"No," he said; "I should cut him in two with it."

He went out, crossed the hall, and up the great stairs six at a time.

"Lu," she called.

He turned on the topmost stair.

She was standing in the hall beneath, lonely, pale, and with dark eyes.

"What?"

"Remember."

"Eh?"

"He lied."

"Yes, yes," he said.

"And—"

"Well?"

"He's eleven."

"I know that."

"So don't—" she was twining anguished fingers.

"What?"

"—spare him," said the Spartan Mother.

"No fear," he said, and leaped on his way.

"Lu!" came the voice of anguish from beneath.

He peered over the banisters.

"What?" he said—"what?"

"Nothing."

"Then why d'you—"

"I didn't," said the Duchess. "Do go on. Don't keep him waiting."

"Me!" said the Subaltern. "Well, I'm—"

"D'you hear?" said the Duchess, irritably.

"Yes," he said, leaning over, "I hear; and if that's all you've got to say—"

"It isn't."

"Then what the—"

"Remember," said she.

"Bless her!" said he. "What now?"

"He's wearing flannels."

"I know that!"

"And—nothing underneath," said Bleeding Heart.

III

He blurted into the boy's room.

"Why don't you knock?" said the Duke. "And what d'you want?"

"Harold," he said, "I've got to flog you."

"You!" cried the boy.

"Yes," said he; "I've asked to be allowed to."

"What's it got to do with you?" cried the boy.

"I'm doing it to spare your mother."

"Yes; and to jolly well have the pleasure of doing it yourself."

"Anyway I've got to; and I'm going to."

"Do, you cad. You think I'm one of your soldiers. I pity your soldiers."

"I shall be back in a minute," said the Subaltern, and went out.

Half-way up the stairs stood the Duchess, lily-pale.

"Is it over?" she panted.

"No," he said.

"Oh, Lucius!" she cried.

"I can't help it," he snapped; "I must give the little chap a minute."

"What for?" asked the mother—"to torture him?"

"To ram a towel down," said he, and went back.

The boy was sitting on the bed, pale and with his mother's eyes.

"Well, cad!" he said.

"We'll go up into the wood," said the Subaltern.

"No, we won't; we'll stay here."

The other held open the door.

"You think I'm going to howl," jeered the lad, "like you used to when you were a boy. Plucky soldier you are!"

"Will you come? or must I carry you?"

"I'm a boy; you're a man; and it's no good fighting against a cad."

Down the stairs they went, and crossed the hall.

As they passed through the conservatory there bubbled out on them a little dumpling maiden with fairy hair.

"Well-a, Lu-lu," she chuckled. "Where you goin'? Baby come too?"

"Not now, Baby," he said, and put her from him.

She ran to her brother.

"May-a Baby—oh, may she?"

"No, Baby," said the boy.

"Pleasee, Hallie," she whimpered.

"Not now, Baby," said the boy, and tried to disengage himself.

She looked up at him with troubled eyes.

"What-a matter, Hallie?" she asked.

"Nothing, Baby," he said, and kissed her. "Now let me go."

"Baby, come in here!" called the Duchess.

"But, Muv—" whimpered Baby.

"Harold!" called the Subaltern.

"I can't help it," snapped the boy.

"Baby!" called the Duchess.

"Baby!" said the Subaltern, and returned to her.

Baby loosed her hold of her brother and flung herself upon him.

"You bad!" she screamed. "You debbel!" and bit his legs.

Out streamed the Duchess, wrapped her up in lithe arms, and bore her away.

IV

In the wood the Subaltern turned.

"Where's an ash-plant?" he said.

"Where one grows," said the Duke.

"You don't make things any better for yourself by being rude," said the Subaltern.

"Well, it's no business of yours," said the boy.

"I have to do it," said the Subaltern, "and I'm going to."

"You haven't to," said the Duke. "You jolly well like to."

"You don't believe I'm doing it to save your mother?" said he, cutting at a light ash-plant.

"Of course you're not. You put Mother up to it, because it's jolly well jam to you to flog anybody."

"Don't you think it would hurt your mother to have to hurt you?"

"You don't care about that."

"Though not so much as your lying has," he went on, stung into ungenerosity.

"My lying's got nothing to do with you," the boy replied, passionately. "You lied when you were a boy. And you lie again now if you say you didn't put Mother up to letting you flog me because it's jam to you."

"I do say so."

"Then you're a liar—which I always knew."

"Take off your blazer."

"That's right. Take it out of me. I don't care."

"Kneel down."

"I have knelt down."

"Kneel up."

"You said kneel down."

"Kneel up, d'you hear? Don't sit on your heels."

"It's allowed."

"I don't allow it."

"No, but you're a cad."

"Are you ready?"

"Yes, you cad. Hope you'll enjoy yourself."

After the hiss and dull thwack of each falling stroke, there came like a sort of echo beaten out of the boy's body a—

"Cad—cad—cad—cad—cad!"

"Get up," said the Subaltern, and stood back, pale.

The boy knelt where he was.

"Twelve is the allowance, you cad."

"Get up."

"Twelve is the—"

"Get up!"

The boy rose, quite white.

"I trust you have enjoyed yourself," he said, and bowed with the air of a Castilian hidalgo.

"You won't believe I did it to spare your mother?" asked the Subaltern.

"I know you didn't."

"Very well. You say I've flogged you because I like it?"



BEHIND HIM THE BOY FINGERED THE ASH-PLANT

"I do."

"Then now you shall have a slog at me, and we'll see how *you* like it."

He bowed in his turn, handing the ash-plant like a rapier, and turned his back.

Behind him the boy fingered the ash-plant.

"How many?" he asked.

"Oh, go on till you're tired."

"You gave me six."

"Well, you give me sixty."

"I can't hit so hard."

"No; then make it up in numbers."

"You're tougher."

"You can cross 'em."

"You didn't cross them."

"I expect I forgot."

There was a moment's silence; and then the sound of light feet retreating over dead leaves.

The Subaltern turned to see the boy flitting rapidly away.

"Hi!" he called, "Harold! where are you off to?"

For all answer the boy hurried on faster.

The Subaltern started to pursue.

The boy began to run.

The Subaltern paused, looked, and turned from following.

V

The Subaltern emerged from the wood, and walked down the smooth falling sward to the house.

As he came to the bottommost terrace there rose up to him from beneath a cedar-tree the sound of two voices in altercation; and the one was as the summer wind talking in the tree-tops, soft and very persistent; and the other as the voice of a little stream, shrill and small and stubborn; and the first was the voice of the Duchess, and the second the voice of Baby.

The Subaltern ran down the steep upon them sitting beneath the cedar-tree, Baby in her mother's lap, with tearful eyes; and the sound of voices ceased.

As he passed at the back of the seat, he bent.

"He is clean of his lie," he murmured in the ear of the Duchess; passed round the seat, and threw himself down on the grass at her feet.

A minute passed; then the Duchess rose and strolled away.

Baby followed dolefully.

The Duchess turned.

"No," she said, coldly, "you will stay with Lulu."

Baby stood with tearful mouth and sucked her thumb.

The Duchess returned to her; bent and whispered in her ear.

The Subaltern lay on his face, and made as though he did not hear.

"But I aren't, Muv!" came the voice of Tears behind him.

"But you must," said the voice of the Duchess.

"But I aren't, Muv!" came the voice of Tears, shrill, reiterative, "*I aren't. I—are—not.* It would be a Great Lie, Muv!"

Low and quick came the reply, and after it a sound of rustling as the Duchess moved away.

The Subaltern lay on the grass and busied himself beneath the shade of his hat.

Two fat impenitent legs stood before him.

"Muv says I've got to say I'm sorray," said the legs. "I aren't, vo," they added.

Lulu paid no heed. Beneath the shade of his hat he was making a boat out of a postage-stamp.

"Oh-a," gurgled a voice—the voice of Baby; "ducky boat," and the legs drew closer.

Then they kneeled.

"Who is ducky boat for, Lu?" asked a rapt voice.

No reply.

"Is it for you, Lu?"

No reply.

"Is it for—Muv, Lu?"

No reply.

A round cheek pressed itself upon the grass to look beneath the brim of his hat.

"Baby knows who would love ducky boat," said she, and ogled him languishingly with her upward eye.

He paid no heed. The boat was finished; prim and perfect, a thing to wonder at.

Lulu rose to his knees.

Baby wriggled on to her heels.

Lulu bared his arm, put the boat upon it, and blew it along.

Baby put her hands behind her and gazed.

"Now Baby," she said, and advanced bubble cheeks to blow.

"No," he said, and sternly held her away.

"Oh-a, Lulu," she pleaded, and sat back on her heels.

"No," he said.

"Why-a?" with wet eyes.

"Baby was rude."

Baby thrust out a fat imperious hand.

"Give Baby boat!" she ordered. "At once."

He pocketed the boat.

Baby watched it disappear, then she toppled back into a squatting position, girdling her knees with her arms.

"Debbel!" said she.

He prepared to rise.

Baby chewed her knee, and bethought herself.

"Baby not wude," said she.

"Baby was rude," sternly; "Baby is rude."

"No-a," said Baby, and sucked.

"Yes-a," said Lulu; "and Baby bit Lu."

Baby hid behind her knees. Then she looked up at him.

"Only lilly kiss-bite," she said, and rested her cheek on her wet knee.

"No," he said, inexorably; "a great big bloody bite."

Baby tested her knee with milk-white teeth very tenderly to see how much it hurt.

"Baby didn't mean-a," she said.



"MUV SAYS I'VE GOT TO SAY I'M SORRY"

Lulu tilted back the brim of his hat.

"Are you sorry?" he asked.

Baby looked away.

"Are you sorry?"

Baby girdled her knees.

"Are you, Baby?"

Baby thrust forth that imperious fat hand. "Boat!" she said.

"No," said he; "not unless you're sorry."

"If she are," said Baby, cunningly, "shall she?"

"I shall see."

Baby wriggled with downward face. Then she looked up at him.

"Baby sorray," she said, and held out her hand for her reward.

"Truly?" he said; "or is that a Great Lie?"

Baby hid behind her knees. Then she looked up through a rain of curls.

"Yes-a," she said; "Baby sorray—if she mayn't have ducky boat widout."

And so, because he was a man and weak, and she was a woman and very fair, and, moreover, gurgled deliciously when one poked her with deft forefinger, she had her way; and he took her in his arms and

loved her, and she gurgled and clutched her boat and was happy.

And to them as they dallied thus there came the sound of two who laughed joycously together.

"My Muv!" said Baby, and kicked herself free. "My lubberly Muv and Hallie!"

Lulu rose and looked.

Towards them down the sloping lawn there came the Duchess and her boy, arm in arm and merrily, as lovers and mothers and sons should come.

On the top of the bank above them the couple paused.

"I say, Lu," said the boy, with shy eyes, "l-l-l-let's go and finish that one-wicket match."

"Let's," said Lulu, and stormed up the bank. "I was in."

"Let's," said the Duchess, and snatched up her Baby. "I was wickets."

"Le's," gurgled Baby, and swallowed the boat.

"What were I, Muv?"

"You, my lady!" said the Duchess, and ravished her with kisses. "You was what you always was—in the way."



Banditti

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE

NOCTURNAL pilferers we cannot trace,
 Fantastic, fleeting, yet divine in grace,—
 Swift-footed fugitives no law can bind;
 Thieves who invade the chambers of the mind;
 Deft-fingered burglars in the realm of rest,
 Who pillage reason and yet leave us blest,—
 Blest by the beauty of illusive gleams,—
 The bright banditti of delightful dreams.



The Wonder of the World

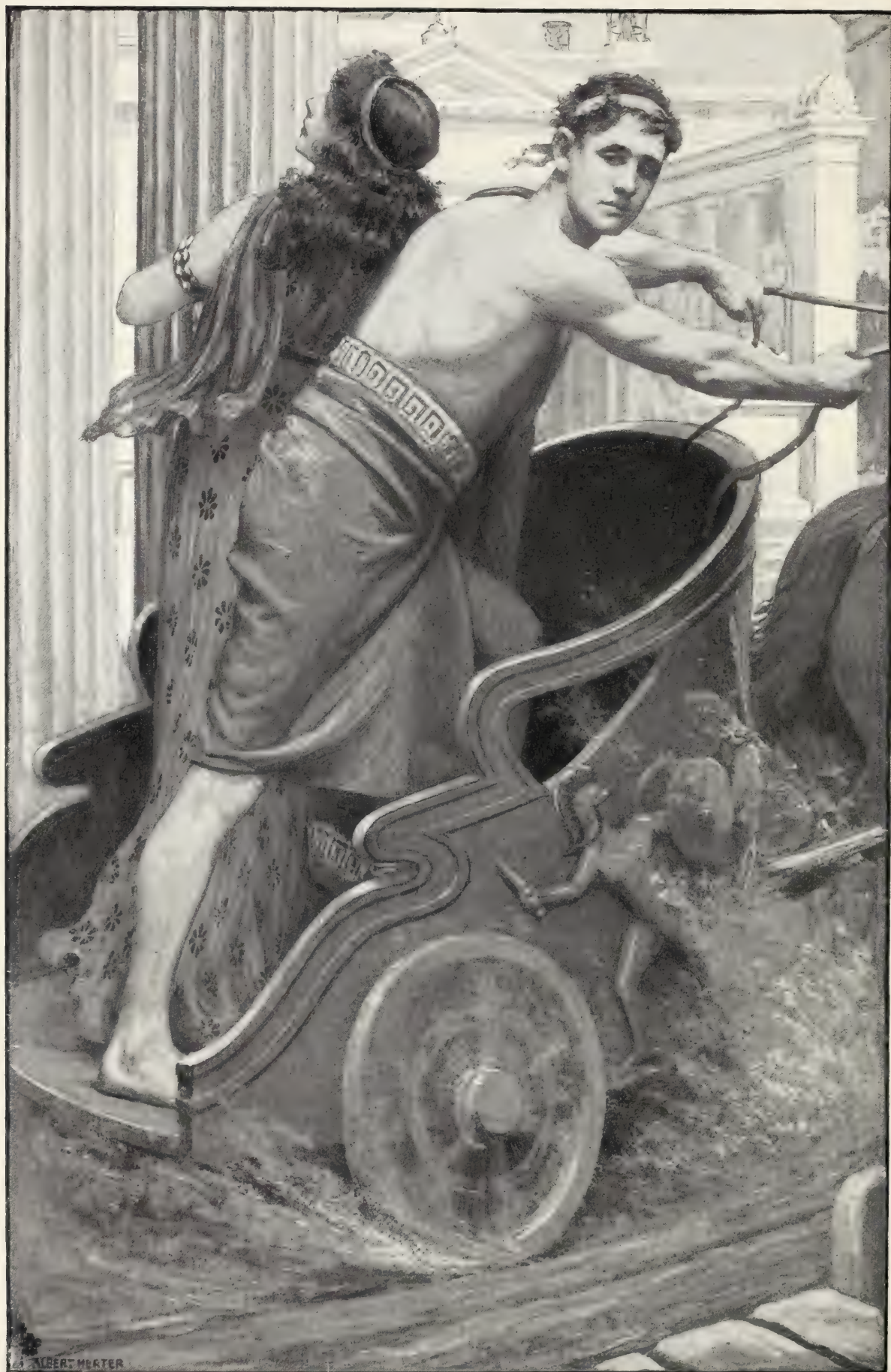
BY ERNEST RHYS

WHEN Artemisia and Mausólos rode
Out of the Carian gate, their chariot wheels
O'ercame the world, till its great spaces flow'd
Like air away; while on their horses' heels,
Like the one cloud of whitest fire
That brings the god again,
Their chariot hurl'd, to match their swift desire;
And so went quickly from those Carian men.

Went, but not all: it left pale radiance there:
Love's perfect apparition cannot fade.
Their passionate chariot still upon the air
Hung like a cloud, and swaying by, still staid,—
As if each chang'd and fading ray
Retook its fervency,—
Retook their splendor, till their train, and they
That gave it fire, still rode by radiantly.

Oh, subtle Fire! We never saw the South,—
The Carian South they knew;—nor heard the cry
Of Carian men there, crying with the mouth
Of wonder on Mausólos, urging by
His high-neck'd horses. But the flame
Of his great love and hers,
Caught in the marble cloud that dreams of them,
Still spires and lights those godlike charioteers.

For Artemisia, when her dear lord died,
Drank his burnt ash, solv'd in a cup of wine,
And turned their chariot into stone, for pride
Of their undying Love, and cast a shrine,
The world's last wonder, on the air,
To tell in marble rhyme
What Artemisia and Mausólos were,
Who Death o'ersway, though dead, and conquer Time.



THEIR CHARIOT WHEELS O'ERCAME THE WORLD

Ill days, ill fates, I know, have rent the stone
 And caught away its crest of loveliness;
 But Artemisia's heart goes beating on
 In the hurt marble, as beneath the dress
 Of some sad maid the bosom heaves
 The silklike gossamer.
 For by the loss for which the lover grieves
 Love's heart is known. And so it was with her.

The thrust of Time can never bear away
 Mausólos' majesty, nor break the heart
 Of Artemisia. No; the dream shall stay
 (Though marble perish)—of eternal art;—
 Of Love,—of Love like theirs! And when
 We stoop before dark fate,
 Let us still turn, like those forgotten men,
 To watch the Lovers leave the Carian gate.

Still from the stone they breathe the ardent breath
 Of Love undying; still their chariot, hurl'd
 Into a South beyond the pitch of Death,
 Bears on their impassioned faith, to show the world,
 Beyond Time's wreck, the undying fire,—
 And give us, if we be
 Of pulse too weak, a splendor of desire
 For more than goes with torn mortality.

This, the world's wonder, Artemisia gave:
 Because she loved Mausólos deathlessly.
 So come, all Lovers! to Mausólos' grave,
 And say,—“All fades; but Love the Mystery
 (Since spirits master Time) fares unafraid
 To its supreme abode;
 Past Fate, and Night, and Death, the darker shade,—
 As Artemisia and Mausólos rode!”





Illustration for "The Portion of Labor"

"I'LL STUDY HARD AND TRY TO DO YOU CREDIT"

The Portion of Labor

BY MARY E. WILKINS

PART VI

CHAPTER XVIII

ROBERT LLOYD, when he came to Rowe, was confronted with one of the hardest tasks in the world, that of adjustment to circumstances which had hitherto been out of his imagination. He had not dreamed of a business life in connection with himself. Though he had always had a certain admiration for his successful uncle, Norman Lloyd, yet he had always had, along with the admiration, a recollection of the old tale of the birthright and the mess of pottage. He had expected to follow the law, like his father, but when he had finished college, about two years after his father's death, he had to face the unexpected. The stocks in which the greater part of the elder Lloyd's money had been invested had depreciated; some of them were, for the time being, quite worthless, so far as income was concerned. There were two little children, girls, by his father's second marriage, and there was not enough to support them and their mother and allow Robert to continue his reading for the law. So he pursued, without the slightest hesitation, but with bitter regret, the only course which he saw open before him. He gave up his study of the law and his share of his father's estate. He wrote to his uncle Norman, and was welcomed to a position in his factory with more warmth than he had ever seen displayed by him. In fact, Norman Lloyd, who had no son of his own, saw with a quickening of his pulses the handsome young fellow of his own race who had in a measure thrown himself upon his protection. He had never shared his wife's longing for children as children, and had never cared for Robert when a child, but now, when he was a man grown and bore his name, he appealed to him.

Norman Lloyd was supposed to be

heaping up riches, and wild stories of his wealth were told in Rowe. He gave large sums to public benefactions, and never stinted his wife in her giving within certain limits. It would have puzzled any one when faced with facts to understand why he had the name of a hard man, but he had it, whether justly or not. "He's as hard as nails," people said. His employees hated him—that is, the more turbulent and undisciplined spirits hated him, and the others regarded him as slaves might a stern master. When Robert started his work in his uncle's office, he started handicapped by this sentiment toward his uncle. He looked like his uncle, he talked like him, he had the same gentle stiffness, he was never unduly familiar. He was at once placed in the same category by the workmen.

Robert Lloyd did not concern himself in the least as to what the employees in his uncle's factory thought of him. He was conscious of standing on a firm base of philanthropic principle, and if ever these men came directly under his control, he was resolved to do his duty by them so far as in him lay, but that was a matter of course.

Ellen, since her graduation, had been like an animal which circles about in its endeavors to find its best and natural place of settlement.

"What shall I do next?" she had said to her mother. "Shall I go to work, or shall I try to find a school somewhere in the fall, or shall I stay here and help you with some work I can do at home? I know father cannot afford to support me always at home."

"I guess he can afford to support his only daughter at home a little while after she has just got out of school," Fanny had returned indignantly, with a keen pain at her heart.

Fanny mentioned this conversation to Andrew that night after Ellen had gone to bed.

"What do you think, Ellen was asking me this afternoon what she had better do!" said she.

"What she had better do?" repeated Andrew, vaguely. He looked shrinkingly at Fanny, who seemed to him to have an accusing air, as if in some way he was to blame for something. And indeed there were times when Fanny in those days did blame Andrew; but there was some excuse for her. She blamed him when her own back was filling her very soul with the weariness of its ache as she bent over the seams of those grinding wrappers, and when her heart was sore over doubt of Ellen's future. At those times she acknowledged to herself that it seemed to her that Andrew somehow might have got on better. She did not know how, but somehow. He had not had an expensive family. Why had he not succeeded? she asked herself. So there was in her tone an unconscious re-creation when she answered his question about Ellen.

"Yes—what she had better go to work at," said Fanny, dryly, her black eyes cold on her husband's face.

Andrew turned so white that he frightened her. "Go to work!" said he. Then all at once he gave an exceedingly loud and bitter groan. It betrayed all his pride in and ambition for his daughter, and his disgust and disappointment over himself. "Oh, my God, has it come to this," he groaned, "that I cannot support my one child!"

Fanny laid down her work and looked at him. "Now, Andrew," said she, "there's no use in your taking it after such a fashion as this. I told Ellen that it was all nonsense—that she could stay at home and rest this summer."

"I guess, if she can't—" said Andrew. He dropped his gray head into his hands and began to sob dryly. Fanny, after staring at him a moment, tossed her work onto the floor, went over to him, and drew his head to her shoulder.

"There, old man," said she "ain't you ashamed of yourself! I told her there was no need for her to worry at present. Don't, Andrew; you've done the best you could, and I know it, if I stop to

think, though I do seem sort of impatient sometimes. You've always worked hard and done your best. It ain't your fault. And then we've got that money in the bank."

Andrew looked away from her with his face set. Fanny did not know yet about his withdrawal of the money for the purchase of mining stocks. He never looked at her but the guilty secret seemed to force itself between them like a wedge of ice.

"Then Grandma Brewster has got a little something," said Fanny.

"Only just enough for herself," said Andrew. Then he added, fiercely, "Mother can't be stinted of her little comforts even for Ellen."

"I 'ain't never wanted to stint your mother of her comforts," Fanny retorted, angrily. "Here I've lived next door all my life and seen her sail past in her silks and her nice shawls, and I 'ain't never said a word. It's her own money, and she's got a right to do what she wants to with it."

"She gave Ellen her graduating dress," Andrew said, extenuatingly.

"Oh, I know that. I ain't saying a word against your mother, Andrew Brewster. She's real interested in Ellen."

"And she's given her a good deal besides," said Andrew.

"I know that."

"And she 'ain't got but a precious little, unless she spends her principal," said Andrew. "She 'ain't got more'n a hundred and fifty or so a year clear after her taxes and insurance are paid."

"I ain't saying anything," said Fanny. "But I do say you're dreadful foolish to take on so when we've got so much to fall back on, and that money in the bank. Here you haven't had to touch the interest for quite a while, and it has been accumulatin'. You 'ain't touched the interest, have you, Andrew?"

"No, I 'ain't," replied Andrew, with miserable subterfuge.

It was agreed between the two that Ellen must say nothing to her grandmother Brewster about the possible necessity of her going to work.

"I don't see why not," Ellen said, when she was told of the decision.

"Because your grandmother's awful proud," said Fanny, "and she's always

thought you were too good to work, that's why."

"I don't think anybody is too good to work," replied Ellen, but she uttered the platitude with a sort of mental reservation. In spite of herself the attitude of worship in which she had always seen all who belonged to her had spoiled her a little. She did look at herself with a sort of compunction when she realized the fact that she might have to go to work in the shop some time. School-teaching was different, but could she earn enough school-teaching? There was a sturdy vein in the girl. All the time she pitied herself she blamed herself.

"You come of working people, Ellen Brewster. Why are you any better than they? Why are your hands any better than their hands, your brain than theirs? Why are you any better than the other girls who have gone to work in the shops? Do you think you are any better than Abby Atkins?"

And still Ellen used to look at herself with a pitying conviction that she was, and would be out of place at a bench in the shoe-factory; that she would suffer a certain indignity by such a course. The conviction of a better birthright was strong upon her, although she chided herself for it. And everybody abetted her in it. When she said to Abby Atkins, whom she encountered one day going home from the shop, that she wondered if she could get a job in her room in the fall, Abby turned upon her fiercely.

"Good Lord, Ellen Brewster, you ain't going to work in a shoe-shop?" she said.

"I don't see why not as well as you," returned Ellen.

"Why not?" repeated the other girl. "Look at yourself, and look at us!"

As she spoke, Ellen saw projected upon her mental vision herself passing down the street with the throng of factory operatives which her bodily eyes actually witnessed. She had come opposite Lloyd's as the six-o'clock whistle was blowing. She saw herself in her clean light summer frock, slight and dainty, with little hands like white flowers in the blue folds of her skirt, with her fine sensitive outlook of fair face, and her dainty carriage; and she saw others, those girls and women in dingy skirts and bagging blouses, with coarse hair

strained into hard knots of exigency from patient or sullen faces, according to their methods of bearing their lots; all of them rank with the smell of leather, their coarse hands stained with it, swinging their poor little worn bags which had held their dinners. There were not many foreigners among them, except the Irish, most of whom had been born in this country, and a sprinkling of fair-haired, ruddy Swedes and keen Polanders, who bore themselves better than the Americans, being not so apparently at odds with the situation.

The factory employees in Rowe were a superior lot, men and women. Many of the men had put on their worn coats when they emerged from the factory, and their little bags were supposed to disguise the fact of their being dinner-satchels. And yet there was a difference between Ellen Brewster and the people among whom she walked, and she felt it with a sort of pride and indignation with herself that it was so.

"I don't see why I should be any better than the rest," said she, defiantly, to Abby Atkins. "My father works in a shop, and you are my best friend, and you do. Why shouldn't I work in a shop?"

"Look at yourself," repeated the other girl, mercilessly. "You are different. You ain't to blame for it any more than a flower is to blame for being a rose and not a common burdock. If you've got to do anything, you had better teach school."

"I would rather teach school," said Ellen, "but I couldn't earn so much unless I got more education and got a higher position than a district school, and that is out of the question."

"I thought maybe your grandmother could send you," said Abby.

"Oh no, grandma can't afford to. Sometimes I think I could work my own way through college, if it wasn't for being a burden in the mean time, but I don't know."

Suddenly Abby Atkins planted herself on the sidewalk in front of Ellen, and looked at her sharply, while an angry flush overspread her face.

"I want to know one thing," said she.

"What?"

"It ain't true, what I heard the other day, is it?"

"I don't know what you heard."

"Well, I heard you were going to be married."

Ellen turned quite pale, and looked at the other girl with a steady regard of grave, indignant blue eyes.

"No, I am not," said she.

"Well, don't be mad, Ellen. I heard real straight that you were going to marry Granville Joy in the fall."

"Well, I am not," repeated Ellen.

"I didn't suppose you were, but I knew he had always wanted you."

"Always wanted me!" said Ellen.

"Why, he's only just out of school!"

"Oh, I know that, and he's only just gone to work, and he can't be earning much, but I heard it."

The stream of factory operatives had thinned—many had taken the trolley-cars, and others had gone to the opposite side of the street, which was shady. The two girls were alone, standing before a vacant lot grown to weeds, rank bristles of burdock, and slender spikes of evanescent succory. Abby burst out in a passionate appeal, clutching Ellen's arm hard.

"Ellen, promise me you never will," she cried.

"Promise you what, Abby?"

"Oh, promise me you never will marry anybody like him. I know it's none of my business, I know that is something that is none of anybody's business, no matter how much they think of anybody, but I think more of you than any man ever will, I don't care who he is. I know I do, Ellen Brewster. And don't you ever marry a man like Granville Joy, just an ordinary man who works in the shop, and will never do anything but work in the shop. I know he's good, real good and steady, and it ain't against him that he ain't rich and has to work for his living, but I tell you, Ellen Brewster, you ain't the right sort to marry a man like that, and have a lot of children to work in shops. No man, if he thinks anything of you, ought to ask you to; but all a man thinks of is himself. Granville Joy, or any other man who wanted you, would take you and spoil you, and think he'd done a smart thing." Abby spoke with such intensity that it redeemed her from coarseness. Ellen continued to look at her, and two red spots had come on her cheeks.

"I don't believe I'll ever get married at all," she said.

"If you've got to get married, you ought to marry somebody like young Mr. Lloyd," said Abby.

Then Ellen blushed, and pushed past her indignantly.

"Young Mr. Lloyd!" said she. "I don't want him, and he doesn't want me. I wish you wouldn't talk so, Abby."

"He would want you if you were a rich girl, and your father was boss instead of a workman," said Abby.

Then she caught hold of Ellen's arm and pressed her own thin one in its dark blue cotton sleeve lovingly against it.

"You ain't mad with me, are you, Ellen?" she said, with that indescribable gentleness tempering her fierceness of nature which gave her caresses the fascination of some little untamed animal. Ellen pressed her round young arm tenderly against the other.

"I think more of you than any man I know," said she, fervently. "I think more of you than anybody except father and mother, Abby."

The two girls walked on with locked arms, and each was possessed with that wholly artless and ignorant passion often seen between two young girls. Abby felt Ellen's warm round arm against hers with a throbbing of rapture, and glanced at her fair face with adoration. She held her in a sort of worship; she loved her so that she was fairly afraid of her. As for Ellen, Abby's little, leather-stained, leather-scented figure, strung with passion like a bundle of electric wire, pressing against her, seemed to inform her farthest thoughts.

"If I live longer than my father and mother, we'll live together, Abby," said she.

"And I'll work for you, Ellen," said Abby, rapturously.

"I guess you won't do all the work," said Ellen. She gazed tenderly into Abby's little dark thin face. "You're all worn out with work now," said she, "and there you bought that beautiful pin for me with your hard earnings."

"I wish it had been a great deal better," said Abby, fervently.

She had given Ellen a gold brooch for a graduating gift, and had paid a week's wages for it, and gone without her new

dress, and staid away from the graduation. But that last Ellen never knew; Abby had told her that she was sick.

That evening Robert Lloyd and his aunt Cynthia Lennox called on the Brewsters. Ellen was under the trees in the west yard when she heard a carriage stop in front of the house, and saw the sitting-room lamp travel through the front entry to the front door. She wondered indifferently who it was. Carriages were not given to stopping at their house of an evening; then she reflected that it might be some one to get her mother to do some sewing, and remained still.

It was a bright moonlight night; the whole yard was a lovely dapple of lights and shadows. Ellen sat with a vivid perception of the beauty of it all, and yet with that unrest and yearning which comes often to a young girl in moonlight. This beauty and strangeness of familiar scenes under the silver glamour of the moon gave her, as it were, an assurance of other delights and beauties of life besides those which she already knew, and along with the assurance came that wild yearning. Ellen seemed to scent her honey of life, and at the same time the hunger for it leaped to her consciousness. She had begun by thinking of what Abby had said to her that afternoon, and then the train of thought led her on and on. She quite ignored all about the sordid ways and means of existence, about toil and privation and children born to it. All at once the conviction was strong upon her that love, and love alone, was the chief end and purpose of life, at once its source and its result, the completion of its golden ring of glory. Her thought, started in whatever direction, seemed to slide always into that one all-comprehending circle; she could not get her imagination away from it. She began to realize that everything around her obeyed that unwritten fundamental law of love, expressed it, sounded it, down to the leaves of the trees casting their flickering shadows on the silver field of moonlight, and the long-drawn chorus of the insects of the summer night. She thought of Abby and how much she loved her; then that love seemed the step which gave her an impetus to another

love. She began to remember Granville Joy—how he had kissed her that night over the fence and twice since, how he had walked home with her from entertainments, how he had looked at her. She saw the boy's face and his look as plainly as if he stood before her, and her heart leaped with a painful shock which was joy.

Then she thought of Robert Lloyd, and his face came before her. Ellen had not thought as much of Robert as he of her. For some two weeks after his call she had watched for him to come again; she had put on a pretty dress and been particular about her hair, and had staid at home, expecting him; then, when he had not come, she had put him out of mind resolutely. When her mother and aunt had joked her about him, she had been sensitive and half angry. "You know it is nothing, mother," she said; "he only came to bring back my valedictory. You know he wouldn't think of me. He'll marry somebody like Maud Hemingway."

Maud Hemingway was the daughter of the leading physician in Rowe, and was regarded with a mixture of spite and admiration by daughters of the factory operatives. Maud Hemingway was attending college, and rode a saddle-horse when home on her vacations. She had been to Europe.

But that evening in the moonlight Ellen began thinking again of Robert Lloyd. His face came before her as plainly as Granville Joy's. She had arrived at that stage when life began to be as a picture-gallery of love. Through this and that face the goddess might look, and the look was what she sought; as yet, the man was a minor quantity.

All at once it seemed to Ellen, looking at her mental picture of young Lloyd, that she could see love in his face yet more plainly, more according to her conception of it, than in the other. She began to build an air-castle which had no reference whatever to Robert's position, and to his being the nephew of the richest factory-owner in Rowe, and so far as that went he had not a whit the advantage of Granville Joy in her eyes. If anything, Granville's chances on that score would be better. But Robert's face wore to her more of the guise of that for

which the night and the moonlight, and her youth, had made her long. So she began innocently to imagine a meeting with him at a picnic which would be held some time at Liberty Park. She imagined their walking side by side through the lovely dapple of moonlight like this, and saying things to each other. Then all at once the man of her dreams touched her hand in a dream, and a faintness swept over her. Then suddenly, gathering shape out of the indetermination of the shadows and the moonlight, came a man into the yard, and Ellen thought with awe and delight that it was he; but instead Granville Joy stood before her, lifting his hat above his soft shock of hair.

"Hullo!" he said.

"Good-evening," responded Ellen, and Granville felt abashed. He lay awake half the night reflecting that he should have greeted her with a "good-evening" instead of "hullo," as he had been used to do in their school-days; that she was now a young lady, and that Mr. Lloyd had accosted her differently. Ellen rose with a feeling of disappointment that Granville was himself, which is the hardest greeting possible for a guest, involving the most subtle reproach in the world—the reproach for a man's own individuality.

"Oh, don't get up, Ellen," the young man said, awkwardly. "Here—I'll sit down here on the rock." Then he flung himself down on the ledge of rock which cropped out like a bare rib of the earth between the trees, and Ellen seated herself again in her chair.

"Beautiful night, ain't it?" said Granville.

Ellen noticed that Granville said "ain't" instead of "isn't," according to the fashion of his own family, although he was recently graduated from the High-School. Ellen had separated herself, although with no disparaging reflections, from the language of her antecedents. She also noted that Granville presently said "wa'n't" instead of "wasn't." "Hot yesterday, wa'n't it?" said he.

"Yes, it was very warm," replied Ellen. That "wa'n't" seemed to insert a tiny wedge between them. She would have flown at any one who had found fault with her father and mother for saying

"wa'n't," but with this young man in her own rank and day it was different. It argued something in him, or a lack of something. An indignation all out of proportion to the offence seized her. It seemed to her that he had in this simple fashion outraged something which was infinitely higher than he himself—her own imagination of him but a short time before. He had not lived up to her thought of him, and fallen short by a little slip in English which argued a slip in character. She wanted to reproach him sharply; to ask him if he had ever been to school.

He noticed that her manner was cool, and was far as the antipodes from suspecting the cause. He never knew that he said "ain't" and "wa'n't," and would die not knowing. All that he looked at was the substance of thought behind the speech. And just then he was farther than ever from thinking of it, for he was single-hearted with Ellen.

The boy crept nearer her on the rock with a shy nestling motion; the moonlight shone full on his handsome young face, giving it a stern quality. "Ellen, look at me," he said.

Then he stopped. Ellen waited, not dreaming what was to follow. She had never had a proposal; then, too, he had just been chased out of her mental perspective by the other man.

"Look at me, Ellen," said Granville. He stopped again; then, when he spoke, his voice had an indescribably solemn, beseeching quality. "Oh, Ellen!" he said, reaching up and catching her hand. He dragged himself nearer; leaned his cheek against her hand, which it seemed to burn; then he began kissing it with soft pouting lips.

Ellen tried to pull her hand away. "Let my hand go this minute, Granville Joy," she said, angrily.

The boy let her hand go immediately, and stood up, leaning over her.

"Don't be angry; I didn't mean any harm, Ellen," he whispered.

"I shall be angry if you do such a thing again," said Ellen. "We aren't children; you have no right to do such a thing, and you know it."

"But I thought maybe you wouldn't mind, Ellen," said Granville. Then he added, with his voice all husky with emo-

tion and a kind of fear: "Ellen, you know how I feel about you. You know how I have always felt."

Ellen made no reply. It seemed inconceivable that she for the minute should not know his meaning, but she was bewildered.

"You know I've always counted on havin' you for my wife some day when we were both old enough," said the boy; "and I've gone to work now, and I hope to get bigger pay before long, and—"

Ellen rose with sudden realization. "Granville Joy," cried she, with something like panic in her voice, "you must not! Oh, if I had known! I would not have let you finish. I would not, Granville." She caught his arm, and clung to it, and looked up at him pitifully. "You know I wouldn't have let you finish," she said. "Don't be hurt, Granville."

The boy looked at her as if she had struck him.

"Oh, Ellen, I always thought you would!"

"I am not going to marry anybody," said Ellen. Her voice wavered in spite of herself; the young man's look and voice were shaking her through weakness of her own nature which she did not understand, but which might be mightier than her strength. Something crept into her tone which emboldened the young man to seize her hand again. "You do, in spite of all you say—" he began; but just then a long shadow fell athwart the moonlight, and Ellen snatched her hand away imperceptibly, and young Lloyd stood before them.

Granville Joy was employed in Lloyd's, and Robert had seen him that very day and spoken to him, but he did not recognize him, not until Ellen spoke. "This is Mr. Joy, Mr. Lloyd," she said; "perhaps you know him. He works in your uncle's shop." She said it quite simply, as if it was a matter of course that Robert was on speaking terms with all the employees in his uncle's factory.

Granville colored. "I saw Mr. Lloyd this afternoon in the cutting-room," he said, "and we had some talk together, but maybe he don't remember. There are so many of us." Granville said "so many of us" with an indescribably bitter emphasis. Suddenly his gentleness seem-

ed changed to gall. It was the terrible protest of one of the herd who goes along with the rest, yet realizes it, and looks ever out from the common mass with fierce eyes of individual dissent at the immutable conditions of things. Immediately, when Granville saw the other young man, this gentleman in his light summer clothes, who bore about him no stain nor odor of toil, he felt that here was Ellen's mate; that he was left behind. He looked at him, not missing a detail of his superiority, and he saw himself young and not ill-looking, but hopelessly provincial, clad in awkward clothes; he smelled the smell of leather that steamed up in his face from his raiment and his body; and he looked at Ellen, fair and white in her dainty muslin, and saw himself thrust aside, as it were, by his own judgment as to the fitness of things, but with no less bitterness. When he said "there are so many of us," he felt the impulse of revolution in his heart; that he would have liked to lead the "many of us" against this young aristocrat. But Robert smiled, though somewhat stiffly, and bowed. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Joy," he said; "I do remember, but for a minute I did not."

"I don't wonder," said Granville, and again he repeated, "There are so many of us," in that sullen, bitter tone.

"What is the matter with the fellow?" thought Robert; but he said, civilly enough: "Oh, not at all, Mr. Joy. I will admit there are a good many of you, as you say, but that would not prevent my remembering a man to whom I was speaking only a few hours ago. It was only the half-light, and I did not expect to see you here."

"Mr. Joy is a very old friend of mine," Ellen said, quickly, with a painful impulse of loyalty. The moment she saw her old school-boy lover intimidated, and manifestly at a disadvantage before this elegant young gentleman, she felt a fierce instinct of partisanship. She stood a little nearer to him. Granville's face lightened; he looked at her gratefully; and Robert stared from one to the other doubtfully. He began to wonder if he had interrupted a love-scene, and was at once pained with a curious new pain, and indignant. Then, too, he scarcely knew what to do. He had been sent to ask

Ellen to come into the parlor, and now he did not know what to do, with this complication of another caller, possibly an accepted lover.

Ellen pushed her chair toward him. "If you will sit down, Mr. Lloyd," said she, "I will get another chair, or we will go into the house." Robert hesitated. "Thank you," he said. "I fear I cannot sit down; my aunt is in the house."

"Your aunt?"

"Yes, my aunt, Miss Lennox."

Ellen gave a great start, and stared at him. "Does she want to see me?" she asked, abruptly.

Robert glanced at Granville. He was afraid of being rude toward this possible lover, but the young man was quick to perceive the situation.

"I guess I must be going," he said to Ellen.

"Must you hurry?" she returned, in the common polite rejoinder of her class in Rowe.

"Yes, I guess I must," said Granville. He held out his hand toward Ellen, then drew it away, but she extended hers resolutely, and so forced his back again. "Good-night," she said, kindly, almost tenderly, and again Robert thought, with that sinking at his heart, that here was quite possibly the girl's lover, and all his dreams were thrown away.

As for Granville, he glowed with a sudden triumph over the other. Again he became almost sure that Ellen loved him after all, that it was only her maiden shyness which had led her to refuse him. He pressed her hand hard, and held it as long as he dared, then he turned to Robert. "I'll bid you good-evening, sir," he said, with awkward dignity, and was gone.

"I will go in and see your aunt," Ellen said to Robert, regarding him as she spoke with a startled question. It had flashed through her mind that Miss Lennox had possibly come to confess the secret of so many years ago, and she shrank with terror as before the lowering of some storm of spirit. She knew how little was required to lash her mother's violent nature into fury. "She has not—?" she began to say to Robert, then she stopped; but he understood. "Don't be afraid, Miss Brewster," he said, kindly. "It is not a matter of bygones, but

of the future. My aunt has a plan for you which I think you will like."

Ellen looked at him wonderingly, but she went with him across the moonlit yard into the house.

She found Miss Cynthia Lennox, fair and elegant in a filmy black gown, and a broad black hat draped with lace and violets shading her delicate, clear-cut face, and her father and mother. Fanny's eyes were red. She looked breathless; in fact, one could easily hear her breathe across the room when she spoke. "Ellen, here is Miss Lennox," she said. Ellen approached the lady, who rose, and the two shook hands. "Good-evening, Miss Brewster," said Cynthia, in the same tone which she might have used toward a society acquaintance. Ellen would never have known that she had heard the voice before. As she remembered it, it was full of intensest vibrations of maternal love and tenderness and protection, beyond anything which she had ever heard in her own mother's voice. Now it was all gone, and also the old look from her eyes. Cynthia Lennox was in fact quite another woman to the young girl from what she had been to the child. In truth she cared not one whit for Ellen, but she was possessed with a stern desire of atonement, and far stronger than her love was the appreciation of what that mother opposite must have suffered during that day and night when she had forcibly kept her treasure. The agony of that she could present to her consciousness very vividly, but could not awaken the old love which had been the baby's, for this young girl. Cynthia felt much more affection for Fanny than for Ellen. When she had unfolded her plan for sending Ellen to college, and Fanny had almost gone hysterical with delight, she found it almost impossible to keep her tears back. She knew so acutely how this other woman felt, that she almost seemed to lose her own individuality. She began to be filled with a vicarious adoration of Ellen, which was, however, dissipated the moment she actually saw her. She realized that this grown-up girl, who could no longer be cuddled and cradled, was nothing to her, but her sympathy with the mother remained.

Ellen remained standing after she had greeted Cynthia. Robert went over to the

mantel-piece and stood leaning against it. He was completely puzzled and disturbed by the whole affair. Ellen looked at Cynthia, then at her parents. "Ellen, come here, child," said her father, suddenly, and Ellen went over to him, sitting on the plush sofa beside her mother.

Andrew reached up and took hold of Ellen's hands, and drew her down on his knee as if she had been a child. "Ellen, look here," he said, in an intense, almost solemn voice; "father has got something to tell you."

Fanny began to weep almost aloud. Cynthia looked straight ahead, keeping her features still with an effort. Robert studied the carpet pattern.

"Look here, Ellen," said Andrew; "you know that father has always wanted to do everything for you, but he ain't able to do all he would like to. God hasn't prospered him, and it seems likely that he won't be able to do any more than he has done, if so much, in the years to come. You know father has always wanted to send you to college and give you an extra education, so you could teach in a school where you would make a good living, and now here Miss Lennox says she heard your composition, and she has heard a good deal about you from Mr. Harris, how well you stood in the High-School, and she says she is willing to send you to Vassar College."

Ellen turned pale. She looked long at her father, whose pathetic, worn, half-triumphant, half-pitiful face was so near her own, then she looked at Cynthia, then back again. "To Vassar College?" she said.

"Yes, Ellen, to Vassar College, and she offers to clothe you while you are there, but we thank her and tell her that ain't necessary. We can furnish your clothes."

"Yes, we can," said Fanny, in a sobbing voice, but with a flash of pride.

"Well, what do you say to it, Ellen?" asked Andrew, and he asked it with the expression of a martyr. At that moment indescribable pain was the uppermost sensation in his heart, over all his triumph and gladness for Ellen. First came the anticipated agony of parting with her for the greater part of four years, then the pain of letting another do for his daughter what he wished to do himself. No man would ever look in Ellen's eyes

with greater love and greater shrinking from the pain which might come of love than Andrew at that moment.

"But—" said Ellen; then she stopped. "What, Ellen?"

"Can you spare me for so long? Ought I not to be earning money before that, if you don't have much work?"

"I guess we can spare you as far as all that goes," cried Andrew. "I guess we can. I guess we don't want you to support us."

"I rather guess we don't," cried Fanny.

Ellen looked at her father a moment longer with an adorable look, which Robert saw with a sidewise glance of his downcast eyes, then at her mother. Then she slid from her father's knee and crossed the room and stood before Cynthia. "I don't know how to thank you enough," she said, "but I thank you very much, and not only for myself but for them;" she made a slight graceful backward motion of her shoulder toward her parents. "I will study hard and try to do you credit," said she. There was something about Ellen's direct childlike way of looking at her, and her clear speech, which brought back to Cynthia the little girl of so many years ago. A warm flush came over her delicate cheeks; her eyes grew bright with tenderness.

"I have no doubt as to your doing your best, my dear," she said, "and it gives me great pleasure to do this for you."

With that, said with a graceful softness which was charming, she made as if to rise, but Ellen still stood before her. She had something more to say. "If ever I am able," she said, "and I shall be able some day if I have my health, I shall repay you." Ellen spoke with the greatest sweetness, yet with an inflexibility of pride evident in her face. Cynthia smiled. "Very well," she said, "if you will feel better to leave it in that way. If ever you are able, you shall repay me; in the mean time I consider that I am amply paid in the pleasure it gives me to do it." Cynthia held out her slender hand to Ellen, who took it gratefully, yet a little constrainedly.

In the opposite corner the doll sat staring at them with eyes of blank blue and her vacuous smile. A vague sense of injury was over Ellen in spite of her

delight and her gratitude; a sense of injury which she could not fathom, and for which she chided herself.

Moreover Andrew felt it also.

When this surprising benefactress and Robert had gone, after repeated courtesies and assurances of obligation on both sides, Andrew turned to Fanny. "What does she do it for?" he asked.

"Hush! she'll hear you."

"I can't help it. What does she do it for? Ellen isn't anything to her."

Fanny looked at him with a meaning smile and nod which made her tear-stained face fairly grotesque.

"What do you mean lookin' that way?" demanded Andrew.

"Oh, you wait and see," said Fanny, with meaning, and would say no more. She was firm in her conclusion that Cynthia was educating their girl to marry her favorite nephew, but that never occurred to Andrew. He continued to feel, while supremely grateful and overwhelmed with delight at this good fortune for Ellen, the distrust and resentment of a proud soul under obligation for which he sees no adequate reason, and especially when it is directed toward a beloved one to whom he would fain give of his own strength and treasure.

As for Ellen, she was in a tumult of wonder and delight; but when she looked at the doll in her corner, there came again that vague sense of injury, and she felt again as if in some way she were being robbed instead of being made the object of benefit.

After she had gone to bed that night she wondered if she ought to go to college, and maybe gain thereby a career which was beyond anything her own loved ones had known, and if it were not better for her to go to work in the shop after all.

CHAPTER XIX

WHEN Mrs. Zelotes was made acquainted with the plan for sending Ellen to Vassar, she astonished Fanny. Fanny ran over the next morning, after Andrew had gone to work, to tell her mother-in-law. She sat a few minutes in the sitting-room, where the old lady was knitting, before she unfolded the burden of her errand.

"Cynthia Lennox came to our house

last night with Robert Lloyd," she said, finally.

"Did they?" remarked Mrs. Zelotes, who had known perfectly well that they had come, having recognized the Lennox carriage in the moonlight, and having been ever since devoured with curiosity, which she would have died rather than betray.

"Yes, they did," said Fanny. Then she added, after a pause which gave wonderful impressiveness to the news, "Cynthia Lennox wants to send Ellen to college—to Vassar College."

Then she jumped, for the old woman seemed to spring at her like released wire.

"Send her to college!" said she. "What does she want to send her to college for? What right has Cynthia Lennox got to send Ellen Brewster anywhere?"

Fanny stared at her dazedly.

"What right has she got interfering?" demanded Mrs. Zelotes again.

"Why," replied Fanny, stammering, "she thought Ellen was so smart. She heard her valedictory, and the school-teacher had talked about her, what a good scholar she was, and she thought it would be nice for her to go to college, and she should be very much obliged herself, and feel that we were granting her a great pleasure and privilege, if we allowed her to send Ellen to Vassar."

All unconsciously Fanny imitated to the life Cynthia's soft elegance of speech and language.

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Zelotes; but still she said it not so much angrily as doubtfully. "It's the first time I ever heard of Cynthia Lennox doing such a thing as that," said she. "I never knew she was given to sending girls to college. I never heard of her giving anything to anybody."

Fanny looked mysteriously at her mother-in-law with sudden confidence. "Look here," she said.

"What?"

The two women looked at each other, and neither said a word, but the meaning of one flashed to the other like telegraphy.

"Do you s'pose that's it?" said Mrs. Zelotes, her old face relaxing into half-shamed, half-pleased smiles.

"Yes, I do," said Fanny, emphatically.

"You do?"

"Yes; I 'ain't a doubt of it."

"He did act as if he couldn't take his eyes off her at the exhibition," agreed Mrs. Zelotes, reflectively; "mebbe you're right."

"I know I'm right just as well as if I'd seen it."

"Well, mebbe you are. What does Andrew say?"

"Oh, he wishes he was the one to do it."

"Of course he does—he's a Brewster," said his mother.

"But he's got sense enough to be pleased that Ellen has got the chance."

"He ain't any more pleased than I be at anything that's a good chance for Ellen," said the grandmother; but all the same, after Fanny had gone, her joy had a sharp sting for her. She was not one who could take a gift to her heart without feeling its sharp edge.

Had Ellen's sentiments been analyzed, she felt in something the same way that her grandmother did, though with more reason. All at once, on thinking over this wonderful occurrence, she had wondered if by any possibility Cynthia had thought that she would tell. She could see no reason for her doing such a wonderful thing for her. Why should she? Ellen had not the least faith in her father's opinion that her native talents were sufficient to account for it. Moreover, she did not believe that Cynthia thought so; there had been something about the elder woman's eyes on her face which quite forbade the idea of any enthusiasm of admiration.

As for that other reason in which Fanny and her mother-in-law believed, neither of the women had dared mention that to the young girl. She had begun to dream definitely about Robert, and the reflection had come, too, that this might make her more his equal—as nearly his equal as Maud Hemingway, with whom she had seen him riding, with a little pang of innocent remonstrance as of her own nature. She had stood aside in a narrow part of the road to let them pass, and had admired them, and felt that they were galloping in a road which she had in one sense never penetrated. Now she felt that it might be different.

Maud Hemingway went to college, and so would she. Of the minor accessories of wealth she thought not so much. She looked at her hands, which were very small and as delicately white as flowers, and reflected with a sense of comfort, of which she was ashamed, that she would not need ever to stain them with leather now. She looked at the homeward stream of dingy girls from the shops, and thought with a sense of escape that she would never have to join them; but she was conscious of loving Abby better, and Maud. Maud had also entered Lloyd's. Abby, when she heard the news about Vassar, had looked at her with a sort of fierce exultation.

"Thank the Lord, you're out of it, anyhow!" she cried, fervently, as a soul might in the midst of flames.

Again the suspicion, which she almost knew to be unworthy, came to Ellen—could Cynthia have feared lest she would tell of that old episode, so many years ago? Finally she resolved that she would go secretly and see Cynthia, and understand the matter fully.

So Ellen set out in her pretty challis, a white ground with long sprays of blue flowers running over it, and a blue ribbon at her neck and waist, and her leg-horn hat with white ribbons, and a knot of forget-me-nots under the brim. She wore her one pair of nice gloves too, but those she did not put on until she reached the corner of the street where Cynthia lived. Then she rubbed them on carefully, holding up her challis skirts under one arm.

Cynthia was at home, seated on the back veranda in her rattan chair, with a book which she was not reading. Ellen stood before her, in her cheap attire, which she wore with an air which seemed to make it precious, such faith she had in it. Ellen regarded her blue-flowered challis with an innocent admiration which seemed almost able to glorify it into silk. Cynthia took in at a glance the exceeding cheapness of it all; she saw the hat, the like of which could be seen in the milliner's windows at fabulously low prices; the foam of coarse lace and the spray of wretched blue flowers made her shudder. "The poor child, she must have something better than that," she thought, and insensibly she also thought

that the girl must lose her evident faith in the splendor of such attire; must change her standard of taste. She rose and greeted Ellen sweetly, though somewhat reservedly. When the two were seated opposite each other, Cynthia tried to talk pleasantly, but all the time with a subconsciousness, as one will have of some deformity which must be ignored. The girl looked so common to her in this array that she began to have a hopeless feeling of disgust about it all. Was it not manifestly unwise to try to elevate a girl who took such evident satisfaction in a gown like that, in a hat like that? Ellen wore her watch and chain ostentatiously. The watch was too large for a *châtelaine*, but she had looped the heavy chain across her bosom, and pinned it with the brooch which Abby Atkins had given her, so it hung suspended. Cynthia riveted her eyes helplessly upon that as she talked.

"I hope you are having a pleasant vacation," said she, and she looked at the watch, and all at once Ellen knew.

Ellen replied that she was having a very pleasant vacation; then she plunged at once into the subject of her call, though with inward trembling.

"Miss Lennox," said she, and she followed the lines of a little speech which she had been rehearsing to herself all the way there, "I am very grateful to you for what you propose doing for me. It will make a difference to me during my whole life. I cannot begin to tell you how grateful I am."

"I am very grateful to be allowed to do it," replied Cynthia, with her unflinching refrain of gentle politeness, but a kindly glance was in her eyes. Something in the girl's tone touched her. It was exceedingly earnest with the simple earnestness of childhood. Moreover, Ellen was regarding her with great, steadfast, serious eyes, like a baby's who shrinks and yet will have her will of information.

"I wanted to say," Ellen continued, and her voice became insensibly hushed, and she cast a glance around at the house, and the leafy grounds, as if to be sure that no one was within hearing—"that I should never under any circumstances have said anything regarding what happened so long ago. That I never have,

and never should have, that I never thought of doing such a thing."

Then the elder woman's face flushed a burning red, and she knew at once what the girl had suspected. "You might proclaim it on the house-tops if it would please you," she cried out, vehemently. "If you think—if you think—"

"Oh, I do not!" cried Ellen, in an agony of pleading. "Indeed I do not. It was only that—I—feared lest you might think I would be mean enough to tell."

"I would have told myself long ago, if there had been only myself to consider," said Cynthia, still red with anger, and her voice strained. All at once she seemed to Ellen more like the woman of her childhood. "Yes, I would," said she, hotly—"I will now."

"Oh, I beg you not!" cried Ellen.

"I will go with you this minute and tell your mother," said Cynthia, rising.

Ellen sprang up and moved toward her as if to push her back in her chair. "Oh, please don't!" she cried. "Please don't. You don't know mother, and it would do no good. It was only because I wondered if you could have thought I would tell, if I would be so mean."

"And you thought, perhaps, I was bribing you not to tell, with Vassar College," Cynthia said, suddenly. "Well, you have suspected me of something which was undeserved."

"I am very sorry," Ellen said. "I did not suspect really, but I do not know why you do this for me." She said the last with her steady eyes of interrogation on Cynthia's face.

"You know the reasons I have given."

"I do not think they were the only ones," Ellen replied, stoutly. "I do not think my valedictory was so good as to warrant so much, and I do not think I am so smart as to warrant so much, either."

Cynthia had laughed. She sat down again. "Well," she said, you are not one to swallow praise greedily." Then her tone changed. "I owe it to you to tell you why I wish to do this," she said, "and I will. You are an honest girl, and you are honest with yourself as well as with other people—too honest for your own good, perhaps—and you deserve that I should be honest with you. I am not

doing this for you in the least, my dear."

Ellen stared at her.

"No, I am not," repeated Cynthia. "You are a very clever, smart girl, I am sure, and it will be a nice thing for you to have a better education, and be able to take a higher place in the world, but I am not doing it for you. When you were a little child I would have done everything, given my life almost, for you, but I never care so much for children when they grow up. I can't help it; it is the way I am made. I am one-sided, I suppose. I am emotionally deformed." Ellen stared at her, bewildered.

Cynthia laughed a little. "I am perplexing you," she said, "and there is no need of my saying more. I only say this to convince you. I have nothing in the world against you; on the contrary, I approve of you, and I admire you. You are a girl whom it will not hurt to admire openly, but I do not care for you particularly, and I am not doing this for you, but for your mother."

"My mother!" said Ellen.

"Yes, your mother, and maybe your father a little. I know what agony your mother must have been in, that time when I kept you, and I want to atone in some way. I think this is a good way. I don't think you need to hesitate about letting me do it. You also owe a little atonement to your mother. It was not right for you to run away, in the first place."

"Yes, I was very naughty to run away," Ellen said, starting. She arose, and held out her hand. "I hope you will forgive me," she said. "I am very grateful, and it will make my father and mother happier than anything else could, but indeed I don't think—it is so long ago—that there was any need—"

"I do, for the sake of my own distress over it," Cynthia said, shortly. "Suppose, now, we drop the subject, my dear. There is a taint in the New England

blood, and you have it, and you must fight it. It is a suspicion of the motives of a good deed, which will often poison all the good effect from it. I don't know where the taint came from. Perhaps the Pilgrim Fathers' being necessarily always on the watch for the savage behind his gifts has affected their descendants. Anyway, it is there. I suppose I have it."

"I am very sorry," said Ellen.

"I also am sorry," said Cynthia. "I did you a wrong, and your mother a wrong, years ago. I wonder at myself now, but you don't know the temptation. You will never know how you looked to me that night."

Cynthia's voice took on a tone of ineffable tenderness and yearning. Ellen saw again the old expression in her face; suddenly she looked as before, young and beautiful, and full of a boundless attraction. The girl's heart fairly leaped toward her with an impulse of affection. She could in that minute have fallen at her feet, have followed her to the end of the world. A great love and admiration, which had gotten its full growth in a second under the magic of a look and a tone, shook her from head to foot. She went close to Cynthia and leaned over her, putting her round young face down to the elder woman's. "Oh, I love you, I love you," whispered Ellen, with a fervor which was strange to her.

But Cynthia only kissed her lightly on her cheek, and pushed her away softly. "Thank you, dear," she said. "I am glad you came and spoke to me frankly, and I am glad we have come to an understanding."

Ellen, after she had taken her leave, was more in love than she had ever been in her life, and with another woman. She thought of Cynthia with adoration; she dreamed about her; the feeling of receiving a benefit from her hand became immeasurably sweet.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A Pilgrim

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

I

THE servants had gathered in the front hall to inspect the new arrival,—cook, kitchen-maid, butler, flanked on the right by parlor-maids, on the left by a footman and a small but-tons.

The new arrival was a snow-white bull-terrier, alert, ardent, quivering in expectation of a welcome among these strangers, madly wagging his whiplike tail in passionate silence.

When the mistress of the house at last came down the great stone stairway, the servants fell back in a semicircle, leaving her face to face with the white bull-terrier.

"So *that* is the dog!" she said, in faint astonishment.

A respectful murmur of assent corroborated her conclusion.

The dog's eyes met hers; she turned to the servants with a perplexed gesture.

"Is the brougham at the door?" asked the young mistress of the house.

The footman signified that it was.

"Then tell Phelan to come here at once."

Phelan, the coachman, arrived, large, rosy, freshly shaven, admirably correct.

"Phelan," said the young mistress, "look at that dog."

The coachman promptly fixed his eyes on the wagging bull-terrier. In spite of his decorous gravity a smile of distinct pleasure slowly spread over his square pink face until it became a subdued simper.

"Is that a well-bred dog, Phelan?" demanded the young mistress.

"It is, ma'am," replied Phelan, promptly.

"Very well bred?"

"Very, ma'am."

"Dangerous?"

"In a fight, ma'am." Stifled enthusiasm swelled the veins in the coachman's forehead. Triumphant pæans of

praise for the bull-terrier trembled upon his lips; but he stood rigid, correct, a martyr to his perfect training.

"Say what you wish to say, Phelan," prompted the young mistress, with a hasty glance at the dog.

"Thanky, ma'am.... The bull is the finest I ever laid eyes on. . . . He hasn't a blemish, ma'am; and the three years of him doubled will leave him three years to his prime, ma'am. . . . And there's never another bull, nor a screw-tail, nor cross, be it mastiff or fox or whippet, ma'am, that can loose the holt o' thim twin jaws. . . . Beg pardon, ma'am, I know the dog."

"You mean that you have seen that dog before?"

"Yes, ma'am; he won his class from a pup at the Garden. That is 'His Highness,' ma'am, Mr. Langham's champion three-year."

She had already stooped to caress the silent, eager dog—timidly, because she had never before owned a dog—but at the mention of his master's name she drew back sharply and stood erect.

"Never fear, ma'am," said the coachman, eagerly; "he won't bite, ma'am—"

"Mr. Langham's dog?" she repeated, coldly; and then, without another glance at either the dog or the coachman, she turned to the front door; buttons swung it wide with infantile dignity; a moment later she was in her brougham, with Phelan on the box and the rigid footman expectant at the window.

II

Seated in a corner of her brougham, she saw the world pass on flashing wheels along the asphalt; she saw the April sunshine slanting across brownstone mansions and the glass-fronted façades of shops.... she looked without seeing.

So Langham had sent her his dog! In the first year of her widowhood she had first met Langham; she was then

twenty-one. In the second year of her widowhood Langham had offered himself, and, with the declaration on his lips, had seen the utter hopelessness of his offer. They had not met since then. And now, in the third year of her widowhood, he offered her his dog!

She had at first intended to keep the dog. Knowing nothing of animals, discouraged from all sporting fads by a husband who himself was devoted to animals dedicated to sport, she had quietly acquiesced in her husband's dictum that "horse-women and dog-women made a man ill!"—and so dismissed any idea she might have entertained toward the harboring of the four-footed.

A miserable consciousness smote her: why had she allowed the memory of her husband to fade so amazingly in these last two months of early spring? Of late, when she wished to fix her thoughts upon her late husband and to conjure his face before her closed eyes, she found that the mental apparition came with more and more difficulty.

Sitting in a corner of her brougham, the sharp rhythm of her horses' hoofs tuning her thoughts, she quietly endeavored to raise that cherished mental spectre, but could not, until by hazard she remembered the portrait of her husband hanging in the smoking-room.

But instantly she strove to put that away; the portrait was by Sargent, a portrait she had always disliked, because the great painter had painted an expression into her husband's face which she had never seen there. An aged and unbearable aunt of hers had declared that Sargent painted beneath the surface; she resented the suggestion, because what she read beneath the surface of her husband's portrait sent hot blood into her face.

Thinking of these things, she saw the spring sunshine gilding the gray branches of the Park trees. Here and there elms spread tinted with green; chestnuts and maples were already in the full glory of new leaves; the leafless twisted tangles of wistaria hung thick with scented purple bloom; everywhere the scarlet blossoms of the Japanese quince glowed on naked shrubs, bedded in green lawns.

Her husband had loved the country. . . . There was one spot in the world which he had loved above all others—the

Sagamore Angling Club. She had never been there. But she meant to go. Probably to-morrow. . . . And before she went she must send that dog back to Langham.

At the cathedral she signalled to stop, and sent the brougham back, saying she would walk home. And the first man she met was Langham.

III

There was nothing extraordinary in it. His club was there on the corner, and it was exactly his hour for the club.

"It is so very fortunate . . . for me," he said. "I did want to see you. . . I am going away to-morrow."

"Of course it's about the dog," she said, pleasantly.

He laughed. "I am so glad that you will accept him—"

"But I can't," she said; "and thank you so much for asking me."

For a moment his expression touched her, but she could not permit expressions of men's faces to arouse her compunction, so she turned her eyes resolutely ahead toward the spire of the marble church.

He walked beside her in silence.

"I also am going away to-morrow," she said, politely.

He did not answer.

Every day since her widowhood, every day for three years, she had decided to make that pilgrimage. . . . some time. And now, crossing Union Square on that lovely afternoon late in April, she knew that the time had come. Not that there was any reason for haste. . . . At the vague thought her brown eyes rested a moment on the tall young man beside her. . . .

Yes she would go to-morrow.

A vender of violets shuffled up beside them; Langham picked up a dewy bundle of blossoms, and their perfume seemed to saturate the air till it tasted on the tongue.

She shook her head. "No, no, please; the fragrance is too heavy." . . .

"Won't you accept them?" he inquired, bluntly.

Again she shook her head; there was indecision in the smile, assent in the gesture. However, he perceived neither.

She took a short step forward. The wind whipped the fountain jet, and a

fanlike cloud of spray drifted off across the asphalt. Then they moved on together.

Presently she said, quietly, "I believe I will carry a bunch of those violets;" and she waited for him to go back through the fountain spray, find the peddler, and rummage among the perfumed heaps in the basket. "Because," she added, cheerfully, as he returned with the flowers, "I am going to the East Tenth Street Mission, and I meant to take some flowers anyway."

"If you would keep that cluster and let me send the whole basket to your mission—" he began.

But she had already started on across the wet pavement.

"I did not know you were going to give my flowers to those cripples," he said, keeping pace with her.

"Do you mind?" she asked, but she had not meant to say that, and she walked a little more quickly to escape the quick reply.

"I want to ask you something," he said, after a moment's brisk walking. "I wish—if you don't mind—I wish you would walk around the square with me—just once—"

"Certainly not," she said; "and now you will say good-by—because you are going away, you say." She had stopped at the Fourth Avenue edge of the square. "So good-by, and thank you for the beautiful dog, and for the violets."

"But you won't keep the dog, and you won't keep the violets," he said; "and besides, if you are going away—"

"Good-by," she repeated, smiling.

"—Besides," he went on, "I would like to know where you are going."

"That," she said, "is what I do not wish to tell you—or anybody."

There was a brief silence; the charm of her bent head distracted him.

"If you won't go," she said, with caprice, "I will walk once around the square with you, but it is the silliest thing I have ever done in my entire life."

"Why won't you keep the bull-terrier?" he asked, humbly.

"Because I'm going away—for one reason."

"Couldn't you take His Highness?"

"No—that is, I could, but—I can't explain—he would distract me."

"Shall I take him back, then?"

"Why?" she demanded, surprised.

"I—only I thought if you did not care for him," he stammered. "You see, I love the dog."

She bit her lip and bent her eyes on the ground. Again he quickened his pace to keep step with her.

"You see," he said, searching about for the right phrase, "I wanted you to have something that I could venture to offer you—er—something not valuable—er—I mean not—er—"

"Your dog is a very valuable champion; everybody knows that," she said, carelessly.

"Oh yes—he's a corker in his line; out of Empress by Ameer, you know—"

"I might manage to keep him for a while," she observed, without enthusiasm. "At all events, I shall tie my violets to his collar."

He watched her; the roar of Broadway died out in his ears; in hers it grew, increasing, louder, louder. A dim scene rose unbidden before her eyes—the high gloom of a cathedral, the great organ's first unsteady throbbing—her wedding march! No, not that; for while she stood, coldly transfixed in centred self-absorption, she seemed to see a shapeless mass of wreaths piled in the twilight of an altar—the dreadful pomp and panoply and circumstance of death—

She turned her eyes on the man beside her; her whole being vibrated with the menace of a dirge, and in the roar of traffic around her she divined the imprisoned thunder of the organ pealing for her dead.

She turned her head sharply toward the west.

"What is it?" he asked, in the voice of a man who needs no answer to his question.

She kept her head steadily turned. Through Fifteenth Street the sun poured a red light that deepened as the mist rose from the docks. She heard the river whistles blowing; an electric light broke out through the bay haze.

It was true she was thinking of her husband—thinking of him almost desperately, distressed that already he should have become to her nothing more vital than a memory.

Unconscious of the man beside her,



"I MEANT TO TAKE SOME FLOWERS, ANYWAY"

she stood there in the red glow, straining eyes and memory to focus both on a past that receded and seemed to dwindle to a point of utter vacancy.

Then her husband's face grew out of vacancy, so real, so living, that she started—to find herself walking slowly past the fountain with Langham at her side.

After a moment she said: "Now we have walked all around the square. Now I am going to walk home; . . . and thank you . . . for my walk, . . . which was probably as wholesome a performance as I could have indulged in,—and quite unconventional enough, even for you."

They faced about and traversed the square, crossed Broadway in silence, passed through the kindling shadows of the long cross-street, and turned into Fifth Avenue.

"You are very silent," she said, sorry at once that she had said it, uncertain as to the trend his speech might follow, and withal curious.

"It was only about that dog," he said.

She wondered if it was exactly that, and decided it was not. It was not. He was thinking of her husband as he had known him—only by sight and by report. He remembered the florid gentleman perfectly; he had often seen him tooling his four; he had seen him at the traps in Monte Carlo, dividing with the best shot in Italy; he had seen him riding to hounds a few days before that fatal run of the Shadowbrook Hunt, where he had taken his last fence. Once, too, he had seen him at the Sagamore Angling Club up State.

"When are you going?" he said, suddenly.

"To-morrow."

"I am not to know where?"

"Why should you?" and then, a little quickly: "No, no. It is a pilgrimage."

"When you return—" he began, but she shook her head.

"No, . . . no. I do not know where I may be."

In the April twilight the electric lamps along the avenue snapped alight. The air rang with the metallic chatter of sparrows.

They mounted the steps of her house; she turned and swept the dim avenue with a casual glance.

"So you too are going away?" she asked, pleasantly.

"Yes—to-night."

She gave him her hand. She felt the pressure of his hand on her gloved fingers after he had gone, although their hands had scarcely touched at all.

And so she went into the dimly lighted house, through the drawing-room, which was quite dark, into the music-room beyond; and there she sat down upon a chair by the piano—a little gilded chair that revolved as she pushed herself idly, now to the right, now to the left.

Yes, . . . after all, she would go; . . . she would make that pilgrimage to the spot on earth her husband loved best of all—the sweet waters of the Sagamore, where his beloved club lodge stood, and whither, for a month every year, he repaired with some old friends to renew a bachelor's love for angling.

She had never accompanied him on these trips; she instinctively divined a man's desire for a ramble among old haunts with old friends, freed for a brief space from the happy burdens of domesticity.

The lodge on the Sagamore was now her shrine; there she would rest and think of him, follow his footsteps to his best-loved haunts, wander along the rivers where he had wandered, dream by the streams where he had dreamed.

She had married her husband out of awe, sheer awe for his wonderful personality. And he was wonderful; faultless in everything—though not so faultless as to be in bad taste, she often told herself. His entourage also was faultless; and the general faultlessness of everything had made her married life very perfect.

As she sat thinking in the darkened music-room, something stirred in the hallway outside. She raised her eyes; the white bull-terrier stood in the lighted doorway, looking in at her.

A perfectly incomprehensible and resistless rush of loneliness swept her to her feet; in a moment she was down on the floor again, on her silken knees, her arms around the dog, her head pressed tightly to his head.

"Oh," she said, choking, "I must go to-morrow—I must—I must. . . . And

here are the violets; I will tie them to your collar. . . . Hold still! . . . He loves you; . . . but you shall not have them—do you hear? No, no, for I shall wear them, for I like their odor; and, anyway, I am going away.” . . .

IV

The next day she began her pilgrimage, and His Highness went with her, and a maid from the British Isles.

She had telegraphed to the Sagamore Club for rooms, to make sure, but that was unnecessary, because there were at the moment only three members of the club at the lodge.

Now although she herself could scarcely be considered a member of the Sagamore Angling Club, she still controlled her husband's shares in the concern, and she was duly and impressively welcomed by the steward. Two of the three members domiciled there came up to pay their respects when she alighted from the muddy buckboard sent to the railway to meet her; they were her husband's old friends Colonel Hyssop and Major Brent, white-haired, purple-faced, well-groomed gentlemen in the early fifties. The third member was out in the rain fishing somewhere downstream.

“New man here, madam—a good fellow, but a bad rod—eh, Brent?”

“Bad rod,” repeated Major Brent, wagging his fat head. “Uses ferrules to a six-ounce rod. *We* splice—eh, Colonel?”

“Certainly,” said the Colonel.

She stood by the open fire in the centre of the hallway, holding her shapely hands out toward the blaze, while her maid relieved her of the wet rain-coat.

“Splice what, Colonel Hyssop, if you please?” she inquired, smiling.

“Splice our rods, madame,—no creaky joints and ferrules for old hands like Major Brent and me, ma'am. Do you throw a fly?”

“Oh no,” she said, with a faint smile. “I—I do nothing.”

“Except to remain the handsomest woman in the five boroughs!” said the Major, with a futile attempt to bend at the waist—utterly unsuccessful, yet impressive.

She dropped him a curtsy, then took

the glass of sherry that the steward brought and sipped it, meditative eyes on the blazing logs. Presently she held out the empty wine-glass; the steward took it on his heavy silver salver; she raised her eyes. A half-length portrait of her husband stared at her from over the mantel, lighted an infernal red in the fire glow.

A catch in her throat, a momentary twitch of the lips, then she gazed calmly up into the familiar face.

Under the frame of the picture was written his full hyphenated name; following that she read:

PRESIDENT AND FOUNDER
OF
THE SAGAMORE ANGLING CLUB
1880—1901

Major Brent and Colonel Hyssop observed her in decorously suppressed sympathy.

“I did not know he was president,” she said, after a moment; “he never told me that.”

“Those who knew him best understood his rare modesty,” said Major Brent. “I knew him, madam; I honored him; I honor his memory.”

“He was not only president and founder,” observed Colonel Hyssop, “but he owned three-quarters of the stock.”

“Are the shares valuable?” she asked. “I have them; I should be glad to give them to the club, Colonel Hyssop—in his memory.”

“Good gad! madam,” said the Colonel, “the shares are worth five thousand apiece!”

“I am the happier to give them—if the club will accept,” she said, flushing, embarrassed, fearful of posing as a Lady Bountiful before anybody. She added, hastily, “You must direct me in the matter, Colonel Hyssop; we can talk of it later.”

Again she looked up into her husband's face over the mantel.

Her bull-terrier came trotting into the hall, his polished nails and padded feet beating a patter across the hardwood floor.

“I shall dine in my own rooms this evening,” she said, smiling vaguely at the approaching dog.



"HERE ARE THE VIOLETS;.... I WILL TIE THEM TO YOUR COLLAR"

"We hoped to welcome you at the club table," cried the Major.

"There are only the Major and myself," added the Colonel, with courteous entreaty.

"And the other—the new man," corrected the Major, with a wry face.

"Oh yes—the bad rod. What's his name?"

"Langham," said the Major.

The English maid came down to conduct her mistress to her rooms; the two gentlemen bowed as their build permitted; the bull-terrier trotted behind his mistress up the polished stairs. Presently a door closed above.

"Devilish fine woman," said Major Brent.

Colonel Hyssop went to a mirror and examined himself with close attention.

"Good gad!" he said, irritably, "how thin my hair is!"

"Thin!" said Major Brent, with an unpleasant laugh; "thin as the hair on a Mexican poodle."

"You infernal ass!" hissed the Colonel, and waddled off to dress for dinner. At the door he paused. "Better have no hair than a complexion like a violet!"

"What's that?" cried the Major.

The Colonel slammed the door.

Upstairs the bull-terrier lay on a rug watching his mistress with tireless eyes. The maid brought tea, bread and butter, and trout fried crisp, for her mistress desired nothing else.

Left alone, she leaned back, sipping her tea, listening to the million tiny voices of the night. The stillness of the country made her nervous after the clatter of town. Nervous? Was it the tranquil stillness of the night outside that stirred that growing apprehension in her breast till, of a sudden, her heart began a deadened throbbing?

Langham here? What was he doing here? He must have arrived this morning. So that was where he was going when he said he was going away!

After all, in what did it concern her? She had not run away from town to avoid him, . . . indeed not; . . . her pilgrimage was her own affair. And Langham would very quickly divine her pious impulse in coming here. . . . And he would doubtless respect her for it. . . . Perhaps have the subtle tact to pack up

his traps and leave. . . . But probably not. . . . She knew a little about Langham, . . . an obstinate and typical man, . . . doubtless selfish to the core, . . . cheerfully, naïvely selfish. . . .

She raised her troubled eyes. Over the door was printed in gilt letters:

THE PRESIDENT'S SUITE.

Tears filled her eyes; truly they were kindly and thoughtful, these old friends of her husband.

And all night long she slept in the room of her late husband, the president of the Sagamore Angling Club, and dreamed till daybreak of . . . Langham.

V

Langham, clad in tweeds from head to foot, sat on the edge of his bed.

He had been sitting there since daybreak, and the expression on his ornamental face had varied between the blank and the idiotic. That the only woman in the world had miraculously appeared at Sagamore Lodge he had heard from Colonel Hyssop and Major Brent at dinner the evening before.

That she already knew of his presence there he could not doubt. That she did not desire his presence he was fearsomely persuaded.

Clearly he must go—not at once, of course, to leave behind him a possibility for gossip at his abrupt departure. From the tongues of infants and well-fed clubmen, good Lord deliver us!

He must go. Meanwhile he could easily avoid her.

And as he sat there, savoring all the pent-up bitterness poured out for him by destiny, there came a patter of padded feet in the hallway, the scrape of nails, a sniff at the door-sill, a whine, a frantic scratching. He leaned forward and opened the door. His Highness landed on the bed with one hysterical yelp and fell upon Langham, paw and muzzle.

When their affection had been temporarily satiated, the dog lay down on the bed, eyes riveted on his late master, and the man went over to his desk, drew a sheet of club paper toward him, found a pen, and wrote:

"Of course it is an unhappy coincidence, and I will go when I can do so

decently—to-morrow morning. Meanwhile I shall be away all day fishing the West Branch, and shall return too late to dine at the club table.

"I wish you a happy sojourn here—"

This he re-read and scratched out.

"I am glad you kept His Highness."

This he also scratched out.

After a while he signed his name to the note, sealed it, and stepped into the hallway.

At the farther end of the passage the door of her room was ajar; a sunlit scarlet curtain hung inside.

"Come here!" said Langham to the dog.

His Highness came with a single leap.

"Take it to . . . her," said the man, under his breath. Then he turned sharply, picked up rod and creel, and descended the stairs.

Meanwhile His Highness entered his mistress's chamber, with a polite scratch as a "by your leave!" and trotted up to her, holding out the note in his pink mouth.

She looked at the dog in astonishment. Then the handwriting on the envelope caught her eye.

As she did not offer to touch the missive, His Highness presently sat down and crowded up against her knees. Then he laid the letter in her lap.

Her expression became inscrutable as she picked up the letter; while she was reading it there was color in her cheeks; after she had read it there was less.

"I see no necessity," she said to His Highness—"I see no necessity for his going. I think I ought to tell him so. . . . He over-estimates the importance of a matter which does not concern him. . . . He is sublimely self-conscious, . . . a typical man. And if he presumes to believe that the hazard of our encounter is of the slightest moment . . . to me. . . ."

The dog dropped his head in her lap.

"I wish you wouldn't do that!" she said, almost sharply, but there was a dry catch in her throat when she spoke, and she laid one fair hand on the head of His Highness.

A few moments later she went down stairs to the great hall, where she found Colonel Hyssop and Major Brent just finishing their morning cocktails.

When they could at last comprehend that she never began her breakfast with a cocktail, they conducted her solemnly to the breakfast-room, seated her with empressement, and the coffee was served.

It was a delicious old-fashioned country breakfast—crisp trout, bacon, eggs, and mounds of fragrant flapjacks.

"Langham's gone off to the West Branch; left duty's compliments and all that sort of thing for you," observed the Colonel, testing his coffee with an air.

His Highness, who had sniffed the bacon, got up on a chair where he could sit and view the table. Moisture gathered on his jet-black nose; he licked his jowl.

"You poor darling!" cried his mistress, rising impulsively, with her plate in her hand. She set the plate on the floor. It was cleaned with a snap, then carefully polished.

"You are fond of your dog, madam," said the Major, much interested.

"He's a fine one," added the Colonel. "Gad! I took him for Langham's champion at first."

She bent her head over the dog's plate.

Later she walked to the porch, followed by His Highness.

A lovely little path invited them on—a path made springy by trodden leaves; and the dog and his mistress strolled forth among clumps of hazel and silver-birches, past ranks of alders and Indian-willows, on across log bridges spanning tiny threads of streams which poured into the stony river.

The unceasing chorus of the birds freshened like wind in her ears. Spring echoes sounded from blue distances; the solemn congress of the forest trees in session murmured of summers past and summers to come.

How could her soul sink in the presence of the young world's uplifting?

Her dog came back and looked up into her eyes. With a cry, which was half laughter, she raced with him along the path, scattering the wild birds into flight from bush and thicket.

Breathless, rosy, she halted at the river's shallow edge.

Flung full length on the grass, she dipped her white fingers in the river, and dropped wind-flowers on the ripples to watch them dance away.

She listened to the world around her;

it had much to say to her if she would only believe it. But she forced her mind back to her husband and lay brooding.

An old man in leggings and corduroys came stumping along the path; His Highness heard him coming and turned his keen head. Then he went and stood in front of his mistress, calm, inquisitive, dangerous.

"Mornin', miss," said the keeper; "I guess you must be one of our folks."

"I am staying at the club-house," she said, smiling, and sitting up on the grass.

"I'm old Peter, one o' the guards," he said. "Fine mornin', miss, but a leetle bright for the fish,—though I ain't denyin' that a small dark fly'd raise 'em; no'm. If I was sot on ketchin' a mess o' fish, I guess a 'hare's-ear' would do the business; yes'm. I jest passed Mr. Langham down to the forks, and I seed he was a-chuckin' a hare's-ear; an' he riz 'em, too; yes'm"

"How long have you been a keeper here?" she asked.

"How long, 'm? Waal, I was the fustest guard they had; yes'm. I live down here a piece. They bought my water rights; yes'm. An' they give me the job. The president he sez to me, 'Peter,' he sez, jest like that—'Peter, you was raised here; you know all them brooks an' rivers like a mink; you stay right here an' watch 'em, an' I'll do the squar' by ye,' he sez, jest like that. An' he done it; yes'm."

"So you knew the president, then?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Knew him?—*him*? Yes'm."

The old man laughed a hollow, toothless laugh, and squinted out across the dazzling river.

"Knew him twenty year, I did. A good man, and fair at that. Why, I've seen him a-settin' jest where you're settin' this minute—seen him a hundred times a-settin' there."

"Fishing?" she said, in an awed voice.

"Sometimes. Sometimes he was a-drinkin' out o' that silver pocket pistol o' his'n. He got drunk a lot up here; but he didn't drink alone; no'm. There wasn't a stingy hair in his head; he—"

"Do you mean the president?" she said, incredulously, almost angrily.

"Him? Yes'm, Him an' Colonel

Hyssop an' Major Brent; they had good times in them days."

"You knew the president *before* his marriage," she observed, coldly.

"Him? He wasn't never married, miss!" said the old man, scornfully.

"Are you sure?" she asked, with a troubled smile.

"Sure? Yes'm. Why, the last time he was up here, three year come July Fourth, I seen him a-kissin' an' a-hugin' of old man Dawson's darter—"

She was on her feet in a flash. The old man stood there smiling his senile smile and squinting out across the water, absorbed in his garrulous reminiscence.

"Yes'm; all the folks down to the village was fond o' the president, he was that jolly and free, an' no stuck-up city airs; no'm; jest free and easy, an' a-sparkin' the gals with the best o' them—"

The old man laughed and crossed his arms under the barrel of his shot-gun.

"Folks said he might o' married old man Dawson's darter if he'd lived. I dun'no'. I guess it was all fun. But I hear the gal took on awful when they told her he was dead; yes'm."

VI

Toward evening Langham waded across the river, drew in his dripping line, put up his rod, and counted and weighed his fish. Then, lighting a pipe, he reslung the heavy creel across his back, and started up the darkening path. From his dripping tweeds the water oozed; his shoes wheezed and slopped at every step; he was tired, soaked, successful—but happy? Possibly.

It was dark when the lighted windows of the lodge twinkled across the hill; he struck out over the meadow, head bent, smoking furiously.

On the steps of the club-house Colonel Hyssop and Major Brent greeted him with the affected heartiness of men who disliked his angling methods; the steward brought out a pan; the fish were uncreeled, reweighed, measured, and entered on the club book.

"Finest creel this year, sir," said the steward, admiringly.

The Major grew purple; the Colonel carefully remeasured the largest fish.

"Twenty-one inches, steward!" he

said. "Wasn't my big fish of last Thursday twenty-two?"

"Nineteen, sir," said the steward, promptly.

"Then it shrunk like the devil!" said the Colonel. "By gad! it must have shrunk in the creel!"

But Langham was in no mood to savor his triumph. He climbed the stairs wearily, leaving little puddles of water on each step, slopped down the hallway, entered his room, and sank into a chair, too weary, too sad even to think.

Presently he lighted his lamp. He dressed with his usual attention to detail, and touched the electric button above his bed.

"I'm going to-morrow morning," he said to the servant who came; "return in an hour and pack my traps."

Langham sat down. He had no inclination for dinner. With his chin propped on his clinched hands he sat there thinking. A sound fell on his ear, the closing of a door at the end of the hall, the padded pattering of a dog's feet, a scratching, a whine.

He opened his door; the bull-terrier trotted in and stood before him in silence. His Highness held in his mouth a letter.

Langham took the note with hands that shook. He could scarcely steady them to open the envelope; he could scarcely see to read the line:

"Why are you going away?"

He rose, made his way to his desk like a blind man, and wrote,

"Because I love you."

His Highness bore the missive away.

For an hour he sat there in the lamp-lit room. The servant came to pack up for him, but he sent the man away, saying that he *might* change his mind. Then he resumed his waiting, his head buried in his hands. At last, when he could endure the silence no longer, he rose and walked the floor, backward, forward,

pausing breathless to listen for the pattering of the dog's feet in the hall. But no sound came; he stole to the door and listened, then stepped into the hall. The light still burned in her room, streaming out through the transom.

She would never send another message to him by His Highness; he understood that now. How he cursed himself for his momentary delusion! how he scorned himself for reading anything but friendly kindness in her message! how he burned with self-contempt for his raw, brutal reply, crude as the blurted offer of a yoke!

That settled the matter. If he had any decency left, he must never offend her eyes again. How could he have hoped? How could he have done it? Here, too!—here in this place so sanctified to her by associations—here, whither she had come upon her pious pilgrimage—here, where at least he might have left her to her dead!

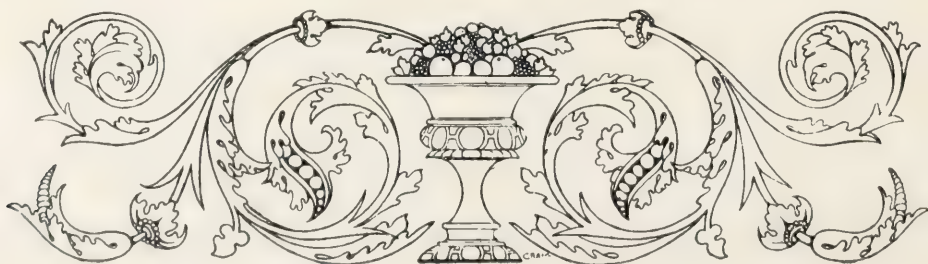
Suddenly, as he stood there, her door opened. She saw him standing there. For a full minute they faced each other. Presently His Highness emerged from behind his mistress and trotted out into the hall.

Behind His Highness came his mistress, slowly, more slowly. The dog carefully held a letter between his teeth, and when Langham saw it he sprang forward eagerly.

"No, no!" she said. "I did not mean—I cannot—I cannot— Give me back the letter!"

He had the letter in his hand; her hand fell over it; the color surged into her face and neck. The letter dropped from her yielding hand; the thrill from their interlocked fingers made her faint, and she swayed forward toward him, so close that their lips touched, then clung, crushed in their first kiss. . . .

Meanwhile His Highness picked up the letter and stood politely waiting.



A Hundred Years' War of To-day

BY RALPH D. BLUMENFELD



ONE day last year I happened to be in Southampton, watching a transport laden with British soldiers leaving for South Africa. As she cleared the harbor the transport passed a Dutch Bata-vian steamer, on board of which were a number of Hollander soldiers, who, with the warrior's universal *camaraderie*, cheered the khaki-clad Englishmen until they were suddenly ordered below by an excited young officer, whose Boer sympathies were apparently much shocked by the unusual spectacle of Dutch soldiers cheering Englishmen.

These fifty or sixty Dutch soldiers were on their way to fight in the Far East, where Holland has waged war incessantly for many generations. This particular draft of soldiers was booked for the war in Achin. They were part of a constant chain of reliefs going to this insatiable minotaur, whose greed of men and treasures demands a similar draft by every weekly steamer from Holland. It is a fact, little known, especially in Holland, that every week sees the departure of half a hundred recruits for Achin—or Atjeh, as the Hollanders call it; and so dreadful is the reputation of this far-away land of carnage and strife that the Hollander peasant has long since adopted the saying, "An Achin soldier never comes back." I was further surprised to learn that among Holland's many colonial wars, which she has been carrying on for generations in the East, there is one which has been waged without intermission for over twenty-eight years, and whose tales of bloodshed and mismanagement, careless administration and callous indifference to results on the part of those responsible, cause all her other little wars to fade into the background. It seemed an odd sort of paradox that the country allied by blood and sympathy with the people warring against Great Britain in South Africa should be car-

rying on a similar war of conquest itself. Yet here is a comparatively uncivilized and badly equipped people fighting persistently and often successfully against a European power.

The Achinese, whom the Dutch have been vainly endeavoring to subdue for so many years, inhabit the northern and most accessible part of Sumatra, the large island lying to the west of the East-Indian Archipelago, due south of Burma, the Philippine Islands being situated to the east, with the island of Borneo between. Sumatra has a long and interesting story. Its civilization and culture, dating from the seventh century, are of Hindoo origin, and it was probably the first island to receive the Hindoo immigration that has played so large a part



AN ACHINESE MAIDEN



GOVERNOR-GENERAL VAN DER WYCK

in the history of this region. Sanscrit words frequently occur in the language of the Achinese, which indicates that they are of Hindoo descent. Moham-medanism made its first appearance in the thirteenth century, and is now the universal religion, the Achinese dynasty claiming to be descended from one of the original Moslem missionaries. The present area of the country approximates 20,000 square miles, about two-thirds that of the State of Maine, and its population is nearly 532,000. Rice and pepper are its chief productions, and its exports include sulphur, iron, gutta-percha, bamboos, and camphor. Two hundred years ago Achin was famous for its gold, and

no Eastern state, with the exception of Japan, was more abundantly supplied with the precious metal. It is significant that the high volcanic hill to the east of Achin, rising to a height of 6000 feet, is called the Gold Mountain, and that by reason of its wealth in gold Achin was ever the goal of European adventurers and swashbucklers.

As regards the country itself, imagine a rugged sea-shore, with a tropical interior of deep gorges, channelled between riven rocks, where the luxuriance of East-Indian vegetation runs riot in this labyrinthian country of morasses and undergrowth; a climate sickly to pestilence, where arid scorching days are succeeded by tropical rain-storms; a "Tom Tiddler's" sort of country, covered with almost impregnable "bentings" or forts, divided by the Achinese for the purposes of warfare into small states, in which the Sultan Tala, a little-known potentate, and the high-priest are supreme, and where the sacred breath of a priest upon an ailing infant is infallible medicine; a country beset with pitfalls, ambushes, and treacherous river-beds; in short, a country in which the invader stands at an immense disadvantage against the defender, who possesses knowledge of its narrow and devious paths.

The Achinese have always been a warlike and independent race. Ethnologically they differ in many respects from the treacherous Malay, whom they hate quite as cordially as the Dutch. Their spoken language is hybrid, but their indifferent literature is pure Malay. As far back as the seventeenth century these proud descendants of the Moslem missionaries maintained a court at Achin which,

for splendor and wealth, was not equalled in the gorgeous East. The Sultan maintained a state the magnificence of which may be imagined by the fact that he kept over 900 elephants merely for state ceremonial purposes. He avoided con-



ACHIN AND SURROUNDINGS



AN ACHINESE SLAVE-DHOW

tact with the foreigner as much as possible, and one embassy after another from the West was sent back with empty words, and profuse but meaningless protestations of good-will. Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Dutchmen in turn tried vainly to establish relations with the rich Achinese, but their patriotism, always so admirable in the European, but so dangerous in the Asiatic, would have none of the foreigner.

The hatred of foreign domination, which led the Achinese to refuse English merchants permission to settle in their country, also led them to fight one European nation after another for nearly 500 years, and there can be no better evidence of their tenacity and national spirit than the fact that their country is still practically independent and their fighting-men unconquered.

The Portuguese were their first opponents. Hostilities began with the Portuguese settlement in Malacca, and did not finish till that settlement was lost to the Dom in 1641. During this time the Achinese, not content with defending their own country, made ten separate at-

tempts to capture Malacca. So great was Achin's power that in one of these expeditions it fitted out an armada consisting of more than 500 ships, of which 100 were larger than any then used in Europe. The ships carried 60,000 men to Malacca, with the Sultan in command; but defeat followed defeat; and finally, in the eighteenth century, when Achin was ruled by an Arab dynasty, the country began gradually to lose its native civilization. Its government became an anarchy, its commerce declined, and at last practically disappeared, so that the country lost its place of supremacy among the Malay states.

At this time the Dutch John Company began the absorption of Java, which, however, was not completed until a little less than a century ago. Its operations were extended to Sumatra, but for obvious reasons the company did not apparently deem it wise to attempt the subjugation of the "Fighting North," where the Achinese with their wooden weapons and poisoned arrows were still virile enough to resist the invader. Having become the mere appanage of the Na-



TOEKOE OEMAR, AN ACHINESE LEADER

poleonic empire, Holland, in 1811, lost her Indian colonies, which passed for the time being into English hands. In 1819, and again in 1824, after Java and Sumatra had been returned to the Hollanders, it was specifically agreed between England and Holland that the latter power should make no attempt to conquer Achin, and that no foreigners, except Englishmen, should be allowed to take up their fixed residence in that country. These clauses were actuated by the desire of the Calcutta government for exclusive control of a valuable commerce.

As time went on the Dutch found it more and more difficult to respect this treaty. There was practically no responsible government in Achin. The Sultan was a mere figure-head, and the people, pirates and buccaneers by instinct and inclination, cared little for boundaries or

treaties. As long as they fought merely among themselves, the Dutch Indian government was passive; but when the Achin chieftains with their large bands of filibusters swarmed over the country, captured the Dutch natives and sold them for slaves, and attacked and plundered European merchantmen off their coasts, they were obliged to interfere; and so the Dutch government, in spite of its inclinations, found itself constantly in arms against the Achinese, thus acting against the spirit of its treaty with England. A convention was accordingly signed at The Hague in 1871, in which the two countries agreed to abandon the reservations contained in the former treaties, and the Batavian government at once proceeded to prepare an expedition to invade Achin. The Dutch force, under the command of Major-General J. H. Köhler, consisting of 168 officers and 5000 men with 16 guns, attacked the important town of Achin on the 8th of April, 1873, and was beaten back with great loss, General Köhler himself being among the slain. The Dutch soldiers displayed conspicuous courage in the attack, but they could make absolutely no headway against the equally brave and fanatic Achinese, who were utterly regardless of death. Another expedition, under General Van Swieten, attacked the town in the following June, and after many sanguinary fights, in which the Dutch lost heavily, captured the Great Mosque and the Citadel, and by the end of the month reduced the whole town. The Achinese submitted to the occupation of their capital, but secretly prepared for a further resistance.

Operations were now carried on in the interior of the country by General Pel, and later by General Karel van der Heyden, who, by his Draconian military measures, was so successful in reducing the interior tribes that the authorities in Holland decided the country was ripe for pacification, and that the military rule might be superseded by a civil government. General Van der Heyden was accordingly recalled, and was received at home with much acclamation. His successor, the first civil Governor, was appointed in the person of Heer Van der Hoeven. This change, as might have been anticipated, was a hopeless failure, for the Achinese, mistaking the abandon-



VIEW OF THE ACHIN RIVER AND THE FAMOUS "GOLD MOUNTAIN"

ment of the stern military rule as a sign of weakness, resumed their dreaded guerilla warfare. They ambushed and killed the Dutch in the interior, and the reign of terror again ensued. Then the Dutch seriously took in hand what they are pleased to call a war of conquest, which is still going on, and which may continue for generations to come.

There was a cry for revenge at home, which even the most callous government found it advisable to heed, and preparations to subdue the warlike tribesmen were made on a large scale. General after general was sent out, and came home defeated and disgraced; report after report came back to The Hague of guerilla fighting, cutting up of convoys, blowing up of trains, and disastrous ambushes; and still the Dutch army made little or no headway against their stubborn and relentless foe. The Achinese swore to resist Dutch usurpation, and consequently year after year campaign succeeds campaign with an increasingly heavy levy of life and treasure on little Holland and its colonies in the East. It is worthy of remark that the Dutch soldiers who have been captured speak well of the Achinese. They are neither tortured nor ill-treated, and are usually sent back under escort to their own camp.

Holland has a compulsory military service on the lines of the French, but its conscript soldiers are not enlisted for

foreign service. The East Indian possessions are protected by an army of mercenaries, consisting of 1345 officers and 39,388 men, among whom are many Germans, Austrians, Belgians, and Englishmen, together with some 3000 loyal Javanese and Amboinese. Captured or voluntarily submissive Achinese are not enlisted against their compatriots. It is obvious that at least half this army might be safely disbanded were it not for the constant struggle in Achin. In addition to the troops there is a special Dutch East-Indian fleet of a dozen or more vessels permanently patrolling the Achin coasts.

A careful estimate obtained from statistics published from time to time by the Colonial Office at The Hague shows that from 10,000 to 11,000 Dutch soldiers and their native allies have lost their lives either in battle or from disease during the war. It has cost Holland up to the present some two hundred million guilders (about \$85,000,000); but this heavy burden falls entirely on the revenue of the wealthy colony of Java, which yields Holland forty million guilders (about \$15,000,000) a year—more than enough to pay the piper in Achin and leave a handsome surplus.

As in all the wars in the East, the Dutch have had to contend not only with their foes in the open field, but still more with the treachery of friendly tribes and chieftains. For instance, in 1894 the

Rajah of Lambok, who had made great professions of friendship, ambushed a large Dutch commando and killed and wounded a heavy proportion of its men, with the result that Dutch feeling at home was so aroused that money and men were brought into the country anew. A desperate effort was made and the Rajah captured, the Dutch, however, losing their leader, General Van Dam, during the operation. But the same old story has been repeated again and again. No sooner has one Achin chieftain been killed or captured than another rises to take his place. One of the greatest of these is Toekoe Oemar, who gained the confidence of General Deykerhoff, a singularly successful Dutch commander. He had been a faithful ally of the Dutch for years, but suddenly changed sides at the most inconvenient moment, and became the principal leader of the Achinese. Toekoe Oemar and his predecessors have contributed, by their persistence and refusal to accept defeat under any circumstances, to the discomfiture and disgrace of many Dutch soldiers and administrators. Many of these colonial failures are also directly ascribed to Dutch ignorance of the country and its people.

The Dutch are finding, moreover, as the English found in the Soudan and northern India, and France in Algeria,

that their bitterest enemies are the Moslem priests, who use all their immense influence to sustain the fighting spirit of the people. Their power is oddly similar to that of the Dutch predikanten among the Boers. Tribes professedly submissive are urged by these Mohammedan ecclesiastics, usually clothed in an old Dutch sergeant's uniform—a mark of distinction—to resume the struggle anew, while those already in the field are stimulated to greater activity and ferocity by promises of immediate entry into paradise. The most persistent of these priests was one Habid Abboer Rachman, who seems to have been a learned pundit as well as an active fighter. Little Achinese children are lulled to sleep by their mothers with chants of the piety and daring deeds of this "great and good man."

At present writing the whole of the coast is held by Holland, though most of the interior is still unsubdued; but the best-informed Hollander cannot give a reliable forecast as to the end of the war. Conquered and yet unconquerable, animated by religious zeal and patriotic fervor, the Mohammedan Malays, who have fought Holland for a generation and other Europeans for centuries, and have never yet bowed their necks to a foreign yoke, prefer to face extermination rather than submit to foreign rule.

The Princess and the Poet

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

I
YOU reach Mandres by the line to Fontainebleau, descending at Brunoy, and walking a mile and a half, made up of formal acacia-bordered streets, a deliciously tangled side-hill, the bank of a tiny river, and the elbow of a horseshoe curve. There is a rustic fence with a gate, behind which is some affair of flowers and wild shrubs. After this, the path up the hill, the peach and pear blossoms, and the birds. The place is full of spring and sweet odors.

Mariane, the maid, is a hearty country

lass, full-bosomed as Juno, sunburnt and browned, with rebellious hair and a hearty laugh. She shows you your room, and brings you your food, and adds to your impression of the place. The inn proper contains only the kitchen and the in-door dining-rooms. People are said to use the latter when it rains. I do not know. I have never seen it rain at Mandres.

Otherwise you sit, as I am sitting now, under an arbor, or beneath a trellis, or on a terrace, and simply have your things brought to you.

They tell me of a river directly below us. It is too near.

There is, besides, a white road that promises better. Only two points of it are visible—one at its entrance, the other at its exit. The space between is hidden by our fragrant froth of blossoming trees. It steals out of mystery in the shape of a long narrow grove with pointed roofs sticking from it, indicating châteaux. It departs into mystery as symbolized by a turn in the hill.

I came here to write a story, but I do not seem to get at it very fast.

II

I have been here just three days, and I have not yet left the fifty-foot level of the inn and the arbor. Neither have I written anything.

Mariane is greatly astounded at my quietude. She pauses occasionally to look at me with a solicitous air, and to proffer catalogues of more distant attractions.

"Has monsieur visited the river?"

No, monsieur has not.

"There are boats there with which to make the promenade," suggestively.

"That makes nothing to me."

"Has monsieur visited the plains above?"

"No."

"There is a great château, and a convent for demoiselles."

No interest on the part of monsieur.

"Does not monsieur wish to make the promenade somewhere?"

"No, Mariane," said I, firmly, "monsieur does not. If he did so, he would find out how things really are, whereas now he can use his imagination."

At this Mariane departed in dismay. They all imagine that we Americans are a little touched, anyway.

III

The road has at last justified its existence. At just 3.30 this afternoon a figure appeared from the château end, wandered idly across the two open spaces, and disappeared around the corner of the hill. It was dressed in white, with plenty of summery and fluffy stuffs about it. It carried a parasol very slantwise across one shoulder, and held down the tip of one rib across its face with the other

hand. That was the difficulty. I could not see the face. But I can swear to a Leghorn hat with pink roses, and a deliciously trim waist circled with a pink ribbon.

IV

The same thing has happened four days in succession, and always in the same tantalizing fashion. The gown is fresh and starched. The color of the ribbon changes. That is all. I do not believe she is pretty. If she were, she would not hold her parasol in that idiotic fashion.

V

This morning quite early I put on one of Gayley's painting-hats and strolled down to the white road. The river, I find, lies just beyond. At this particular point it does not seem to me especially interesting. Its trees on one side and its rows of thick stub willows on the other are not inspiring. I flipped a coin, and decided to go up the road. The choice pleased me. It looked cool and shady and mysterious, with vague flashes of brightness which might indicate open spaces, or villas, or both.

On approaching a curve in the hill which permitted the brook to nestle in an elbow of the road, I became aware of a Leghorn hat, a white gown, a broad pink ribbon, and a parasol—closed, by the gods!—on a grassy slope of the stream. From where I stood the *ensemble* was exactly that of one of those ridiculously improbable woodland scenes of the earlier French school—the winding brook, the background of tree distances, the big elm growing up one side of the frame and arching over the top to help the composition, the sloping grass-plot, and the pensive figure. And that reminds me, she is not an old woman—and she is pretty.

As the road approached the grass-plot, I did the same. In the country it is customary to salute the chance passer. I followed the custom.

"Good-day, mademoiselle," said I.

"Good-day," said she, without looking up.

"This is a very charming spot," I ventured.

"It was," she replied, with ever so slight a stress on the last word.

The remark seemed to me unpardon-



"FIRST, THERE IS THE PRINCESS"

ably rude. I swung myself deliberately over the low rail to the grass-plot, and looked about me in a contemplative fashion.

"I can well imagine it might have been," I remarked, with a shade of meaning in my tone.

She laughed a trifle mischievously.

"You'll do—in spite of the hat," said she.

I hastily removed Gayley's disreputable and paint-stained gear, which, to tell the truth, I had entirely forgotten. She laughed again, and, with a gesture wholly charming, began to pull homicidal hat-pins from her own.

"That is better," she confessed. "You tempt me to do the same."

"But not for the same reason, surely, mademoiselle."

Again her laughter. It rippled from her mouth so unaffectedly, so easily, with so slight cause.

"*Merci, mille fois!*" said she.

A goggle-eyed fish rose directly upward through the swaying grasses of the river-bed and looked at us. That reminded me.

"How is the dragon?" I asked, suddenly.

Her look questioned me.

"This land of enchantment," I explained, with a wave of the hand, "the magic forest, the princess—"

"And the prince," said she, with a gracious inclination of the head.

"Ah, mademoiselle!" I murmured.

"Or the poet!" she cried. "How stupid of me! Why did I not guess? You are the poet who tells the tale!"

I looked sad.

"Why, what is it?" she inquired, in alarm.

"The poet," I delicately suggested, "has no standing in the well-organized tale. In the end the prince and the princess always live—"

"The poet loves those he creates," she interrupted in some haste; then, with a deliberate and dainty hesitation, "To love a princess is in itself a privilege,—even for a poet or a prince."

The woods were full of faint sun-voices, where the warmth swelled or animated or made glad. We sat and listened to them for some time in silence.

"May I tell the tale of this forest,"

I asked at length, "and put you in as the princess?"

She turned to me all enthusiasm. "Me, in a story? Do you really mean it?" Then her face fell. "Ah, you're jesting!" she said, with a funny little air of disappointment. "You didn't mean a really truly story, did you?"

I confessed modestly that I sometimes appeared in the public prints, and would be delighted to make this a serious effort, if it would pleasure her.

"Do you know," she confessed, in a pretty burst of confidence, "I've never met a real author before. What must I do for the story? Must I pose as for a picture? You don't paint too, do you?"

I disclaimed. I did not mention Gayley. Gayley is too busy nowadays to be interrupted.

"Do tell me all about it. Who are to be in the story?"

"First, there is the princess."

"That is I," she interjected, contentedly.

"And then, of course, there is the fairy godmother."

"Is she nice?"

"Oh, very nice indeed."

"And—and—*pretty*?"

"Immensely so; all good fairies are. But not as pretty as the princess. Then there is the wicked ugly fairy."

"I can tell you all about her," she interrupted, with an emphatic nod and a tightening of the corners of the mouth.

"And the poet," said I, boldly.

She looked her astonishment. "But the poet is never in the story!" she cried.

"Not in most stories," I agreed, "but he's going to be in this one. This is to be an original story, quite different from all the rest."

"Well," she nodded. "And then?"

"The dragon."

"To be sure. Do you know, I think I can tell you something about the character of that dragon, too," she asserted, vindictively.

"From experience?" I suggested.

"Sad," said she. "And who else?"

"Nobody else," said I.

"But the prince."

"There isn't going to be any prince," said I, firmly.

"A fairy tale without a prince!" she

exclaimed in wonder. "I never heard of such a thing."

"Neither have I. But, as I told you, this is going to be quite original."

A silence fell, in which she seemed to be weighing the merits and defects of such a scheme.

"I hope it will be a good story," she said, doubtfully, at last; "but I don't see how it can be with only one man in it, and he a poet."

"But consider the princess!" I suggested, with the note of compliment.

She smiled graciously. "I can feel the coals burning," said she, touching the pile of her red-glinting hair. Suddenly she paused. "What is that?" she inquired, anxiously. "Don't you hear something?"

"Many things," said I—"the river, the breeze, the birds, a charming voice—"

"No, no!" she cried, impatiently.

"And if I had not been interrupted I should have said; a creak of wheels that would seem to indicate the passing of Jean-Mari in from ten to fifteen minutes."

"Do you know we have been doing very wrong?" she asked, sharply. "I do not know you, and you had no right at all to speak to me in the first place. You must go now, at once, before Jean-Mari passes."

I was rather dashed at this sudden change of tone.

"I am sure I beg your pardon for disturbing you," said I, stiffly.

She smiled a fleeting, imploring smile. "Ah no, not that," she begged. "But you must go. No one must see us here together. It is most imprudent. And it was very wrong in you to speak to me at all. I've enjoyed our little talk a great deal; believe me I have. But now *please* go!"

I settled myself a little more securely. "When am I to tell you the plot?" I asked, deliberately.

"Aren't you going?"

"Of the story," I pursued.

"It's impossible. What sort of a person do you think I am? I cannot meet you again; and I have already told you that I have done very wrong in talking to you at all."

"To-morrow?" I asked, softly.

"No! no! no! I tell you."

The creak of wheels sounded much nearer.

"He is almost here," I warned; "and besides, other people, on foot, are likely to pass at almost any moment."

I could see that the possibility of this had not before occurred to her. She was charmingly panic-stricken.

"To-morrow afternoon?" I repeated.

She drew herself up with dignity. "I ask you, as a gentleman, to leave me. The consequences to me would be serious if any one should see me with you."

"They'd think I knew you."

"They would not. Will you go?"

"To-morrow afternoon?" I insisted.

"You are a brute!" she cried, angrily.

Jean-Mari had entered the other end of the little woods.

"To-morrow afternoon?" I asked, imperturbably.

Then suddenly she burst into tears. "You are taking a mean advantage of me," she cried. "I cannot go away myself, or I would do so; and if you weren't a great big blind *stupid*, you'd see it."

Her tragic forefinger indicated the base of the tree trunk. I followed the indication. Underneath a little bush lay a limp pair of silk stockings and a rakishly tilted pair of the tiniest low shoes. Without a word I leaped the bar, lifted my hat, and turned sadly toward home.

Jean-Mari clattered up behind me. "Bonjour, monsieur!" he cried, cheerily. "It is a fine day. Can I give you a ride?"

"Thanks, no," said I. Looking Jean-Mari over critically, I did not think him attractive. And the birds were too noisy, and the sun was too hot.

A sound flew to me from the wood, a faint sound, different from all the rest. I feared that it had borrowed the wings of my desires, and would vanish were I to attempt to seize it. So I did not look behind me. Another, just like it, followed. It sounded like "Please!" I looked back. Then I went back rapidly.

She was leaning over the bar. The white fluffy sunshade was raised now. She held it slantwise across her shoulder, and with one finger she drew the tip of a rib across her face. I saw one little corner of the face. It was blushing. I paused before her in expectation.

"If you should row up stream to-morrow afternoon," came a hesitating little voice from behind the screen, "you might be able to think out the plot of your story. Oh, I *hate* myself!" she cried, suddenly, and fled.

I knew enough to go home.

VI

This noon I made the mistake of announcing in an easy, off-hand manner my intention of rowing on the stream.

"By Jove! I believe I'll go too!" cried Gayley, visibly impressed.

"How about your work?" I objected, feebly.

"Work? Haven't I been slaving like a nigger for a week? Work! You're a good one to talk of work. I'll bet you can't show me ten lines that *you've* done!"

This was true.

"You will find the boats there below, just by the spring," said Mariane.

"Let's start about three o'clock," suggested Gayley, pulling out his pipe.

"All right," I agreed, because I could not help it.

At half past two I executed a beautiful flank movement, and leaving the dozing Gayley over a copy of *Le Rire*, crept to the spring. There I found six boats of various shapes and capacities. I selected a chubby little one of just the size for two. From the spring-house I extracted a pair of oars, fruit of diligent exploration. Then I discovered that each craft was moored by a fearful and wonderful logging-chain, held securely by a padlock.

This was bad. I made a desperate attempt to draw the staple, and accomplished only a dismal clanking, that reminded me of a property prisoner in the Théâtre de Cluny. In an instant the voice of Mariane hailed me from above.

"Attendez! Attendez!" she shrieked; "I descend! The key lacks to monsieur!"

I could hear Gayley's chair come down to four legs with a thump, and Gayley's wits return with a sleepy and noisy yawn. There was nothing for it. I sullenly busied myself with a sponge in the bottom of the boat.

"Getting ready, old man?" inquired Gayley on the bank.

"Voilà, monsieur! the key!" panted Mariane, out of breath with benevolent hurry.

I unlocked the boat and shipped the oars. "Come on," said I, briefly.

For answer Gayley gave the boat a shove into the middle of the stream. "Run along with you," said he, with a grin. "I wouldn't be in the same boat with such a dub. You need the whole craft to yourself."

So in surprised gratitude I picked up my oars and rowed up stream. Gayley is the best fellow in the world, but if he had had the slightest inkling of the fact that I did not desire his company, he would have come anyway. And yet his grin was enigmatical.

I recant my slurring remarks about *la petite rivière*, as the natives lovingly call it. It has a charm all its own.

Suddenly I emerged from a very tall still forest into a straight narrow water-path, like a canal, between high dry banks of grass and lilacs. There I found her.

"The knight comes to rescue the maiden," she cried, when she saw me.

I looked anxiously about me. "Show me the enemy!" I cried, with great ferocity.

"He has fled," said she, prettily. "His name is Ennui."

I approached the bank. With many a dainty slip and stumble she approached my outstretched aid. Her hand was warm and firm and *alive*. So lost was I in the delight of this discovery that she nearly stepped on the gunwale of the boat before I cried:

"The middle! Step in the middle!" Then, as she sank with a flutter in the stern-sheets, "I'm afraid you are no sailor."

"Alas! no," she confessed, simply.

"Which way?" I asked.

"On, on, straight on! Into the unknown! Out where it is free and—and—*different!*" she cried, with a strange mixture of weariness and vehemence.

We skimmed into another wood. I rested on my oars. She trailed her fingers in the water and said nothing. Suddenly she looked up.

"Do you realize how much I must trust you?" she asked. "Do you know what this means to a girl? You are an American, are you not?"

"How did you know?" I asked, with a comic face.

The seriousness fled from her own. "Not by your accent, to be sure!" she mocked. She became in an instant the sprightly, evasive, mocking creature of the day before. It was as though she had read my sincerity in the few moments of her other mood.

"I want to row!" she commanded, imperiously.

We changed seats cautiously, and she picked up the oars. They were much too heavy for her, and I could see at once that she was unaccustomed to their use. First one would catch the water, then the other, then neither would leave it. Such a splashing and tumult must have quite astonished the idiotic and goggle-eyed fish with which the stream seemed exclusively populated. To sit idle in the stern seemed too abominably lazy on my part.

"Better let me try," I suggested.

"Non! je veux!" she replied between her clinched teeth.

And after infinite struggle she did.

We changed seats again. I would have changed seats all the afternoon for the sake of feeling for an instant that warm firm palm in mine.

"As to the story," said I, abruptly, "I have done nothing. I need more opportunities for observation. In fact, my data are extremely limited. For instance, I do not even know the princess's name."

"Call her the Princess Marjorie," said she.

That seemed appropriate, and I said so.

"And the place, the *mise en scène*?"

"This wood, I thought."

"Too banal—without the princess. Unworthy—with her."

"Pretty, pretty!" she applauded, clapping her hands. "Oh, I know—that!" and she pointed to the mysterious reflection of the trees in the stream. "Back in there, if we could only step down among those trees, into those shadows, we would find the real fairy-land, I am sure." Her eyes became pensive.

"Perfect!" I cried.

The ripples from our boat caught the heavens and threw a strange dancing light on the under surface of the leaves

overhead. A cloud sailed slowly down stream. Princess Marjorie saw it.

"Quick!" she commanded, sitting up straight. "Row! I want that cloud!"

So I rowed in a vain and splashy attempt to catch the cloud mirrored on the stream, while Marjorie clapped her hands and laughed like a delighted child.

Then she wanted flowers. We landed with difficulty just above the wood, and picked buttercups and little primroses, until we espied a sour-looking gardener from a neighboring villa headed in our direction. Then we wandered back to the boat-landing. No mere gardener could frighten us. Besides, he was a long distance away, and quite lame.

We did not visit the down-stream meadows. Marjorie did not suggest it, and I remembered Gayley's easel. As the sun set, and the woods began to fill with shadows and a certain freshness of the evening, as the bird-songs took on a pensive clearness lacking at other times of day, we fell silent and drifted.

Suddenly she came to herself with a start. "Will you land me, please, on the left bank?"

"Here?"

"Yes, anywhere."

"Cannot I walk home with you?"

"No; I do not wish it."

"Shall I see you to-morrow?"

She stood for an instant eying me gravely, one finger on her lips, like the figure of Silence. "Yes," she said, slowly, after an instant, "I think so. There is no harm." She stepped ashore lightly, and turned to me, laughing. "And the poor story! We have sadly neglected it. I am afraid the plot has not advanced much to-day."

"On the contrary, it has developed a great deal," said I.

VII

"Gayley," said I this evening, "what do you think of international mariages?"

"Rot!" responded Gayley, briefly.

"Why?"

"Well," explained Gayley, in his disertative manner, "for a good many reasons, the principal of which is the utter impossibility of a complete understanding. You can never take entirely another nation's view-point. The points of

contact of two people of different nationalities are necessarily limited. At bottom you are always an Anglo-Saxon and she is always Gallic, than which two things cannot more widely differ."

"Who said anything about French and American?" I asked, sharply.

Gayley looked at me quizzically a moment without replying. "No one," he confessed at last, and laughed.

I do not understand Gayley.

VIII

The afternoon following my last adventure I rowed up and down the little river from three o'clock until dark, growing more and more angrily disappointed as time went on. She did not put in an appearance.

The same thing happened day before yesterday. I repeated the experience for the third time yesterday afternoon. It became evident that she did not intend to meet me again.

I debated with myself for some time as to the desirability of returning to Paris, but finally gave it up. I might see her somewhere by accident.

To-day, about four o'clock, full of this idea, I turned up the cliff for the first time, and rapidly mounted to the plain. It is a broad and flat plain. On the extreme right lies a gray stone town in a hollow—probably the real Mandres. Directly in front, like a card-board silhouette stuck up in the distance, is a clump of picture-trees inside a stone wall. That is probably the couvent des demoiselles mentioned by Mariane. As to the rest, I could discover nothing of interest. Roads, unbordered and flat, led somewhere. I took one of them at random.

It twisted and turned in Gallic respect of some man's acre, after which it straightened in purpose, and shot me with uncompromising directness towards the clump of trees inside the high stone wall.

I found the wall very high indeed. Its top bristled with broken glass set in the cement. Around it was bare upturned soil.

But within I heard fresh, clear laughter, and the sound of wind in green leaves, like the by-play behind the scenes before the curtain rises.

"Evidently the convent of demoiselles," said I to myself.

As I stood there I heard a clump of sabots and cracked singing around the angle of the wall.

"Evidently the garde champêtre," I continued, and swiftly decamped around the other corner.

I was wearing a thick corduroy vest. This I removed. Then I set myself to scaling the wall, not a difficult matter, for it was an old wall. When I reached the top I spread the corduroy vest, folded, over the glass, and was thus enabled to swing myself to a sitting position. As I had foreseen, the garde champêtre ambled past without looking up. He had confidence in his broken glass, and was not looking for malefactors with flying-machines.

I stared about me. The garden was cool and shady, supplied with the usual winding paths, rustic seats, and the customary central fountain. It was quite deserted. Next me was a summer-house with a thatched roof.

I was about to descend when, through the trees, I heard the sudden burst of conversation, as though a door had been thrown open. A moment later a small object came whizzing toward me out of the greenery. Mechanically I reached out my hand and caught it as though it had been a baseball. It was not a baseball; it was a shuttlecock. I could hear an instant rush of skirts in the direction of its flight. The distance was too great to drop, the time too short to climb. Discovery seemed imminent. I seized the corduroy vest and stepped to the roof of the summer-house.

They fluttered below like a flock of doves.

"C'était par ici." "Non par là, je t'assure." "Si, par là, j'en suis certain!"

There is nothing more delicious than the Parisian accent in a pretty feminine voice.

After a little the search ceased. "Pierre will find it outside the wall," said they.

"Will he!" said I.

In a few moments this end of the garden was again nearly deserted. There seemed to be a more open space nearer the building, better adapted to the mild sports of the demoiselles. A number

continued to walk slowly to and fro in trios. Three more entered the vine-clad summer-house below me, and began to talk low-voiced, so that I could distinguish only a formless murmur. Suddenly one of them laughed aloud.

"You might have known, you might have known!" cried my heart within me.

Cautiously I pried away the cap-piece of the thatching. This could be done without much noise or difficulty; and when it was accomplished I could look directly down on the three inmates of the summer-house. The princess sat between two other girls, an arm around each. They had their heads close together. The one on the right of Marjorie was fair, the other dark; I thought she combined the beauties of both. Marjorie was evidently mimicking some one—to judge by the studied gravity of her pose, and the artificial intonation of her voice—and the other two were vastly amused.

"Si on a besoin de vous surveiller," she mimicked, "on vous surveillera, soyez en certain." And then suddenly resuming her natural voice, she went on in English: "And so my little schemes for escaping from the convent every day are nipped in the bud, and my poor poet is left desolate. The dragon holds me only too fast."

I softly dropped the shuttlecock down the hole.

They stared at it a moment without breathing. Then they all looked up simultaneously. I had my eye at the opening in the thatched roof. I solemnly winked the eye.

You may talk to me all you please about woman's timidity. I will not believe you. Those girls were thoroughbred. The fair one, a tall, stately creature, with a proud, swanlike carriage of the neck, put her hand quickly to her breast. Marjorie gasped once, and her eyes opened. The dark one, a keen little body with snapping black eyes, alone jumped to the true conclusion.

"It's the poet!" she cried.

"At your service," I replied, in a sepulchral whisper.

All three began to giggle immoderately, mainly in relief from overwrought nerves. I did not know what to do next. It became embarrassing.

"These are my friends," said Marjorie in English. "They are Americans, and will not tell on us."

"I salute you!" I whispered.

"What fun!" cried the little girl.

I could see that my fair friend did not quite approve.

The three, with a half-apology, whispered together for a short time. Then the tall girl inclined her head ever so slightly in the direction of my framed eye, and went out. The little one staid long enough to exclaim again, "What fun!" and followed.

It seemed necessary to say a number of things. I knew then why she had not appeared at our rendezvous, but I felt that I myself needed explanation. So did she.

"How in the world did you get there?" she asked, after climbing to the top of the round table in order the closer to approach my orifice. Her face expressed the intensest wonder and curiosity.

"I have decided on a good deal of the plot," said I.

"Bother the plot! How did you know I was here? How did you get there? What did you think when I did not meet you the other afternoon?"

Her cheeks were red and her eyes dancing with mingled fun and trepidation. Her red lips were slightly parted; I could hear her breath come and go softly between them. She held her head back to see me in a fashion the most adorable. I lost myself in a tremulous dream of stooping just one little foot and kissing her full on those red lips. Perhaps it was lucky she could not see me.

My head swam. Her face was so near, so adorably near! Her eyes were so clear and trusting and girlish. And her lips! her red, red lips! The story fled away like mist before a burning fire.

"I love you! I love you! I love you!" I cried, in uncontrollable excitement, and stopped, panting.

She did not jump down nor cry out. Only her eyes grew wider and wider, as though she looked at something strange and terrifying. Then she dropped her face in her hands and sobbed convulsively once or twice as at a shock. A moment later she was gone, and I was left alone to curse myself for a fool.

Below, the trios of girls wandered slow-

ly to and fro. I could not escape. So I lay on my back on the straw thatching, and watched several inane birds chasing each other through the foliage above my head. After an interminable interval the sun sank, and a bell began to toll. In a few moments all was still. I ventured cautiously to the edge of the roof and peered over. The tall girl was standing just below, watching intently, evidently for my reappearance. When she caught sight of my head, she approached me.

"I am waiting for you," said she, without preliminary. "I have a message for you from Marjorie." (So it *was* her real name!) "She wishes me to tell you that she is very angry, that all is at an end, and that she does not wish to see you again."

"I am sorry I offended her," I replied, with equal directness, "but I could not help it. Tell her I beg her pardon most humbly, and ask her when I can talk with her, if only for a moment."

I did not much relish this intervention of a third party, but I could see no help for it now.

"It is useless," she answered, coldly. "Even if she cared to do so, she would be unable to make an appointment with you. We, she and I, leave the convent to-morrow."

She turned to leave.

"Tell me her name at least," I cried, "or where she is going."

She looked disdainfully over her shoulder. "I have no authority to do so," she replied.

Then I begged her to leave me some slight clue, and was even preparing to scramble down from my perch in order to give more personal weight to my supplication, when she swiftly returned.

"Listen," said she. "You are ridiculous. In a moment the Mother Superior will be in the garden. Surely you do not wish to compromise seriously either Marjorie or myself."

Then she was gone, leaving me the recollection of a quizzical smile. The smile reminded me strongly of Gayley's.

IX

The next morning I hurried to the early train at Brunoy, and spent the day watching the station platform.

Nothing.

At last I ventured to ask the head agent if any of the demoiselles had departed during the last twenty-four hours. He said there had—the evening before. The tall girl was crafty beyond her years.

Shortly after, I returned to Paris, leaving Gayley at Mandres. The more hopeless became my search, the more I desired it to succeed. I frequented the theatres, art galleries, the boulevards, the Bois. Everything that mortal man could do, short of calling in the police, I did. Finally the heat descended on the city, and I knew it was useless. Gayley returned from Mandres, and together we went to St.-Jean-du-Doign for the summer.

I did not enjoy the vacation. The mere shade of a tree conjured up in my mind the picture of Marjorie as I first met her. Running water brought back to me the little river. Grassy banks reminded me of our wreaths of flowers. Even the night and moonlight recalled to me the time when I used to sit on the perfumed terrace at Mandres beneath the soft spring skies and write of her.

Of course, after a time, I confided in Gayley. It would have been beyond human endurance to refrain. He was very good about it, and was pleased to listen with great interest.

"So you really love her?" he asked, when I had finished.

I merely looked at him.

He shook his head. "I'm sorry for you, old man. You must have blundered somewhere. Seems to me I'd have known her name somehow."

"Indeed!" said I, scornfully. "And in what manner, may I ask?"

Gayley suggested several schemes, which I destroyed with much bitter satisfaction.

"Well," he said, in conclusion, "you'll just have to hope. The world is small when it comes to meeting people. Prove your love by persisting. If you can't find this mysterious maiden alone, perhaps I'll help you."

Towards the middle of September I insisted on returning to Paris, which was at least a month too early. I wanted Gayley to remain, but he positively refused to do so.

X

We rattled and crunched into the Gare Montparnasse only an hour late, for this was the "rapide." After passing the octroi and piling all our traps on an inadequate cab, we careered down the rue de Rennes. I could see Gayley's eyes darken with delight over the familiar sounds and smells.

Arrived at the house, he fell into madame's arms with effusion, and shook monsieur's nearly from their sockets, chuckled the mignon under the chin, and praised the cat. But he did not forget to curse the cabman for an attempted overcharge.

"And Monsieur Jim?" said madame. "He has the silence. What is it?"

"Cherchez la femme!" replied Gayley.

I could have murdered him.

We mounted to the atelier—which madame had already cleaned—followed by our trunks. During the morning we unpacked the same. At noon we lunched at Thirion's, and sat stately amongst philistines while Marius served us.

"The bourgeois are in possession now," he whispered. "It is too early for les messieurs."

We stood on the corner of the rue de Buci, and discussed our plans for the afternoon.

"I shall arrange my studies," announced Gayley.

"I think I'll go over the river," said I. "Perhaps she might be shopping somewhere."

"Be back to tea?" shouted Gayley after me.

"Yes," I said, indifferently.

"Bring some of that five-franc tea from Potin's, then," he called.

"All right."

I wandered up the avenue de l'Opéra. I did not really expect to meet her there, so I had no definite disappointment to bear. It is impossible to be very blue on a warm afternoon in Paris. When I returned, I climbed the six flights, bearing the five-franc tea, and singing at the top of my voice.

Then I burst open the studio door with a mighty kick,—and stopped on the threshold.

On the big divan I perceived dim peo-

ple wearing large picture-hats. In the easy-chair I made out another dim person wearing a bonnet with stiff upright things on it. Gayley had assumed his society manner, and seemed to be indulging in the "yes, indeed," style of conversation.

"Here he is," he said—"rough-house, as usual. However, if he has the tea, it's all right. Jim, I want to introduce you to my mother, and this is Miss Perry, and my sister."

I bowed in some confusion to the spiked bonnet, and turned to the divan.

On it sat the tall girl and the little black-haired girl of the convent. The tall girl held out her hand.

"I am the sister, Mr. Hart," she said, in her even, cool tones, "and I am very glad to meet you."

The other merely bowed.

And then my confusion vanished, for I heard again the voice for which I had been listening so long.

"I cannot find that teapot where you said I would," it cried. "I don't believe you men ever know where anything is." And with that she appeared in the doorway.

When she saw me standing there like a fool in the middle of the floor, she reached out quietly and grasped either side of the lintel, and the blood slowly left her face drop by drop. We stood staring at each other.

In another instant the situation would have become evident. But Gayley, inspired, kicked over the tea table. In the wreck of our Breton faience we, she and I, found our self-possession. A moment later I had clasped her hand, and felt in mine the frightened pressure that told of her relief.

"No tea to-day, no tea to-day!" chanted Gayley to the tune of the old song. "Unless you drink out of the tooth-mug. Or, better, Jim can go down to Le-strande's, right below, and buy some more cups. Get 'em cheap!" he warned.

I rose.

"It's a shame to make you go when it's my fault," he rattled on. "Never mind. I'll give you company. Trot along with him, Marjorie, and see that he isn't extravagant."

It was clumsy enough at best, but it was intended to deceive only Mrs. Gay-



"AND THE FAIRY TALE, DEAR POET," SAID MARJORIE

ley. Marjorie looked at me demurely from under her eyelashes. We left the room.

We walked down two of the six flights without saying a word. Then I stopped.

"Marjorie!" said I.

She looked toward me half-frightened. I saw something in her eyes.

"Sweetheart!" I cried.

She dropped her head and ran to my arms. "Oh, Jim! Jim! Jim!" she sobbed, "you don't know what I have been through—you don't know. I thought I would never see you again. I did not know your name, nor where you were from, nor what you did, nor anything about you, except that you were my Poet who had come to me for a moment out of fairy-land and had vanished away. I didn't know I cared so much until you were gone. I didn't know I cared so much until I saw you standing there again, just as you used to, and saw the same look in your eyes—"

All this time she was weeping silently, and her two hands clutched my sleeves. The words came from her rapidly, as a torrent long repressed.

I kissed her.

"Don't, Jim!" she cried, in alarm. "Some one will see us!"

I did it again.

"Why didn't you come?" she asked, reproachfully, after a moment.

"How could I, dear? I did not have any more to go on than you did. I did not even know your name."

"But you did!" she cried, opening her eyes wide.

It was my turn to be astonished.

"I sent Bess—that is, Miss Gayley—to tell you to come to the station," she explained, "and I nearly cried my eyes out when you didn't come."

"H'm!" said I, evasively. "I didn't get the message."

We visited Lestrande's and bought something. I did not clearly see what. Then we climbed the six flights again. It took us some time.

"You must think me a fool," said Marjorie, suddenly.

"Why, princess?"

"To throw myself at you the way I did. No nice girl would have done such a thing. It was shameful. I don't be-

lieve any one ever did such a thing before. You must *despise* me."

I took her by both shoulders and forced her to face me.

"Look at me, dear. Don't you believe I love you?"

She examined me doubtfully. "Ye-es," she hesitated.

"And don't you love me?"

She looked down, and out of the window, and blushed. "I suppose so, a very little," she conceded finally.

"Then it's all right, isn't it?" I claimed, in triumph.

She had nothing to say.

Just outside the door she stopped again. "I suppose I loved you from that first day," she confided, prettily, "but I meant to worry you months and months before letting you find it out."

"God bless those Gayleys!" said I, irrelevantly.

XI

At Gayley's suggestion we started on foot to escort our guests homeward. I suppose it was a very wicked thing to do, but Marjorie and I lost those people, and we did it deliberately.

On the Pont des Arts we leaned over the railing and watched the lively little bateaux mouches, like water-bugs, plying here and there between the canal-boats and the river barges. The charm of France, of Paris, settled down upon our spirits, the strange languid charm of the poetic past. We dreamed. The river slipped by dreaming. It was the hour of magic.

"And the fairy tale, dear Poet," said Marjorie at last, looking up at me with one of those wistfully pathetic little smiles which tell us poor men how much a woman has given us,—and how little she regrets it. "The fairy tale; you never finished it for me, the little story in which I was to be the heroine—did you?"

"I have never written it out, but it is finished," said I. "I know how it is to end."

She gazed out beyond the great cathedral with musing eyes. "Tell me," she murmured.

"And so," I concluded, thoughtfully, "they lived happy ever after."

The Birth and Death of the Moon

BY EDWARD S. HOLDEN, LL.D.

THE most far-reaching scientific conclusions can often be expressed in very simple words. The difficulty in comprehending such truths is not a matter of understanding the bare meaning of the words. It is rather a question of an imagination awakened so as to realize, to visualize, as it were, statements that are usually simple in form but profoundly intricate in their implications.

It is a commonplace that the Earth—this familiar Earth, our home—is spinning through space in circles round the Sun; that the Moon—our Moon—is spinning round the Earth in the same way. Nothing can be simpler than the bare statement; every school-boy has it at his tongue's end; but is it realized? The motion of a rifle ball is startlingly swift. One cannot even think of it without a strain of the attention. The motion of the Earth in its orbit is forty times more swift. The words are simple; but the picture of our Earth hurrying through space at this amazing speed is very difficult to conceive. One of the cannon balls of the sea-fight at Santiago de Cuba when stopped by an armor plate fuses the steel all around its point of impact—melts it with fervent heat. If the Earth were to strike another mass of the same sort, both masses would be melted, vaporized, almost in an instant.

The difference between our Earth and the Sun depends on a difference of temperature. The Sun is a star; and a star is a mass of flaming incandescent gas surrounding an intensely heated nucleus. Cool such a mass sufficiently and it becomes a dark star very like the Earth. Cool the Earth to the temperature of Space and it becomes a body very like our own Moon. Or, heat the Earth sufficiently and it becomes a miniature Sun, differing in no essential respect from the Sun in our heavens. The problem of the birth and death of worlds is bound up with the problem of stellar temperature.

It is seldom realized how narrow are the temperature conditions under which human life can exist at all.

If a thermometer scale as high as the Trinity Church spire measured the whole range of cosmical temperatures, the thickness of a single one of its building-stones would more than suffice to measure the very few degrees within which human life is possible on the Earth. Men can live, as the Arabs do, in the burning Sahara, or, like the Eskimo, in the frozen North. These are near the limits; a very few degrees more—or less—make human life impossible anywhere.

It is fairly certain that the Earth has not received any considerable amount of heat from the outside since the earliest geological ages, except its steady supply from the Sun. The changes in the Earth's structure and condition have arisen, then, from changes in its own temperature. The interior of the Earth is now much hotter than its surface, and very much hotter than the celestial spaces surrounding it. It is continually losing heat by radiation. The heat of the interior regions is continually working its way to the crust, and as continually it is radiated off into space. If this were not so, the crust would, long ago, have become as hot as the interior. This loss of heat must, necessarily, have been continuing for ages.

If we go a step backward in time we find that the Earth must *then* have been hotter; another step, and the Earth must have been hotter still. Other such steps take us backward to a period when the Earth was molten, and, finally, to an epoch when the whole Earth was a mass of fiery vapor.

Precisely the same reasoning shows that the Sun is constantly losing heat. It had more heat yesterday than to-day; more heat last year than this. The further backward in time we go, the greater the heat of the Sun must then have been.



FIG. 1.—FROM A NEGATIVE MADE AT THE LICK OBSERVATORY
(MOON'S AGE, ABOUT 10 DAYS)

Increase of size runs parallel with increase of temperature. A red-hot cannon ball fills more space than a cold one. Vaporize the iron mass, and its gaseous particles will fill a much greater spherical extent.

There must have been an epoch in the past when the Sun—a mass of glowing vapor—filled the whole of the space now occupied by the planets. The planets were, then, not separate individual bodies; they were, at most, nuclei within the fiery mist of the expanded Sun.

As the mass cooled, contraction and condensation took place. The mass was at first, in all likelihood, globular, of nearly homogeneous density throughout, and endowed with a slow rotation in the direction in which the planets now traverse their orbits. As cooling progressed, the mass grew smaller and rotated more rapidly. A rotating body of the sort is flattened at the poles; and in consequence the primitive sphere would,

in time, and with increased velocity of rotation, become a flattened, lens-like disc, very thin in proportion to its extent—like a twirled mop. Solid nuclei within the disc would be drawn together by their attractions and form primitive planets.

As the fiery nebula contracted still further other such planets would become isolated. Each of them would consist of a nucleus formed of substances that condense at very high temperatures—platinum and the like—surrounded by atmospheres containing the white-hot vapors of more volatile metals—iron, zinc, mag-

nesium, etc. From such planets, satellites might be formed by a like process. The Moon was born of throes like these—separated from its parent Earth in some moment of titanic convulsion.

At the beginning all the planets would be molten—shining like miniature Suns. So long as they remained liquid their cooled crusts would sink into the hot interior, and new portions of the interior would rise to take their places. The whole planet would boil, so to say.

In time continued cooling would form a permanent semi-solid crust, and the cooling of the interior would be greatly retarded.

The earliest stages of the Earth's history are represented by the state of the Sun at the present day. The Earth was then surrounded by a fiery atmosphere, whose white-hot clouds and rains were drops of melted metals—drops of iron, copper, quicksilver. Its winds were hurricanes, tearing and driving the metallic clouds. Its tides were tremendous.

Huge waves of molten lava and flame rolled round the surface, building a new crust with every tide. What the Earth is now, we know. What it will become in the future, the Moon tells us. The Earth is a Sun that has lost most of its heat; the Moon is an Earth that has lost all of it.

Such, in the briefest form, is the *Nebular Hypothesis*, known as Laplace's (though independently proposed by Swedenborg and by Kant). It accounts, on the whole satisfactorily, for the transformations which have taken place in the matter forming our solar system. It has not a word to say as to the origin of matter; it deals with its transformations alone. Neither has it a word to say as to the origin of life.

The widest generalization connected with it announces that the original nebula must have contained all the matter now in the system, and must have possessed all the energy now operative as light, heat, etc., as well as all those vast stores of energy which have been expended in the past. It follows that the system cannot be self-sustaining. As it had a beginning in its present form, so it must have an end. Its life-blood is heat. Its heat is being expended. At a calculable time in the future—some 20,000,000 years—all its heat will have been expended, and all life will have become extinct. The Earth, the Sun, and all the planets will have evolved to the present state of our Moon.

The Nebular Hypothesis of Laplace, with a few additions, brings us to conclusions like the foregoing, and there is no reason to doubt that they will stand. The precise number of millions of years that the solar system is to endure is not fixed, but the principles at the basis of the reasoning are sound and sufficient. Since the time of Laplace there has been but one material addition to the principles involved in his vast argument—namely, the principle of Tidal Evolution, which was suggested, in its essentials, by Julius Mayer in 1848, and which has received its development in the elaborate mathematical analysis of Professor George Darwin, a son of the great naturalist.

It is a postulate of the Nebular Hypothesis that all the energy in the prim-



FIG. 2.—LICK OBSERVATORY ATLAS OF THE MOON
(MOON'S AGE, 20 DAYS, 14 HOURS)

itive mass which formed the Earth was transferred to it, and has been expended only in certain known ways. The Earth is considered, according to Laplace, as a huge rigid fly-wheel, rotating about its axis. But is the Earth rigid? Its solid mass is substantially rigid, but what of its oceans with their tides? The tides, we know, are the visible effects of the attraction of our satellite the Moon. Vast bodies of water are daily moved by this attraction, and by their motion perform work. The terrestrial fly-wheel is perpetually retarded in its rotation, by a brake perpetually applied, and its energy of rotation is perpetually diminished. The action of the tides is always in one direction; they constantly retard the Earth's rotation, though by an excessively small amount.

The day—the time required for the Earth to rotate once on its axis—must, then, be growing longer. To-day is longer than yesterday; yesterday was longer than the day before. The increase in the length of the day is so small that there is no experimental, observational proof of it. In a thousand years it does not amount to a second. But the brake is always there—always acting;

and its action is always in one direction.

The Earth revolves on its axis once in twenty-four hours. Millions of years ago the day was twenty-two hours; millions of years before, it was twenty-one hours. As we look backward into time we find the Earth revolving faster and faster. There was a time, ages ago, long before geology begins, when the Earth was rotating in a day of five or six hours in length. In the remotest past the Earth revolved in a day of about five hours. It could revolve no faster than this and remain a single unbroken mass.

It was at this time that the Moon was born—separated, broken off, from the parent mass of the Earth. The Earth was then a molten flattened sphere of lava. Its whole body was fluid. The tides, which now are small, superficial, and, so to say, local, were then universal and immense. They occurred at short intervals. The whole surface of our globe was affected. And the corresponding lunar tides in the fluid molten Moon were indefinitely greater still.

Our day is now twenty-four hours; the distance of the Moon is now 240,000 miles. When our day was about five hours long, the Moon was in contact with the Earth's surface. It had just broken away from its parent mass. As the length of the terrestrial day increased, so did the distance of the Moon. The two quantities are connected by inexorable equations. If one varies, so must the other. Whenever the rotation time of a planet is shorter than the period of revolution of its satellite, the effect of their mutual action is to accelerate the motion of the satellite and to force it to move in a larger orbit—to increase its distance, therefore.

The day of the Earth is now shorter than the month—the period of revolution—of the Moon. The Moon is therefore slowly receding from us, and it has been receding for thousands of centuries. But the day of the Earth is, as we have seen, slowly growing longer. The finger of the tides is always pressing upon the rim of our huge fly-wheel, and slowly but surely lessening the speed of its rotation. So long as the terrestrial day is shorter than the lunar month, the Moon will continue to recede from us.

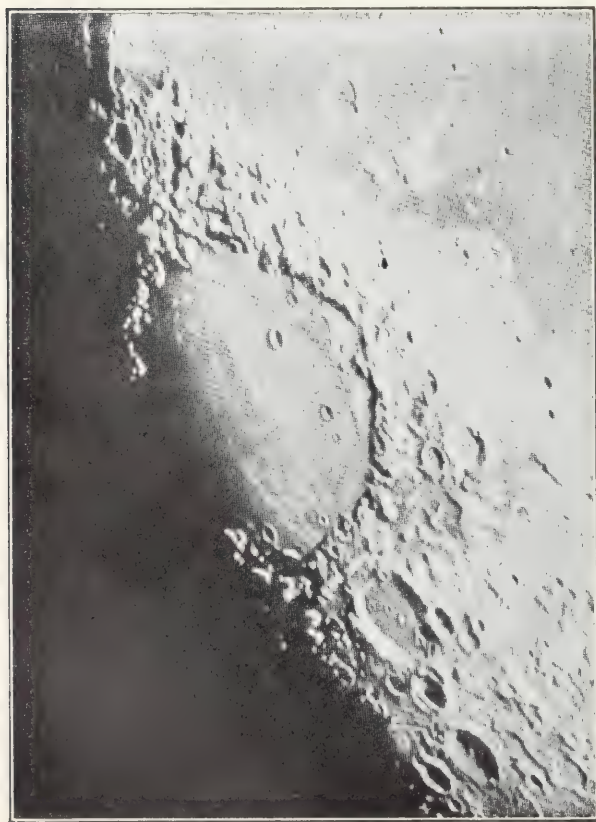


FIG. 3.—MARE CRISIUM

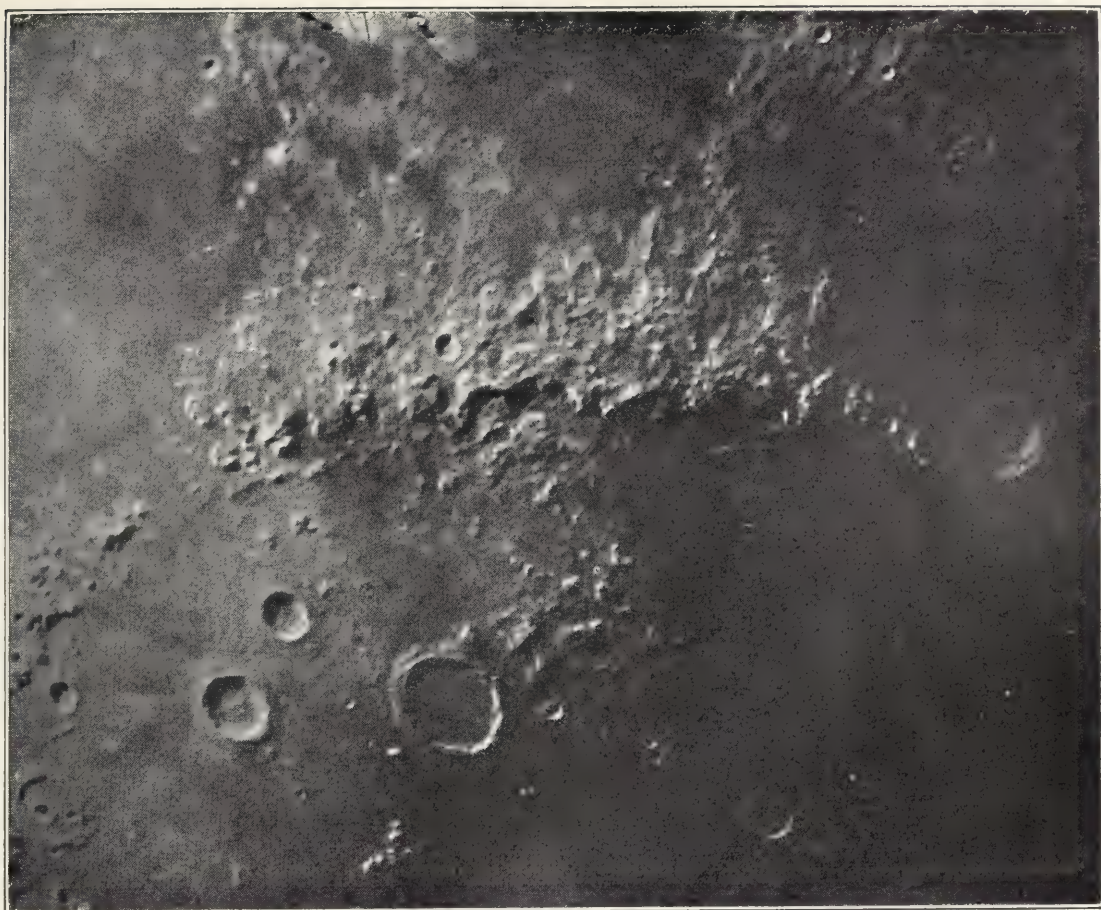


FIG. 4.—THE LUNAR APENNINES

There will come a time in the remote future when the terrestrial day will have lengthened, by slow steps, to fifty-seven of our present days. And at that distant epoch the Moon will revolve about the Earth in the same period of fifty-seven days. The Earth-Moon system will then resemble a huge dumb-bell with two unequal ends. The mass of the Earth at one end and the mass of the Moon at the other will perpetually face each other. The two ends of the dumb-bell will revolve face to face precisely as if they were connected by a rigid rod. The Moon will hang over the sky of a single region of our globe forever. This we may truly call the epoch of the death of our Moon. The mark of life is change; and in that distant future there will be no more change of motion.

Change in the topography of the Moon has long since ceased. The pictures that accompany this paper show the features of our satellite as they have existed for countless ages. The active agents of terrestrial change are not present on the Moon—water, frost, air. The Moon

has been dead to topographical change for millions of years. When Tidal Evolution shall have brought the Earth-Moon system to a state so stable that no change in motions can ever again occur, then, indeed, we may say that death has come.

NOTE. — The accompanying pictures of the Moon are direct copies of glass photographs taken at Mount Hamilton with the great refractor of the Lick Observatory. The photographic focal length of this telescope is $47\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and the image of the moon is therefore about five inches in diameter. The original focal negatives were subsequently enlarged, in a camera, to any desired scale—usually to a scale of three French feet (38.36 English inches), to correspond with Maedler's map of the Moon; or to double this scale, to correspond to the great lunar map of Dr. Schmidt, Director of the Observatory of Athens. Special regions of the Moon's surface were enlarged to different scales for purposes of study, and Professor Weinek, Director of the Observatory of Prague, has employed the Lick Observatory negatives, which were furnished to him, to make a complete Atlas of the Moon on a scale of ten feet to the Moon's diameter. By the liberality of Mr. Walter Law, of New York, many sheets of a similar atlas, on a smaller

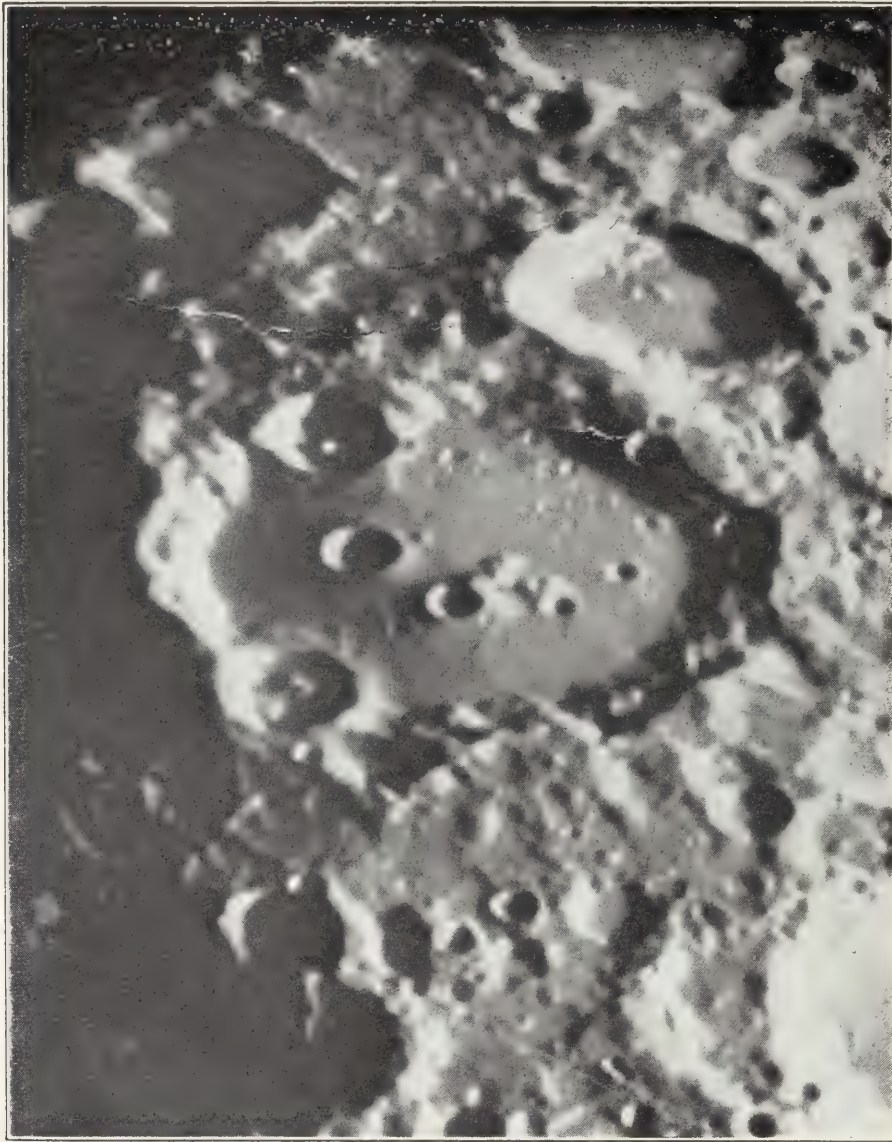


FIG. 5.—THE LUNAR CRATER CLAVIUS

and more convenient scale, were published at Mount Hamilton and widely distributed. Fig. 2 is reduced from one of these atlas sheets, which was made from a focal negative taken on October 8, 1895, at 15h. 6m. 8s. to 18s. The Moon was then 20 days and 14 hours old, and the picture shows a small area near the western edge. At the lower left-hand corner a portion of the Sea of Serenity (*Mare Serenitatis*) shows, bordered by high peaks, with here and there a large crater. Above this sea and extending nearly to the dark border of the Moon is a great cleft—the *Rill of Aridæus*—that may be compared with the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River. At the right-hand end of this rill is another in the shape of a very much flatten-

ed V—the *Rill of Hyginus*. In the opening of this V is a famous crater in which changes have been reported.

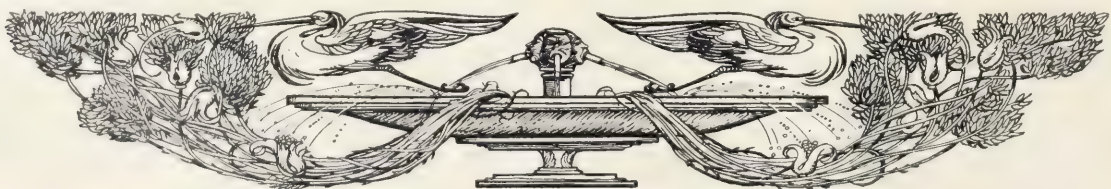
The age of the Moon in Fig. 1 is about ten days, and it gives an excellent view of the Moon as a whole. The darker regions are the so-called *Seas*. Craters of all sizes are shown all over the surface, and the beautiful crater-ring of *Gassendi* is just on the dark border of the upper half. Two of the craters deserve especial attention. *Tycho* is the deep crater in the upper (southern) half of Fig. 1. It looks like the stem of the lunar orange, and from it radiates a wonderful series of brilliant streaks. The huge crater of *Copernicus* (shown on the horizontal diameter of Fig. 1 near the dark edge) is 56 miles in diameter, and is noted for a very complex series of brilliant streaks that radiate from it in all directions for hundreds of miles.

Near the lower right-hand border of the same figure is a range of mountains enclosing the *Sinus Iridum*—the Bay of Rainbows.

Fig. 3 shows the smallest of the lunar seas—*Mare Crisium*—and the rugged regions surrounding it.

Fig. 4 shows the range of Lunar Apennines with the crater *Eratosthenes* at its end, and the three craters *Archimedes*, *Aristillus*, and *Autolycus* symmetrically ranged below.

Fig. 5 is a view of the great crater *Clavius*, showing the extremely rugged regions near the Moon's southern pole, the smaller craters on the floor and on the walls of *Clavius*, and the sharp border between the illuminated edge of the wall and the neighboring darkness.



Liebchen

A TALE OF TWO MEN, A SENTIMENTAL WHALE, AND A HEN

BY ARTHUR COLTON

"THERE were five of us, including Liebchen," the captain began. "Kreps was a German Professor of Allerleiwissenschaft, which I take to be Things in General. He was gathering culture and twelve-sided fish in the Pacific Ocean, and had a pailful of island dialects. Veronica was a hen, very ragged-looking, who had not so many feathers as once belonged to her, and was proud and suspicious. Kamelillo was a Kanaka, who did not take the interest in things that he might have, and wished to be let alone. He had lived up and down the Pacific, and harpooned whales, and been shipwrecked now and then, and was sometimes drunk and sometimes starved, but had no opinion on any of these things, except that he would rather be drunk than starved. As for Liebchen, Kreps gave her that name, for he had sentiments that were milky and innocent. I liked them all four well enough. I was young then, and took things as they came; and indeed when a man is young he would as soon be friendly with an alligator as a Patagonian. It is all much the same.

"I was second mate on a ship going to Japan with rails for a railroad, and Kreps came aboard at Honolulu, wearing spectacles, and having a trunk of tin cans that contained specimens. He was round-faced and squatty, and out of breath with enthusiasm.

"We sailed in calm weather until we came to the south of Midway Island, and found a typhoon that had come over from Asia, and resembled an ordinary storm as a surf resembles a deep-sea wave; so that the ship sprung leaks in the waist, and settled down lower and lower in the midst of the heavings of the sea that staid when the typhoon had gone on.

"There were two large boats and a small one, and trouble came from the tin cans of specimens; for the captain would not take them in his boat, nor the first mate in his; so that Kreps put them in the small boat, and sat over them, and shed tears, and was low in his mind.

"Dey are von der sciences ignorant, obtuse," he said.

"I said, 'So's the Pacific Ocean.'

"But you, ach, so young, so intelligent!—not as de Pacific Ocean, hein?"

"I allowed him that there was a distinction between me and the Pacific Ocean, and put the boat off. Kamelillo was spreading the cat-sail, and had no opinion. Veronica came flapping over



VERONICA CAME FLAPPING OVER THE RAIL



HE PRANCED LIKE A RED RUBBER BALLOON

the rail with a squawk, and lit on Kamelillo, and fell into the bottom of the boat. She had been seasick, and belonged to the cook. We got away after the other boats, the night coming on clear. Kamelillo talked island dialects at Veronica for scratching him, and told her to let him alone. Kreps sat over his specimens, innocent and happy, and singing German lullabies.

"The next morning the boats were not in sight, but we steered north, for there were odd islands in that direction by the chart, without names enough to go around them. On the second morning we saw a high shore to port, with surf like a white rag sewed along the bottom, and rags of mist sticking to the black bluffs.

"*"Ach!"* said Kreps, and the tears trickled down under his spectacles, *"Gott sei dank! I am müde of de sea. It iss too large."*

"And Kamelillo said: 'How she get up them high? No! Maybe dam henna fly up.'

"We coasted by the east side an hour or more, and came to a place where the water was quiet and black in a slip of maybe a hundred feet in width, the bluff

having broken in two. The channel appeared to curve, so that you could see but a little way up. We dropped sail and pulled through. It might have been twenty feet deep in the channel, being high tide, and running in slowly. Wine-palms and cocoanut-trees grew on the bluffs on each side, some leaning over, with roots out where the earth had caved away. And we came about the curve and saw a closed bay, shut in by the bluffs from the outer sea and all the winds. It was wooded on the north and marshy on the south, and might have been a quarter of a mile across. We landed on the north side. But Liebchen came in at high tide one day chasing fish and little goggle-eyed squids, and the first we knew there were tons and tons of her gambolling around. She was medium-sized, perhaps forty feet in length, and too fond of gambolling. She had a snout like an engine boiler and an under jaw like a walking-beam. She was too fond of gambolling, or she would not have had that trouble. The tide went out and left the channel too shallow to heave over, and she was as bothered a whale as might be, which served her right for her foolishness.

"When Kreps understood that she was penned in and what troubled her by the channel entrance, he acted outrageously. He pranced like a red rubber balloon.

"*"Gieb mir das axe! Ach, hastig! Ich will de habits of de cetacean studieren."*

"And he ran away through the woods around the north shore. I ran after him, because I wanted to see him study the habits of the cetacean. Veronica was disgusted, and Kamelillo was cooking. He never liked Liebchen. I judge he put her down to be frivolous from the first. Liebchen had sidled off and was rolling about in the middle of the harbor when we came to the bluffs where the wine-palms and cocoanut-trees leaned over and the channel was narrow. Kreps fell to chopping the landward roots, and I saw

that he wanted to block the channel. Very soon we slid a tree down into the water, and then another, and so on, till it was the messiest of channels, a sort of log jam, with roots and palm-tree tops mixed in. I thought the tide would float it out, and it did afterward, some of it.

"We went back to where Kamelillo was cooking, squatted on the ground with his bare back to the shore, and taking no interest in Liebchen. He made a kind of paste of ground roots, and called it 'poi,' which was not bad, if you rolled a fish in it, and baked it in the ashes, and thought about something else. But at that moment Liebchen came around the north shore in a roar of foam, bringing her flukes down now and then with a slap to make the harbor ache, and she slapped nearly a barrel of water over Kamelillo, his fire, and poi, and Kamelillo said:

"'Why for? She not my whale. You keep her outa my suppa! Why for?'

"So that Kreps was disgusted because Kamelillo did not like Liebchen, and went and stood on the bank in the interests of science, and studied the habits of the cetacean. But she had no real habits, to speak uprightly. She had notions, but they were no use for science. She was always flirting her fins and twittering her flukes like a young lady's fan, and sidling off bashfully, and swooping around with an impulse of affection to make the harbor sizzle, and then sticking her nose in the bottom, her flukes in the air trembling with emotion, and coming up to smile at you a rod each way. Of course I judge she meant it all quite right, but she never understood her limitations. Her strong hold was the impressive and majestic. She ought to have kept to that style. But she had it fixed that she wanted to be kittenish and graceful.

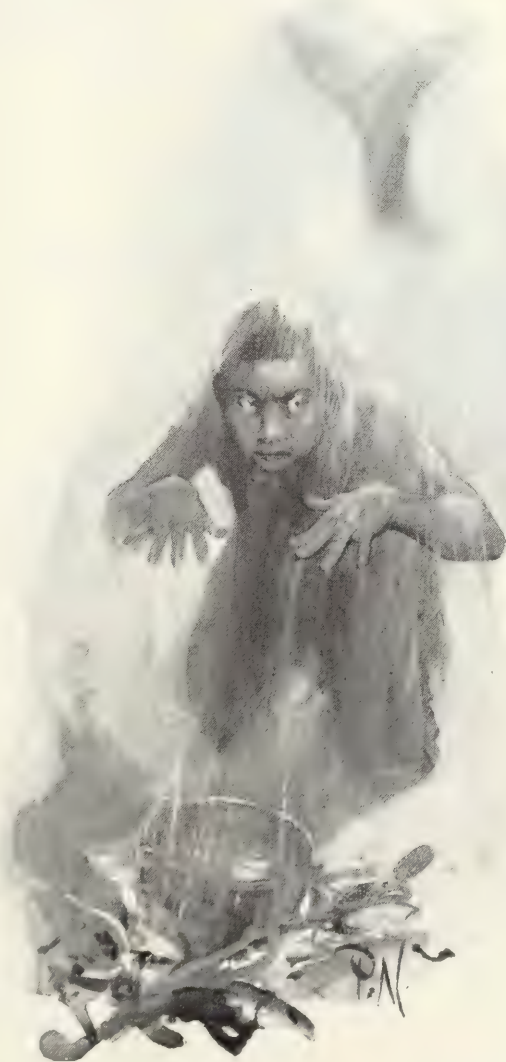
"Kreps began to study her mornings and afternoons and into the night, and day

after day it went on, and she bothered him, till he saw he was on the wrong tack, and put his helm about. He said:

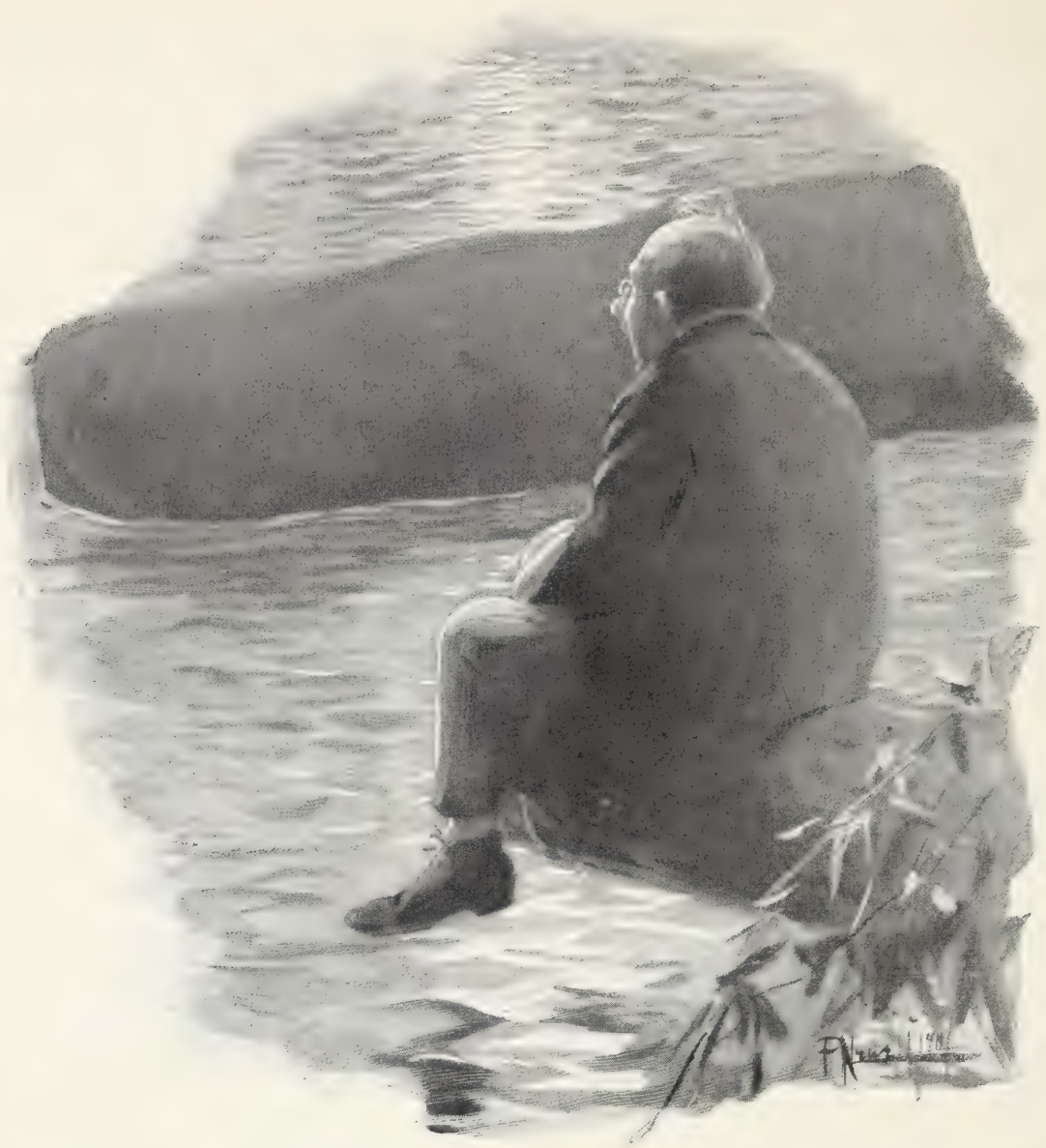
"'It iss de Ewigweibliche. She iss not science. She iss poetry. She haf de charm of de feminine;' and he heaved a sigh.

"Kreps was a man to have sentiments naturally, but this idea that Liebchen had the charm of the feminine seemed to me to be wrong. He used to sit out on the end of a log moonlight nights, with his fat face and spectacles shining, and Liebchen nuzzling around with a sentimental ten-foot snout and piggy eye; and he would be singing German lullabies, 'Du bist wie eine Blume;' and I didn't think she was like a flower. She was not science either. Kreps said she was poetry. She made him think of the Ewigweibliche.

"But Kamelillo did not like her, and



SHE SLAPPED NEARLY A BARREL OF WATER OVER
KAMELILLO



HE USED TO SIT OUT ON THE END OF A LOG MOONLIGHT NIGHTS

she probably disliked him. She slapped water on him continually, and after she had the four of us stirred up she would go off to the middle of the harbor languishing and happy. She did not seem to pine for the high seas so long as Kreps would sing to her in the moonlight and she could slap water on Kamelillo. Veronica did not like her either. Veronica would stand off and cackle at her pointedly. She seemed to think that Liebchen carried on improperly and had no refinement. From her point of view sea-bathing was not becoming; and when Liebchen stood on her head in the water, Veronica would take to the woods with her feelings ruffled terribly. And Kamelillo disliked Veronica on account of her fussiness, and because she had lit

on him and scratched him when he wanted to be let alone. Those three had temperaments that were not compatible. Kamelillo wanted to make Veronica into poi, but I did not think there was any real nourishment in her. And he wanted to break the log jam, but I told him it was Kreps's jam.

"'Ain' harbor belong to him,' said Kamelillo. 'Ain' to him slap harbor on me. Thas whale bad un. I show him. One fool!' He went to Kreps. 'I tell you, dam Dutchman. What,' said he, not meaning to be anything but soothing and persuasive. 'I tell you, we cutta bamboo, harpoona whale. Donnerblissena! Easy!'

"'Animal!' shrieked Kreps. 'Mitout perception or soul, mitout de delicate!'

"'Oh,' said Kamelillo, very blandly. 'Girl whale. Alla right, dam Dutchman, my frien'. You breaka jam. Letta go.'

"'It iss not of use,' said Kreps, sighing. 'You understand not de yearning, de ideal. Listen! Liebchen, she iss de abstraction, de principle. Aber no. You cannot. De soul iss alone, iss not comprehend.'

"'Alla right,' said Kamelillo. 'You looka here. Go see thas girl whale on a bamboo raft. Ho! You sit on log alla night, singa hoo-hoo song. No good, no fun.'

"Kreps was taken with that notion. 'So, my friend?'

"Kamelillo became excited. 'You teach her like missionary teach Kanaka girl, wear petticoata, no stand on her head. So! You teach her go Sunday-school. Come!'

"I said: 'Look out, Kreps, or the whale 'll drown you. She's got no culture.'

"Kreps was calm and dignified. 'I

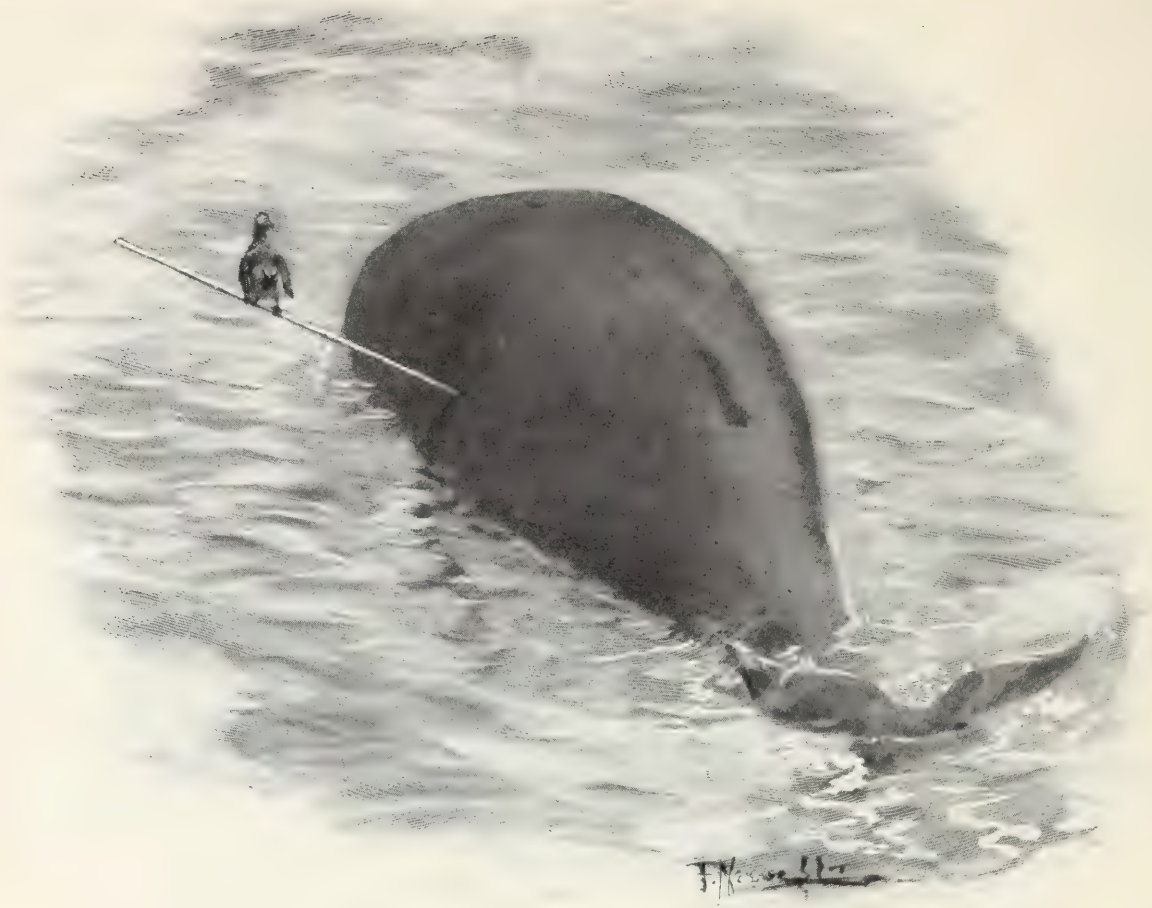
will approach Liebchen more near. It iss time to advance. I will go mit Kamelillo, my friend!'

"Kamelillo spent the morning making a bamboo raft, and in the afternoon they put out. Liebchen was over by the harbor entrance, lying low in the water and asleep, or else melancholy. Kamelillo had a long bamboo pole in his hand to pole the raft with, but had shod it with his harpoon head. They drew alongside. Kreps was facing front, with his back to Kamelillo. He lifted his oar to slap the water. Kamelillo drew off, and cast.

"Liebchen—well, Liebchen came out of her maiden fancies, and acted strictly as a whale. It is a way of acting that asks for respect, but it is not romantic. She slapped the bamboo raft, and there was no such thing. She swallowed the harbor and spit it out. She whopped and danced and teetered. She let out all her primeval feelings. She put on no airs and made no pretences. She turned every-



"ANIMAL!" SHRIEKED KREPS



THE TWO MOVING OFF, SO LONELY, SO PATHETIC

thing she could find into scrambled eggs, and played the 'Marseillaise' on her blow-hole. She did herself up into knots to break whalebone, and untied them like the pop of a cork. She was no more female than she was science. She was wrath and earthquakes and the day of judgment. She scooped out the bottom of the harbor and laid it on top, and turned somersets through the middle of chaos. I blushed to see her, and Veronica took to the woods in a state of mind to renounce her sex.

"I ran along the north shore. I thought they were scrambled, but they were not. I found Kamelillo pulling Kreps through the shallows by his collar. Kamelillo shook the water out of his eyes and did not seem to be disturbed. Kreps took off his spectacles and wiped them.

"'Ach, Liebchen,' he said. 'She iss—'

"'Thas whale,' said Kamelillo. 'Thas all right.'

"'Liebchen iss too much of her;' and Kreps stalked off to camp very dignified.

"'Thas whale,' said Kamelillo. 'Thas all right.'

"He chopped the jam that afternoon, and it floated out in the night or early morning with the ebb. We went to the bank when the tide was in again to watch Liebchen go out. Kreps was tearful.

"'Aber,' he said, 'she iss too much of her.'

"She came feeling her way through the channel very quietly, with her snout under water, and Kamelillo's bamboo sticking out of her fat side six feet or more. Veronica cackled pointedly at Liebchen, and her feathers stood up so that you could see she thought her a person no lady would have anything to do with. Liebchen passed close beneath us, but she did not look up. It seemed as though she felt ashamed, mortified, so that she could not do it. Kreps broke down, but Kamelillo was gay.

"'Dam henna!' he said, and grabbed Veronica with both hands. 'Go too!'

"He flung her at Liebchen, and she

went through the air squawking, fluttering, lit on Liebchen's slippery back, slid till she struck the bamboo, and roosted. If she had had time to think she might have flopped ashore, but she lost her presence of mind, and Liebchen was now out of the channel, steering away into the Pacific.

"The sea was quite still. Veronica squawked a few times, and no more.

"'It may be death,' she seemed to say, 'but I will have dignity.' It was solemn to see the two moving off, so lonely, so pathetic. Kreps wept bitterly, and Kamelillo looked as happy as he could, only that his face had no real shift of expression, any more than a stove-pipe has, except to get red-hot. When Kamelillo was filled with happiness or anger, his face would grow a little oilier, but that was not really an expression. He went back to his camp fire and made poi, but Kreps and I watched, expecting that Liebchen would presently go under and Veronica be no more; but she kept on swimming quietly till she was a little black lonely spot near the edge of the sky.

"It came on afternoon. The tide was out, and we lay about lazily. There was not enough wind to flutter the signal on



PULLING KREPS THROUGH THE SHALLOWS

the bluffs, which was Kreps's red shirt, and hung there to entertain any one that might come by. Kamelillo suddenly sat up. 'Hear 'im?'



"NO; THAS YOUR WHALE"

"There was a great noise over in the channel out of sight, a kind of splashing, thumping, and blowing, and the big waves rolled into the harbor. We ran along the shore, and came to the bluffs, and there was Liebchen. Of course. When a whale leaves you and goes off into sixty million square miles of ocean and six dozen deep, you expect to see her again presently. She'll drop in afternoons.

"Liebchen was grounded in the channel, poor thing! trying to get in hastily at low tide; come back to say she was penitent and forgiving. There were two harpoons more than the bamboo sticking in her very deep, and the lines hitched to a long-boat, the long-boat coming in-shore now full of men, and Veronica squatting in the thwart of the same, comfortable and dignified.

"Kamelillo said, 'Whale ain' sense, thas whale.' And Kreps, 'Ach, Liebchen!'

"She struck her last flurry now, and made the air tumultuous, and filled it with spray. The long-boat held off, seeing she was likely to stay there and needed all the room. After a while she subsided. A few pathetic motions of her flukes, and it was all over.

"The long-boat came in, and we slid down the bluffs.

"'Hoi!' said the man in the stern, steering. 'That your hen?'

"I said I was acquainted with her.

"'Oh! And maybe that's your whale.'

"'Ach, Liebchen!' said Kreps, mournfully.

"Kamelillo waded in, and looked at the harpoons, and shook his head. 'No; thas your whale.'

"'Been cast up, have ye?' said the steersman, looking around. 'Hoi! We struck that whale ten miles out. We comes up quiet, and I see that bamboo sticking in her, with that hen squatting on it. "Queer!" says I. And just as Billy here was letting her have it, the hen gives a squawk and comes flopping aboard; and Billy lets her have it, and Dick here lets her have it, and she goes plumb down sudden. Then up she comes and starts for here, like she was going to see her ma and knew her own mind; and up this channel she comes, and runs aground foolish. I never see a whale act so foolish. Thought she might be a friend of yours,' said he, 'meaning no reflections.'

"I said I was acquainted with her. Kreps took off his glasses and wiped his eyes.

"'She wass of de tenderness, das Zärtlichkeit.'

"It made him sad to see Liebchen dead, who was so full of sensibility, and Veronica come back with dignity, she being a conventional and supercilious person.

"'Ach, Liebchen!' he said, 'Liebchen!' and said no more, but went back to gather his tin cans; and we came away from that island on the whaler."

Song

BY ROBERT LOVEMAN

THE Dawn is a wild, fair woman,
With sunrise in her hair;
Look where she stands, with pleading hands,
To lure me there.

The Dusk is dark and glorious,
A star upon her brow;
With sunset blushes in her cheeks,
She beckons now.

I, ever fickle, stand between,
Upon my lips a rune,
And in my summer-singing soul—
The hoiden happy Noon.



Apon his tower-top **S**ir **B**elem sat



IF the old romancers are to be believed, the ways of lovers were not so diverse as you might have supposed. For however fondly they loved, when occasion was that faith should be tried or danger averted by means of disguise, however simple that disguise might be, one person was always deceived by it: I mean the lover. So in the tale of young Paris, loving the fair Vienne, the Dauphin's daughter of Auvergne; whom a king's son also loved. Now Paris had been banished for his presumption, and Vienne, because she would not consider the case of her royal lover, cast into prison. But it is well known how, by means of an old hen under her arm, she deceived the king's son; and how again Paris, having performed prodigies in the Holy Land, returning to Auvergne, deceived her in her turn with no more disguise than a palmer's gown and cockle.

So Flors was brought to his mistress Blancafior in a basket of green stuff, and the Soldan of Babylon, who loved her as much as ever he did, seeing the pair asleep, lightly believed them to be sisters, and was made a Christian at the first glance.

But I have a case where there was more excuse for the lover. Here he was deceived from the beginning. He loved,

but knew not whom he loved; he sought, he found, but could not tell whether what he sought had been found, or what he found sought. His device, whereby at last he was made sure, is a good one. This lover of mine, called Sagramor, the younger brother of Sir Belem of the Red Fell—the second of three, whereof the third and youngest was Sir Herlouin. I see Sir Sagramor a tall, sanguine-hued young man with a pointed beard, a singing voice, and generous eyes. I know he had a great heart, and am sure he was a lover by predisposition, because his name in chivalry was Le Bel Enemy. It meant that his comeliness made Sagramor the foe of his friends, his generosity the friend of his enemies. No handsomer thing could be said of any man. It was, in fact, found too handsome by the elder, Sir Belem, who at the time this tale begins had banished his brother.

Sir Belem of the Red Fell was lord of thirty valleys in the county of Salop, with a tower at the head of each. Chirk was his, and Chirbury, and all the black lands between Rhiw and Berriew, rivers of North Wales; of Clun Forest he had as much as was good for him and more than was good for many. The king believed him a great bulwark of the marches, and Belem was of the same

mind: to that end he chose to live in his castle of the Red Fell, whence (like an eagle from his eyrie) he could watch in fair weather the dominion of Wales, the broad plains, the rivers, forests, and girdling mountains of that unsubdued plot of earth. Chiefly he could see—as he most desired—Powys, and in the midst of it the white stronghold of that grim old ravenous Sir Caradoc; I mean Sir Caradoc of the Graceless Guard, old in years, older in sin, insatiably proud, who had made the green plain a haunt of dread, and the good towns, that shone once like eyes in a fair face, pools of restless fear. Sir Belem, a tyrant in his own way, was jealous of such a tyrant as that. Round about his Graceless Guard Sir Caradoc ruled as a thief may rule thieves. "Rob me and you will be robbed," was what he said to the terre-tenants; and they knew he was their only stay and comfort against the English barons of the march—excellent thieves, of whom Sir Belem (I take leave to say) was one, and not the least excellent. So the men of Powys, lest a worse thing should befall them, suffered the old land-pirate Caradoc to pillage them as he would—him and his seven sons.

Seven sons he had, no fewer; and that was the litter upon which Sir Belem kept his weather eye. They were cat-a-mountains all, a vexed brood, whose names were these: Gaunt and Merlyn and Pereduc, Ros and Garryn and Meskyn, and young Lewknor, who proved the hardest; handsome, tall lads, black-polled, all in hue fair red and white, all thieves, all great lovers, and all but one damned. You will hardly ask me now whether Sir Caradoc's lady was alive. She was not, but had died giving birth to Lewknor de la Garde, to him and one other twin with him, a girl called Audiart. The people of Powys called her the Dark Rose, and said that no one could tell her from her brother Lewknor. In England this was held to imply that she was a termagant; but no reliance can be put upon English consideration of the matter, since Audiart had never been seen over the march; unless, indeed, the tale be true that she sometimes rode out with her brothers in Lewknor's clothes.

Now, in the days when Sir Sagramor first went over sea, and when Sir

Herlouin was a growing lad at the Red Fell, one from the Graceless Guard (it was supposed, Pereduc) stole Sir Belem's wife, Helewise, and kept her five years in Wales against all that Sir Belem could do; after which time, this Pereduc being tired of her, she was ready to die, and did die. Sir Belem said little, that being his way, but he did as much as he could, and pretty well. For Dame Helewise had not been dead more than a year and a day when, as he was hunting a stag, he came unawares upon three of his enemies—Gaunt, Ros, and Meskyn de la Garde—lying at random in a grove of birch-trees hard by a fair stream. Gaunt was asleep, Meskyn mending a bow, Ros had his feet in the water while he sang. Sir Belem, grim and speechless, took them all three, bound their hands behind their backs, and drove them before him, like cattle at the goad's point, to the Red Fell. That which was terrible about Belem was his silence. If it had made Dame Helewise his wife glad of Pereduc, so long as he was glad of her, and, even when he was not, to prefer death to her husband; if it had made Sir Sagramor take service with the Count of Hainault—judge to what lengths it drove these proud, chattering Welsh youths. It made Gaunt and Ros and Meskyn de la Garde first rage, then foam, then weep with raving, then swoon, and last submit like mutes—all the spirit scared out of them by a wooden English knight. Sir Belem made hinds of his prisoners: Meskyn, a mere lad, was turned afield to be crow-keeper, Ros became cowherd, and Gaunt, a very noble young man to all appearance, a plough-teamster.

Immediately that news of this became known, Sir Caradoc levied war upon Sir Belem, and drove him to sore straits to defend all that he had. The Welshmen came up in hordes, held all the passes, and threatened all the towers. It was not so much that vassals failed the Englishman as that his borders were wide. Sir Belem, who had but one single purpose, was content to wait its fulfilment; but meantime he made his youngest brother, Herlouin, a knight, and thought it well to do what I am sure he had no taste for, I mean to send a messenger over sea to summon his second brother,

Sagramor, with horse and arms to help him. There was no love lost between this pair; Belem hated Sagramor as the night the day; but when a gentleman has thirty valleys to defend, and a grudge to feed into the bargain, he has no time for quarrelling with his brothers.* And much as he hated Sagramor, he knew that he would come. So the devil, as they say, likes to see the cross upon a bond.

But the English roads were still waiting for Sir Sagramor le Bel Enemy while the Welshmen poured over the border. Sir Belem drew back from valley to valley, until it came to this, that he was besieged in his castle of Red Fell, and could only hold that with the demesnes about it. It was no pleasant sight for the great brooding man to see his good lands covered with Welsh pavilions; and yet he had to endure a worse. Every day Sir Caradoc de la Garde, with three of the four sons left him—one to carry his banner, one to ride on his right hand, and one to ride on his left hand—rode up the valley, and was acclaimed by those he called his liegemen, haggard rogues all of them, with hoarse voices and sudden small hands. Upon his tower-top Sir Belem sat grimly, nursing his sword and hate together, speaking never a word. So then old Sir Caradoc, his white hair blown about his fierce face, bareheaded as he always was, would ride close under the very walls and cry out, "Come down, Belem, thou dumb dog, and I will hang thee for my sons' sake." Belem, immutably patient, said never a word, and would not kill the old man yet; rather, he gloomed the more darkly, his eyes fixed always upon the brown valley where a shrunken river, babbling among rocks, ran its journey into the heart of England. The streams fell either way from the ridge which was the Red Fell, east into England, west into Wales. From the east, and up this rocky valley, Sir Sagramor must ride with his men, since no other was open. Yet a full month before he could be looked for Belem had caught Pereduc de la Garde in an ambush, and hanged him upon a tall tree midmost of the Welsh pass. He did not know that he was hanging the ravisher of his wife; but his brother Herlouin and all his vassals knew it quite well.

When next Sir Caradoc came up against him he was without a banner-bearer, but still with a mailed son on either side his horse. And this time, though he rode as before, bareheaded, courting destruction, under the outer wall of the fosse, he called out no injurious invitation to Sir Belem; but he lifted up a tight, wizened face, whereon sat desire grinning like a dog.

You may suppose that he judged his son Lewknor either too young to bear the weight of mail, or too dear to run the risk of Sir Belem, since he was content to be without a banner-bearer. That he could dock himself of so much pride had an air of fear. Venturesome old merchant that he was, he had come to a point where he dared not have all his goods in one bottom. Two sons he had left to be esquires of his body; one should be at home in case of new sorrow. He never expected the sorrow that befell him when, that same night, he made a fierce attack on the castle of Red Fell, an attack of torches, smoke, haste, scrambling, and hot crying. The Welshmen bridged the fosse and heaped brushwood about the inner bailey, meaning to set it alight. This fire would have served to cover scaling-ladders and murder, there would have been no sound throats in the Red Fell, had not Belem been speedier than his assailants. He himself it was who had the doors set open, before they had kindled the wood, but not before the party of the castle was primed to make a rush. The Welsh, taken by surprise, were forced back upon their bridge; there and thereabouts was a hot half-hour, all done by guess-work in the dark. But Garyn de la Garde was drowned in the fosse, and Merlyn trampled beyond recognition by his own men; the rest saved themselves as they could. They drew off without their dead, not even knowing who was dead; and for two or three weeks there was no sign made.

Sir Caradoc, as many thought, should have been broken by this tragic night, which had robbed him of all his tall sons; but Belem thought otherwise, and rightly. The old Welsh robber, as proud as fire, had a body-guard still to flaunt in Fortune's face, and for this reason, because he would demand of him the uttermost farthing, Sir Belem staid where he was

in his castle until his enemy's pride should prove his final ruin. Surely enough a day dawned, a day of level milky light, when they of the Red Fell saw Sir Caradoc come up from Powys, riding as aforetime between two mailed knights, his troop of reavers and robbers behind him; and a low chuckle from Belem—like the gloating of a kite over a meadow of partridges—made young Herlouin aware of a new turn in the game. Bright as a beam of the sun, up the eastern valley came riding Sir Sagramor le Bel Enemy in gilded armor, he and his friends, homing from England's heart.

Young Herlouin looked from east to west, from west to east; and presently he spoke, with a gush of pity in his voice.

"Here, brother," he said, "is your enemy at his last shift, who (to maintain his estate) is forced to put under armor the tender bodies of children; and these his last, and one of them a girl. Let us show mercy, Belem, at this time. Unmask him, strip him, show him a brag-gart; but have you not yet had enough of his flesh? Three of his sons you have dead, and three in thrall; what worse thing can you do him than leave him alone with his memories? And as for these pretty children, what harm have they done, or what can do?"

The youth spoke urgently, not without tears; but Belem never turned his eyes from the east, where Sagramor his brother showed with thirty-five spears behind him. He had his great horse apparelled, armed himself from head to foot, and laid his bare sword across his knees; he did nothing more, and said not a word. Again Herlouin urged him; this time he turned his back. Then Herlouin saw that Sagramor was aware of the opposing force; he saw him turn to his companions, he saw them spur, he saw the horses plunge at the steel and quicken. It came into his mind that Belem meant to do his butchering by deputy, to serve both his hatreds at once—kill the children of his enemy, and fasten upon his brother the shame of the fact. Herlouin, boy as he was, grew red in the face, and swore the thing should not be.

He slipped away from the tower where Belem stood with his friends watching

the game, got out of doors by a little wicket, scrambled to horseback, and spurred towards Sagramor, intent upon reaching him before it was too late. This he was just able to do, but no more. The two lines were ready to engage in the open ground before the castle, drawn up facing each other, some two careers of a horse apart. Into the middle space came Herlouin, stooping low to his horse's neck, at a hand-gallop. Sagramor saw and knew him. "Hold, brother; hold, Sagramor," cried the boy, panting; "be advised what you do!"

"Dompnedex!" says Sagramor, with a high head. "Brother Herlouin, I shall do what becomes me."

"By my soul, you will not," says the other.

And Sagramor, "How, then, if I punish the enemies of our house?" His eyes, very fierce, glittered between the bars of his visor. This sort of interruption was not at all to his taste.

But Herlouin was sure of his case. "Let man meet man," he said, "and the better man prevail. But, Sagramor, make no war upon a boy and girl."

"How now?" says Sagramor. So then Herlouin told him how Sir Caradoc had lost his six grown sons, and was attended now by a boy on his right or left and a girl on his left or right, twin children of a dead mother, whose joint ages might scarcely exceed his own. He told him that one or other of the old knight's esquires was his daughter Audiart, and one his son Lewknor; that which was which there was no telling; that as for the rest of the Welsh host, they were rascallions, lick-pots, lackeys, varlets, dog-bolts, stable-hinds, and gallows-birds of Powys, unworthy of the arms they bore or of those now offered against them, servants and panders of old Caradoc's ruining pride. He ended, "Will you draw upon children, or tilt against cattle-thieves, Sagramor?" And Sagramor, in a great heat, swore, "By our Lady, I will not."

Sir Caradoc de la Garde began to taunt the good knight for delay, and might have forced a fray upon him but for diversion from another quarter. Out of the castle rode Sir Belem in his armor, and his vassals with him—Brian Longescu, Maynard Tregoz, Sir Bartholomew

of the Spiny Brake, Sir Matthew of the Reidswire, Sir Cuthbert of the Mynd, and other gentlemen of Salop, heavily horsed, and accoutred with long shields and spears at rest, as if to fight with Saracens at Roncesvalles, or brave the slaughter of Aliscans. Directly he was aware of Belem, Sir Caradoc spurred out to meet him more than half-way, a bow-shot at least in advance of his men; and on either side of him those last gallant slips of his tree pushed on level abreast, as if their hearts danced in unison. "Fight me now, Belem, thou red felon," cried the old Welsh knight, and shook his spear. Deep in his throat spake Belem for the first time, saying, "By God, I will." And then, as he made himself ready, he gave the signal to Sagramor to charge the Welshmen in flank, and so pen them like cattle.

But Sagramor threw up his spear arm in token that he must speak before he did anything. Once more the Welshman paused to hear him. Then he said, "Brother Belem, I am advised that Sir Caradoc has brought out his two children—all that he has left—in armor, and that one of these is a young virgin. They tell me that the rest of his following are villeins pranked in the mail of good knights. If these reports be true, you know better than to call me on. If they be not true, let Sir Caradoc deny. But I believe they are true, and therefore I will do one of two things: I will meet Sir Caradoc himself (as his due is) in single combat, on horse and on foot, and give a good account of myself, as I hope; or let him stand aside with his imps, so, unarmed, with a flail in my hand, I will pound this rascaille as it deserves. But, Belem, you shall not require me to go atilt against hinds, nor do battle with a young boy. There were better customs in England before I left it."

Sir Belem, who saw his plan spoiled, was furious. "Is this your custom of oversea? Is this your loyalty? I spit upon you, recreant." So he said; then to his followers: "Pass avant! Follow Belem!" The whole long line of his men set spears in rest and drove in the sharp spurs. Old Sir Caradoc turned in his saddle to give warning to his host; but Sagramor, seeing that he and his two

esquires must be swept up and devoured by Belem before any support could reach them—Sagramor, I say, uttered a sharp cry—"Dieu nous garde! This is massacre, not war. On my side, Herlouin," he said, "follow, follow close!" He cantered out in advance of his company, they pressing after in due order, with intent to interpose his force between Belem and his prey; and this would have been done if Sir Caradoc, hungry and thirsty for death, had not rushed in to meet it. But so it fell out that the three companies met in the midst with a thudding shock, and that Belem was on terms with the father of his thief before any one could comfort him. At the first onset Belem sent the old knight headlong to the ground, thrust through the gorget with a spear. He pinned him to the earth and left the spear sticking there; then drawing sword, he would have gone on to yet more dreadful slaking of his dry heat. Seeing which, Sagramor with a mace clove a way for himself through the vassals of his house, once his friends, intent to defend from their fury those who had done them the first wrong. "Put up, Belem, put up!" he shouted in a high voice as he wrought. "Do those innocents no harm, or by Heaven I shall repay it on thee!" So he said, and smote right and left, trying by all means to get at his brother. Close behind him pressed Herlouin. But they saw the two armed children side by side engage the man who had overthrown their father, and knew that it must end as it must, without any instance of their own.

Sir Belem played with their wild sallies as a great cat may handle a mouse, when she is full of idleness as well as vice. Temptingly he opened guard once or twice, whereupon they, with the mad spirit of their father surging in them, came on furiously and at random. So presently, with a light flicker of his blade, Belem cut at one of them and shore through the plates of the neck-piece, so that the helm was loosened and fell off sideways. They saw him falter at that, with his sword shivering in mid-air ready to strike. It would seem that shame smote even him when out of the ungainly trunk of steel, to look upon the ruin and raving, the dust, the clamor, and the blood, there beamed forth the

smooth pale face, the wide eyes, the rippling dark hair, of a grave young girl. Hither and thither drove the press of battle, swirling like a whirlpool in the tide, while Belem sat gaping at his deed.

Spurring at last came Sagramor to the place. He swung his mace about his head, struck downwards, and splintered the sword of Belem his brother. "Oh, shame to our father's blood!" he cried, with trembling voice. "What hast thou done, Belem?" He looked at the girl, she steadily at him; he hung his head, he sat adroop, thoughtful on his horse. But Belem, recovering himself, quick to the advantage, snatched at the spear which, transfixing old Caradoc's throat, still swayed like a pole in the tideway; with a wrench he pulled it out, then aimed a buffet sideways at Sagramor—a foul blow. Over against him that other armed child of the Graceless Guard got between him and the girl; but Belem was now intent upon his brother, pressing him with shield and short sword, so as by any means to have his life. Herlouin took his chance to get the girl out of the mess, pressed forward, and confronted her and her armed brother. Backward like the long wash of a wave came the battle, and swept him, the boy, and the maid into the main stream of strife.

As they drifted hurtling together, young Herlouin, for honest ends, lifted sword and voice above the din. "My prize, my capture!" he cried, as he strove to disarm the Welsh boy. But at the words Lewknor de la Garde threw himself forward upon him. Herlouin felt his hands at his shoulders, heard him grunt as he tussled and tried for mastery. "Never your capture, English wolf!" he said between his teeth, whimpering and fretting at his lack of strength. "Let loose, little fool!" says Herlouin; "I am doing what I can for you." But to no purpose. Either he was past the sense of the ears or the lust of murder was upon him; possessed at least by some devil, he slipped from his horse and clung with his full weight upon Herlouin's neck, endangering both their lives. Seeing which, a friend and vassal of the Red Fell—Maynard Tregoz by name, a valiant knight of Salop—let drive at

Lewknor with his axe, and hitting him fairly on the top of the head, split his helm clean in the middle, so that the two halves fell apart. The hands parted from Herlouin's neck; Herlouin was free. A universal cry went up on all sides; here on the ground before them was another girl, in all points like the first: the round smooth face, the pouting rich mouth, curling hair, fringed eyes, and over all rage and awe, shame and high blood, clouding, flushing, paling, leaping, dying, like a mountain fire. Herlouin, looking dreadfully upon this sight, crossed himself. Was this the girl and t'other the boy? Had he, all unknowing, wrestled with a virgin? Were both of them girls? If so, had a girl so nearly had him down? God knew, in a generous youth this was no time for nice considerations. Here, it did seem, were two girls in a man's affair. They must be got out. "Man or maid," says Herlouin, "I fight you no more. Trust me, and help me to get your sister out of this." He spoke as he hoped, and not as he knew; and first his enemy looked at him with a hint of fight left in two hot gray eyes. But then, "Get her away," he said, and Herlouin thanked his Saviour for knowledge. By labor and heat, by hard knocks not a few, by shouting himself hoarse, by prayers, entreaties, and his horse's rump, he got a way made for them out of the battle. Side by side they came out, and side by side rode off down the valley into Powys; and it was pretty (where so much was grim) to see the care each had for the other. But for the life of him Herlouin could not tell—when their backs were turned—which of them it was had called the other "Sister." Certainly, a more beautiful pair, or a pair which made franker coparcenary—whereby the girl took boyish looks and the boy girlish—he had never hoped to see.

To consider now the fortunes of battle. No living Welshman, except Lewknor and his twin sister, left the ground. Most were slain, the rest bound prisoners; yet in the midst of swords sheathed or sheathing the two brothers of the Red Fell fought like tigers, Belem to have Sagramor's life, Sagramor to disarm Belem.

So by the grace of God he did. Belem

lies on the ground; Sagramor, spent and breathing deep, leans on his mace looking at him.

"Belem," says this good knight, "you have sought to take my life."

"By the fiend," says Belem, "and I will have it yet."

"I think not," Sagramor replies; "but let that be. So long as I remain in life you shall do no more injury to the Graceless Guard. For the evil deed of one man there, six men have paid the price. As I see the matter, it is now time for you to reflect that you are a Christian, upon whom forgiveness of sins is by God's counsel enjoined. Let a love-day be proclaimed, establish a peace, and I spare your life. Otherwise, I have you disarmed below me. Choose what you will do." What choice was there? Belem gave Sagramor his word, intending to break it, and Sagramor gave Belem his life. He let him go free, him and his men; but himself would not enter his father's house.

This troubled Herlouin, the youngest of the three brothers. "What will you do now, Sagramor?" he asked.

"Brother," said Sagramor, "I shall go to pray, hoping thereby to rid my soul of all earthly stain, so that a clean sweet chamber may be prepared within me."

"But who will be guest to sit in this chamber?" asks Herlouin; and Sagramor told him, "The most lovely lady now in the world."

"And who is your lovely lady, Sagramor?"

He said, "My lady Audiart of the Graceless Guard is the lady, in whose face awe sits still, and grief, and holy fear."

"Aha!" cries Herlouin, "then you saw what Belem and I saw, the young girl in the midst of battle."

"Brother, I did," said Sagramor; and Herlouin said, "I saw as it might be two such girls."

Sagramor said, "So did I, God help me!" Then Herlouin kissed him, saying, "May He be with thee, Sagramor, my brother, and give thee thy fond desire!" So the brothers parted.

Sagramor rode away alone towards Powys, yet not across the border; but staid rather at the hermitage by the ford, and there spent his days and nights in prayer and fasting and scourging his

bare bones with the discipline. Herlouin, for his part, having no open quarrel with Belem, chose to remain at the Red Fell; for he thought, "Certainly Belem will not give over his blood-feud for an oath given in the article of death. It may be that by staying I shall do Sagramor a service." So he endured as well as he could the stark silence, the meditation of murder, and the worse than meditation with which Belem filled the house, keeping close watch on whatever might be intended against the Graceless Guard. The first thing was that Belem most villanously slew those wretched thralls that he had, Gaunt and Ros and Meskyn de la Garde, and stuck their lean heads on spikes outside the gate-house. Herlouin took this shameful news down to his brother. When Sagramor had it he defaced his shield and spoiled the crest on his helm; which done, he gave up his lodging with the hermit of the ford and went down into the plain of Powys to the Graceless Guard. Standing up there, bare of all cognizance, he cried out in a loud voice, "Take heed of the renunciation of a good knight," over and over again until they of the castle were aware of him, and came out on to the tower to hear what he had to say. Those two twin persons came out; so Sagramor saw again under a veil of steel the lady of his heart, though which of the two were she he could not tell.

One of them called from the tower, "Who art thou, renouncing there; and what dost thou renounce?"

Sagramor, baring his head, cried, "I am Sagramor of the Red Fell, brother of the false knight Belem, whom now I utterly renounce, and with him my blood, name, and arms."

Then the speaker from the tower asked him, "Wilt thou serve us, Sir Sagramor?" and he said, "Yes." So the other then, "Come into the castle and help us; for we are only two here now, Audiart and Lewknor, brother and sister, and all the rest of our kindred and household slain by Sir Belem. Come in, therefore, and help us." But Sagramor lifted up his right hand, saying, "By my soul, I will not come into your castle until I am worthy of its glorious tenant, my lady Audiart, whom I love and serve in the dark." To this no answer was re-

turned from the tower, though brother and sister looked quickly at one another; so Sagramor staid below in the weather with what comfort he could suck from the near neighborhood, refusing all manner of meat or sustenance from within-doors. This went on for many weeks.

After a time it came to young Sir Herlouin's understanding that Belem was compassing a great new villany against the Graceless Guard, namely, to attack it in strong force, kill Lewknor, and serve Dame Audiart as her brother Sir Pere-duc had served his wife—that is, wed her by force. Herlouin rode down into Powys by stealth and told the news to Sagramor, whom he found much aged and very cold, standing by the outer gate.

"Let Belem come," says Sagramor; "I am ready for him." To Herlouin the good knight seemed by no means ready; but he let the two within the Guard know the story, and they made ready after a fashion of their own.

They sent out a messenger to the Red Fell, a certain Welshman called Owain, a priest. Belem was at meat, Herlouin with him. "Bring in the priest," he says; so they brought him in, a thin-faced man, pinched with cold; for now was the winter weather come into the march.

"My lord," said this priest, "this is my message to you from my master Sir Lewknor of the Graceless Guard. You shall ride alone to the Guard, and unarmed. So you shall take away the bride. But if you come armed or in force, your brother Sir Sagramor shall have her."

"Do you take me for a fool?" says Belem. "What proof have I that you meditate no treachery against me?"

"Sir," replied the priest, "my master has provided against your reasonable doubts. He himself will be hostage for your safety. This is what you shall do. Let your brother Sir Herlouin come first in arms to the Guard. My master will give himself up into his hands, and will so remain until you have obtained her whom you seek. Will this content you?"

"By no means," said Belem; "for they may have their Graceless Guard filled with men." The priest with a fierce cry knocked his breast.

"Ah, would to God that they had, Belem!" he said. "Then I had never

been here on such an errand. But now in that great castle there are only two, Lewknor and his sister Audiart: the others all slain, and by you."

Belem says: "Good! I agree to your proffer. Sit down and eat." But the priest would not.

So it all was done. Lewknor de la Garde met Herlouin in the midst of the snowy pass about the time of the going down of the sun. He was unarmed and bareheaded; and Herlouin saw that his hair, black as a raven's wing, fell rippling to his saddle. Also he had a cold, beautiful face, a mouth shaped like a girl's, and as soft. Together the youths went down into Powys, and Audiart let them into the Graceless Guard.

Outside the gate, upon the trampled snow, Herlouin saw an armed knight on watch, who, from being motionless as a figure of stone, when Dame Audiart came and stood in the door, went down upon one knee, but said nothing, neither looked at her. Herlouin, for his part, did look from the sister to the brother, and back again, marvelling that such likeness and diversity could at once consist. She was of the same height to a hair, of the same goodly proportions, and (with the difference proper to a maid) of the same shape. Not that she was richly endowed with the grace and treasure of women; otherwise, being yet very young, she was slight, boyishly made rather than not. The dark lashes of her eyes were no longer than his, nor her cheeks nor her chin nor her mouth more delicately soft. Herlouin looked at her hands; they were small. So were Lewknor's. He saw her foot, and judged Lewknor's, if anything, the smaller. Her hair reached her middle, and his went just so far. But at this time she was clothed from neck to heel in white silk, after the manner of brides, and on her head she had a little fillet of silver leaves like the leaves of a box-tree. Such a lively sympathy beat between the pair that when Sir Sagramor dropped upon his knee and the girl grew red, so also did her brother Lewknor—very beautiful to see.

Then she spoke, asking, "Will you serve me, Sir Sagramor, good knight?" And Sagramor said, "I will serve you utterly."

"Then," says she, "take my brother



"Will you serve me, Sir Sagramor,"

Lewknor here for esquire of your body, and keep him from the hostility of his enemy, Sir Belem. Will you do this?"

"Lady," says Sagramor, "I shall do it. But what will you yourself do?"

She told him: "I go to expiate the blood-feud between my house and yours. I shall go home with Sir Belem." Sagramor cried out in his pain: "Oh, horrible! You dare not do it, nor ask us to allow it." She, smiling bitterly: "Do you not know that I am of the Graceless Guard? Is there anything, upon our own showing, that we dare not do?"

Sagramor sternly said, "There is one thing that no maiden dares to do." And she, bowing her head, responded: "That thing dare not I. Yet they who love me trust me." So it was Sagramor's turn to bow down his head. Whereupon she came and put her hand upon his shoulder, saying, "Do you trust me, Sagramor, who say that I have your love?"

He replied, "I do trust."

"Stay here, then," she bade him, "until you see me depart between Sir Belem and Sir Herlouin. Wait for my brother Lewknor, and treat him well for my sake." When Sagramor looked up at her it was to be seen by the light of the new-risen moon that his eyes were wet. "Lady of my love and duty," said he, "I shall obey you in all things from point to point. But if I may never see you again whom I shall hold in my heart until my life's end, I shall beseech of you one favor."

"Name it," said she.

"It is," he told her, "that you kiss me once." Again she grew very red, and hesitated for a long time; again Lewknor blushed. But afterwards she consented, and Sagramor got up and kissed her on the mouth. Then she with Lewknor and Herlouin went into the Guard to wait for Belem.

Two hours after moonrise, as they sat waiting, they heard his horn at the gate. The three of them looked suddenly at each other, rather at the pale disks which they knew to be each other's faces, for nothing else could they see. Then Audiart whispered to her brother, "Lewknor, go and let him in." So he went away and opened wide the doors of the hall, next the gate of the inner bailey, and next let down the bridge, and lastly set open the

gate of the outer bailey. Then Belem rode into the hall, and drew rein; and they saw horse and man stand like statues looming in the dusk, with Lewknor beside them barely reaching to the rider's knee. For once he had kept his word, being without spear or sword.

I have told you he was a silent man. Any other would have said, "Madam, I have come," or "Madam, here am I"; but Belem said nothing at all. But the fever which griped Audiart moved her to ask what she knew perfectly well.

"Who art thou, horseman?" saith she. And Belem: "You know who I am. Come."

She says, with a sharp-drawn breath, "In a good hour I come," and got up from her place and came forward.

Her brother Lewknor, whose fear (to judge from his bungling) seemed wilder than her own, put a long black cloak over her, shaking as he did it. Herlouin went to help him. "Courage, friend," said this young man under his breath; "I ride along with them, to do what I can." When the girl was made ready, Lewknor led her forward; Belem, stooping, lifted her under the arms, and set her before him on the saddle. So without a word he turned and rode fast out of doors; and Herlouin, with all the speed he had, mounted and followed after, leaving his brother Sagramor with young Lewknor alone in the Graceless Guard.

Now follow those who first departed. The three of them rode under the moon from Powys into England over hard ground upon which lay a powder of clean snow. Not a word was spoken until they reached the Red Fell, dark and enormous, before which stood one with a torch to show the way. Dismounting first and in haste, Herlouin helped down Audiart, Belem consenting. He, when he had got off deliberately (being stiff in his joints), faced his young brother, saying shortly: "Now, Herlouin, go your ways. Here is no lodging for you." Herlouin—a pretty good judge by this time—thought to hear murder in his voice. "By my Lord God, Belem," he replied, "I leave you not this night." Said Belem, "A dead man you remain, but not otherwise, on my wedding night." Herlouin laughed. "Oh, Belem," he said, "do your murdering on me if you can; but until

that is done or not done, you do not touch this lady." Belem sent the groom for his sword, and Herlouin said, "Fetch mine also, Simon." But Belem, "Fetch my sword only." It was plain that he meant to kill his brother.

Then spoke that still and hooded lady Audiart. "I see in you, Sir Herlouin, the mettle of a knight. Now I ask you, enter not the Red Fell, but leave me alone with Sir Belem. To-morrow, at the crowing of the second cock, come to this gate, and I will let you in." Belem gave a gross laugh, took the girl in his arms, and kissed her. This made Herlouin furious. "Two of my brothers have saluted you, sister," he said; "now you shall greet me in like manner." So said, he also kissed her in full sight of Belem; and as their mouths met she whispered to him, quick and low, "Trust me, O Herlouin." Without any knowledge to bottom his faith, so he did, and turned and went to his horse. He saw her go in with Belem; he saw the torch follow; the moon took up again her cold spell over the world. They lit no candles in the Red Fell; he heard nothing, saw nothing, no cry, no moving light. With what spirit he had in him he set himself to watch out the remaining dark hours, scarce daring to think of what might be doing within the house lest he should remember what had been done there before.

The first cock crew far down in the valley or ever the daydawn shivered in the east. His cry found Herlouin before the gates, peering for sign of life or some assurance in the great blind house of something besides death. Then, as the light came timorously stealing over the snowy waste, he heard the sound of men riding, who seemed to be coming from the west. His heart stood still, for he thought, "If that should be Sagramor, my brother, come to call me liar and coward!" And he knew then that it could be no other, and dared not go to meet him.

The second cock crew, and behold, a long splinter of light streamed like a bar across the east. "Alas, for faith given fondly!" said Herlouin to himself. "Now Sagramor will kill me, and will do well." Even as he spoke the gates of the Red Fell opened; there walked out a youth clad in green, bareheaded, pale and

grave-eyed, whose hair fell rippling to his middle, who greeted him, saying, "Benedicite, Sir Herlouin." At this sight, to see Lewknor come out where Audiart had gone in, Herlouin reeled in his saddle, having no words in his throat, nor wit in his head to have conceived them. At that time came riding up Sir Sagramor, and with him, marvellous to be seen, that very same youth whom they took to be Lewknor—bareheaded, pale and grave-eyed, clad in green, with dark hair falling to his saddle-bow. Herlouin, gaping from one to the other, turned and spurred towards Sagramor.

"Brother, brother, we are bewitched! I came in with Audiart, and now have Lewknor!"

"No, no, Herlouin," says Sagramor; "I have Lewknor here."

Says Herlouin, "Come and help me to see them." But Sagramor spurred on ahead of him, having but one thought.

Springing from his saddle, he confronted the youth in the gate. "O thou, whoever thou art," he said, awfully, "tell me the fate of my lady Audiart."

The youth said, "Come and see." So Herlouin and Sagramor followed those other two into the castle; and over the inner gate was a spiked pole, and on the top of the pole the head of Belem, grinning in death. But the heads of all the sons of the Graceless Guard were free from the spikes where they had been stuck, and the spikes themselves gone.

Sagramor said nothing, because he was thinking, and Herlouin nothing, because he was unable to think; but Sagramor smote the face of Belem with his gauntlet, saying: "Thou felon thief, Belem. For this only I grieve, that it was not I who set thee there."

Turning then, he said to the three others, "Follow me."

When he had led them into the hall, to the top of it, and made them sit down, he went away, and shortly came back with a jug of wine, some bread, and apples. They sopped their bread in the wine, and broke their fast. Then Sagramor took three apples. "Catch, Herlouin," he said, and threw him one of them. So he said to the youth who sat next to Herlouin, and so did. The apple went low down; but Lewknor (if Lewknor this might be) clapped to his

knees and caught it upon them. Once more Sagramor took an apple, and saying, "Catch, Lewknor," threw it to the third youth; but this other Lewknor, to receive it, opened wide his knees, so that the apple fell through them to the ground; then instantly Sagramor, with a glad cry, sprang from his place and caught the bungler in his arms.

"Thou art Audiart, and my dear love," he cried, exulting, "with whom I have journeyed all this night!" It was very easy to see the truth now by her manner of answering.

Then Sagramor turned to the real Lewknor, and kissed him fondly. "Oh, thou brave knight," quoth he, "here was honest trickery indeed. Now tell us how thou faredst this night." So Lewknor told them what had passed between him and Belem; how when they were within the house Belem had sent the bride to bed, and the bride, obedient, had lain long, waiting in the dark. Presently Belem comes in, ready for bed, with a lighted lamp held on high, that he might see and not be seen. What he saw was this: a youth in green sitting on the bed with his chin on his knees, and his dark hair all about him like a mantle.

"Who are thou?" said Belem. And the youth, "I am Lewknor of the Graceless Guard, last of my father's sons."

"Why art thou here, last of my enemies," said Belem. And Lewknor again, "For my sister's sake."

"You do her no service, fool," said Belem; "death is here." Lewknor replied between his teeth: "It is here. Take it, you big dog;" and leaped upon him and bit him in the neck. Belem threw up his head as he grappled, and by that means Lewknor got his own head well under the strong man's chin. Belem struck downwards at him with the lamp, which was put out; but Lewknor drew his knife and drove it into Belem's ribs. So the tussle was done. "And the end," said Lewknor, "you know." Sagramor looked up with tears. He took the two hands of Audiart in his and kissed them.

"O brave sweet Audiart," he said, "now let our joint life make amends for deaths so many and so bitter."

"Amen, Sagramor," says she, "God helping us."

What more is there to say? Nothing, save this, that those two loved greatly; and that Lewknor de la Garde, following the English fashion, cut his hair short.

The Boy

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DOUNELL

THE trail of the Boy was always entirely distinct, but on this especial morning it lay over house, porch, barn—everything. The Mother followed it up, stooping to gather the miscellany of boyish belongings into her apron. She had a delightful scheme in her mind for clearing everything up. She wanted to see how it would seem, for once, not to have any litter of whittlings, of strings and marbles and tops! No litter of beloved birds' eggs, snake-skins, turtle-shells! No trail of the Boy anywhere.

It had taken the whole family to get the Boy off, but now he was gone. Even yet the haze of dust the stage-coach had stirred up from the dry roadway lingered like a faint blur on the landscape.

It could not be ten minutes since they had bidden the Boy his first good-by. The Mother smiled softly.

"But I did it!" she murmured. "Of course,—I *had* to. The idea of letting your Boy go off without kissing him good-by! Mary," she suddenly spoke aloud, addressing the Patient Aunt, who was following the trail too, picking up the siftings from the other's apron—"Mary, did you kiss him? There was really no need, you know, because you are not his mother. And it would have saved his feelings not to."

The Patient Aunt laughed. She was very young and pretty, and the "patient" in her name had to do only with her manner of bearing the Boy.

"No, I didn't," she said. "I didn't dare to, after I saw him wipe yours off!"

"Mary!"

"With the back of his hand. I am not near-sighted. Now *why* should a well-meaning little kiss distress a Boy like that? That's what I want to know."

"It didn't use to," sighed the Mother gently. "Not when he was a baby. I'm glad I got in a great many of them then, while I had a chance. It was the trousers that did it, Mary. From the minute he put on trousers he objected to being kissed. I put his kilts on again one day, and he let me kiss him."

"But it was a bribe to get you to take them off," laughed the Patient Aunt, wickedly. "I remember;—I was there. And you took them off to pay for that kiss. You can't deny it, Bess."

"Yes, I took them off—and after that I kissed *them*. It was next best. Mary, does it seem very *awful* quiet here to you?"

"Awful. I never heard anything like it in my life. I'm going to let something drop and make a noise." She dropped a tin trumpet, but it fell on the thick rug, and they scarcely heard it.

The front gate clicked softly, and the Father came striding up the walk, whistling exaggeratedly. He had ridden down to the corner with the Boy.

"Well, well, well," he said; "now I shall go to work. I'm going up to my den, girls, and I don't want to be called away for anything or anybody lower than a President or the minister. This is my first good chance to work for ten years."

Which showed how old the Boy was. He was rather young to go off alone on a journey, but a neighbor half a mile down the glary white road was going his way, and would take him in charge. The neighbor was lame, and the Boy thought he was going to take charge of the neighbor. It was as well. Nobody had undeceived him.

In a little over half an hour—three-quarters at most—the trail of the Boy was wiped out. Then the Patient Aunt and the Mother sat down peacefully and undisturbed to their sewing. Everything was very spruce and cleared up. The Mother was thinking of that, and of how very, very still it was. She wished the

Patient Aunt would begin to sing, or a door would slam somewhere.

"Dear me!" she thought, with a tremulous little smile, "here I am wanting to hear a door slam already! Any one wouldn't think I'd had a special set of door nerves for years!" She started in to rock briskly. There used to be a board that creaked by the west window. Why didn't it creak now? The Mother tried to make it.

"Mary," she cried, suddenly and sharply—"Mary!"

"Mercy! Well, what is it, my dear? Is the house afire, or anything?"

"Why don't you talk, and not sit there as still as a post? You haven't said a word for half an hour."

"Why, so I haven't,—or you either, for that matter. I thought we were sitting here enjoying the calm. Doesn't it look too lovely and fixed-up for anything, Bess? Seems like Sunday. *Don't* you wish somebody would call before we get stirred up again?"

"There's time enough. We sha'n't get stirred up again for a week," sighed the Mother. She seemed suddenly to remember, as a new thing, that weeks held seven days apiece; days, twenty-four hours. The little old table at school repeated itself to her mind. Then she remembered how the Boy said it. She saw him toeing the stripe in the carpet before her; she heard his high sweet sing-song:

"Sixty sec-unds make a min-ut. Sixty min-uts make a nour. Sixty hours make—no; I mean twenty-four hours—make a d-a-a-y."

That was the way the Boy said it—God bless the Boy! The Mother got up abruptly.

"I think I will go up and call on William," she said, unsteadily. The Patient Aunt nodded gravely. "But he doesn't like to be interrupted, you know," she reminded, thinking of the Boy's interruptions.

Upstairs, the Father said "Come in" with remarkable alacrity. He looked up from his manuscripts and welcomed her. The sheets, tossed untidily about the table, were mostly blank ones.

"Well, dear?" the little Mother said, with a question in her voice.

"Not at all;—*bad*," he answered,

gloomily. "I haven't written a word yet, Bess. At this rate, how soon will my new book be out? It's so confoundedly still—"

"Yes, dear, I know," the Mother said, hastily. Then they both gazed out of the window, and saw the Boy's little rough-coated, ugly dog moping under the Boy's best-beloved tree. The Boy had pleaded hard to be allowed to take the dog on the journey. They both remembered that now.

"He's lonesome," murmured the Mother, but she meant that they two were. And they had thought it would be such a rest and relief! But then, you remember, the Boy had never been away before, and he was only ten.

So one day and one more after it dragged by. Two from seven leaves five. The Mother secretly despaired. The second night, after the others were asleep, she stole around the house and strewed the Boy's things about in all the rooms; but she could not make them look at ease. Nevertheless, she let them lie, and, oddly enough, no one appeared to see them next morning. All the family made fine pretence of being cheerful, and spoke often of the quietude and peace—how restful it was; how they had known beforehand that it would be so, without the whooping, whistling, tramping, slamming Boy.

"So relieving to the nerves," the Patient Aunt said.

"So soothing," murmured the Mother, sadly.

"So confoundedly nice and still!" the Father muttered in his beard. "Haven't had such a chance to work for ten years." But he did not work. The third day he said he must take a little run to the city to—to see his publishers, you know. There were things that needed looking after;—if the Mother would toss a few things into his grip, he'd be off;—back in a few days, of course. And so he went. It was a relief to the Mother, and a still further one when, on the fourth day, the Patient Aunt went away on a little visit to—to some friends.

"I'm glad they're gone," nodded the little Mother, decisively, "for I couldn't have stood it another day—*not another day!* Now *I'm* going away myself. I suppose I should have gone anyway, but

it's much pleasanter not to have them know. They would both of them have laughed. What do *they* know about being a Mother and having your little Boy away? Oh yes, they can laugh and be relieved—and rested—and soothed! It's mothers whose hearts break with lonesomeness—mothers and ugly little dogs." She took the moping little beast up in her lap and stroked his rough coat.

"You shall go too," she whispered. "You can't wait three days more, either, can you? It would have killed you too, wouldn't it? We are glad those other people went away, aren't we? Now we'll go to the Boy."

Early the next morning they went. The Mother thought she had never been so happy before in her life, and the ugly little beast yelped with anticipative joy. In a little—a very little—while, now, they would hear the Boy shout—see him caper—feel his hard little palms on their faces. They would see the trail of the Boy over everything; not a make-believe, made-up trail, but the real, littered, *Boy* thing.

"I hope those other two people are enjoying their trips. *We* are, aren't we?" cried the happy Mother, hugging the little ugly dog in her arms. "And they won't know;—they can't laugh at us. We'll never let them know we couldn't bear it another minute, will we? The Boy sha'n't tell on us."

The place where the Boy was visiting was quite a long way from the railroad station, but they trudged to it gayly, jubilantly. While yet a good way off they heard the Boy and came upon his trail. The little dog nearly went into fits with frantic joy at the cap he found in the path, but the Mother went straight on to meet the little shouting voice in her ears. Half-way to it she saw the Boy. But wait. Who was that with him? And that other one, laughing in his beard? If there had been time to be surprised—but she only brushed them both aside and caught up the Boy. The Boy—the Boy—the Boy again! She kissed him all over his freckled, round little face. She kissed his hair and his hands and his knees.

"Look out; he's wiping them off!" laughed the Patient Aunt. "But you see he didn't wipe mine off."

"You didn't kiss me. You darsn't.

You ain't my mother," panted the Boy, between the kisses. He could not keep up with them with the back of his brown little hand.

"But *I* am, dear. I'm your mother," cooed the Mother, proud of herself.

After a while she let him go because she pitied him. Then she stood up, stern and straight, and demanded things of those other two.

"How came you here, Mary? I thought you were going on a visit. Is this the way you see your publishers, William?"

"I—I couldn't wait," murmured the Impatient Aunt. "I wanted to hear him shout. You know how that is, Bess." But there was no apology in the

Father's tone. He put out his hand and caught the Boy as he darted past, and squared him about, with his sturdy little front to his Mother. The Father was smiling in a tender way.

"He is my publisher," he said. "I would rather he published my best works than any one else. He will pay the highest royalty."

And the Mother, when she slipped across to them, kissed not the Boy alone, but them both.

The next day they took the Boy back in triumph, the three of them and the little dog.

And after that there was litter and noise and joy as of old.

The Right of Way*

PART VIII

BY GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER LI

FACE TO FACE

"IF I could only understand!"—this was Rosalie's constant cry in these weeks wherein she lay ill and prostrate after her father's burial. Once and once only had she seen Charley alone, though she knew that he was keeping watch over her. She had seen him the day her father was buried, standing apart, his face pale and sorrowful, his eyes heavy, his figure bowed.

The one occasion of their meeting alone was the first night of her return, when the Notary and Charley had kept watch beside her father's body, and she had crept to the open door and seen him sitting looking straight before him at the flame of the candles burning by her father's head. There he sat, silent and moveless as the dead man before him. In the darkness of the little hall she had stretched out her arms to him; and, as if conscious of her presence, he had withdrawn from his abstraction and turned round towards the hall, as though expecting to see her there. She even saw his lips frame her name—"Rosalie!"

And she had gone back to her own room, satisfied that whatever withheld him from her, he had not abandoned her.

Hours later she had gone again into the little hallway, and had looked into the room of death, and the Notary was sound asleep in his arm-chair, but Charley sat there still, his eyes gazing straight before him, and she murmured his name, and though it was only to herself, not even a whisper, he got up quickly and came to the hall, where she stood pale, grief-stricken, yet with a smile of welcome, of forgiveness, of confidence. As she put out her hand to him, and his swallowed it, she could not but say to him—so contrary is the heart of woman, so does she demand a Yes by asserting a No, so does she ask corroboration of the testimony of her own heart, and hunger for the eternal assurance—she could not but say:

"You do not love me—now!"

It was but a whisper, so faint and breathless that only the heart of love could hear it. There was no answer in words, for some one was stirring beyond Rosalie in the dark, and a great figure heaved through the kitchen door—

way, but his hand crushed hers in his own; his heart said to her, "My love is an undying light; it will not change for time or tears"—the words they had read together in a little snuff-colored book on the counter in the shop one summer day a year ago. The words flashed into his mind, and they were carried to hers. Her fingers pressed his, and then Charley said, over her shoulder, to the approaching Mrs. Flynn: "Do not let her come again, madame. She should get some sleep," and he put her hand in Mrs. Flynn's. "Be good to her, as you know how, Mrs. Flynn," he said gently.

He had won the heart of Mrs. Flynn that moment, and it may be she had a conviction or an inspiration, for she said, in a softer voice than she was wont to use to any one save Rosalie,

"I'll do by her as you would do by your own, sir," and tenderly drew Rosalie to her own room.

Such had been their first meeting after her return. Afterwards she was taken ill, and the torture of his heart drove him out into the night, to walk the road and creep round her house like a sentinel, Mrs. Flynn's words ringing in his ears to reproach him—"I'll do by her as you would do by your own, sir." Night after night it was the same, and Rosalie knew his footsteps and listened and was less sorrowful, because she knew that she was ever in his thoughts. But one day Mrs. Flynn came to him in his shop.

"She's wantin' a word with ye on business—ma'm'selle, I mane," she said, and gestured towards the little house across the way. "'Tis few words ye do be shpakin' to annybody, but if ye have kind words to shpake and good things to say, ye naidn't be bitin' yer tongue," she added in response to his nod, and left him.

Charley looked after her with a troubled face. On the instant it seemed to him that Mrs. Flynn knew all. But his second thought told him that it was only an instinct on her part that there was something between them—the beginning of love, maybe.

In another half-hour he was beside Rosalie's chair.

"Perhaps you are angry," she said, as he came towards her where she sat in the great arm-chair. She did not give

him time to answer, but hurried on. "I wanted to tell you that I have heard you every night outside, and that I have been glad, and sorry too—so sorry for us both!"

"Rosalie! Rosalie!" he said, hoarsely, and dropped on a knee beside her chair, and took her hand and kissed it. He did not dare do more.

"I wanted to say to you," she said, dropping a hand on his shoulder, "that I do not blame you for anything—not for anything. Yet I want you to be sorry too. I want you to feel as sorry for me as I feel sorry for you."

"I am the worst man and you the best woman in the world!"

She leaned over him with tears in her eyes. "Hush!" she said. "I want to help you—Charles. You are wise. You know ten thousand things more than I; but I know one thing you do not understand."

"You know and do whatever is good," he said, brokenly.

"Oh, no, no, no! But I know one thing, because I have been taught, and because it was born with me. Perhaps much was habit with me in the past, but now I know that one thing is true. It is God."

She paused. "I have learned so much since—since then!"

He looked up with a groan, and put a finger on her lips. "You are feeling bitterly sorry for me," she said. "But you must let me speak—that is all I ask. It is all love asks. I cannot bear that you should not share my thoughts. That is the thing that has hurt—hurt so all these months, these long hard months, when I could not see you, and did not know why I could not. Don't shake so, please! Hear me to the end, and we shall both be the better afterwards. I felt it all so cruelly, because I did not—and I do not—understand. I rebelled, but not against you. I rebelled against myself, against what you called Fate. Fate is one's self, what one brings on one's self. But I had faith in you—always—always, even when I thought I hated you."

"Ah, hate me! Hate me! It is your loving that cuts me to the quick!" he said. "You have the magnanimity of God."

Her eyes leapt up. "'Of God'—you

believe in God!" she said, eagerly. "God is God to you? He is the one thing that has come out of all this to me." She reached out her hand and took her Bible from a table. "Read that to yourself," she said, and opening the Book, pointed to a passage. He read it:

And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day: and Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden.

And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou?

And he said, I heard Thy voice in the garden; and I was afraid, because I was naked and I hid myself.

And he said, Who told thee that thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat?

Closing the Book, Charley said, "I understand—I see!"

"Will you say a prayer with me?" she urged. "It is all I ask. It is the only—the only thing I want to hurt you, because it may make you happier in the end. What keeps us apart, I do not know. But if you will say one prayer with me, I will keep on trusting, I will never complain, and I will wait—wait—wait."

He kissed both her hands, but the look in his eyes was that of a man being broken on the wheel. She slipped to the floor. "Let us pray," she said, simply, and in a voice as clear as a child's, but with the anguish of a woman's struggling heart behind.

He did not move. She looked at him, caught his hands in both of hers, and cried: "But you will not deny me this! Haven't I the right to ask it? Haven't I a right to ask of you a thousand times as much?"

His hands caught at her wrists. "You have the right to ask all that is mine to give—life, honor, my body in pieces inch by inch, the last that I can call my own. But, ah, Rosalie, this is not mine to give! How can I pray unless I believe!"

"You do—oh, you do believe in God," she cried, passionately.

"Rosalie—my life," he urged, with the hoarseness of misery in his voice, "the only thing I have to give you is the bare soul of a truthful man—I am that now at least. You have made me so. And if

I deceived the whole world, if I was as the thief upon the cross, I should still be truthful to you. You open your heart to me—let me open mine to you, to see it as it is. Once my soul was like a watch, cased and carried in the pocket of life, changeful, uncertain, untrue, because it was a soul made, not born. I had stolen the pulse of being and set it inside the case of a mind that could not believe, and that kept questioning and questioning! I must look at the hands to know the time, and because it varied, because the working did not answer to the absolute, I said, 'The soul is a lie.' You—you have changed all that, Rosalie. My soul is like a dial to the sun. It lies open to the sky. But the clouds are there above, and I do not know what time it is in life. But it is not hidden, and it is open to truth, and when the clouds break—if they ever break—and the sun shines, the dial will speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—"

He paused, confused, for he had repeated the words of a witness taking the oath in court.

"So—so help me God!" she finished the oath for him. Then, with a sudden change of manner, she came to her feet with a spring. She did not quite understand. She was, however, dimly conscious of the power she had over his chivalrous mind: the power of the weak over the strong—the tyranny of the defended over the defender, the rebellion of the emotional heart against a slavery of love that it would not find freedom from if it might. She was a woman tortured beyond bearing; and she was fighting for her very life, and mad with anguish as she struggled.

"I do not understand you," she cried, with flashing eyes. "One minute you say you do not believe in anything, and the next you say, 'So help me God!'"

"Ah, no, you said it, Rosalie," he interposed, gently.

"You said I was as magnanimous as God. You were laughing at me then, mocking me, whose only fault is that I loved and trusted you. In the wickedness of your heart you robbed me of happiness, you—"

"Rosalie! Rosalie!" he said in shrinking protestation. "Don't! Don't!"

That she had spoken to him as her



"BUT, AH, ROSALIE, THIS IS NOT MINE TO GIVE!"

deepest heart abhorred only increased her agitated denunciation.

"Yes, yes, in your mad selfishness, you did not care for the poor girl who forgot all, lost all, and now—"

She stopped short at sight of his white, awe-stricken face. His eye-glass seemed like a frost of death over an eye that looked upon some shocking scene of woe and misery. Yet he appeared not to see, for his fingers fumbled in his waistcoat for the glass—fumbled—fumbled, vaguely and helplessly. It was the realization of a soul that it had been cast into the outer darkness. Her sudden silence came upon him like the last peaceful, engulfing wave to a drowning man—it was the final assurance of the end, in which there was quiet and the deadly smother.

"Now—I know—the truth!" he said, in a curious even tone, different from any she had ever heard from him. It was the old Charley Steele who spoke, the Charley Steele in whom the intellect was supreme once more. The judicial spirit, the inveterate, unyielding intelligence which put justice before all, was alive in him, reigning and almost rejoicing in its regained governance. The new Charley was as dead as the old had been of late, and this clarifying moment left the grim impression behind that the old law was not obsolete, that the old idiosyncrasy was still an imminent and radical part of him. He felt that in the very abandonment of her indignation or misery or anger she had mercilessly told the truth; and the irreducible quality of mind in him that in the old days made for justice, at least was alive and merciful—to her. There was a new element added to his inherent intellectual justice, that conscience which had never possessed him fully until the day he saw Rosalie go travelling over the hills with her crippled father to the hospital far away. That picture of the girl against the twilight, her figure silhouetted in the clear air, had remained with him ever since, had come to him in sleeping and waking dreams, the type and sign of an everlasting melancholy. As he looked at her blindly now, he saw, not herself, but that dark, melancholy figure walking behind the dog-drawn cart, where her sick father lay, and out of the distance his own voice

said again, striking unfamiliarly on his own ear, demonstration as it was of the permanency of inherent habit:

"Now—I know—the truth!"

She had struck with a violence which she did not intend, which she knew, as she struck, must rend her own heart in the future, which put in the dice-box the last hopes she had. But she could not have helped it—she could not have stayed the words, though a suspended sword were to fall with the saying. It was the cry of tradition and religion, and every home-bred, convent-nurtured habit, the instinct of heredity, the wail of the woman, for whom destiny, or man, or nature, has arranged the disproportionate share of life's sorrows and penalties. It was the impotent rebellion against the first curse, that man in his punishment should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow—which he might do with joy—while the woman must work out her ordained penalty "in sorrow all the days of her life."

It was the inherent revolt of the race of woman that spoke in Rosalie's bitter words, and not the woman herself. For now she suddenly felt that she had flung him an infinite distance from her; that she had struck at the thing she most cherished—his belief that she loved him; that even if she had told the truth—and she felt she had not—it was not the truth that she wished him most to feel.

For an instant she stood looking at him, shocked and confounded, then her love, her changeless love, rushed back on her, in the presence of his strong, hopeless acceptance of her words, the maternal and protective spirit welled up, and with a passionate cry she threw herself in the chair again in very weakness, with outstretched hands, saying:

"Forgive me—oh, forgive me! I did not mean it—oh, forgive your Rosalie!"

Stooping over her, he answered:

"It is good for me to know the whole truth. What hurts you may give me will pass—for life must end, and my life cannot be long enough to pay the price of the hurts I have given you. I could bear a thousand—one for every hour—if they could bring back the light to your eye, the joy to your heart. Could prayer, do you think, make me sorrier than I am? I have hurt what I would have spared from hurt at the cost of my life—

and all the lives in all the world!" he added, fiercely.

"Forgive me—oh, forgive your Rosalie!" she pleaded. "I did not know what I was saying—I was mad."

"It was all so sane and true," he said, like one who, on the brink of death, finds a satisfaction in speaking the perfect truth. "I am glad to hear the truth—I have been such a liar!"

She looked up startled, her tears blinding her. "You have not deceived me?" she said, bitterly. "Oh, you have not deceived me!—you have loved me, have you not?" It was that which mattered, that only. Moveless and eager, she looked—looked at him, waiting, as it were, for sentence.

"I never lied to you, Rosalie—never!" he answered, and he touched her hand.

She gave a moan of relief at his words. "Oh, then—oh, then!" she said, in a low voice, and the tears in her eyes dried away.

"I meant that until I knew you, I kept deceiving myself and others all my life—"

"But without knowing it?" she said, eagerly.

"Perhaps, without quite knowing it."

"Until you knew me?" she asked, in a low, quivering voice.

"Till I knew you!" he answered.

"Then I have done you good—not ill?" she asked, with painful breathlessness.

"The only good there may be in me is you, and you only," he said, and he choked something rising in his throat, seeing the greatness of her heart, her wonderful magnanimity, her dear desire to have entered into his life to his own good. He would have said that there was no good in him at all, but that he wished to comfort her.

A little cry of joy broke from her lips. "Oh, that—that!" she cried, with happy tears. "Won't you kiss me now?" she added, softly.

He clasped her in his arms, and though his eyes were dry, his heart wept tears of blood.

CHAPTER LII

THE COMING OF BILLY

CHAUDIÈRE had made—and lost—a reputation. The Passion Play in the valley had become known to a whole country—to the Curé's and

the Seigneur's unavailing regret. They had meant to revive the great story for their own people and the Indians—a homely, beautiful object-lesson, in a primeval innocence and quiet and repose; but behold the world had invaded them! The vanity of the Notary had undone them. He had written to the great papers of the province, telling of the coming on of the play, and pilgrimages had been organized, and excursions had been made to the spot, where a simple people had achieved a crude but noble picture of the life and death of the Hero of Christendom. The Curé viewed with consternation the invasion of their quiet. It was no longer his own Chaudière; and when, on a Sunday, his own people were jostled from the church to make room for strangers, his gentle eloquence seemed to forsake him, he spoke haltingly, and his intoning of the mass lacked the old soothing simplicity.

"Ah, my dear Seigneur!" he said, on the Sunday before the playing was to end, "we have overshot the mark."

The Seigneur nodded and turned his head away. "There is an English play which says, 'I have shot mine arrow o'er the house and hurt my brother.' That's it—that's it! We began with religion, and we end with greed, and pride, and notoriety."

"What do we want of fame! The price is too high, Maurice. Fame is not good for the hearts and minds of simple folk."

"It will soon be over."

"I dread a sordid reaction, Maurice."

The Seigneur stood thinking for a moment. "I have an idea," he said at last. "Let us have these last days to ourselves. The mission ends next Saturday at five o'clock. We will announce that all strangers must leave the valley by Wednesday night. Then, during those last three days, while yet the influence of the play is on them, you can lead your own people back to the old religious feelings."

"My dear Seigneur—it is worthy of you! It is the way. We will announce it to-day. And see now! For those three days we will change the principals. Lest those who have taken the parts so long

CHAPTER LIII

THE SEIGNEUR AND THE CURE HAVE A SUSPICION

have lost the pious awe which should be upon them, we will put new people in their places. I will announce it at vespers presently. I have in my mind who should play the Christ, and St. John, and St. Peter—the men are not hard to find; but for Mary the Mother and Mary Magdalene—”

The eyes of the two men suddenly met, a look of understanding passed between them.

“Will she do it?” said the Seigneur.

The Curé nodded. “Paulette Dubois has heard the word, ‘Go and sin no more’; she will obey.”

Walking through the village as they talked, the Curé shrank back painfully several times, for voices of strangers, singing festive songs, rolled out upon the road.

“Who can they be?” he said, distressfully.

Without a word the Seigneur went to the door of the inn whence the sounds proceeded, and, without knocking, entered. A moment afterwards the voices stopped, but broke out again; quieted, then once more broke out, and presently the Seigneur issued from the door, white with anger, three strangers behind him. All were intoxicated.

One was violent. It was Billy Wantage, whom the years had not improved. He had arrived that day with two companions—an excursion of curiosity as an excuse for a “spree.”

“What’s the matter with you, old stick-in-the-mud?” he said. “Mass is over, isn’t it? Can’t we have a little guzzle between prayers?”

By this time a crowd had gathered, among them Filion Lacasse. At a motion from the Seigneur, and a whisper that went round quickly, a dozen *habitants* suddenly sprang on the three men, pinioned their arms, and carrying them bodily to the pump by the tavern, held them under it, one by one, till each was soaked and sober. Then their horses and wagon were brought, and they were given five minutes to leave the village.

With a devilish look in his eye, and drenched and furious, Billy was disposed to resist the command, but the faces around him were determined, and, muttering curses, the three drove away towards the next parish.

PRESENTLY the Seigneur and the Curé stood before the door of the tailor shop. The Curé was about to knock, when the Seigneur laid a hand upon his arm.

“There is no use; he has been gone several days,” he said.

“Gone!—gone!” said the Curé.

“I came to see him yesterday, and not finding him, I asked at the post-office.” M. Rossignol’s voice lowered. “He told Mrs. Flynn he was going into the hills, so Rosalie says.”

The Curé’s face fell. “He went away also just before the play began. I almost fear that—that we get no nearer. His mind prompts him to do good and not evil, and yet—and yet! I have dreamed a good dream, Maurice, but I sometimes fear I have dreamed in vain.”

“Wait, wait!”

M. Loisel looked towards the post-office musingly. “I have thought sometimes that what man’s prayers may not accomplish a woman’s love might do. If—but, alas! what do we know of his past? Nothing. What do we know of his future? Nothing. What do we know of the human heart? Nothing—nothing!”

The Seigneur was astounded. The Curé’s meaning was plain. “What do you mean?” he asked, almost gruffly.

“She — Rosalie — has changed — changed.”

“Since her father’s death—since her illness?”

“Since, she went to Quebec seven months ago. Even while she was so ill these past weeks, she never asked for me; and when I came— Ah, if it were that her heart has gone out to the man, and his does not respond!”

“A good thing, too!” said the other, darkly. “We don’t know where he came from, and we do know that he is—a pagan.”

“Yet there she sits now, hour after hour, day after day—so changed!”

“She has lost her father,” urged M. Rossignol, anxiously.

“I know the grief of children—this is not such a grief. There is something more. But I cannot ask. If she were a

sinner—but she is without fault! Have we not watched her grow up here, mirthful, brave, pure-souled—”

“Fitted for any station,” interposed the Seigneur, huskily. Suddenly he laid a hand upon the Curé’s arm. “Shall I ask her again?” he said, breathing hard. “Do you think she has found out her mistake?”

The Curé was so taken aback that at first he could not speak. When he realized, however, he could scarce suppress a smile at the other’s simple vanity. But he mastered himself, and said: “It is not that, Maurice. It is not you!”

“How did you know I had asked her?” asked his friend, querulously.

“You have just told me.”

M. Rossignol felt a kind of reproof in the Curé’s tone. It made him a little nervous. “I’m an old fool, but she needed some one!” he protested. “At least I am a gentleman, and she would not be thrown away.”

“Dear Maurice!” said the Curé, and linked his arm in the other’s. “In all respects save one, it would have been to her advantage. But youth is the only comrade for youth. All else is evasion of life’s laws.”

The Seigneur pressed his arm. “I thought you less worldly-wise than myself; I find you more,” he said.

“Not worldly-wise. Life is deeper than the world or worldly wisdom. Come, we will both go and see Rosalie.”

M. Rossignol suddenly stopped at the post-office door, and half turned towards the tailor shop. “He is young. Suppose that he drew her love his way, but gave her nothing in return, and—”

“If it were so”—the Curé paused, and his face darkened—“if it were so, he should leave here forever. And so my dream would end!”

“And Rosalie?”

“Rosalie would forget. To remember, youth must see and hear and touch and be near, else it wears itself out in excess of feeling. Youth feels more deeply than age, but it must bear daily witness.”

“Upon my honor, Curé, you shall write your little philosophies for the world,” said M. Rossignol, and knocked at the door.

“I will go in alone, Maurice,” the Curé urged, suddenly.

“Good—you are right!” answered the other. “I will go write the proclamation prohibiting strangers the valley after Wednesday. I will enforce it, too!” he added, with vigor, and turning, walked up the street, as Mrs. Flynn admitted the Curé to the post-office.

A half-hour later M. Loisel again appeared at the post-office door, a pale, beautiful face at his shoulder.

He had not been brave enough to say what was on his mind. But as he bade her good-by, he plucked up needful courage.

“Forgive me, Rosalie,” he said, “but I have sometimes thought that you have more griefs than one. I have thought”—he paused, then went on bravely—“that there might be—there might be unwelcomed love, or love deceived!”

A mist came before her eyes, but she quietly and firmly answered: “I have never been deceived in love, Monsieur Loisel.”

“There, there!” he hurriedly and gently rejoined. “Do not be hurt, my child. I only want to help you.”

A moment afterwards he was gone.

As the door closed behind him, she drew herself proudly up.

“I have never been deceived!” she said aloud. “I love him—love him—love him. But shall I never—never—understand?”

CHAPTER LIV

M. ROSSIGNOL SLIPS THE LEASH.

IT was the last day of the Passion Play, and the great dramatic mission was drawing to a close. The confidence of the Curé and the Seigneur was restored. The prohibition against strangers had had its effect, and for three whole days the valley had been at rest again. Apparently there was not a stranger within its borders, save the Seigneur’s brother, the Abbé Rossignol, who had come to see the moving spectacle.

On the Abbé’s arrival he had inquired concerning the tailor of Chaudière and the man Jo Portugais, and his inquiries had been as persistent concerning the one as the other. Charley’s and Jo’s secrets had been kept inviolate by him.

It made him uncomfortable to hear the tales people told of the tailor’s benev-

olence, charity, and wisdom. It was all dangerous, for what was, accidentally, no evil in this particular instance, perhaps, might be the greatest disaster in another case. Principle was at stake. He heard in stern silence the Curé's happy statement that Jo Portugais had returned to the bosom of the Church, and attended mass regularly.

"So it may be, my dear Abbé," said M. Loisel, "that the friendship between him and our 'infidel,' as you call him, has been the means of bringing Portugais home to us again. I hope their friendship will go on unbroken for years and years!"

"I have no idea that it will," said the Abbé, grimly. "That rope of friendship may snap untimely."

"Upon my soul, you croak like a raven!" testily broke in M. Rossignol, who was present. "I didn't know there was so much in common between you and my surly-jowled groom. He gets his pleasure out of croaking. 'Wait, wait! you'll see—you'll see! Death, death, death!—every man must die. The devil has you by the hair—death! death! death!—' Bah! I'm heartily sick of croakers. I suppose, like my grunting groom, you'll say about the Passion Play, 'No good will come of it—wait—wait—wait!' Bah!"

"It may not be an unmixed good," answered the ascetic.

"Well, and is there any such thing on earth as an unmixed good? The play yesterday was worth a thousand sermons. It was meant to serve Holy Church, and it will serve it. Was there ever anything more real—and touching—than Paulette Dubois as Mary Magdalene yesterday?"

"I do not approve of such reality. For that woman to play the part is to—to destroy the impersonality of the scene."

"You would demand that the Christ should be a good man, and the St. John blameless—why shouldn't the Magdalene be a repentant sinner? Why shouldn't she be what the Magdalene was?"

"It might make the people think more, if the best woman in your parish were to play the part. The fall of virtue, the ruin of innocence, would be brought home more. It does but good to bring the innocent to feel the terror and shame of sin. That is the price the good pay

for the fall of man—sorrow and shame for those who sin."

The Seigneur, rising quickly from the table, and kicking his chair back, said, angrily: "Damn your theories!" Then, seeing the frozen look on his brother's face, continued, more excitedly: "Yes, damn, damn, damn your theories! You always took the crass view. I beg your pardon, Curé—I beg *your* pardon!"

He then went to the window, threw it open, and called to his groom.

"Hi, there, coffin-face," he said, "bring round the horses—the quietest one in the stable for my brother,—you hear? He can't ride!" he added, maliciously.

This was his fiercest stroke, for the Abbé's secret vanity was the belief that he looked well on a horse, and rode handsomely.

CHAPTER LV

ROSALIE PLAYS A PART

FROM a tree upon a little hill rang out a bell—a deep-toned bell that had been brought by the parish years before for the missions held at this very spot. Every day it rang for an instant at the beginning of each of the five acts. It also tolled slowly when the curtain rose upon the scene of the Crucifixion. In this act no one spoke save the abased Magdalene, who knelt at the foot of the cross, and on whose hair red drops fell when the Roman soldier pierced the side of the figure on the cross. This had been the Curé's idea. The Magdalene should speak for mankind, for the continuing world. She should speak for the broken and contrite heart in all ages, should be the first-fruits of the sacrifice, a flower of the desert earth, bedewed by the blood of the Prince of Peace.

So, in the long nights of late winter and early spring, the Curé had thought and thought upon what the woman should say from the foot of the cross. At last he put into her mouth that which told the whole story of redemption and deliverance, so far as his heart could conceive it—the prayer for all sorts and conditions of men, the general thanksgiving of humanity.

During the last three days Paulette Dubois had taken the part of Mary Mag-

dalene. As Jo Portugais had confessed to the Abbé that notable day in the woods at Vadrome Mountain, so she had confessed to the Curé after so many years of agony—and the one confession fitted into the other: Jo had once loved her, then a man had wronged her, and Jo had avenged her—this was the tale in brief.

It had pained and shocked the Curé more than any he had ever heard, but he urged for her no penalty as Portugais had set for himself, with the approval of the Abbé. Paulette's presence as the Magdalene had had a deep effect upon the people, so that she shared with Mary the Mother the painfully real interest of the vast audience.

Five times had the bell rung out in the perfect spring air, upon which the balm of the forest and the refreshment of the ardent sun were poured. The quick anger of M. Rossignol had passed away long before the Curé, the Abbé, and himself had reached the lake and the great plateau. Between the acts the two brothers walked up and down together, at peace once more, and there was a suspicious moisture in the Seigneur's eyes. The demeanor of the people had been so humbled and rapt that the place and the plateau and the valley seemed alone in creation with the lofty drama of the ages.

The Curé's eyes shone when he saw on a little knoll in the trees, apart from the worshippers and spectators, the tailor and Jo Portugais. His cup of content was now full. He had felt convinced that if the tailor had but been within these bounds during the past three days, a work would have been begun which should end only at the altar of St. Alban's. To-day the play became to him the engine of creation for the saving of a man's soul. Not long before the last great tableau was to appear he went to his own little tent near the wooden house where the actors prepared to go upon the stage. As he entered, some one came quickly forward from the shadow of the trees and touched him on the arm.

"Rosalie!" he cried in amazement, for she wore the costume of Mary Magdalene.

"It is I, not Paulette, who will appear!" she said, a deep light in her eyes.

"You, Rosalie?" he asked, dumfounded. "You are distrait! Excitement and sorrow have put this in your mind. You must not do it!"

"Yes, I am going there!" she said, pointing towards the great stage. "Paulette has given me these to wear"—she touched the robe—"and I only ask your blessing now. Oh, believe, believe me, I can speak for those who are innocent and those who are guilty; for those who pray and those who cannot pray; for those who confess and those who dare not. I can speak the words out of my heart with gladness and agony, monsieur!" she urged, in a voice vibrating with feeling.

A luminous look came into the Curé's face. A thought leapt up in his heart. Who could tell!—this pure girl, speaking for the whole sinful, unbelieving, and believing world, might be the one last argument which would impress the man over whom his soul yearned.

He could not read the agony of spirit which had driven Rosalie to this—to confess through the words of Mary Magdalene her own sin, to say it out to all the world, and to receive, as did Paulette Dubois, every day, after the curtain came down, absolution and blessing. He could not read the struggle between her love for a man and the ineradicable habit of her soul; but, with tearful eyes, he raised his hand, made the sacred gesture over her, and said, "Go, my child, and God be with you!"

He could not see her for tears as she hurried away to where Paulette Dubois awaited her—the two at peace now. At the hands of the lately despised and injurious woman Rosalie was made ready to play the part in the last act, none knowing save the few who appeared in the final tableau, and they at the last moment only.

The bell began to toll.

A thousand people fell upon their knees, and with fascinated yet abashed and awe-struck eyes saw the great tableau of Christendom: the three crosses against the evening sky, the Figure in the centre, the Roman populace, the trembling Jews, the pathetic groups of disciples. A cloud passed across the sky, the illusion grew, and hearts quivered with piteous sympathy. There was no

music now, not a sound save the sob of some overwrought woman. The woe of an oppressed world absorbed them. Even the stolid Indians, as Roman soldiers, shrank awe-stricken from the sacred tragedy. Now the eyes of all were upon the central Figure, then they shifted for a moment to John the Beloved, standing with the Mother.

"*Pauvre Mère! Pauvre Christ!*" said a weeping woman aloud.

A Roman soldier raised a spear and pierced the side of the Hero of the World. Blood flowed, and a thousand people gasped. Then there was silence, a strange hush as of a prelude to some great event.

"It is finished. Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit!" said the Figure.

The hush was broken by such a sound as one hears in a forest when a wind quivers over the earth, flutters the leaves, and then sinks away—neither having come nor gone, but only lived and died.

Again there was silence, and then all eyes were fixed upon the figure at the foot of the cross—Mary the Magdalene.

Day after day they had seen this figure rise, come forward a step, and speak the epilogue to this moving miracle-drama. For the last three days Paulette Dubois had turned a sorrowful face upon them, and with one hand upraised had spoken the prayer, the prophecy, the thanksgiving, the appeal of humanity and the ages. They looked to see the same figure now, and waited. But as the Magdalene turned, there was a stir from the multitude, for the face bent upon them was that of Rosalie Evanturel.

Awe and wonder moved the people.

Apart from the crowd, under a clump of trees, knelt a woodsman from Vadrome Mountain, and the tailor of Chaudière stood beside him.

When Charley, touched by the heavy scene, saw the figure of the Magdalene rise, he felt a curious thrill of fascination. When she turned, and he saw the face of Rosalie, the blood rushed to his face, then his heart seemed to stand still. Pain and shame travelled to the farthest recesses of his nature. Jo Portugais rose to his feet with a startled exclamation.

Rosalie began to speak: "This is the day of which the hours shall never cease

—in it there shall be no night. He whom ye have crucified hath saved you from the wrath to come. He hath saved others, Himself He could not save. Even for such as I, who have secretly opened, who have secretly entered, the doors of sin—"

With a gasp of horror and a mad desire to take her away from the sight of this gaping, fascinated multitude, Charley made to rush forward, but Jo Portugais held him back.

"Be still! You will ruin her, M'sieu'!" said Jo.

"—even for such as I am," the beautiful voice went on, "hath He died. And in the ages to come, women such as I, and all women who sorrow, and all men who err and are deceived, and all the helpless world, will know that this was the Friend of the human soul."

Not a gesture, not a movement, only that slight, pathetic figure, with pale, agonized face, and eyes that looked—looked—looked beyond them, over their heads to the darkening east, the clouded light of evening behind her. Her voice was like an instrument of music. It rang out now valiant and clear, now searching and piteous, yet reaching to where the farthest person knelt, and was lost upon the lake and in the crowding trees.

"What ye have done may never be undone; what He hath said shall never be unsaid. It is the Word which shall unite all languages, when ye that are Romans shall be no more Romans, and ye that are Jews shall still be Jews, reproached and alone. No longer shall men faint in the glare—the Shadow of the Cross shall screen them. No more shall woman bear her black sorrows alone; the Light of the World shall cheer her."

As she spoke, the cloud drew back from the sunset, and the saffron glow behind lighted the cross, and shone upon her hair, casting her face in a gracious shadow. Her voice raised: "I, the Magdalene, am the first-fruits of this sacrifice: from the foot of the cross I come. I have sinned more than all. I have shamed all women. But I have confessed my sin, and He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

The Curé started, for these last few sentences were not of his making, nor

were they in the play. He could not understand. He thought her tongue wandered.

Her voice now became lower, but clear and even, pathetically exulting:

"O world, forgive, as He hath forgiven you! Fall, dark curtain, and hide this pain, and rise again upon forgiven sin and a redeemed world!"

She stood still, with her eyes upraised to heaven, and the curtain came slowly down.

For a long time no one in all the gathered multitude stirred. Far over under the trees a man sat upon the ground, his head upon his arms, and his arms upon his knees, in a misery unmeasurable. Beside him stood a woodsman, who knew of no word to say that might comfort him.

Within the tent of the Curé a girl knelt in the garb of the Magdalene, and received absolution of her sins.

CHAPTER LVI

A BURNING FIERY FURNACE

CHARLEY left Jo Portugais behind, and went home alone. He watched at a window till he saw Rosalie return. As she passed quickly down the street with Mrs. Flynn to her own door, he observed that her face was happier than he had seen it since one notable evening in the Notary's garden. Her step was lighter, there was a greater freedom in her air, a sense of confidence was in her carriage.

She bore herself as one who had done a thing that relaxed a painful tension. There was a curious glow in her eyes and face, and this became deeper as, showing himself at the door, she saw him, smiled, and stood still. He came across the street and took her hand and nodded to Mrs. Flynn. His heart was lighter to see her happier.

"You have been away," she said, softly.

"For a few days," he answered.

"Far?"

"At Vadrome Mountain."

"You have missed these last days of the Passion Play," she said, a shadow in her eyes.

"I was present to-day," he answered.

She turned away her head quickly, for

the look in his eyes told her more than any words could have done, and Mrs. Flynn said:

"'Tis a day for everlastin' mimory, sir. For the part she played this day, the darlin', only such as she could play! 'Tis the innocent takin' the shame of the guilty, and the tears do be comin' to me eyes. 'Tis not ould Widdy Flynn's eyes alone that's wet this day, but hearts do be weepin' for the love o' God."

Rosalie suddenly opened the door, and, without another look at Charley, disappeared inside the house.

"'Tis one in a million!" said Mrs. Flynn, in a confidential tone, for she had a fixed idea that Rosalie loved Charley and that he loved her, and that the only thing that stood in the way of their marriage was religion. From the first Charley had conquered Mrs. Flynn. That he was a tailor was a pity and a shame, but love was love, and the man had a head on him and a heart in him, as his gifts to the sick and the needy showed; and love was love! So, in a voice of suggestion, Mrs. Flynn said:

"'Tis one that a man that's a man should do annything for, was it havin' the heart cut out uv him, or givin' the last drop uv his blood. Shure, for such as she, murder, or false witness, or givin' up the last wish or thought a man hugged to his boosom, would be as aisy as aisy!"

In his heart Charley laughed, her purpose was so obvious, but the same heart went out to her, for she was a friend, and whatever came to him, Rosalie would not be alone. It touched him where his nature was tender, too, the knowledge that this woman trusted him, and was doing what she could for Rosalie's sake and his own with a single mind.

"I believe every word of yours," he said, shaking her hand, "and we'll see, you and I, that no man marries her who isn't ready to do what you say."

"Would you do it yourself—if it was you?" she said, flushing for her boldness.

"I would," he answered.

"Then do it!" she said, and fled inside the house and shut the door.

"Poor Mrs. Flynn—good Mrs. Flynn!" he said, and went back sadly to his house, and shut himself up with his thoughts.



THE FACE WAS THAT OF ROSALIE EVANTUREL

When night drew on he went to bed, but could not sleep. He got up after a time, and taking pen and paper, wrote for a long time. Having finished, he took what he had written, and placing it with the two packets—of money and pearls—which he had brought from his old home, he addressed it to the Curé, and going to the safe in the wall of the shop, placed them inside and locked the door.

Then he went to bed, and slept soundly—the deep sleep of the just.

CHAPTER LVII

THE MEETING OF THE WAYS

EVERY man within the limits of the parish was in his bed, save one. He was a stranger who, once before, had visited it for one brief day, when he had been saved by the tailor of Chaudière from death at the Red Ravine, and had fled the village that night because, as he thought, he had heard the voice of his old friend's ghost in the trees. Since that time he had travelled in many parishes, healing where he could, entertaining where he might, earning money as the charlatan. He was now on his way back through the parishes to Montreal, and his route lay through Chaudière. He had hoped to reach Chaudière before nightfall—he remembered with fear the incident from which he had fled many months before; but his horse had broken its leg on a corduroy bridge, a few miles out from the parish in the hills, and darkness came upon him before he could hide his wagon in the woods and proceed afoot to Chaudière. His horse he had shot, and rolled into the swift torrent beneath the bridge.

To keep his spirits up travelling the lonely road, he drank freely from the whiskey-horn he carried, so that by the time he came to the outskirts of Chaudière he was in a state of intoxication, and reeled impudently along with the "Dutch courage" the liquor had given him, talking to himself boastingly the while. Arrived at the first cluster of houses in the place, he paused uncertain. Should he knock here or go on to the tavern? He shivered at thought of the tavern, for it was near it that he had heard Charley Steele's voice calling to him out of the

trees. If he knocked here, would the people admit him in his present state?—he had sense enough to know that he was very drunk. As he shook his head in owlish gravity, he saw the church on the hill not far away. He chuckled to himself. The carpet in the chancel and the hassocks at the altar would make a good bed. No fear of Charley's ghost coming inside the church—it wouldn't be that kind of a ghost. As he travelled the intervening space, shrugging his shoulders, staggering serenely, he told himself in confidence that he would leave the church at dawn, go to the tavern, purchase a horse as soon as might be, and get back to his wagon.

The church door was unlocked, and he entered and made his way to the chancel, found surplices in the vestry, and put a hassock inside one for a pillow. Then he sat down and drew the loose rug of the chancel floor over him, and took another drink from the whiskey-horn. Lighting his pipe, he smoked for a while, but grew drowsy, and his pipe fell into his lap. With eyes nearly shut he struck another match, made to light his pipe again, but threw the match away, still burning. As he did so the pipe dropped again from his mouth, and he fell back on the hassock pillow he had made.

The lighted match he had thrown away fell on a surplice which had dropped from his arm as he came from the vestry, and set it afire. In five minutes the whole chancel was burning, and the sleeping man waked in the midst of smoke and flame. He staggered to his feet with a terror-stricken cry, stumbled down the aisle, through the front door, and out into the night. Reaching the road, he turned his face again to the hill where his wagon lay hid. If he could reach that again, he would be safe; nobody would suspect him. He clutched the whiskey-horn tight and broke into a run. As he passed beyond the village his excited imagination heard Charley Steele's ghost calling after him. He ran harder. The voice kept calling from Chaudière.

Not Charley's voice, but the voices of many people in Chaudière were calling. Some wakeful person had seen the glare in the church windows and had given the alarm, and now there rang through the streets the call: "*Fire! Fire! Fire!*"

Charley and Jo were among the last to wake, for both had slept soundly, but Jo was roused by a handful of gravel thrown at his window, and a warning cry, and a few moments after he and Charley were in the street with a hurrying crowd. Over all the village was a red glare, lighting up the heaven, burnishing the trees, and softening the horror of pale faces of men and women who ran, frightened, towards the hill. The church was a mass of flames.

Charley was as pale as the rest of the crowd; for he thought of the Curé, he thought of this people to whom their church meant more than home, and vastly more than friend and fortune. His heart was with them all: not because it was their church that was burning, but because it was something dear to them.

Reaching the hill, he saw the Curé coming from the vestry of the burning church, bearing some vessels of the altar. Depositing them in the arms of his weeping sister, he turned again towards the door. People clung to him, and would not let him go.

"See, it is all in flames!" they cried. "Your cassock is singed. You shall not go."

At that moment Charley and Jo Portugais came up. A hurried question to the Curé from Charley, a key handed over, a nod from Jo, and before the Curé could prevent them the two men had rushed through the smoke and flame into the vestry, Portugais holding Charley's hand.

The crowd outside waited in a terrible anxiety. The timbers of the chancel portion of the building seemed about to fall, and still the two men did not appear. The people called; the Curé clinched his hands at his side—he was too fearful even to pray.

Suddenly the two men appeared, loaded with the few treasures of the church. They were scorched and singed, and the beards of both were burned, but, stumbling and exhausted, they brought their loads to the eager arms of the waiting *habitants*.

Then from the other end of the church came a cry: "The little cross; the little iron cross!" Then another cry: "Rosalie Evanturel! Rosalie Evanturel!"

Some one ran to the Curé.

"Rosalie Evanturel has gone inside for the little cross on the pillar. She is in the flames; the door has fallen in. She can't get out again."

With a hoarse cry, Charley darted back inside the vestry door. A cry of horror went up from a thousand people. They waited in terror.

It was only a minute and a half, but it seemed like years, and then a man in flames appeared in the fiery porch—and not alone. He carried a girl in his arms. He wavered even at the threshold with the timbers swaying overhead, but, with a last effort, he plunged forward—forward through the furnace, and was caught by eager hands on the margin of endurable heat. The two were smothered in quilts brought from the Curé's house, and carried swiftly to the cool safety of the grass and trees beyond. The woman had fainted in the flame of the church; the man dropped insensible as they caught her from his arms.

As they tore away the coat muffling his face and throat, and opened his shirt, they stared in awe. The cross which Rosalie had torn from the pillar, Charley had thrust into his bosom, and there it now lay on the red scar made by itself in the hands of Louis Trudel.

M. Loisel waved the people back. His eyes dropped tears and his lips murmured a prayer as he raised Charley's head. The Abbé Rossignol, who had just arrived with his brother the Seigneur, lifted the cross from the insensible man's breast.

He started back when he saw the scar. Then he remembered the tale he had heard. He turned away gravely to his brother. "Was it the cross or the woman he went for?" he asked.

"Great God!—do you ask?" the Seigneur said, indignantly. "And he deserves her!" he muttered, under his breath.

Charley opened his eyes. "Is she safe?" he asked, starting up.

"Unscathed, my son," the Curé said.

Was this tailor-man not his son? Had he not thirsted for his soul as a hart for the water streams?

"I am very sorry for you, monsieur," said Charley.

"It is God's will," was the reply, in a choking voice. "It will be years before

we have another church—many, many years!”

The roof gave way with a crash, and the spire shot down into the flaming *débris*.

The people groaned.

“It will cost sixty thousand dollars to build it up again,” said Filion Lacasse.

“We have three thousand dollars from the Passion Play,” said the Notary. “That could go towards it.”

“We have another two thousand in the bank,” said Maximilian Cour, the baker.

“But it will take years!” said the saddler, disconsolately.

Charley looked at the Curé, mournful and broken, but calm. He saw the Seigneur, gloomy and silent, standing apart. He saw the people in scattered groups, looking more homeless than if they had no homes. Some groups were silent; others discussed angrily the question, who was the incendiary?—that it had been set on fire seemed certain.

“I said no good would come of the play-acting,” said the Seigneur’s groom, and was flung into the ditch by Filion Lacasse.

Presently Charley staggered to his feet, purpose in his face. These people, from the Curé and Seigneur to the most ignorant *habitant*, were hopeless and inert. The pride of their lives was gone.

“Gather the people together,” he said to the Notary and Filion Lacasse. Then he turned to the Curé and the Seigneur.

“With your permission, messieurs,” he said, “I will do a harder thing than I have ever done. I will speak to them all.”

Wondering, M. Loisel added his voice to the Notary’s, and the word went round. Slowly they all made their way to a spot a distance from the fiery furnace.

Charley stood on the embankment above the road, the notables of the parish round him.

Rosalie had been taken to the Curé’s house. In that wild moment in the church when she had fallen insensible in Charley’s arms, a new feeling had sprung up in her. She loved him in every fibre, but she had a strange instinct, a prescience, that she was lying on his

breast for the last time. She had wound her arms round his neck, and, as his lips closed on hers, she had cried: “We shall die together—together!”

As she lay in the Curé’s house, she thought only of that moment.

“What are they cheering for?” she asked, as a great noise came to her through the window.

“Run and see,” said the Curé’s sister to Mrs. Flynn, and the fat woman hurried away.

Rosalie raised herself so that she could look out of the window. “I can see him!” she cried, suddenly and gladly.

“See whom?” asked the Curé’s sister.

“Monsieur,” she answered, with a changed voice. “He is speaking. They are cheering him.”

Ten minutes later, the Curé and the Notary entered the room.

M. Loisel came forward to Rosalie, and took her hands in his.

“You shouldn’t not have done it,” he said.

“I wanted to do something,” she replied. “To get the cross for you seemed the only payment I could make for all your goodness to me.”

“It nearly cost you your life—and the life of another,” he said, shaking his head reproachfully.

Cheering came again from the burning church.

“Why do they cheer?” she asked.

“Why do they cheer? Because the man we have feared, Monsieur Mallard—”

“I never feared him,” said Rosalie, scarcely above her breath.

“Because he has taught them the way to a new church again—and at once, at once, my dear!”

“A very remarkable man!” said Narcisse Dauphin. “There never was such a speech. Never in any court-room was there such an appeal.”

“What did he do?” asked Mademoiselle Loisel, her hand in Rosalie’s.

“Everything,” said the Curé. “There he stood in his tattered clothes, the beard burnt to his chin, his hands scorched, his eyes blood-shot, and he spoke—”

“With the tongues of men and of angels!” said M. Dauphin, enthusiastically.

The Curé frowned and continued:

"‘You look on yonder burning walls,’ he said, ‘and wonder when they will rise again on this hill made sacred by the burial of your beloved, by the christening of your children, the marriages which have given you happy homes, and the sacraments which are to you the laws of your lives. You give one-twentieth of your income yearly towards your church, then give one-fortieth of all you possess to-day, and your church will be begun in a month. Before a year goes round you will come again to this venerable spot and enter another church here. Your vows, your memories, and your hopes will be purged by fire. All that you possess will be consecrated by your free-will offerings.’ Ah, if I could but remember what came afterwards! It was all eloquence, and generous and noble thought.”

“He spoke of you,” said the Notary—“he spoke the truth; and the people cheered. He said that the man outside the walls could sometimes tell the besieged the way relief would come. Never again shall I hear such a speech—never!”

“What are they going to do?” asked Rosalie, and withdrew her trembling hand from that of Mademoiselle Loisel.

“This very day, at my office, they will bring their offerings, and we will begin at once,” answered M. Dauphin. “There is no man in Chaudière but will take the stocking from the hole, the bag from the chest, the credit from the bank, the grain from the barn for the market, or make the note of hand to contribute one-fortieth of all he is worth for the rebuilding of the church.”

“A note of hand is not money,” said the Curé’s sister, the practical sense ever uppermost.

“We will make them so. They shall all be money—hard cash,” said the Notary. “The Seigneur is going to open a sort of bank, and take up the notes of hand, and give bank-bills in return. To-day I go with his steward to Quebec to get the money.”

“What does the Abbé Rossignol say?” said the Curé’s sister.

“Our church and parish are our own,” interposed the Curé, proudly. “We do our duty and fear no Abbé.”

“Voilà!” said M. Dauphin, “he never

can keep hands off. I saw him go to Jo Portugais a little while ago. ‘Remember!’ he said—I can’t make out what he was after. We have enough to remember to-day, for sure!”

“Good may come of it, perhaps,” said M. Loisel, looking sadly out upon the ruins of his church.

“See, ’tis the sunrise!” said Mrs. Flynn’s voice from the corner, her face towards the eastern window.

CHAPTER LVIII

WITH HIS BACK TO THE WALL

IN four days ten thousand dollars in notes and gold had been brought to the office of the Notary by the faithful people of Chaudière. All day in turn M. Loisel and M. Rossignol sat in the office and received that which represented one-fortieth of the value of each man’s goods, estate, and wealth—the fortieth value of a wood-sawyer’s cottage, or a widow’s garden! They did it impartially for all, as the Curé and three of the best-to-do *habitants* had done for the Seigneur, whose three thousand dollars had been paid in first of all.

Charley had been confined to his room for three days, because of his injuries and a feverish cold he had caught, and the *habitants* did not disturb his quiet. But Mrs. Flynn took him broth made by Rosalie’s hands, and Rosalie fought with her desire to go to him and nurse him. She was not, however, the Rosalie of the old impulse and impetuous resolve—the arrow had gone too deep; she waited till she could see his face again and look into his eyes. Not apathy, but a sense of the inevitable was upon her, and pale and fragile, but with a calm spirit, she waited for she knew not what.

She felt that the day of fate was closing down. She must hold herself ready for the hour when he would need her most. At first, when the conviction had come to her that the end of all was near, she had revolted. She had had impulse to go to him at all hazards, to say to him, “Come away—anywhere, anywhere!” But that had given way to the deeper thing in her, and something of Charley’s spirit of stoic waiting had come upon her.

She watched the people going to the

Notary's office with their tributes and free-will offerings, and they seemed like people in a play—these days she lived no life which was theirs. It was a dream, unimportant and temporary. She was feeling what was behind all life, and permanent. It could not last, but there it was; and she could not return to the transitory till this cloud of fate was lifted. She was much too young to suffer so, but the young ever suffer most.

On the fourth day she saw Charley. He came from his shop and went to the Notary's office. At first she did not know him, for he was clean-shaven—the fire had burned his beard to the skin. It startled her, for now she saw a different man, far removed from this life about them both—individual, singular. He was pale, and his eye-glass, with the clean-shaven face, gave a distant expression, a new separateness to his look and manner. She did not realize that the same look was in both their faces. She watched him till he entered the Notary's shop, and then she was called away to her duties.

Charley had come to give his one-fortieth with the rest. When he entered the Notary's office, the Seigneur and M. Dauphin stood up to greet him. They congratulated him on his recovery, while feeling also that the change in his personal appearance had somehow affected their relations. A crowd gathered round the door of the shop. When Charley made his offering, with a statement of his goods and income, the Seigneur and Notary did not know what to do. They were disposed to decline it, for since Monsieur was no Catholic, it was not his duty to help. At this moment of delicate anxiety M. Loisel entered. With a sudden bright flush to his cheek he saw the difficulty, and at once accepted freely.

"God bless you!" he said, as he took the money, and Charley left. "It shall build the doorway of my church."

Later in the day the Curé sent for Charley. There were grave matters to consider, and his counsel was greatly needed. They had all come to depend on the soundness of his judgment. It had never gone astray in Chaudière, they said. They owed to him this extraordinary scheme, which would be an example

to all modern Christianity. They told him so. He said nothing in reply.

In an hour he had planned for them a scheme for the consideration of contractors; had drawn, with the help of M. Loisel, an architects' rough plan of the new church, and, his old professional instincts keenly alive, had lucidly suggested the terms and safeguards of the contract.

Then came the question of the money contributed. The day before, M. Dauphin and the Seigneur's steward had arrived in safety from Quebec with twenty thousand dollars in bank-bills. These M. Rossignol had exchanged for the notes of hand of such of the *habitants* as had not ready cash to give. All of this twenty thousand dollars had been paid over. They had now thirty thousand dollars in cash, besides three thousand which the Curé had at his house, the proceeds of the Passion Play. It was proposed to send this large sum to the bank in Quebec in another two days, when the whole contributions should be complete.

As to the safety of the money, the timid M. Dauphin did not care to take responsibility. Strangers were still arriving, ignorant of the fact that the Passion Play had ceased, and some of them must be aware that this large sum of money was in the parish—no doubt also knew that it was in his house. It was therefore better, he urged, that M. Rossignol or the Curé should take charge of it. M. Loisel urged that secrecy as to the resting-place of the money was important. It was better that it should be deposited in the most unlikely place, and with some unofficial person who might not be supposed to have it in charge.

"I have it!" said the Seigneur. "The money shall be placed in old Louis Trudel's safe in the wall of the tailor shop."

It was so arranged, after Charley's protests of unwillingness, and counter-appeals from the others.

That evening at sundown thirty-two thousand dollars were deposited in the safe in the old stone wall of Louis Trudel's house, now that of Monsieur Mallard, or Charley Steele, and the lock was sealed with the seal of the parish.

But the Notary's wife had wormed the secret from her husband, and she found

it hard to keep. She told it to Maximilian Cour, the baker, and he kept it. She told it to the wife of Filion Lacasse, and she did not keep it. Before twenty-four hours went round, twenty people knew it.

The evening of the second day another two thousand dollars was added to the pile, and the lock was again sealed—with the utmost secrecy. Charley and Jo Portugais, the infidel and the murderer, were thus the sentries to the peace of a parish, the bankers of its gifts, the security for the future of the church of Chaudière. Their weapons of defence were two old pistols belonging to the Seigneur.

"Money is the master of the unexpected," the Seigneur had said as he handed them over. He chuckled for hours afterwards as he thought of his epigram. That night, as he turned over in bed for the third time, as was his custom before going to sleep, another epigram came to him—"Money is the only fox hunted night and day." He kept repeating it over and over with vain pride.

The truth of M. Rossignol's aphorism had been demonstrated several days before. On his return from Quebec with the twenty thousand dollars of the Seigneur's money, M. Dauphin had dwelt with great pride on the discretion, ability, and energy he and the steward had shown, had told dramatically of that skill which had enabled them to make a journey of such importance so secretly and safely, had overwhelmed himself with blushes for his own coolness, and an intrepidity which had but to be tried to prove itself the perfect thing. Fortune had, however, favored his pride, his reputation, and his intrepidity, for he had been pursued from the hour he and his companion left Quebec. A taste for the dramatic had impelled him to arrange for two relays of horses, and this fact saved him and the twenty thousand dollars he carried. Two hours after he had left Quebec, four determined men had got upon his trail, and had only been prevented from overtaking him by the freshness of the horses for which his dramatic foresight had provided.

The leader of these four pursuers was

Billy Wantage, who had come to know of the curious action of the Seigneur of Chaudière from an intimate friend, a clerk in the bank. Billy's fortunes were now in a bad way, and, in desperate straits for money, he had planned this bold attempt at the highwayman's art with two notorious gamblers, to whom he owed money, and a certain notorious horse-trader of whom he had made a companion of late. Having escaped punishment for a crime once before, through Charley's supposed death, the immunity nerved him to this later and more dangerous enterprise. The four rode as hard as their horses would permit, but M. Dauphin and his companion kept always an hour or more ahead, and from the high hills overlooking the town, Billy and his friends saw the two enter it safely in the light of evening.

His three friends urged Billy to turn back, since they were out of provisions and had no shelter. It was impossible to go to a tavern or a farmer's house, where they must certainly be suspected. Billy, however, determined to make an effort to find the hiding-place of the money, and refused to turn back without a trial. He therefore proposed that they should separate (so avoiding suspicion), and going in different directions, secure accommodation for the night, rest the following day, and meet at a point indicated the next night. This was agreed upon, and they separated.

When the four met again, Billy had nothing to communicate, as he had been taken ill during the night before, and had been unable to go secretly into Chaudière. They separated again, but when they met the following night Billy was accompanied by an old and dangerous friend. As he was entering Chaudière the night before, he had met John Brown, with his painted wagon, and a new mottled horse leading it. John Brown had news of importance to give, for outside the village tavern, in the stable-yard, he had heard one *habitant* confide to another that the money for the new church was kept in the safe of the tailor shop. John Brown was as ready to share in Billy's second evil enterprise as he had been to incite him to his first crime.

So it was that as the Seigneur made

his epigram and gloated over it, the five men, with horses at a convenient distance, armed to the teeth, broke stealthily into Charley's house.

This night Jo Portugais was sleeping upstairs, while Charley lay upon the bench in the tailor shop.

The men entered silently through the kitchen window, and made their way into the little hall. Two stood guard at the foot of the stairs, and three crept into the shop.

Charley heard the door open, heard unfamiliar steps, seized his pistol, and springing up, with his back to the safe, called out loudly to Jo. As he dimly saw men rush at him, he fired. The bullet reached its mark, and one man fell dead. At that moment a dark-lantern was turned full on Charley, and a pistol was fired point-blank at him.

As he fell, shot through the breast, the man who had fired let the lantern drop with a shriek of terror. He had seen the ghost of his brother-in-law—Charley Steele.

With a quaking cry of warning to the others, Billy Wantage bolted from the house, followed by his companions, two of whom were struggling with Jo Portugais on the stairway. These now also broke and ran.

Jo rushed into the shop, and saw, as he thought, Charley lying dead,—saw the robber dead upon the floor. His master and friend gone, the conviction rushed upon him that his own time had come. The Abbé's *Remember* rang in his ears. He would give himself to justice now—but to God's justice, not man's. The robbers were four to one, and he would avenge his master's death and give his own life to do it! It was all the thought of a second. He rushed out after the robbers, shouting as he ran, to awake the villagers. He heard the marauders ahead of him, and, fleet of foot, rushed on. Reaching them as they mounted, he fired, and brought down his man—a shivering quack-doctor, who, like his leader, had seen a sight in the tailor shop that struck terror to his soul. Two of the others then fired at Jo, who had caught a horse by the head. He fell without a sound, and lay upon his face—he did not hear the hoofs of the escaping horses nor any other sound. He

had fallen without a pang beside the quack-doctor, whose medicines would never again quicken a pulse in his own body or any other.

Behind, in the village, frightened people flocked about the tailor shop. Within, Mrs. Flynn and the Notary crudely but tenderly bound up the dreadful wound in Charley's side, while Rosalie pillowed his head on her bosom.

With a strange quietness she gave orders to the Notary and Mrs. Flynn. There was a light in her eyes—an unnatural light—of strength and courage and presence of mind. Her hand was steady, and as gently as a mother with a child she wiped the moist forehead, and poured a little brandy between the set teeth.

"Stand back—give him air!" she said, in a voice of authority to those who crowded round. People fell back in awe, for amid tears and excitement and fright this girl had a strange calm, a convincing quiet. By the time his wound was stopped, messengers were on the way to the Curé and the Seigneur. By Rosalie's instructions the dead body of the robber was removed, Charley's bed upstairs was made ready for him, a fire had been lighted, and twenty hands were ready to do accurately her will. Now and again she felt his pulse, and she watched his face intently. In her bitter sorrow her heart had a sort of thankfulness, for his head was on her breast, he was in her arms. It had been given to her once more to come first to his rescue, and with one wild cry, unheard by any one save God, to call out his beloved name.

The world of Chaudière, roused by the shooting, had then burst in upon them; but that one moment had been hers, no matter what came after. She had no illusions—she knew that the end was near: the end of all for him, and for them both.

The Curé entered and hurried forward. There was the seal of the parish intact on the door of the safe, but at what cost!

"He has given his life for the church!" he said, then commanded all to leave, save those needed to carry the wounded man up stairs.

Still it was Rosalie that directed the removal. She held his hand; she saw

that he was carefully laid down; she raised his head to a proper height; she moistened his lips, and fanned him. Meanwhile the Curé fell upon his knees, and the noise of talk and whispering ceased in the house.

But presently there was loud murmuring and shuffling of feet outside again, and Rosalie left the room hurriedly and went below to stop it. She met the men who were bringing the body of Jo Portugais into the shop.

Upstairs the Curé's voice prayed: "Of Thy mercy, O Lord, hear our prayer. Grant that he be brought into Thy fold ere his last hour come. Forgive, O Lord—"

Charley stirred and opened his eyes. He saw the Curé bowed in prayer; he heard the trembling voice. He touched the white head with his hand.

CHAPTER LIX

IN WHICH CHARLEY MEETS A STRANGER

THE Curé came to his feet with a joyful cry. "Monsieur—my son!" he said, bending over him.

"Is it all over?" Charley asked calmly, almost cheerfully. Death now was the only solution of his life's problems, and he welcomed it from the void.

The Curé went to the door and locked it. The deepest desire of his life must now be uttered, his great aspiration be realized.

"My son," he said, as he came softly to the bedside again, "you have given to us all you had—your charity, your wisdom, your skill. You have"—it was hard, but the man's wound was mortal, and it must be said—"you have consecrated our new church with your blood. You have given all to us; we will give all to you—"

There was a soft knocking at the door. He went and opened it a very little. "He is conscious, Rosalie!" he whispered. "Wait—wait—one moment!"

Then came the Seigneur's voice saying that Jo was gone, and that all the robbers had escaped, save the two disposed of by Charley and Jo.

The Curé turned to the bed once more.

"What did he say about Jo?" Charley said.

"He is dead, my son, and the quack-doctor also. The others have escaped."

Charley turned his face away. "*Au revoir*, Jo," he said into the great distance.

Then there was silence for a moment, while outside the door a girl prayed, with an old woman's arm around her.

The Curé leaned over Charley again. "Shall not the sacraments of the Church comfort you in your last hours?" he said. "It is the way, the truth, and the life. It is the Voice that says 'Peace' to the vexed mind. Human intellect is vanity; only the soul survives. Will you not hear the Voice? Will you not give us who love and honor you the right to make you ours forever? Will you not come to the bosom of that Church for which you have given all?"

"Tell them so," Charley said, and he motioned towards the window, under which the people were gathered.

With a glad exclamation the Curé hastened to the window, and, in a voice of sorrowful exultation, spoke to the people below.

Charley reckoned swiftly with his fate. What was there now to do? If his wound was not mortal, what tragedy might now come! Poor Billy's hand—the hand of Kathleen's brother—had brought him low. If the robbers and murderers were captured, he must be dragged into the old life, and to what an issue—all the old problems carried into more terrible conditions! And Rosalie—in his half-consciousness he had felt her near him; he felt her near him now! Rosalie—in any case, what could there be for her? Nothing. He had heard the Curé whisper her name at the door. She was outside—praying for him! He stretched out a hand as though he saw her, and his lips framed her name. In his weakness and fading life he had no anguish in the thought of her. Life and Love were growing distant—though he loved her as few love and live! She would be removed from want by him—there were the pearls and the money in the safe; there was the letter, his last testament, leaving all to her. He, sleeping, would fear no foe; she, awake in the living world, would hold him in dear remembrance. Death was the better thing for all. How easy it would be! Then Kathleen in her happiness would be at peace; and even Billy might go unmo-

lested—for, who was there to recognize Billy, now that Portugais was dead?

He heard the Curé's voice at the window: "Oh, my dear people, God has given him to us at last. I go now to prepare him for his long journey, to—"

Charley realized and shivered. Receive the sacraments of the Church? Be made ready by the priest for his going hence—end all the soul's interrogations, with the solving of his own mortal problems? Say "I believe," confess his sins, and, receiving absolution, lie down in peace—

He suddenly raised himself up and flung his body over, his hand at his side. The bandage was displaced, and blood gushed out upon the white clothes of the bed. "Rosalie!" he gasped. "Rosalie, my love!" As he sank back he heard the priest's anguished voice above him, calling for help. He smiled.

"Rosalie!" he whispered. The priest ran and unlocked the door, and Rosalie entered, followed by the Seigneur and Mrs. Flynn.

"Quick! Quick!" said the priest. "The bandage slipped."

The bandage slipped! Or was it slipped? Who knows?

Blind with agony, and as in a direful dream, Rosalie made her way to the bed. The sight of his ensanguined body roused her, and murmuring his name—continually murmuring his name—she assisted Mrs. Flynn to bind up the wound again. Standing where she stood when she had stayed Louis Trudel's arm long ago, with an infinite tenderness she touched the scar—the scar of the cross—on his breast. Terrible as was her grief, her heart had its comfort in the thought—who could rob her of that forever?—that he would die a martyr. It did not matter now who knew the story of her heart. It could not do him harm now. She was ready to proclaim it to all the world. And those who watched knew that they were in the presence of a great human love.

The priest made ready to receive the unconscious man into the Church. Had Charley not said, "Tell them so"? Was it not now his duty to say the sacred offices over a son of the Church in his last bitter hour? So it was done, while he lay unconscious.

For hours he lay quiet, and then the

fevered blood, poisoned by the bullet which had brought him down, made him delirious, gave him hallucinations—open-eyed illusions. And all the time Rosalie knelt at the foot of the bed, her piteous tearless eyes forever fixed on his face.

Towards evening, with an unnatural strength, he sat up in bed.

"See," he whispered, "that woman in the corner there; she has come to take me, but I will not go."

Fantasy after fantasy possessed him—fantasy, strangely mixed with facts of his own past. Now it was Kathleen, now Billy, now Jo Portugais, now John Brown, now Suzon Charlemagne at the Côte Dorion, again Jo Portugais. In strange, touching sentences he spoke to them, as though they were present before him. At last he suddenly paused, and gazed straight before him—over the head of Rosalie.

"See!" he said, pointing, "who is that? Who is that? I can't see his face—it is covered. So tall—so white! He is opening his arms to me. He is coming—closer—closer! Who is it?"

"It is Death, my son," said the priest in his ear, with a pitying gentleness.

The Curé's voice seemed to calm the agitated vision, to bring it back to the outer precincts of consciousness. There was an awe-struck silence as the dying man fumbled, fumbled, over his breast, found his eye-glass, and with a last feeble effort raised it to his eye, shining now with an unearthly fire. The old interrogation of the soul, the elemental habit outlived all else in him. The idiosyncrasy of the mind automatically expressed itself.

"I beg—your—pardon!" he whispered, and the light died out of his eyes; "have I—ever—been—introduced—to you?"

"At the hour of your birth, my son," said the priest, as a sobbing cry came from the foot of the bed.

But Charley did not hear. His ears were forever closed to the voices of life and time.

CHAPTER LX

THE HAND AT THE DOOR

THE evening of the day before the memorable funeral two belated visitors to the Passion Play arrived in the village, unknowing that it had ended, and

of the tragedy which had set a whole valley mourning, unconscious that they shared in the bitter fortunes of the tailor-man, of whom men and women spoke with tears. Affected by the gloom of the place, the two visitors at once prepared for their return journey, but the manner of the tailor-man's death arrested their sympathies, touched the humanity in them. The woman was much impressed.

They asked to see the body of the man. They were taken to the door of the tailor shop, while their horses were being brought round. Within the house itself they were met by an old Irish woman, who, in response to their wish "to see the brave man's body," showed them into a room where a man lay dead with a bullet through his heart. It was the body of Jo Portugais, whose master and friend lay in another room across the hallway. The lady turned back in disappointment—the dead man was little like a hero.

The Irish woman had meant to deceive her, for at this moment a girl who loved the tailor was kneeling beside his body, and, if possible, Mrs. Flynn would have no curious eyes to look upon that scene.

When the visitors came into the hall again, the man said, "There was another, Kathleen—a woodsman!" But standing by the nearly closed door, behind which lay the dead tailor of Chaudière—they could see the holy candles flickering within—Kathleen whispered: "We've seen the tailor—that's enough. It's only the woodsman there. I prefer not, Tom."

With his fingers at the latch, the man hesitated, even as Mrs. Flynn stepped apprehensively forward; then, shrugging a shoulder, he responded to Kathleen's hand on his arm. They went down the stairs together, and out to their carriage.

As they drove away, Kathleen said, "It's strange that men who do such fine things should look so commonplace."

"The other one might have been more, uncommon," he replied.

"I wonder!" she said, with a sigh of relief as they passed the bounds of the village. Then she caught herself flushing, for she suddenly realized that the exclamation was one so often used by a dead, disgraced man whose name she once had borne.

If the door of the little room upstairs had opened to the fingers of the man beside her, the tailor of Chaudière, though dead, might have had a revenge he had never wished.

CHAPTER LXI

THE CURE SPEAKS

THE Curé stood with his back to the ruins of his church, his face to the people, at his feet two newly made graves, and all round, with wistful faces, crowds of reverent *habitants*. A benignant sorrow made his voice in perfect temper with the pensive striving of this latest day of spring. At the close of his address he said:

"I owe you much, my people. I owe him more, for it was given him, who knew not God, to teach us how to know Him better. For his past, it is not given you to know. It is hidden in the bosom of the Church. Sinner he once was, criminal he never was, as one can testify who knows all"—he turned to the Abbé Rossignol, who stood beside him, grave and compassionate—"and his sins were forgiven him. He is the one sheaf which you and I may carry home rejoicing from the pagan world of unbelief. What he had he gave to us in life, and in death he leaves to our church all that he has not left to a woman he loved—to Rosalie Evanturel!"

There was a gasping murmur among the people, but they became still again, and strained to hear.

"He leaves her a little fortune, and us all else he had. Let us pray for his soul, and let us comfort her who, loving deeply, reaped no harvest of love.

"The law may never reach his ruthless murderers, for there is none to recognize their faces; and were they ten times punished, how should it comfort us now! Let us always remember that, in his grave, our friend bears on his breast the little iron cross we held so dear. That is all we could give—our dearest treasure; and I pray God that, scarring his breast in life, it may heal all his woes in death, and be a saving image on his bosom in the Presence at the last."

He raised his hands in benediction.

THE END.

August Days

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

ONE of our well-known poets, in personifying August, represents her as coming with daisies in her hair. But an August daisy is a sorry affair; it is little more than an empty, or partly empty, seed-vessel. The daisy is in her girlhood and maidenhood in June (in the Northern States); she becomes very matronly early in July—fat, faded, prosaic—and by or before August she is practically defunct. I recall no flower whose career is more typical of the life, say, of the average European peasant woman, or the women of barbarous tribes, its grace and youthfulness pass so quickly into stoutness, obesity, and withered old age. How positively girlish and taking is the daisy during the first few days of its blooming, while its snow-white rays yet stand straight up and shield its tender centre somewhat as a hood shields a girl's face! Presently it becomes a perfect disc and bares its face to the sun; this is the stage of its young womanhood. Then its yellow centre—its body—begins to swell and become gross, the rays slowly turn brown, and finally wither up and drop, and it is a flower no longer, but a receptacle packed with ripening seeds.

A relative of the daisy, the orange-colored hawkweed—*Hieracium aurantiacum*—which within the past twenty years has spread far and wide over New York and New England, is often at the height of its beauty in August, when its deep vivid orange is a delight to the eye. It repeats in our meadows and upon our hill-tops the flame of the columbine of May, intensified. The personified August with these flowers in her hair would challenge our admiration and not our criticism. Unlike the daisy, it quickly sprouts again when cut down with the grass in the meadows, and renews its bloom. Parts of New England, at least, have a native August flower quite as brilliant as the hawkweed just described, and far less a usurper; I refer to meadow-beauty, a

Rhexia, found near the coast, which suggests a scarlet evening-primrose.

Nature has, for the most part, lost her delicate tints in August. She is tanned, hirsute, freckled, like one long exposed to the sun. Her touch is strong and vivid. The coarser, commoner way-side flowers now appear—vervain, Eupatorium, Mimulus, the various mints, whiteweed, asters, golden-rod, thistles, fireweed, mulleins, motherwort, catnip, blueweed, turtle-head, sunflowers, clematis, evening-primrose, lobelia, Gerardia, and, in the marshes of the lower Hudson, marsh-mallows and vast masses of the purple loosestrife. Mass and intensity take the place of delicacy and furtiveness. The spirit of Nature has grown bold and aggressive; it is rank and coarse; she flaunts her weeds in our faces. She wears a thistle on her bosom. But I must not forget the delicate rose-gerardia, which she also wears upon her bosom, and which suggests that, before the season closes, Nature is getting her hand ready for her delicate spring flora. With me this Gerardia lines open paths over dry knolls in the woods, and its little purple bells and smooth slender leaves form one of the most exquisite tangles of flowers and foliage of the whole summer. It is August matching the color and delicacy of form of the fringed polygala of May.

One may still gather the matchless white pond-lily in this month, though it is in the height of its glory earlier in the season, except in the Northern lakes.

A very delicate and beautiful marsh flower which may be found on the borders of lakes in northern New York and New England is the horned-bladderwort, yellow, fragrant, and striking in form, like a miniature old-fashioned bonnet when bonnets covered the head and projected beyond the face, instead of hovering doubtfully above the scalp. The horn curves down and out like a long chin

from a face hidden within the bonnet. I have found this rare flower in the Adirondacks and in Maine. It can doubtless be found in Canada, and in Michigan and Wisconsin. It is the most fragrant August flower known to me. This month has not many fragrant flowers to boast of. Besides the above and the pond-lily I recall two others—the small purple-fringed orchis and a species of lady's-tresses (*Spiranthes cernua*).

The characteristic odors of August are from fruit—grapes, peaches, apples, pears, melons—and the ripening grain; yes, and the blooming buckwheat. Of all the crop and farm odors this last is the most pronounced and honeyed, rivalling that of the honey-locust of May and of the linden in July.

The mistakes of our lesser poets in dealing with nature themes might furnish me with many a text in this connection. Thus one of them makes the call of the phœbe-bird prominent in August. One would infer from the poem that the phœbe was not heard during any other month. Now it is probable that the poet heard the phœbe in August, as it is probable that Lowell heard it before dawn, as he avers in his poem upon the bird, but in both cases the note was entirely exceptional. The phœbe is most noticeable in April and early May, and its characteristic call is not often heard till the sun is well up in the sky. Most of our song-birds are silent in August, and sing only fitfully, like the song-sparrow and oriole. The real August songster, and the bird that one comes to associate with the slow, drowsy days, is the indigo-bird. After midsummer its song, delivered from the top of some small tree in the pasture or bushy field, falls upon the ear with a peculiar languid, midsummery effect. The boys and girls gathering raspberries and blackberries hear it; the stroller through the upland fields, or loungee in the shade of maple or linden, probably hears no bird-song but this, if he even distinguishes this from the more strident insect voices. The plumage of the bird is more or less faded by this time, the vivid indigo of early June is lightly brushed with a dull sooty shade, but the song is nearly as full as the earlier strain, and in the dearth of bird-voices is even more noticeable. I do not now recall that any

of our poets have embalmed this little cerulean songster in their verse.

One may also occasionally hear the red-eyed vireo in August, but it is low tide with him too. His song has a reminiscent air, like that of the indigo. The whippoorwill calls fitfully in this month, and may be heard even in September; but he quickly checks himself, as if he knew it was out of season. In the Adirondacks I have heard the speckled Canada warbler in August, and the white-throated sparrow. But nearly all the migratory birds begin to get restless during this month. They cut loose from their nesting haunts and drift through the woods in promiscuous bands, and many of them start on their southern journey. From my woods along the Hudson the warblers all disappear before the middle of the month. Some of them are probably in hiding during the moulting season. The orioles begin to move south about the middle of the month, and by the first of September the last of them have passed. They occasionally sing in a suppressed tone during this time, probably the young males trying their instruments. It is at this time, when full of frolic and mischief, like any other emigrants with faces set to new lands, that they make such havoc in the Hudson River vineyards. They seem to puncture the grapes in the spirit of pure wantonness, or as if on a wager as to who can puncture the most. The swallows—the cliff and barn—all leave in August, usually by the 20th, though the swift may be seen as late as October. I notice that our poets often detain the swallow much beyond the proper date. One of them makes them perch upon the barn in October. Another poet makes them noisy about the eaves in Indian summer. An English poet makes the swallow go at November's bidding. Long ere this date they are in tropical climes. They begin to flock, and apparently rehearse the migrating programme, in July.

The bobolinks go in early August with the red-shouldered starlings, and along the Potomac and Chesapeake Bay become the reed-birds of sportsmen. One often hears them in this month calling from high in the air as they journey southward from more northern latitudes.

About the most noticeable bird of August in New York and New England is the yellow-bird, or goldfinch. This is one of the latest birds to nest, seldom hatching its eggs till late in July. It seems as if a particular kind of food is required to rear its brood, which cannot be had at an earlier date. The seed of the common thistle is apparently its mainstay. There is no prettier sight at this season than a troop of young goldfinches, led by their parents, going from thistle to thistle along the road-side, and pecking the ripe heads to pieces for the seed. The plaintive call of the young at this time is one of the characteristic August sounds. Their nests are frequently destroyed, or the eggs thrown from them, by the terrific July thunder-showers. Last season a pair had a nest on the slender branch of a maple in front of the door of the house where I was stopping. The eggs were being deposited, and the happy pair had many a loving conversation about them many times each day, when one afternoon a very violent storm arose which made the branches of the trees stream out like wildly dishevelled hair, quite turning over those on the windward side, and emptying the pretty nest of its eggs. In such cases the birds build anew, which may bring the incubation into August. Such an accident had probably befallen a pair of which I one season made this note in my note-book, under date of August 6:

A goldfinches' nest in the maple-tree near the window where I write, the female sitting on four pale bluish-white eggs; the male feeds her on the nest; whenever she hears his voice she calls incessantly, much after the manner of the young birds—the only case I recall of the sitting bird calling while in the act of incubation. The male evidently brings the food in his crop, or at least well back in his beak or throat, as it takes him several moments to deliver it to his mate, which he does by several morsels. The male, when disturbed by a rival, utters the same note, as he pursues his enemy from point to point, that the female does when calling to him. It does not sound like a note of anger, but of love and confidence.

As the bird-songs fail, the insect harpers and fiddlers begin. August is the heyday of these musicians. The katydid begins to "work her chromatic reed" early in the month, and with her comes that pulsing, purring monotone of

the little pale tree-crickets. These last fill the August twilight with a soft rhythmic undertone of sound, which forms a sort of background for the loud, strident notes of the katydids.

August, too, is the month of the screaming, high-sailing hawks. The young are now fully fledged, and they love to circle and scream far above the mountain's crest all the tranquil afternoon. Sometimes one sees them against the slow, changing, and swelling thunder-heads that so often burden the horizon at this season.

It is in the dewy August mornings that one notices the webs of the little spiders in the newly mown meadows. They look like gossamer napkins spread out upon the grass—thousands of napkins far and near. The farmer looks upon it as a sign of rain; but the napkins are there every day; only a heavier dew makes them more pronounced one morning than another.

August days are for the most part tranquil days; the fret and hurry of the season are over. We are on the threshold of autumn.

Nature dreams and meditates; her veins no longer thrill with the eager, frenzied sap; she ripens and hardens her growths; she concentrates; she begins to make ready for winter. The buds for next year are formed during this month, and her nuts and seeds and bulbs finish storing up food for the future plant.

From my outlook upon the Hudson the days are placid, the river is placid, the boughs of the trees gently wag, the bees make vanishing lines through the air. The passing boats create a great commotion in the water, converting it from a cool, smooth, shadowy surface to one pulsing and agitated. The pulsations go shoreward in long, dark, rolling, glassy swells. The grapes are purpling in the vineyard. The apples and pears are coloring in the orchard; the corn is glazing in the field; the oats are ripe for the cradle; grasshoppers poise and shuffle above the dry road; thistle-down drifts by on the breeze; a sparrow sings fitfully now and then; dusty wheelmen go by on their summer vacation tours; boats appear upon the river loaded with gay excursionists, and on every hand the stress and urge of life have abated.

The English of the English

BY JULIAN RALPH

THAT hackneyed American maiden who said London was a nice place if you knew the language was not a bit absurd. We speak English; but we have built up our forms of English expression upon the English of a few shires of the old country as it was spoken between two and three centuries ago, while they have been blending and changing the speech of all their home peoples during the same period. The result is that an American can hardly utter a sentence in England without calling attention to the difference between his speech and that of the people about him. Only yesterday, after eighteen months' residence in England, I rushed up to a conductor in Charing Cross Station and asked, "Which car for Bromley?" He stared at me, and I knew I had spoken a foreign tongue to him, because street vehicles like omnibuses and horse-cars are called road cars and tram cars, and there are no other cars in England.

If you ask a guest at your home in England whether he likes his meat rare, he asks what you said, because he does not understand you. He calls meat underdone when it is not thoroughly cooked. If you tell him you fear the asparagus is canned, he is at a loss again, because he would have said it was tinned. To ask him to pass the powdered sugar will again set him to wondering, for he calls it icing sugar, generally, though he knows that it is sometimes called caster or sifted sugar. And if you have candy on the table you may not call it so without betraying your foreign origin, for he calls candy "sweets," abbreviated from "sweetmeats," and used to designate all preserves, puddings, pies, candies, and jams.

To go farther along the eccentricities of English at the dining-table, most persons know, I suppose, that the beet is called beet root, corn-starch is corn flour, corned beef (or a particular cut of it) is called "silversides of beef," and napkins are serviettes.

If in a shop I say, "I want a paper of pins," the clerk says, "Thank you. A great many Americans in London, now, aren't there?" "Oh yes," I say; "I meant a packet of pins." To ask for a spool of cotton is to set a clerk to staring at you, and to speak of a baby-carriage is to speak of the unknown, because spools of cotton or silk are called reels, and baby-carriages are known as perambulators—shortened to "prams" in the speech of millions.

As to native English speech, one needs no more forcible illustration of its eccentricities than this sentence: In England, when one is going a journey, he goes to the booking-office of a railway station, buys a "first single" or a "third return," whichever his rank or means prescribe, asks which platform he is to go to for his train, sees his luggage put in the proper van, and takes his seat in the proper carriage, after which the guards slam all the doors and turn all the handles, the conductor blows his whistle, the engine-driver starts the locomotive-engine, and the train slips along the metals out of the station, passing a train of goods-vans, shunting-engines, and the narrow cutting beyond in safety because the points have all been set to open the line ahead. Perhaps the carriage passes some cleaners mounted on steps—not stepladders, as we say—to clean the window-panes of an empty carriage, while other men inside are dusting the blinds—which we call shades.

It may be that this traveller is a woman who has been to London to get a servant. In that case she would have gone to a registry office or a lady agent's to get a waitress, and may have been told that professed cooks are very hard to get, but that there are several good generals on the list, and one of these, who is now at home with her father—a cowkeeper near London—has a three years' character from her last place.

We can imagine our heroine leaving the office and giving up an hour or two to shopping. Consulting the list she has

made out to help her memory, she finds that she needs to go to a shirt-tailor's for her husband, and to stop at the breeches-maker's to see about his new bicycle suit. She then goes to one of the stores (stores being what we call department-stores, all lesser places where goods of only one sort are sold being shops) and orders the following articles: preservers, footholds, a whisk, a coal-scoop, some stuff for face-cloths, cold-cream for her little daughter's "roughs," and knickers also for the child; material for the body the sempstress is to start work upon next day, a camisole, some basque protectors, a block of paper, a box of hooks and eyes (never a paper of them), some white calico, as they call muslin, and a pepper-box of silver to match her best salt-box. She prices several layettes for a newly married lady friend—wife of the medical man next door. Being very tired and hungry, she goes to the coffee-room in the stores and has tea and cut bread (white wheat-bread) and butter and a lot of sweets. I should have said that she takes along nothing of all she buys, but orders everything sent by express-carrier, carriage paid; and as she has a book at the stores, she asks to have it made up or posted. That reminds her that she must not forget to pop into the nearest pillar-box a post-card she has written to the upholster, asking him to come and see what it will cost to newly upholster her drawing-room suite.

Now when the American reader knows that a whisk, or egg-whisk, is an egg-beater, a coal-scoop is a coal-scuttle, a face-cloth is a wash-rag, footholds are small thin rubbers, a body is slang for bodice (just as the slang of the shops and masses makes chemise into "shim"); when he learns that "the roughs" are chapped hands, a block of paper is a pad, a camisole is a corset-cover, a preserver is a dress-shield, knickers are knickerbockers, or drawers, in Americanese—then he will get a great deal of light on what this very foreign-speaking, foreign-thinking lady has been doing. She washes her hands and face by the aid of a jug and basin, because she never heard those utensils called a wash-bowl and pitcher. With some of the English the word pitcher only describes little jugs, but none of the servants I have at present ever heard the word pitcher used at all. As for a bowl, all over England it is a thing in which

to serve food. The lady of my story calls a letter-box a pillar-box, just as she calls a lamp-post a lamp-pillar; and what we call a doctor is always a medical man in her mind, though she may have heard that the Americans even apply the title doctor to surgeons and to dentists, who are plain "misters" in England.

Luggage is baggage, and luggage-labels take the place of our baggage-checks, but are not the same things. Americans habitually ask for a check in restaurants and refreshment-places, and thus astonish the English, who ask for "the bill" under the same circumstances—though I have known the words inventory and invoice to be used when many purchases have been made in a shop or store. Of course an elevator is a lift, a picture-mat is a mount, news and book stands are stalls, and men calculate their weight in stones—the measure of fourteen pounds. A man's soft hat is a squash hat, and a Derby is a bowler or billycock hat. The instalment plan is the hire system, and dress goods are dress materials. The American word yard, meaning the space around or beside a house, is unknown; so is our word stoop, which the Dutch lent us. Rocking-chairs are not used. The English do not understand what a pocket-book is. They understand the word *porte-monnaie*, but never use it. Purse is their word for the thing they carry money in.

One buys most dry-goods at a mercer's, cloth at a draper's, milk, butter, and eggs at a dairy or cowkeeper's; goes to the head office, instead of the headquarters, of a company; speaks of coals instead of coal; goes to the turnery department of a store for wooden-ware, and to the ironmongery department or the ironmonger's for hardware. The term green-grocer and the almost equally common term fruiterer and green-grocer explain themselves, though it needs to be said that not only fish, but usually poultry and game are to be had at the fish-shops. Chickens are not chickens, but are fowls; and all the cereals—wheat, rye, barley, etc.—are lumped together under the word "corn." When you inquire after the health of any one, he or she is always fit if in good health, and seedy if not feeling well. All stated meetings in England are called fixtures in the newspapers, factories are called works, scrub-women are char-women.

There are no low shoes, so called, in

England. Low shoes are shoes, and high shoes are boots. What we call boots they call top-boots.

Written English is, of course, the same as the spoken tongue; but it widens the difference between our speech and theirs by reason of the spelling that obtains in their island. Every one knows that wagon is spelled, as Horace Greeley spelled it once, with two g's; but the English do not explain the spelling as he did when he said to a critic, "You see, they used to build wagons heavier when I learned to spell." Curb is spelled kerb, tire is tyre, a bank-check is a cheque, and ribbon is still often spelled riband.

The American who believes, as thousands do, that to betray one's nationality is to invite overcharging and extortion in the West End shops of London, is not only hard pressed to choose the peculiar words the English employ, but he has quite as many and as deep pitfalls to avoid in the methods of pronunciation. I will not refer to the false or ignorant methods of illiterate persons, but will confine attention to some eccentricities of pronunciation of gentlemen and ladies of education, rank, and breeding. They say immejitly, injin for engine, militry, figger and figgers, clark for clerk, paytent, naytional—and so on through a long list. The peculiarities of their mode of pronouncing their own names of families, places, and things are not open to criticism, because if they may not do as they please with their own, it is hard indeed. They pronounce Berkeley barclay, Cowper is cooper, Cadogan is kerduggan, Ralph is rafe in some shires, Craven is sometimes crawveen, Derby is darby, Leveson-Gower becomes loosun-gore, Hertford is hartford, and Albany is spoken so that the first syllable shall rhyme with shall, instead of with hall, as with us. I hesitate to say that Cholmondeley is called chumly, and that Beauchamp is beecham, as every one knows these eccentricities, yet they are the most remarkable of all the liberties the English take with their language. You must say Balmo-ral and Trafal-gar, and you must chop the following names very short: Lud-get, Ho-b'n, South-uk, and Merrybun, whenever you wish to say Ludgate, Holborn, Southwark, and Marylebone. I have heard the Prince call his own house Mobrer House, though we call it Marlborough House.

English people end almost every sentence with a question. Your grand lady says: "It looks like rain, doesn't it? We shall have a muddy ride, sha'n't we?" You say to the girl in the shop, "These gloves are hard to get on"; and she replies: "But all gloves are hard to get on at first, aren't they? And they soon wear easier, don't they?"

When we come to the English variations of their own speech, which are said to be so great and so many that the people of one shire are not able to understand those in all the others, we are brought to think of the cockney speech all American tourists hear more or less of in London. And I am going to be so bold as to say that Dickens, greatest celebrator of the London poor, either had no ear for even the coarsest variations of his mother-tongue, or else became so Londonese himself that he did not notice the talk all around him. What he set down as the speech of the masses I never once heard in London, and what the cockney lingo really is he gives no hint of in a single line that I can recall in all his books. Had he been dealing realistically with his characters, he could not have made Master Charles Bates say, "Pray, pray, send them back; the old lady will think I stole them," because what the thief must have said is, "Pry, pry, send," etc.; "the hold lidy will think I stole 'em." Dickens makes Bates say, "Hold me while I laugh it out," whereas we all know he must have said, "'Old me whoile I lawgh it aout." Barry Pain wrote some cockney verses on Jubilee day, and I will take one of them as illustrative of a number of the erraticisms of the cockney, especially the cockney-coster, speech:

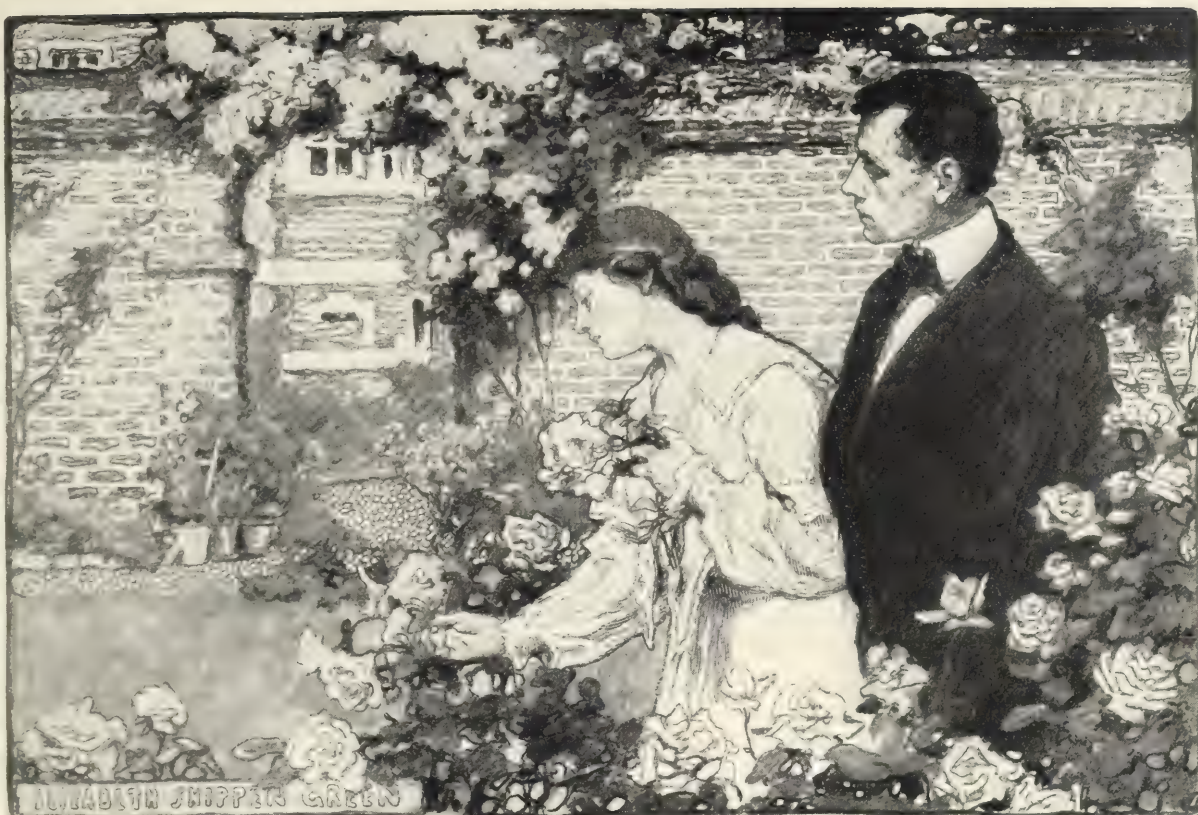
I 'eard the guns a-rattlin' when they pawst,
goin fawst;

I wited from the stawtin' ter the lawst, very
lawst;

Fur the creams with gold postillions whort
was wited for by millions,

Fur 'er that sits atorp the empire vawst.

It may be a shocking thing to say, but Barry Pain knows London better than the great genius at story-telling did, for the speech which has clung to these masses missed the ear of Dickens, who not only let it go, but invented out of the whole cloth, not any dialect, but a number of methods of expression such as I never heard in use in London or anywhere else.



An Old Country House

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

I
PERHAPS, dear reader—if you will excuse so old-fashioned a manner of address, not inappropriate in the connection—perhaps it has not happened to be one of your dreams to live in an old house. Perdita and I, however, almost as soon as we dreamed of keeping a house together at all, had agreed that, if possible, it must be an old house. Of course, to live together was the main thing, though we could afford no higher rent than that of a hollow tree in the forest; but to live together in an old house would be best. It was a dream that had to wait. Waiting is said to be good for dreams. Meanwhile we did not live in a tree in the forest, but in a little red brick box, one of a neat row of suburban cottages facing a bit of old woodland which still defied the steadily encroaching town. Things had prospered with us the year or two in the little red brick box, and the dream of the old house came back. An old house with an old garden—cut trees, a lawn of green

velvet, and a sun-dial. Already I knew that Perdita saw herself on that lawn in the spring sunshine, leading a flower by the hand, with the sun-dial and two white peacocks against the well-clipped yews.

"We must have espalier roses," said Perdita.

"Certainly," I said.

"*La France, Anna Olivier, Gloire de Dijon, Etoile de Lyon*, and, of course, *Maréchal Niel*," said Perdita, dreamily.

"It will be like growing beautiful words," said I—"publishing little books of rose leaves."

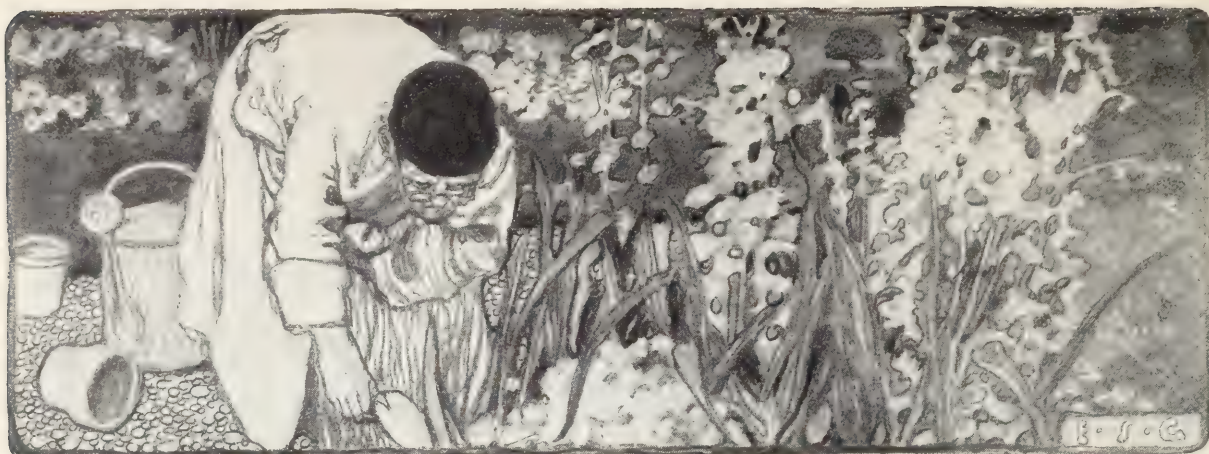
"And we must have old brick walls, with peaches and nectarines ripening in the sun."

"And pear-trees," I said, "in a trim attitude of crucifixion."

"We shall have to look after the wasps and earwigs," said Perdita; "they are terrible with the peaches." . . .

"We must have nets," I said, vaguely.

"To keep off the birds, you mean—yes! We must have nets for the strawberries."



"Will it be necessary to protect the asparagus?" I asked.

And then we both laughed, for our dream had not yet advanced even as far as a single earwig. We had not even consulted a house-agent.

It was a bright morning.

"Take your bicycle," said Perdita, "set up a stick, and ride in the direction it falls—till—"

"Till I come to the asparagus."

"But, whatever you do, don't forget the sun-dial," cried Perdita, as I sped away in the green direction of Surrey.

Now, though of course Perdita and I knew nothing about it, it had happened that, about a month before, in the very house Perdita was dreaming of, an old bachelor gentleman had died. He was a great Shakspearean scholar, we afterwards learned from one of the church-wardens, and somehow we got to think of him as a sort of Edward Fitzgerald. A bookish, smoky old man, fond of stopping and talking to children, we decided him to have been. He had lived in the old house for nearly thirty years,

had sat with his pipe looking out upon this village green before either of us had been born. We have always felt a sort of gratitude to him for keeping the house for us so long. If he had died even a few months earlier—as an old tired man might have been forgiven doing, for he was up on eighty, as you can read in the churchyard—we should certainly have missed it. And now that we really live in it, and Perdita has her nurseries and white peacocks, and we set our clocks by a sun-dial, we sometimes catch our breath as we think how terribly near we came to losing it. Only yesterday Perdita gave a little shudder, and laughed as I asked the reason.

"You never will guess," she replied, "but I just thought of that fat man who walked in front of us from the station the first day we came to look over the house, and who we were sure was walking straight to take it before we did. Do you remember?"

Indeed I did, for I never felt so sure of anything. He was the only passenger except ourselves by the train, and he





walked eagerly, just as people do when they are going to look over a house they dread some one else is going to take. He looked prosperous too—a man who would keep horses, we said—a man who would outbid us, give the landlord twice the rent he asked just to get the place . . . (rich men always do this). Therefore you can imagine our relief when he turned off sharp to the left half a mile from our village. So far we were safe. There was no other enemy in sight, though we almost dreaded to set eyes on the dream-house, lest the “To Let” notice should be missing from the windows, and a busy stir of painters and paper-hangers in the old rooms.

But no! We were safe as yet, though we had many tremors to go through before the old house really became ours. Of course, like people of the world, we offered the landlord less than he asked, and were sorry next day, when the agent told us how two colonels and one general were already after it, men who were willing to spend quite large sums on the place. Finally I signed the agreement with a

hurrah, and the two colonels and the general shivered houseless in our imaginations. We felt quite sorry for their disappointment.

II

We are sometimes asked if we don't fear ghosts. Perdita once made a charming answer.

“Of course,” she said, “if it were some terrible ghost with its head underneath its arm, I should be frightened; but if one day I were to meet some wistful poor shadow on the staircase, some wandering unhappy soul, I should only be sorry for it, sorry to have intruded on its reverie.”

And I am sure Perdita spoke the truth.

As a matter of fact, an old house would hardly be worth taking without its ghosts. Not, of course, dreadful visible ghosts such as Perdita spoke of, but those memories, or rather suggestions of memories, those hints of long-abandoned habits, those marks of masterful characteristics no longer heeded, which a sym-





pathetic imagination piously materializes.

The nearest we have as yet come to a ghost apprehensible by the senses, was a ghost that appeared, so to say, to our noses—the ghost of an old man's tobacco. It met us almost as soon as we entered the house on our first visit. It was unmistakably present in the room to the left of the hall, which has now been transformed into Perdita's boudoir. It disappeared with the dainty new paint and the Perdita wallpaper, and though I have since sat alone in the room for hours at a time, I have observed no trace of it. A jar of Japanese pot-pourri seems to have overpowered it forever.

For this I confess I am sorry. For what more pathetic ghost than an old man's tobacco! I wish now that I had chosen the room for my study, for then it need not have been banished, but might have mingled, indeed, with congenial company. Perdita's cigarette smoke is hardly so potent as her presence, and there can be little doubt but that that old ghost would strongly disapprove of Perdita's smoking at all.

Yes! I think we might have done so much for our old predecessor—allowed lodging, so long as it cared to stay, literally for his kindly old breath in one of our rooms. We have more rooms than enough

for ourselves. In fact, there are several we do not use at all. Unfortunately these seem to have been unoccupied by him too. Evidently his fancy was for that front room looking out across the green. There it was that he was still unmistakably present the day we invaded his peace with our noisy future-running feet. And now it is no use asking him to come back—though, I assure him, should he chance to read this, that if he will give us fair warning, so that our first introduction to each other need not be of too startling a nature, nothing would make us happier than to make his old room ready for him at any hour of the day or night, as near like its old self as we can guess it. Only let him convey us some message that he will accept our invitation. We might leave a Shakspeare closed on the table, and if on our next entering the room we found it open at, say—a passage which I'm sure the old man loved—the lines about Perdita's flowers in the *Winter's Tale*, we would prepare ourselves to receive him, have a jar as near as we could guess of his favorite tobacco, and a church-warden, all in readiness for him.

Kindly old man, come back if you will to your old room. We would not drive you away with the sound of our young voices. There is room enough in the old house for all of us. You who loved young voices love ours, bless our little children, and you shall find us tender to your old dreams! But if "Old Fitz," as we call him, has not appeared to us since the day his tobacco smoke was cruelly driven from its hiding-place in his old and, it must be said in all reverence, hideous wall-paper, we have frequent indications that he is as yet far from having given up possession of our old house, though he smokes in it no more. There are many of our neighbors who, it is evident, plainly see him still sitting at his window, and moving about our rooms. This is particularly true of a charming middle-aged lady who is our next-door neighbor. She also has looked on the village green for nearly thirty years; and for all that time our old ghost was one of her dearest friends. Can you wonder that it is *we* who seem the ghosts to her, and that when she comes to take tea with us she seems

hardly to see us, to be, in fact, looking through and beyond us—at the kind old friend who is gone, and is still there?

Though as yet he is far from completely created in our imaginations—and we hope to know him much more intimately through traditional hint and glimpse—he is still real to us beyond all the other ghosts who have left marks of themselves, dim or more or less clear, upon our old house, and to whom we owe so much for its beauty and comfort. Of these there are several of whom we desire some information. We would, indeed, particularly like to meet:

1. The three ghosts who in August of the year 1762 carved their names unostentatiously—quite obscurely, in fact—on three of the red bricks built in the side of the Georgian part of the house. Their names are Coates, Diddlesfold, Chalcroft. We surmise them to have been three friends whose fancy it was, while the new house was building, to take each an unset brick, write his name on it, and then get the bricklayer to set the three bricks in the building as a memorial that in August, 1762, Coates, Diddlesfold, and Chalcroft were good friends and glad to be alive. If that surmise is correct, the present occupiers of the house are just the people to appreciate the fancy. We desire, therefore, further acquaintance with these three ghosts.

2. The ghost who laid out the garden, and every ghost who contributed to its present charm; the ghost who thought of the sun-dial; and the ghost who planted the cut yews.

3. The ghost who sings Lillibullero in the low-roofed dining-room at three in the morning. Perdita has not yet heard him.

4. The particular ghost who was so fond of roses.

5. The ghost that makes a noise like soft snow against the window on February nights.

6. The ghosts of the little children who lived in the nursery in Elizabeth's time; and the nearer ghost of a very little girl, aged between one and three, who once sat on my knee, but is now quite a grown-up lady and goes to boarding-school.

Yes! our old house is full of ghosts. But no!—we are not in the least afraid.

III

Perhaps one of the greatest charms of an old house is the number of superseded contrivances which it contains, naïve engines of the antique domestic economy long since improved upon, the apparatus of methods no longer a part of the living science of existence.

That powdered wigs are no longer common, are, in fact, seldom worn nowadays, by no means subtracts from our delight in the powdering closet attached to Perdita's bedroom, with the hole in the door through which the fine lady or gentleman meekly placed her or his head as on a block, so that the great puffs should not shower their whiteness over the whole exquisite figure. I am sure we are far happier in it than if we actually put it to its proper use.

In Perdita's room, as in two other bedrooms, there is another device of the use of which we were ignorant till a young eighteenth century friend of ours explained it to us. It is a curious brass arrangement attached to door and door-post, by which you were able to fasten your door at night and unfasten it in the morning without leaving your bed. Unlike a certain popular author, I am not good at describing machinery. So I will satisfy myself by saying that the main feature of the contrivance is a brass bolt, fastened high on the door-post and working perpendicularly. To this was attached a long cord which was carried round the ceiling by an arrangement of rings till it reached the bed-side. By pulling the cord you raised the bolt, and thus released a little movable brass catch attached to the door, which catch, before going to bed, you had placed in position between the door-post and the fallen bolt.

I can give you no idea of the pleasure this little engine has given us. It is now in ancient working order, and we bolt our door at night just for the pleasure of unbolting it in the morning in the way they unbolted it a hundred years ago. This, you may observe, is childish; but a certain childishness is of the essence of enjoying an old house. That enjoyment, more than most of our pleasures, is largely one of the imagination. It is a kind of intellectual play-acting, a running accompaniment of make-believe, which must not be allowed, of course, to

become obtrusively dramatic. One lives in an old house to live one's own life, after all—not seriously to ape the life of its former inhabitants. But that life is lived, so to say, in the atmosphere of a strange old perfume, to a faint music of old violins. It is the modern uselessness of those various naïve contrivances of which I have spoken which is no small part of their charm. They have ceased to be useful—and so are become beautiful.

To understand the full truth of this axiom you must visit the kitchen quarters. These form a veritable museum of the culinary art. It is a museum from which I am debarred during the day, for obvious reasons; but sometimes at midnight, unseen save by the cat and the black beetles, I take a candle and explore its Egyptian silence. I am never tired of looking at the old spit with all its wonderful clock-work. Following the stout string that runs from it through the wall, I come to the little cupboard of clock-weights that work it. I open the door each time with new wonder. Strange that an ancient method of roasting beef should seem so romantic. It is the astrology of cookery. Hard by is an ancient apparatus for brewing beer. How I dote on the old copper boiler, inspect the various taps, raise the copper lids! The whole thing affects me like the word "home-brew"—"tasting of Flora and the country green." But we do not brew our own beer, all the same.

That reminds me of the cellars—wonderful catacombs which once more illustrate that charm in uselessness which belongs to an old house. I stand among the whitewashed wine-bins as I might stand among the ruins of Thebes. I call up old vintages as one might recall the names of old dynasties. Ah! what illustrious lines of the royal grape have made their successive dwelling-place where—O! abominable!—we now house our coal. Names of vintages of wine rise before me, splendid as the names of old kings, and famous dates emblazon the cob-webbed dark. Ah me!—not one bottle left of all that ancient glory. Sometimes I dream that on one of my midnight explorations I shall come upon a secret door, and, by the lucky working of a spring, find myself standing before a

hidden treasure of old wine. Meanwhile we cannot think of mocking those underground palaces of the grape with our modest store of claret and whiskey—for which a humble cupboard gives ample room.

IV

However, if we do not make its proper use of the spit—that astrolabe of the kitchen—or brew our own beer, at least we make our own time of day. So long as the sun shines we are independent of the village clock or our own watches—which is fortunate, as those new-fangled time-pieces seldom agree. We take our time fresh from the maker. No mechanism intervenes for us between the birth of time and its registration. For us time is born and registered at the same moment. The sun has no sooner made a minute than it is ours, and we can watch him making the next. It is not, I understand from learned authority, unimpeachable Greenwich time—except on four days in the year. These four days are April 15, June 15, September 1, and December 24. On these days you may rely on catching your train by sundial. During a few days of November, however, it is apt to make you miss it, by—not more than—sixteen minutes. You will hardly miss your train by so much. Six-





teen minutes is the maximum. You may only miss it by ten.

The fault—if fault it can be called—is, of course, with the sun, not with the dial. As every encyclopedia knows, the sun, compared with the stars, is something of an idler. He takes an average of some four minutes a day longer than the stars to his daily round. The stars may be relied on to a second. But while, in a sense, the sun is equally punctual, his is that subtle punctuality which has the appearance of unpunctuality. So to say, he is always punctually late. This is one of those conditions of being a dial—instead of a sun—of which it is useless for the most beautiful bright-faced dial to complain. And, after all, an average unpunctuality of four minutes a day is nothing to make a fuss about,—there is something endearingly human about it,—whereas that cold punctuality of the stars perhaps accounts for our feeling them so unsympathetic to our warm mortality. All really human beings miss trains. And, if this axiom be conceded, the sundial is thus seen to be a friend to human nature.

Not Greenwich time, but garden time. The time made by sun-dial is time as superior to that made by city clock as milk fresh from the cow is superior to milk fresh from the can. Each minute of it is superior to a town minute as a new-laid egg is superior to a town-laid egg! It is, so to speak, real unadulterated time, time running pure as the running brook, and possibly purer, time which tastes of wild flowers, like honey in the mouth, time whose hours and quarters are chimed by birds, and whose minutes are ticked by grasshoppers:

So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself.

So is the good time of the dial well spent; or say thus:

So many hours must I read my book;
So many hours must I smoke my pipe;
So many hours must I walk abroad;
So many hours with my children play;
So many hours with their mother talk.

It is the natural clock by which to do the beautiful work of idleness; the clock, as Lamb beautifully said, "appropriate

for sweet plants and flowers to spring by, for the birds to apportion their silver warblings by, for flocks to pasture and be led to fold by." As that motto which took Hazlitt's fancy on a sun-dial near Venice declares—*Horas non numero nisi serenas*—it only counts the sunny hours. And these it counts with a gentleness that makes one forgive the inevitable record. It is not, like the clock, a Cassandra crying aloud of the swift-coming end, interrupting our happiest hours with grim reminders that they are surely passing. It is only too glad that we should forget; and sometimes, with the connivance of a friendly cloud, it affects that time is not passing at all, or at least mercifully refuses to tell us that we have already outstaid our appointed hour in the sun. This friendly characteristic of sun-dials is sometimes frustrated by mournful people who will insist on the *memento mori*, and inscribe the kindly dial with lugubrious reminders of our mortal state. Sun-dials should have cheerful mottoes. Here is one I made for Perdita's:

Shadow and sun—so too our lives are made—
Yet think how great the sun, how small the shade!

The optimism here is, I fear, somewhat too sententious. Yet better be sententiously cheerful than sententious after the manner of a death's-head. Here is a homely rebuke of such worm-ponderers:

Sic transit, sayst thou? Well, then, let it pass!

Wouldst be a glutton at the feast of life,
And eat and eat, and ever fill thy glass?

Well-fed, Content lays down his fork and knife.

Were one careful to celebrate sun-dials after the manner of Izaak Walton, one might proudly produce august spiritual authority in their favor; and I confess that I never look at our sun-dial without thinking of the good king Hezekiah, whose life was prolonged by the Divine consent, apparently for the sole, but excellent reason that he loved it: "O Lord, by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit." So cried the King of Judah in deadly fear that his hour had come, and that he should "behold man no more



with the inhabitants of the world." Perhaps there is no more human cry in the whole of literature; and so great was the humanity of it that God, at the intercession of His prophet Isaiah, took pity upon the king who loved His world so well, and granted him a reprieve of fifteen years. Fifteen years! It must have sounded like eternal youth.

Fifteen years more of springs and summers—measured (and this is the point) by "the sun-dial of Ahaz." For, said the prophet: "This shall be a sign unto thee from the Lord, that the Lord will do this thing that He hath spoken: Behold, I will bring again the shadow of the degrees, which is gone down in the sun-dial of Ahaz, ten degrees backward." "So," we read on, "the sun returned ten degrees, by which degrees it was gone down."

This, it is said, is the most ancient reference to sun-dials in literature, and it is curious, therefore, to note that on this, the first recorded occasion of its use, that should be seen to happen which has so often been declared impossible since—that the hand should be seen going back upon the dial! Ah! to be Hezekiah, King of Judah—with fifteen new, unexpected years to spend! "O God, put back Thy universe, and give me yesterday!"—as the hero of a famous melodrama cries in a moment of agony. No! Says the *memento mori*:

Soon shall the shining circle cease to run;
Soon shall to-morrow turn to yesterday.
That knife of shadow cutting in the sun
Cuts patiently thy light of life away.

But all these sad thoughts have no-

thing to do with our sun-dial. It only counts the sunny hours. Finally, I would make a practical scientific claim for sun-dial time over time as told by ordinary clock and watch. If it is unreliable compared with Greenwich time, it has compensating advantages. Personally I have never felt any real curiosity as to the time of day at Greenwich. I never find myself saying: "Now I wonder what time it is at Greenwich?" Who would not forego Greenwich time for a clock that will tell you the time at such fascinating places as Peking, Agra, Surat, Bagdad, Constantinople, Aleppo, Rome, Madrid, Amsterdam, Bantam, Mexico, Charlestown, Moscow, Barbadoes, the Bermudas, Jamestown, New York, and Madeira—and such a clock is our sun-dial.

Think of the wonderfulness of being able, thousands of miles away on an English lawn, to tell the time at Peking! What will science do next? It is like knowing the time of day in the moon. And that reminds me that Perdita's latest fancy is for a moon-dial. I confess, too, that if one can imagine anything more fascinating than a sun-dial, it would be a moon-dial—the veritable clock of lovers! A certain famous horologer of the sixteenth century, Sebastian Münster, of Basel, invented a moon-dial; and there is a wonderful sun-dial in one of the college courts at Cambridge which can be used as a moon-dial too.

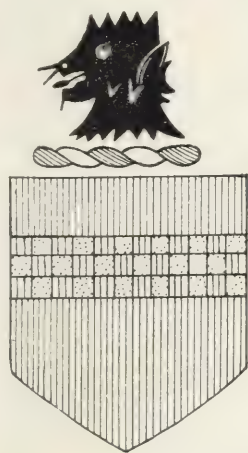
Yes! we must certainly have a moon-dial in our garden.



CARPE DIEM HORA ADEST VESPERTINA

An Old London Folk Tale

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY



The First Whittington
Coat of Arms

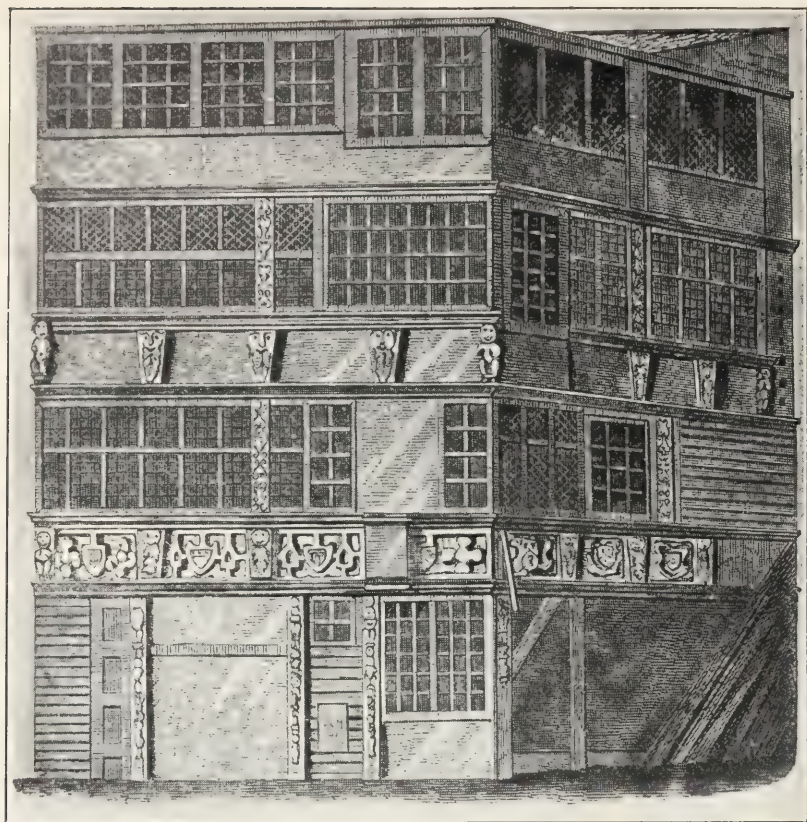
IN the year 1862 some workmen, while repairing the cellar of a house in Gloucester, came upon a carved stone. It was a neatly executed sculpture representing a boy with a cat in his arms. This discovery at once attracted the attention of Dr. Samuel Lysons, rector of Rodmarton, who, two years before, had published a work of remarkable research, entitled, *The Model Merchant of the Middle Ages, exemplified in the Story of Whittington and his Cat*. In this monograph Dr. Lysons had affirmed the substantial truth of the story of Whittington's Cat, in the face of a confirmed antiquarian scepticism. The various explanations that had been given of the legend assumed that the Cat story was much later than Whittington's own time. He died in 1423. Dr. Lysons had directed his investigations to prove the legend well known in the fifteenth century. His arguments had not convinced antiquarians. But this sculptured boy and cat proved to be important witnesses. Fortunately, in England the history of every square foot of land is traceable.

The enthusiastic rector was soon exploring the archives of Gloucester, and at length came upon a rent-roll of the time of Henry VI., 1460, with the following entry: "The Prior of Lanthony holds all those houses and buildings with their appurtenances in the aforementioned lane, called Abbey Lane, up to the common highway adjoining the chancel of the church of St. Nicholas, and also the tenements of Richard Whitynton, Lord of Staunton, which are called Rotten

Row and Ashwell's Place." The Richard Whitynton here mentioned was already known to have been the grandnephew of the famous Lord Mayor. Surveys were instituted, which proved that his tenements described in the above rent-roll stood just where the sculpture was found.

Richard Whittington was born in or about the year 1358. He was a younger son of Sir William Whittington, of Pauntley, Gloucestershire, where he was born. Sir William having died in 1360, his widow was left in good circumstances. A branch of the family still exists at Hamswill, near Pauntley. Dame Whittington was of the North Devon family of Mansels. From her neighborhood had come Sir John Fitzwarren, then a great merchant in London. To him, as a friend of the family, Richard was sent as a prentice, then the highest place open to a boy, unless he went into the Church or the law. Only the sons of "freemen" of the City, or boys of good and honorable families, were admitted to the seven years' apprenticeship. About the age of thirteen Whittington came to London. Mr. Besant gives a graphic description of the City of that time, which was a sort of republic governed by a mercantile oligarchy.

In 1379, when Whittington was twenty-one, his name appears, for the first time, in the City records,—as contributing five marks as his share of a loan to the City. This was not so much as the share of some others, but shows he had taken up his "freedom," and was in successful business. Whittington's name next appears in 1387, as one of the Common Council. Two years later he is named as surety for ten pounds towards the defence of the City. Thus in ten years his assessment had risen from five marks to ten pounds, this sum being that paid by the richest citizens. In 1393 he was chosen Alderman, and in the same



WHITTINGTON PALACE, LONDON

FROM A DRAWING PUBLISHED IN THE "GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE," 1796

year elected Sheriff. In this year the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Salisbury complained formally to the King, of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs of London, that they were of little faith, upholders of Lollards, detractors of religious persons, detainers of tithes, and defrauders of the poor. Whittington, the Sheriff thus charged, could only have been a defrauder of the poor in some archiepiscopal sense now unimaginable; but one may hope that it was due to the religious liberality of himself and his accused fellow-officers that no London citizen of that period was burnt for heresy. This accusation, really of liberal tendencies, accords with the rest that is known of Whittington. He founded a fine library at Grey Friars, and bequeathed one for the City at the Guildhall,—the books of which, by-the-way, were borrowed, in Edward Sixth's time, by the Duke of Somerset, and never returned. Mark Twain's little hero ought to have seen after that nobleman. Whittington also founded a college and an almshouse; he was the first to provide a drinking-fountain for wayfarers. His almshouses have been removed to Highgate, not far from the spot where he is

said to have sat when he heard the Bow Bells recalling him to London.

In 1397 the Lord Mayor of London, Adam Bamme, died, and Whittington was appointed to fill his unexpired term. In 1397 he was elected Mayor. In 1406 he was again elected Mayor. In 1416 he was elected member of Parliament for the City of London. In 1419 he was elected Mayor, thus serving in that office for the fourth time. At what time he married Alice Fitzwarren, daughter of Sir John, to whom he was apprenticed, is unknown. She died before him, and in his will he provides that masses shall be said for her soul and for his own. In his will he commends his soul to the

Omnipotent God and the Virgin Mary, and orders that a penny (equal to a shilling now) shall be given to every man, woman, and child on the day of his funeral. He also provides for the continuance of the charities of his life; but it is evident that Sir Richard Whittington was one of those surprisingly few benefactors who take care to be, in the main, their own executors. "The fervent desire," he writes in founding his college, "and busy intention of a prudent, wise, and devout man should be to cast before, and make secure the end of this short life with dedys of mercy and pite, and especially to provide for those miserable persons whom the penurye of poverty insulteth, and to whom the necessities of life by act or bodily labour is interdicted."

The picture of his death-bed (1423), surrounded by his executors, whose names are on their garments, is from an illumination on the Ordinances for the regulation of his College. The house in which, according to tradition, he had resided, and which was called Whittington Palace, stood in Hart Street, near Mark Lane, until the close of the eighteenth century. The accompanying drawing of it appear-

ed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1796, with a description. The arms of the Twelve Companies of London were carved beneath the windows. The wings were supported by carved satyrs. In the principal ceiling were medallions containing coats of arms and heads of the Cæsars.

Of all the edifices which existed in London when Whittington came there as a

memory of it survives in the name of the street where it stood. His church is burned down, and his splendid tomb is reduced to ashes. His house, after standing for four hundred years, is pulled down. His almshouses have been taken away from the City. The library which he built for a monastery has fitly become the hall of London's most famous school;



SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT

lad, not one stone is now left upon another. His own house—if it was his—has disappeared. A stained window in the Guildhall, and the little stone image in the crypt, are nearly his only memorials. "His college," says Mr. Besant, "which should have been converted into a great high-school for the City, is swept away and destroyed long since; only the

there is a noble library at Guildhall, but it is not of his foundation. The hospital which Rahere founded and Whittington restored is still full of life and strength, a place of healing and a school of medicine. That it is so is due to Whittington; yet the ungrateful city has forgotten him, and when they put up statues of their worthies, they forget the worthiest



STONE DUG UP ON THE SITE OF THE
WHITTINGTON MANSION IN GLOUCESTER

of all. The greatest citizen of London is without honor in his own city. As well have been a prophet!"

By his own direction Whittington was buried in St. Michael's, Paternoster Row, which he built. Since the fire of 1666 there remains of the tomb only the epitaph, preserved by Stow, in which he is described as "*Flos mercatorum*," which recalls the title of Arthur, Flower of Kings. Stow also tells an extraordinary story about Whittington's body. "His body was *three* times buried—first by his executors under a fair monument; then, in the reign of Edward VI., the parson of the church, thinking some great riches, as he said, to be buried with him, caused his monument to be broken, his body to be spoilt of its leaden sheet, and again the second time to be buried; and in the reign of Queen Mary the parishioners were forced to take him up and lap him in lead as before, to bury him the third time, and to place his monument, or the like, over him again."

The popular legend relates that Dick Whittington was an outcast, who did not know his parents, left on the parish of Taunton Dean, Somerset. At seven, es-

caping from the cruelty of a nurse, he wandered about begging, until, threatened with flogging for vagrancy, he started for London, whose streets he believed paved with gold. In rags, faint with hunger, he reaches London, and tells his distresses at a merchant's door; the cook drives him off; he is discovered by the merchant lying at his door, and ordered off, but seeing him fall *three* times (he had been *three* days without food), the merchant (Fitzwarren) takes him into service as scullion. He is kindly treated by Fitzwarren's daughter, cruelly used by the cook, and his garret is infested with rats, until, with a penny received for cleaning his master's boots, he buys a cat. About to send off a ship, Fitzwarren, according to the custom, invites his servants to "venture" something in it; and Whittington, amid the

gibes of his fellow-servants, "ventures" his cat on the ship *Unicorn*. Subsequently he resolves to fly from the cook's ill usage, but when he reaches Holloway, as he rests on a stone, he hears the Bow Bells ringing—"Turn again, Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London!" This decides him to return to his drudgery. Meanwhile the *Unicorn* is driven by contrary winds "on the coast of Barbary," its officers are entertained by the King of the Moors on gold and silver carpets, but the banquet is devoured by rats. Whittington's cat, having killed the vermin, is purchased by the King for ten times the worth of the *Unicorn's* freight. When Whittington's wealth is brought to him he is cleaning pots. He distributes bounties to everybody, even the cruel cook. He marries Fitzwarren's daughter, by whom he has two sons and two daughters, and becomes thrice Lord Mayor of London. While in this office he entertains Henry V. and his Queen, after the conquest of France, with magnificence. The fire was made of cedar, mace, cinnamon; and when the King admired this lavishness, Sir Richard Whittington said he would try and make a

fire more agreeable to his Majesty, there-upon throwing into the fire the King's bonds to the City and to himself, for money to carry on the French wars, to the amount of £60,000. The legend says that "Dame Alice, his wife, died in the sixty-third year of her age, after which he would not marry, though he outlived her near twenty years, . . . and the following epitaph was written on his tomb":

Here lies Sir Richard Whittington, thrice
Lord Mayor,
And his dear wife, a virtuous loving pair;
Him fortune raised to be beloved and great,
By the adventure only of a cat.
Let none that read it of God's love despair;
Who trusts in Him, He will of him take
care;
But growing rich chuse humbleness, not
pride;
Let these dead virtuous persons be your
guide.

This, of course, is nothing like the real epitaph, in which there is not the faintest allusion to his wife or to the cat.

"The learned editor of the *Munimenta Gildhallæ Londinensis*, Mr. H. T. Riley, tells us in his preface that, in the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth century, trading, or buying and selling at a profit, was known to the more educated classes under the French name *achat*, which in England was written and probably pronounced *acat*. To *acat* of this nature Whittington was indebted for his wealth; and as in time the French became displaced here by the modern English, the meaning of the word probably became lost, and thereby gave the opportunity to some inventive genius, at a much later period, of building a new story of the double meaning on an old and effete word." On this Max Müller (who accepts Mr. Riley's interpretation as an illustration of how myths are formed on misunderstood or obsolete words) makes the following comment: "As I have not been able to trace the

story of Whittington to its earliest form, I must leave to Mr. Riley all the credit and responsibility of this explanation. *Acatum* occurs, however, as early as the twelfth century, in a charter of Henry II. See Stubbs, *Documents*, p. 158." This last fact could hardly have been noted by Besant, who dismisses the "acat" theory by saying that the French word *achats* would, by analogy, have been Englished into "ashats." The discovery of the word "acatum" in a twelfth-century charter proves that the word did somehow lose its *h*—as, indeed, words have a way of doing in London.

Besant—following Lysons—is more successful in dealing with the coal-cat. This "cat" was a vessel of Norwegian model, of over 500 tons, carrying three masts. It is unlikely that such large vessels were built in those days. The earliest coal-vessels were called "keels" or "hoys." Again, in Whittington's time there was a great prejudice in London against coal because of the smoke, and a royal proclamation against the use



WHITTINGTON ON HIS DEATH-BED, SURROUNDED BY HIS
EXECUTORS (1423)

FROM AN ILLUMINATION ON THE ORDINANCES FOR THE REGULATION
OF HIS COLLEGE

of coal was issued in the fourteenth century, ordering the destruction of furnaces and kilns burning it. Only two hundred years later did coal become generally useful, and then for manufacturing purposes only.

Mr. Riley's theory that "cat" is a saga on "acat" is unsatisfactory, because it presupposes a long enough time to have elapsed, after Whittington, for an "inventive genius" to tell a tale contrary to all that was known about Whittington. Myths do, indeed, even now arise about men soon after their death, or while they are living, but such myths are always characteristic. No contemporary myth about the son of a knight would represent him as a gutter-boy. If it had been "acat," or what we should now call "traffic," that gained Whittington's wealth, the story that a cat had anything to do with it must have arisen long after the generation that used the French word. But the evidence is against this. It is certain that the executors of Whittington rebuilt Newgate jail in conformity with his will, and had carved on its gate a Cat, "alluding," says Maitland, "to the figure of Sir Richard Whittington, a former founder, who is said to have made the first step to his good fortune by a cat." This was in the same century as Whittington's death. The same device appears on a piece of plate (a chariot) presented to the Mercers' Company in 1572 by William Burde. There was once a portrait of Whittington in the Mercers' Hall, dated 1536, with a black and white cat at his left hand. This is lost. The portrait painted by Elstrack near the close of the sixteenth century shows Whittington's hand upon a cat, but there are a few engravings of it in which the hand rests on a skull. The cat would seem to have been substituted in obedience to the popular demand. It thus appears certain that the cat story was known in the sixteenth, and probably in the fifteenth, century.

The entire story shows us a historical Englishman invested with a legend not only untrue, but uncharacteristic of him. The animus of the legend is plain; it is a moral tale. In order to make the moral more striking, line after line of darkness has been added by successive reciters to the lad's life, and corresponding lustres to the man's life, to make the transformation more marvellous. In the epitaph quoted, "Fortune" and "Providence" are both credited with the result. The British paterfamilias could hardly believe in a heaven-blest union without offspring, consequently the virtuous pair are given children unknown to history. The very soul of London City, as distinguished from the aristocratic nation, is expressed in the figment that Whittington was of mean birth. Long before every American boy was told he might become President, the London boy was told he might become Lord Mayor; but it was not yet so in Dick Whittington's time, and the legend probably took on that item when the city was becoming more democratic. After encouraging this democratic tendency, the conventional legend pays deference to early puritan elements. But the cockney element is paramount. The Bow Bell, the ancient curfew of London, to whose sounds every apprentice rose and retired, was of old represented in rhymes and runes. Its sounds could not of course reach Highgate except in fairy fashion; but it was necessary that acoustic laws should accommodate themselves to the rule that a cockney must be born within sound of Bow Bell. "Dick," having been so unfortunate as to be born in the country, does his best cockneyward by being born again, as it were, under the Bells, or adopted by them in a special way.

All of this represents what is familiar in folk-lore, yet always surprising—the power of an ideal popular conception to reverse facts, and build up its new reality out of plainest fictions.



Colonies and Nation

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

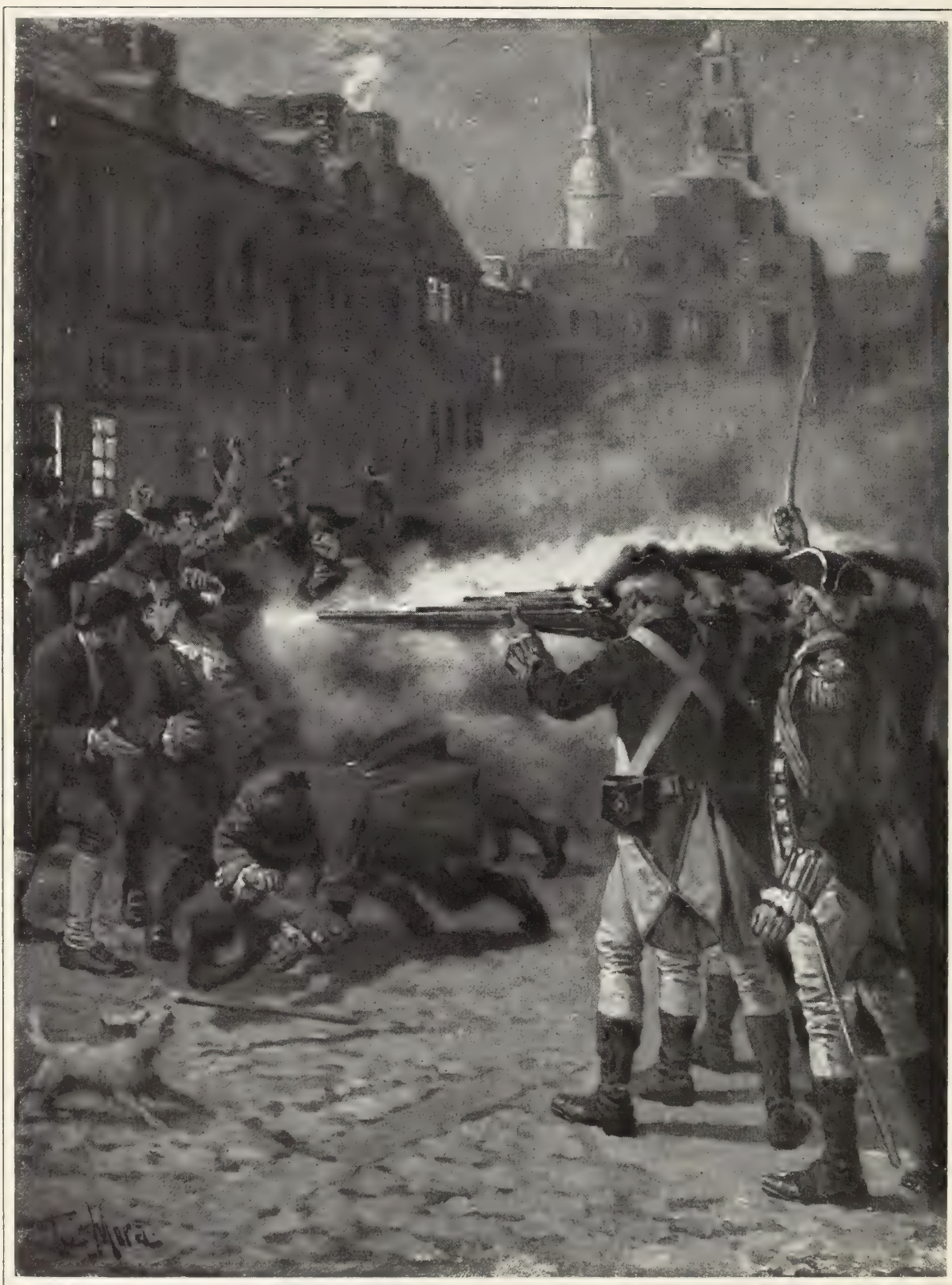
BY WOODROW WILSON

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS (*Continued*)

MASSACHUSETTS and the greater trading ports of the south felt the burden of the new policy more than the rest of the country felt it; but thoughtful men everywhere saw what it portended that Parliament should thus lay its hand directly upon the colonies to tax, and in some sort to govern, them. Quite as many men could tell you of the "parson's case," tried in quiet Hanover Court House in rural Virginia, as could tell you of Mr. Otis's speech against the writs of assistance. Parson Maury had in that case set up an Order in Council by the ministers at home against an act of the Virginia House of Burgesses determining the value of the currency in which his salary was to be paid, and young Patrick Henry had sprung into sudden fame by declaring to the court very boldly against him that the crown had no right to override the self-government of Virginia. The eloquence of that famous speech carried the young advocate to the House of Burgesses itself; and it was he who showed the colonies how to speak of the Stamp Act. The Burgesses were in session when the news of that hateful law's enactment reached Virginia. The young member waited patiently for the older members of the House to show the way in the new crisis,—Randolph and Pendleton and Nicholas, Richard Bland and George Wythe,—the men who had framed so weighty a protest and warning and sent so strong a remonstrance over sea only last year. When he saw that they would not lead, he sprang to the task himself, plain, country-bred though he was, and unschooled in that leadership; scribbled his resolutions on the fly-leaf of an old law-book, and carried them with a rush of eloquence that startled and swept

the House, and set the tone for all the country.

His Resolutions not only declared the right of the colonies to tax themselves to be exclusive, and established beyond recall; they also declared that Virginians were not bound to obey the Parliament when it acted thus against established privilege, and that any one who should advocate obedience was an enemy to the colony. The sober second thought of the Burgesses cut that defiant conclusion out at last,—after Mr. Henry had gone home; but the Resolutions had already been sent post-haste through the colonies in their first form, unrevised and uncut, and had touched the feeling of every one who read them like a flame of fire. They were the first word of revolution; and no man ever thought just the same again after he had read them. It seemed a strange defiance, no doubt, to come from loyal Virginia. The Stamp Act was not in fact oppressive or unreasonable. Why should it so kindle the anger of the colonies that the sovereign Parliament, which had for many a day levied indirect taxes upon them by means of the many acts concerning trade and manufactures, now laid a moderate direct tax upon them, the proceeds of which were to be spent upon their own protection and administration? Because, though it might be the sovereign legislature of the empire, Parliament was not in their view the direct sovereign of America. No one could truly say that Parliament had been the sovereign power even of England before 1688, that notable year in which it had, by a revolution, changed the succession to the throne and begun the making and unmaking of governments. The colonies had most of them been set up before that momentous year of change, while the



THE BOSTON MASSACRE

Parliament was still only a body of representatives associated with the crown, with the right to criticise and restrain it, but with no right to usurp its prerogatives; entitled to be consulted, but not licensed to rule. The king, not the Parliament, had chartered the colonies; and they conceived their assemblies to be associated with him, as Parliament itself had been in the older days before the Revolution of 1688: to vote him grants, assent to taxation, and with his consent make the laws they were to live under. He stood, they thought, in the same relation to all the legislatures of his realm: to the Parliament in England and to the assemblies in America. It was the fundamental principle of the English constitution, as all agreed, that the king's subjects should be associated with him in government by representation; and, since the Americans could not be represented in Parliament, and were, by his authority, represented in assemblies, he must deal with them through those assemblies.

The law of their view was not very sound or clear; but the common-sense of it was unassailable; and it rested upon unquestionable and long-standing practice. Their governments were no doubt, in law, subject to the government of Great Britain. Whoever ruled there had the legal right to rule in the colonies also, whether it were the king independent of Parliament, or the ministers dependent upon Parliament: the Revolution of 1688 had radically altered the character of the whole structure. But no man in America had ever seen that Revolution cross the sea. English statesmen might have changed their views, but the colonies had not changed theirs, nor the practice of their governments either. Their governments were from of old, and they meant to keep them intact and uncorrupted. They did not object to the amount or to the form of the tax; they objected only that they had not themselves imposed it. They dissented utterly from the opinion that Parliament had the right to tax them at all. It was that principle, and not the tax itself, which moved them so deeply.

English statesmen claimed that the colonists were as much represented in Parliament as the thousands of Englishmen in England who did not have the

right to vote for members of the Commons; and no doubt they were. The franchise was narrow in England, and not the whole population but only a few out of some classes of the people were actually represented in the Houses. Were not the interests represented there which America stood for? Perhaps so. But why govern the colonies through these remote and theoretical representatives when they had, and had always had, immediate and actual representatives of their own in their assemblies,—as ready an instrument of government as the House of Commons itself? The colonists were accustomed to actual representation, had for a century and more been dealt with by means of it, and were not willing now to reverse their history and become, instead of veritable states, merely detached and dependent pieces of England. This was the fire of principle which the Stamp Act kindled.

And, once kindled, it burned with an increasing flame. Within ten years it had been blown to the full blaze of revolution. Mr. Grenville had not lost his power because he had set the colonies on fire by his hated Stamp Act, but merely because the king intensely disliked his tedious manners, and resented the dictatorial tone used by the ministers in all their dealings with himself. The Marquis of Rockingham and the group of moderate Whigs who stood with him in the new ministry of July, 1765, had repealed the stamp tax, not because they deemed it wrong in legal principle, but because it had bred resistance, had made the colonists resolve not to buy goods of English merchants, or even pay the debts of £4,000,000 sterling already incurred in their business with them,—because they deemed it wise to yield, and so quiet disorders over sea. Their power lasted only a single year. The king liked their liberal principles as little as he liked Grenville's offensive manners, and in August, 1766, dismissed them, to substitute a ministry under Pitt, now made Earl of Chatham. Had Pitt retained his mastery, all might have gone well; but his health failed, his leadership became a mere form, real power fell to other men with no wide, perceiving wisdom like his own, and America was presently put once again in revolutionary mood.

Pitt had said that the colonists were right when they resisted the Stamp Act: that Parliament could lawfully impose duties on commerce, and keep, if it would, an absolute monopoly of trade for the English merchants, because such matters were of the empire and not merely of America; but that the Americans were justified in resisting measures of internal taxation and government, their charters and accustomed liberties no doubt giving them in such matters constitutions of their own. Mr. Burke, whose genius made him the spokesman of the Rockingham Whigs, whether they would or no, had said very vehemently, and with that singular eloquence of his of which only his own words know the tone, that he cared not at all what legal rights might be involved; it was a question of government and of good-will between a king and his subjects; and he would not support any measure, upon whatever right it might be founded, which led to irritation and not to obedience. The new ministry of the Earl of Chatham acted upon its chief's principles, and not upon Mr. Burke's,—though they acted rashly because that consummate chief did not lead them. They proceeded (June, 1767), after the great earl's illness had laid him by, to put upon the statute-book two acts for the regulation of colonial trade and the government of the colonies which Charles Townshend, their Chancellor of the Exchequer, had drawn. The first provided for the more effectual enforcement of the acts of trade already in existence; the second imposed duties on wine, oil, lead, glass, paper, painters' colors, and tea carried to the colonies, and explicitly made legal the use of the hated general search-warrants known as "writs of assistance." The revenues raised by these duties were to be applied, as the stamp tax would have been had it been collected, to the support of the courts of justice and of the civil establishments of the several colonies, and to the expenses connected with their military defence. Evasions of the revenue acts were to be tried by the admiralty courts without juries.

To the colonists this seemed simply a return to the policy of the Stamp Act. The tax was different, but the object was the same: to make their judges and their

governors independent of them, and to compel them to pay for the maintenance of troops not of their own raising. These same ministers had suspended the legislative power of the New York assembly because it refused to make proper provision for the quartering of the king's troops, as commanded by the act of 1765; and that assembly had felt itself obliged to yield and obey. Several companies of royal artillery had been sent to Boston in the autumn of 1766, and were quartered there at the colony's expense by order of the governor and council. The new taxes were laid upon trade, and they could not be attacked on the same grounds upon which the stamps had been objected to. But the trouble was that the new taxes, unlike the old restrictions, were to be enforced, evasion prevented. Mr. Townshend's first act sent commissioners to America specially charged and empowered to see to that. The ruinous acts of 1764 were to be carried out, and the West India trade, by which Boston merchants and ship-owners lived, put a stop to. These were bitter things to endure. Some grounds must be found from which to fight them,—if not the arguments used against the Stamp Act, then others, if need be more radical. The ministers at home had set their far-away subjects to thinking with the eagerness and uneasiness of those who seek by some means to defend themselves, and were fast making rebels of them.

Even in the midst of the universal rejoicings over the repeal of the Stamp Act the temper of several of the colonial assemblies had risen at reading the "Declaratory Act" which had accompanied the repeal, and which asserted the absolute legal right of Parliament "to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever"; and they had declared very flatly then that Parliament had no legal authority whatever in America except such as it might exercise by the consent of the colonial assemblies,—so far had their thought and their defiant purpose advanced within the year. There were conservative men in the colonies as well as radical, men who hated revolution and loved the just and sober ways of law; and there was as strong a sentiment of loyalty on one side the sea as on the other. But even conservative men dreaded to see



AFTER THE MASSACRE; SAMUEL ADAMS DEMANDING OF GOVERNOR HUTCHINSON THE INSTANT
WITHDRAWAL OF BRITISH TROOPS

Parliament undertake to break down the independence of America. Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, of Massachusetts, whose house the rioters in Boston had wantonly looted when they were mad against the Stamp Act, had been born and bred in the colony, and loved her welfare as honestly as any man; but he was lieutenant-governor, an officer of the crown, and would have deemed it dishonor not to uphold the authority he represented. Mr. Otis, on the other hand, had resigned an office under the crown to resist the writs of assistance. The public-spirited gentlemen who had opposed Mr. Henry's fiery Resolutions in the Virginian House of Burgesses did not fear usurpation or hate tyranny less than he; but they loved the slow processes of argument and protest and strictly legal opposition more than he did, and were patient enough to keep within bounds. They feared to shake an empire by pursuing a right too impetuously. Men of every temper and of every counsel made up the various people of the colonies.

And yet the most moderate and slow-tempered grew uneasy at Mr. Townshend's measures. Mr. John Dickinson, of Pennsylvania, wrote and published a series of letters,—*Letters of a Pennsylvania Farmer*, he called them,—which stated as pointedly, as boldly, as earnestly as any man could wish the constitutional rights of self-government which the colonists cherished and thought imperilled by the new Acts of Parliament,—and yet Mr. Dickinson was as steady a loyalist as any man in America, as little likely to countenance rebellion, as well worth heeding by those who wished to compose matters by wise and moderate counsels. His firm-spoken protests were in fact read and pondered on both sides the water (1767), and no one could easily mistake their significance.

The action of the people gave only too grave an emphasis to what their more self-restrained and thoughtful leaders said. Mr. Townshend's acts were as openly resisted as Mr. Grenville's had been; and every art of evasion, every trick of infringement, upon occasion even open and forcible violation, set at naught every other restriction of trade as well. It was startling to see how rapidly affairs approached a crisis. Resistance centred,

as trade itself did, at Boston. When Mr. Townshend's commissioners of customs seized the sloop *Liberty* in Boston Harbor for evasion of the duties, rioters drove them to the fort for shelter, and they sent hastily to England for more troops. The Massachusetts assembly, under the masterful leadership of Mr. Samuel Adams, protested that the measures of the new ministry were in violation of colonial rights, and protested in terms which, though dignified and respectful enough, were unmistakably imperative.

The leadership of Samuel Adams was itself a sign of the times. He was a man of the people, passionate in his assertion of rights, and likely to stir and increase passion in those for whom he spoke. Subtle, a born politician; bold, a born leader of men, in assembly or in the street, he was the sort of man and orator whose ascendancy may mean revolution almost when he chooses. The assembly, at his suggestion, went beyond the ordinary bounds of protest and sent a circular letter to the other colonies, as if to invite a comparison of views and a general acquiescence in the course of settled opposition it had itself adopted. When the ministers in London demanded a withdrawal of the letter, the assembly of course refused, and the other colonies were more than ever inclined to stand by the stout Bay Colony at whose capital port the fight centred. The ministers, in their desperate purpose to compel submission, declared their intention to remove any one who should be charged with treason to England for trial,—under an almost forgotten statute passed long before Jamestown was settled or English colonies dreamed of in America. That roused the Virginian House of Burgesses once more. They declared, with a sort of quiet passion, in their session of 1769, that no one but their own assemblies had a right to tax the colonies; that they had the inalienable right to petition the government at home upon any matter of grievance whatever, and to petition, if they pleased, jointly, as a body of colonies united in right and interest; and that any attempt to try a colonist for crime anywhere except in the courts of his own colony and by known course of law was "highly derogatory of the right



THE BURNING OF THE "GASPEE"

of British subjects," and not for a moment to be deemed within the lawful power of the crown. There was no need this time for Mr. Henry. All men were now of the same opinion in Virginia, and the action was unanimous.

The Virginian governor at once dissolved the Burgesses; but the members came together again almost immediately at a private house; and there Colonel Washington, whom all the English world had known since Braddock's day, proposed a general agreement to import no goods at all upon which a tax was laid,—to see what effect it would have if the English trades and manufactures which looked to America for a market were starved into a true appreciation of the situation and of the state of opinion among their customers. Many of the other colonies followed suit. Trade with England for a few months almost stood still, and there was quick distress and panic among those interested over sea. They promptly demanded of Parliament that the new taxes be taken off and trade allowed to live again. The ministers yielded (April, 1770),—except with regard to the tax on tea. That was the least of the taxes, and the king himself positively commanded that it be retained, to save the principle of the bill and show that Parliament had not reconsidered its right to tax. The taxes had yielded nothing: the single tax on tea would serve that purpose as well as the rest.

Meanwhile a very ominous thing had happened in Boston,—though the ministers had not yet heard of it when the bill passed to repeal the taxes. Upon an evening in March, 1770, a mob had attacked a squad of the king's redcoats in King Street, pelting them with sharp pieces of ice and whatever else they could lay their hands on, and daring them derisively to fire; and the troops had fired, being hard pressed and maddened. Five of the mob were killed and six wounded, and a thrill of indignation and horror went through the excited town. The next day a great meeting in Faneuil Hall sent a committee to Mr. Hutchinson, the governor, to demand the instant withdrawal of the troops. Samuel Adams headed the committee, imperious and on fire; told the governor, in the council

chamber where they met, that he spoke in the name of three thousand freemen who counted upon being heeded; and won his point. The troops were withdrawn to an island in the bay. The town had hated their "lobster backs" for all the year and a half they had been there, and rejoiced and was quiet when they withdrew.

But quiet could not last long. The flame was sure somewhere to burst out again whenever any incident for a moment stirred excitement. In North Carolina there was the next year a sudden blaze of open rebellion against the extravagant exactions of William Tryon, the adventurer who was royal governor there; and only blood extinguished it (1771). In Rhode Island, in June, 1772, his majesty's armed schooner *Gaspee* was taken by assault and burned, upon a spit of land where she lay aground. It had been her business to watch against infringements of the Navigation Laws and the vexatious acts of trade; her commander had grown exceptionally insolent in his work; a sloop which he chased had led him on to the spit, where his schooner lay fast; and the provincials took advantage of her helplessness to burn her. No one could be found who would inform on those who had done the bold thing; the courageous chief justice of the little province flatly denied the right of the English authorities to order the perpetrators to England for trial; and the royal commission which was appointed to look into the whole affair stirred all the colonies once more to a deep irritation. The far-away House of Burgesses in Virginia very promptly spoke its mind again. It invited the several colonies to join Virginia in forming committees of correspondence, in order that all might be of one mind and ready for one action against the aggressions of the government in England. The ministers in London had meantime resolved to pay the provincial judges, at any rate in Massachusetts, out of the English treasury, taxes or no taxes; and the Massachusetts towns had formed committees of correspondence of their own, as Mr. Adams bade.

Such were the signs of the times when the final test came of the tax on tea. The East India Company was in straits for



THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

money. It had to pay twelve pence to the royal treasury on every pound of tea it imported, whether it sold it in England or not; but the government there offered to relieve it of that tax on every pound it carried on to America, and exact only the threepence to be paid at the colonial ports under Mr. Townshend's act: so willing were the king's ministers to help the company, and so anxious also to test the act and the submissiveness of the colonists. The test was soon made. The colonists had managed to smuggle in from Holland most of the tea they needed; and they wanted none, under the circumstances, from the East India ships,—even though it cost less, with the twelve pence tax off, than the smuggled tea obtained of the Dutch. The East India Company promptly sent tea-laden ships to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston; and in the autumn of 1773 they began to

come in. In Boston a quiet mob, disguised as Indians, threw the chests overboard into the harbor. At New York and Philadelphia the ships were "permitted" to leave port again without landing their cargoes. At Charleston the tea was landed, but it was stored, not sold, and a public meeting saw to its secure bestowal. The experiment had failed. America was evidently of one mind, and had determined not to buy tea or anything else with a parliamentary tax on it. The colonists would no more submit to Mr. Townshend's tax than to Mr. Grenville's, whatever the legal difference between them, either in principle or in operation. The issue was squarely made up: the colonies would not obey the Parliament,—would be governed only through their own assemblies. If the ministers persisted, there must be revolution.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Imp Disposes

BY JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

NOTHING was so pleasing to the Imp as an invitation to accompany Miss Eleanor on some expedition. He adored her, and her conquest was the more noteworthy in that her hair was not red, but a dark, dark brown. Generally speaking, the Imp lost his heart to red-haired femininity.

Enough that since that hot afternoon when, weary and cross with a long stage drive, the Imp had stumbled up the steps of the hotel piazza and bumped into a brilliant scarlet dress so violently that it collapsed with him, and they sank to the floor together, he had worshipped the dress and the wearer. On that occasion he had been drenched in mortification. He had hardly dared to lift his eyes above the waist of the scarlet dress. In fact he burrowed obstinately into the lap of it and refused to move. As he lay there, sobbing with rage and shame and sleepiness, clutching a ruffle like grim death, utterly oblivious to the hasty rush of masculine feet, he heard above the confusion a voice very near his own

bowed head, a voice not rough, but with a strange sweet little shake in it that made the other women's voices sound high and thin.

"Let us alone, please! Don't you see how mortified we are? Please go away! We can help each other up, can't we, boy?"

When angels out of heaven speak, it is in that tone, beyond the shadow of a doubt.

The Imp's nose, pressed against the scarlet crêpe, sniffed inquiringly, his head raised a little. He wriggled up involuntarily—it was sweeter yet! Up among a nest of fluffy softness it was sweetest of all, and there the Imp hid his head. Later he stole a glance at her chin, which was very close, and as she was absolutely silent, he even went so far as her nose. Still she made no sign. The Imp felt a flood of renewed self-respect rise within him. He drew a long sigh, lifted his eyes, and faced her.

Then he realized that he had known her always: she lived in a picture-frame

in his aunt Gertrude's room.

"Oh, do you live here?" he said, wonderingly.

She nodded. "Will you help me up?" she asked in a matter-of-fact way, and he scrambled up and benevolently assisted her. He had really forgotten how she came to fall.

That evening the Imp amazed his mother by replying calmly, when she chided him for tagging about after Miss Eleanor too much—his devotion was scandalous: "Oh, it didn't hurt her; she said she was all right. She told you herself. And anyway, it did her good."

"Did her good! What on earth do you mean?"

"The men like her better!"

"Good heavens! Do you suppose, Donald, we can get our cottage next week? If we have to stay here much longer, I sha'n't dare let that child out of my sight!"

A rule was finally announced that threatened to darken his days for the rest of the summer, had he not been confident of Miss Eleanor's assistance in the matter. He was not to follow her about without an invitation. When the Young Gentleman in White Flannels, and Mr. Florian with his everlasting camera, and Mr. Bishop, gathered round her and shuffled each other about and suggested errands for each other and the Imp, he was not to worm his way through the group and cuddle her hand and grin at them triumphantly. Personal and particular summons must precede such action on his part.

So he lurked on the outside of the ring that always surrounded her, and cast such glances as would have melted a harder heart than the one that beat under the sweet-smelling red chiffons. Sometimes on such occasions she would single him



THEY SANK TO THE FLOOR TOGETHER

out, and they would start for a walk alone, the group dissolving behind her as quickly as it had formed. And this, as I said, was particularly pleasing to the Imp.

To-day, however, things went wrong in the very beginning. Miss Eleanor had a headache, and asked him please not to step *all* the time on her skirt; he had been sent from the breakfast table for rudeness to the waiter, which rankled still at ten o'clock; it appeared that their walk was to end at the big tree half-way through the wood that separated the North Beach from the South Beach. This was hardly enough to stretch one's legs—and he had boasted to one of his friends that he would have walked all of three miles, probably, before his return! So when Miss Eleanor stopped under the big tree, sat down, and took out a book,

he groaned aloud with disgust and disappointment.

"Dear, dear!" she said, settling back comfortably, "you sigh as if you were in love! Not that I ever knew anybody to sigh under such circumstances—it's indigestion mostly, they say. Are you in love?"

"Huh?" said the Imp, inquiringly.

"Because if you are, I'm sorry for you," she went on. "It's not worth it, Perry, take my word for it."

"I love cream," announced the Imp, with a reminiscent glare—it was in the matter of cream that he and the waiter had recently disagreed. Miss Eleanor laughed.

"Cream?" she said. "A good, safe object, I'm sure. Stick to it, dear, and be happy. If it isn't so exciting at first, at least it isn't horrid and troublesome at the end. It has no hasty, suspicious tempers—not that tempers are the worst things in the world. It's far worse to have them and control them. To be sarcastic and cool—oh, so cool!"

"Ice-cream is cold," said the Imp, argumentatively, "dreadful cold. But I love it, just the same. I love it more. It stings my eyes and aches my nose—the top part—and I us'ally scream right out. We have it here quite often, don't we?"

"Coldness is all very well in ice-cream, but very different in—in other things one likes—has liked," Miss Eleanor continued, decidedly. "*You* aren't blamed if it is cold. You aren't informed that so long as you act as—as you *do* act it will continue to be cold—as if you were a child of twelve! If ice-cream is cold, it's not your fault."

"'Tis, too," rejoined the Imp, stubbornly, "if you freeze it! It don't freeze itself, does it?"

"Ah!" said Miss Eleanor, softly. "Ah-h!" as if it hurt her greatly to breathe.

"Let it alone, if you don't want it to freeze," pursued the Imp, instructively. He had no idea what they were talking about, but he was not by way of analyzing conversational plans; he took sentences as he found them. Indeed, experience had taught him that this was his only practicable method of joining a general conversation. Questions or

contradictions were fatal to his social schemes.

"Did you know that the ice they put around the thing that holds it while it's freezing is awful to eat?" he added, confidentially. "I always eat out of the ice-cart at home, while the man is taking it in the house—little bits on the floor of the wagon, you know. You can lick off the sawdust, and they taste very good. Last Sunday morning I took a few little pieces out of one of those tall red pails out in the back." He paused and scowled reminiscently. "I had to swallow them, because I began to, but they made me feel awfully—awfully!"

Miss Eleanor was looking over his head, through the wood. Her eyes were very soft and dark. She made no reply, and he knew perfectly that she had not been listening. His sense of ill treatment returned.

"I don't think it's any fun to sit still here!" he burst out. "You said you'd walk, and you aren't walking; and you don't talk, either. If Mr. Florian was here, with that camera, you'd talk! If Mr. Hunter was here—"

"Perry Stafford, you are a very disagreeable little boy, and a saucy one too," interrupted Miss Eleanor, coldly. He started, not at her words—he knew his conduct occasionally merited reproach—but at her tone. He had never had that tone from her. His lip quivered; he rubbed his shoes together till they squeaked again.

"For Heaven's sake, Perry, stop that hideous noise!" she cried, nervously. "I should *not* talk if Mr. Florian were here! I came out here to get away from him, and all the others, too. I am to go, I suppose, all my life, with my mouth closed and my eyes shut. Of course if I laugh and talk, I am perfectly happy! Of course, because I don't snap people up and act like a bear, I am the greatest flirt that ever lived. Of course I care for nothing but admiration and flattery! Oh, what fools men are!"

Miss Eleanor's cheeks were very red; she breathed deep and looked so strangely at the Imp that he felt actually embarrassed, and dropped his eyes to his offending boots.

"Not that I care," she added in a lower voice, "not that I care at all. Naturally



HE LURKED ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE RING

I couldn't, being perfectly heartless, and preferring the admiration of a dozen men to the— Oh dear! I wish I had never been born!"

At this point she slipped down under the tree, turned over with her face on her arms, and lay perfectly still.

The Imp regarded her for a moment, but as she paid no attention to him and seemed to be asleep, he got up softly and walked away on his tiptoes. He felt distinctly depressed. So low, indeed, were his spirits that he utterly forgot that he was every minute moving farther away from the big tree that a too-thoughtful Providence seemed to have established at just the point to satisfy his mother's idea of a boundary to his unaccompanied strolls.

A passing chipmunk caught his eye, and he instinctively stepped out of the beaten track to follow it. It went very slowly, so that one's hand was almost close to it before it gave a little bound and escaped. It was evidently lame, and the hope of capturing it and teaching it tricks in a cage lured the Imp from the path and duty alike, and it was only after an hour of wandering that he woke up to the fact that he was a lost and culpable boy. He called to mind the tales of people who had been lost in these woods, and how they had gone round and round helplessly, always coming out just where they started.

It occurred to the Imp that in just about three seconds he would feel quite certain he was lost, and behave accordingly, when he heard a faint sound of tramping through the undergrowth. It drew nearer; it turned aside; it was growing fainter.

"Oh! come here! come here!" cried the Imp, desperately. The footsteps ceased utterly.

"Call again!" shouted a deep voice.

"O-o-o-o-h-h-h—" trumpeted the Imp, like a frightened fog-horn, too excited to stop even when a tall man hurried through the trees and shook him rapidly to stop the amazing noise.

"There, there! It's all right. Let up on that yelling! It's really almost unnecessary, I assure you," he begged. "We're saved—land is in sight!" And he hurried the breathless Imp off to the left. The exigencies of the human

mechanism forced his captive to fill his lungs, and by the time he had recovered himself they were in sight of another road and another centre of civilization.

It was a solitary house, built like an enormous log cabin of rough timbers. But it was far from rough in other respects. Wide piazzas with polished floors ran all round it; hammocks and bright rugs, tables filled with books and pipes, two beautiful golden setters and an enormous bull-dog, gave it an air of great comfort. The man led the Imp up to one of the big willow chairs, plumped out the pillows that half filled it, and waved his hand hospitably.

"Welcome to Benedick's Inn!" he said. "I gather that you have momentarily lost your bearings?"

"I lost the chipmunk," returned the Imp, cautiously.

The man laughed. "Same thing," he said. "You came from the North Beach, I suppose?"

"I live in the hotel," replied the Imp, with dignity. "It is bigger than this, a great deal."

"Ah?" said the man, politely. "This is not a hotel, however. It is large enough for the Benedicks. And they do not give parties."

"Why not?" asked the Imp, promptly. "We do, and we have ice-cream and lanterns."

"I don't doubt you do," rejoined the man, "and that is just what we wish to avoid. Ice-cream means women, and women mean trouble and dress-clothes. We came here to be by ourselves and be happy. Perfectly happy. And we are, of course. We have not a care or sorrow. We dress not, neither do we dance. I, for instance—*moi, qui vous parle*—am a perfectly happy man!"

"Humph!" said the Imp.

"Do you doubt it?" demanded his host. "Why that vague and scornful smile? You are too young to be cynical. Why should I not be happy? Have I not proved my point? Was I not perfectly right in the most important affair of my very important existence? You may be ignorant of the facts, but take my word for it, I was. I was wise in time. Is not that enough to make a man happy?"

For some reason this speech struck the Imp as humorous, and he laughed, chew-

ing the edge of his cap in his embarrassment.

"Good heavens! You doubt that, too?" cried the man. "What a generation is growing up under our nose! Allow me to show you this watch, by which you may judge, without trusting me to any degree whatever, that it is high time we started back for the North Beach, if you want to dine there."

He laid an open watch ostentatiously in the Imp's lap. In the cover was a face the Imp knew well.

"She don't know where I am!" he chuckled to himself.

"She! Who?" demanded the owner of the watch.

The Imp pointed to the picture. The man laughed loud and long.

"I don't believe she does," he said, shortly. "Who do you think it is?"

"It is the Countess Potocka," he added, after a pause, "and she cares very little, presumably, where you are—or where I am either! It is a famous picture. I love art, and therefore I am in the habit of associating myself with masterpieces."

"That's not her name at all," said the Imp, decidedly. His aunt Gertrude had insisted on this very same thing with regard to the picture in her room, and it seemed to him a very puerile attempt to confuse him. He knew well enough who it was.

"No? She lived under an assumed name, then?" inquired the man, with a surprised air. "However, that is a pedantic distinction, as it is by that name she has become dear to so many of us. Don't disturb the popular idea, I beg of you!"

He shut his watch and took an elaborate fishing-rod from a corner of the piazza.

"Come on," he said, holding out his hand; "we'll start, for I shouldn't wonder if you'd be in demand, a little later."

They struck out into the wood, hand in hand.

"I trust you left your friend the Countess in good health?" inquired the man.

There was in his question no apparent rudeness, but the Imp recognized the tone perfectly. His uncle Stanley employed that tone very frequently.

"She was asleep," he returned, briefly, and fingered the rod with deep admiration.

"Indeed! Is she as popular as ever? She is reported to have been very attractive to the men—like her namesake!" he added, quickly. "Do they hover about her and paint her portrait and write waltzes for her? Poor men—what fools they are!"

"That's what she says," the Imp agreed.

The man stared at him.

"Oh, she does!" he said. "Well, she ought to know, I'm sure. And yet it seems rather unjust to make a man a fool and then laugh at him for it, doesn't it, now? Have you ever noticed that injustice is their most pronounced quality—always excepting their absurd attractiveness? 'Oh, yes, indeed,' they say, 'I love you, and you only, and since you know that, I feel perfectly free to reduce as many of your companions as possible to your state. If you object, you are ridiculously jealous.' Has that occurred to you, my young friend?"

"I am jealous," the Imp announced. "I am as jealous as can be. My mother says she should think I'd be yellow all over me, I'm so jealous. She says a little is all very well, but too much is childish. It tires anybody to death. They get cross."

"They do indeed," the man returned, fervently. "They get almighty cross. That shows their conscience is not clear."

"It shows you don't deserve anybody to be nice to you," contradicted the Imp, promptly. "So I don't go till I'm asked—I wait. But Mr. Florian never waits," he scowled. "Mrs. Bishop says she pities my wife," he concluded, proudly.

The man burst out laughing.

"She does, does she?" he said. "And why, in Heaven's name?"

"Because I'm so jealous," replied the Imp, tranquilly. "She says an angel would get out of temper with me."

The man made no remark for some time after this. It was as well that he did not, for he strode along so fast that the Imp panted in his efforts to keep up, and would never have been able to answer any. Finally he spoke.

"Do you believe that?" he asked. "Do

you believe that a fellow should put up with anything and everything?"

"Huh?" said the Imp.

"If the only girl you ever—if the Countess Potocka, we'll say"—here the Imp scowled again—"treated everybody just as she treated you—"

"But she don't, she *don't!*" interrupted the Imp, quite out of patience with the haste and the obstinate allusion to the Countess. "I can hold her hand, and wear her ring, and I can kiss her—if I'm good. Nobody else can. She *don't* treat me the same!"

The man stopped abruptly and drew a long breath. He shut his eyes, and it seemed to the Imp that he stood still for an hour. Presently he appeared to wake up.

"Will you say that again?" he requested. The Imp stuck out his lip and started on by himself. This man was worse than his uncle Stanley.

"I say she *don't* treat me the same!" he flung back. Suddenly he caught the glimmer of a red parasol.

"There she is! There's Miss Eleanor now!" he cried.

The man dragged him back. The rod clattered to the ground.

"My good child," he said, in a low, hurried voice, "will you be so exceptionally kind as to inform me if the person you refer to is called Miss Eleanor Whitney?"

"Yes, she is," grunted the Imp, struggling to escape. "Let me go, will you?"

"No," the man replied, calmly, "not till I memorialize my gratitude and affection. Let me beg your acceptance," he continued, untwisting the Imp from around his legs and holding him fast with one hand while he picked up the fishing-tackle with the other, "of this elegant rod and all its appurtenances. It seems to have caught your fancy, and if you will keep it intact for a few years, I assure you that your evident appreciation of its qualities will not diminish. For it is an excellent rod." He handed it over, and the Imp, doubting the evidence of his senses, took it in silence.

Miss Eleanor's back was turned to them, and only as they reached her did she lift her head. "Oh, Elmer!" she cried, softly. "How—where—"

The Imp dashed ahead and squatted down beside her.

"Look—look here!" he burst out. "See what he gave me! I got lost, and I was at a Benedick Inn; and you've been here all the time!"

"Eleanor," said the man, standing tall behind the Imp, "I was utterly and entirely wrong and unreasonable. I beg your pardon. An angel would have been out of temper with me."

"Oh, no!" said Miss Eleanor, softly; "no, indeed. Because I was. And I'm not an angel. Whatever you were that was—was not nice, I made you be. It was my fault."

"Then—then—" the man stopped. He seemed to expect some remark, but none was forth-coming. Miss Eleanor patted the Imp's brown little hand and stared at the rod.

"Won't you be wanting your dinner?" asked the man abruptly, stooping down and lifting the Imp bodily from the ground. Grasping his rod, the Imp started to explain that he would wait for Miss Eleanor, but when he looked around his seat beside her was gone. "And when you *do* go," continued the man, easily, "don't say anything about where we are, or anything at all, in fact," he concluded, sweepingly. "Can you keep a secret?"

"I'll have to tell my mother all about the rod," the Imp demurred.

"Oh, tell your nice mother about it all," said Miss Eleanor. "I mean," she added, "I mean—" The man caught her hand.

"Good-by!" he called to the Imp. "Hurry up, or they will be through dinner—good-by!"

"But she wants her dinner too," began the Imp, doubtfully. "I can wait a *little* longer—"

"Good-by, Perry dear," said Miss Eleanor, decidedly. "I am very glad you came with me—good-by!" He looked back once or twice hesitatingly, but they did not call him.



The Withered Rose

BY EDWARD WILLARD WATSON

THE garden is all filled with roses fair,
And through its shaded lanes rose-scented air
comes blowing,
Yet in my hand I hold and closer fold
My withered rose, my faded rose, its leaves no longer
glowing.
I clasp it all the closer in despair,
For once she wore it in her tawny hair.
My rose, sweet evermore beyond the power of
knowing;
My rose, my only rose, of a myriad roses growing.

The Passing of a Shadow

BY MARY APPLEWHITE BACON

THE earth renews itself continuously for the new generations of men, but the old houses—palaces or lonely mountain cabins—in which human life has begun, spent its substance, and ended, have no power to re-create themselves for the new histories which begin within their walls.

Lethy Elrod, so far as houses were concerned, had few standards of comparison, even as neither through books nor art had she learned the height and depth of human sentiment; but when Jeff Miles asked her to marry him, his young hardihood for once timid and humble, a primal instinct sent her towards the path to which he pointed her. And on the May morning, with its pervasive life and motion in tree and grass and springing corn, of lapping streams and birds in swamps and hollows, when he brought her into the old four-room dwelling of hewn logs, an instinct which has been in every good woman from the beginning thrilled her with joy—the joy not merely of possession, but of possibility; this place shut off from all the rest of the world was henceforth to shelter her; but it was the place she was to make beautiful for her beloved. She had left a mother and sister as quiet as herself in the little frame house five miles beyond the creek, and an existence as colorless as it was inoffensive, to come here; but she responded without error to the eternal magic transfusing the counterfeit presentment of the merely external in the lowly home and the undisciplined man beside her with the profound beauty of the hidden and the real.

It was one of the first things that came to her in those early days when Jeff watched her with a boyish delight, his mirth often a relief to her shyness and his own, that this house was full of memories of things that had already been done and yet could not pass away. She saw her husband's face darken as he looked

at the rail fence cutting off two-thirds of the rich creek bottoms, and the fact that his father years ago had squandered life and property in drink acquired for her the significance of a tragedy of yesterday. "My room's small and ill-convenient," Jeff had said, "but we won't move into mother's till cold weather;" and from the break in his voice as he spoke, and from the humble appointments of the home, she reconstructed his mother's life—the long years of monotonous toil, the long months of suffering at the last, when it was Jeff who staid by her day and night and lifted her on her bed of pain. The girl tottered under the inrush of knowledge that had come to her husband through the slow medium of experience. She who was by nature silent, who moved and spoke with habitual slowness, was driven often to speech, often to swift gestures, to little hurrying steps, as she ran to meet him or followed him, as if she could not let him go until he had taken some of the emotion of her surcharged heart.

One day he went with her into the little front room cut off from one end of the piazza. A narrow green chest stood between the three-cornered shelf that served for a wash-stand and the high plain bureau. "Mother's quilts and counterpanes are in here," Jeff said, laying his hand on the lid; "any time you want to use them—"

Lethy put her hand on his. "She was such a dear good mother, Jeff," she said, softly.

"The best anybody ever had."

She drew him down into a chair, and stood behind him with her small cheek against his yellow hair.

"You know, Jeff," she said, hesitatingly, after a little silence, "I did think sometimes about a little new white house—not a two-story house like Alice Crosby's—maybe not even painted at first—"

His face reddened. "I could have

built me a house, but I've been gettin' back our land. If I'd a-known you cared about it—"

"I don't care about it, Jeff," she interrupted. "That is what I wanted to tell you."

On a morning in July, when Jeff had gone to town, Lethy took the clothes from his mother's trunk, pressed the wrinkles from them carefully, and put them back, with layers of sweet-basil between their folds. Now and then her tears dropped on the coarse white garments and the few cheap faded dresses. As she leaned over them when she had put the last one away, a sudden conviction sent the blood to her face. She had recalled, with a sharp, swift perception of its meaning, the look in Jeff's eyes that day in Salem meeting-house when she had turned and found them fastened on her face. It was the next Tuesday that he had come to see her for the first time, and three months after they were married. "He was grieving for his mother," she said to herself, "that was why he married me." It was as though the door of a room was suddenly thrown open and she was seeing clearly everything within.

She put down the trunk lid with trembling hands, and crossed over to the adjoining room. Alice Crosby's picture in a purple frame stood on a little pine shelf above the dressing-table. She had dusted it every morning without thought, but she took it down now and looked at it carefully, while her color came and went. It was a beautiful face. The frankness of the laughing young eyes, the arrangement of the waving hair, so much of the dress as showed, marked this girl as different from all others that Lethy knew.

"What if you had not been away then, Alice?" she said. Her own words made her turn the picture down sharply from her sight. Above the table the slanting looking-glass, in its cheap painted frame, reflected her own spare figure and reticent mouth and eyes. She looked curiously for a moment at the image, and then, with a sudden eagerness that still possessed her, took down and opened the copy of *Lucile* which had always lain by the picture. Jeff's name was written on the fly-leaf in a large angular hand; passages were marked here and there

with fine pencil lines; and as she turned the pages the thin satiny petals of pressed jonquils fell on the bare white floor.

When Jeff got back that afternoon, Lethy was in the back porch peeling and quartering peaches for drying. Two planks laid across a barrel in the back yard were half covered with the yellow pieces shrivelling in the sun. Jeff had been finding out by degrees the things in the house too tall for his wife to use comfortably, and changing each as he discovered it with an amused look around his mouth and a tender light in his eyes. He brought out now a split-bottom chair, and when he had sawed several inches from its height, began to cut out a pair of rockers for it.

The white oak taxed his tools and his muscles to the utmost. When he had got the two pieces somewhat in shape, he sat down on the door-step, and bracing himself against the post, began to draw his long-bladed knife along their edges. The chair lay sideways on the clean shuck mat; bits of white oak, large and small, were scattered around him.

"Do you reckon I'll ever get the two things alike?" he said at last, with a comical twist of his face, placing the rockers together and holding them up for Lethy to see.

She knew the progress of his work as well as he did, but she laid down the broken case-knife she was using and looked at the two pieces of wood attentively. "They are mighty near one size now," she decided, "or will be directly."

"Mighty near won't do for this job," he said, in a tone that implied immense satisfaction with the job's exactingness. His strength and patience began to conquer the tough material. As he grew better pleased with his work the wrinkle disappeared from between his eyebrows, he pushed back his palmetto hat till the thick yellow hair showed above his broad sunburnt forehead, and began to hum between his white teeth a song that Alice Crosby used to sing to him. His wife's brown eyes gathered into themselves a liquid light like that of precious stones as she looked at his supple figure and handsome young face.

He was too intent to notice when she went down the steps with a pail of the fruit. He rocked the chair up and down

and then crossways the worn planks of the floor, changing one of the rockers and trying it again. Lethy's foot was on the bottom step; he leaned towards her, caught her under the arms, and with a little swing lifted her from the ground into the chair.

"See if she goes to suit you," he said, taking the empty pail from her hand and carrying it over to the table, that she might recover from the embarrassment which he thought so pretty and which always made him a little afraid.

"This feels good," she said, moving slowly back and forth. "You peel the peaches and I'll rock." There was not even a twinkle in her eyes. He loved her fun better because she was always so sober when she was at it.

"As soon as I clean up all this litter I will," he replied, as soberly. "There's a lady livin' here now that gets mad if she sees any trash around." He went to find the broom, but when he came with it Lethy had already gathered up the shavings in her striped apron and was carrying them to the kitchen.

There was a sound of wheels along the road. Through the open doors they saw Alice Crosby's buggy at the gate, and went out to meet her. The pretty turnout and the tall handsome girl in her white piqué and white straw hat, simple as they were, seemed almost incongruous in the lonely road with the dull gray fences and the wide irregular fields on either side. Even the knot of red ribbon on the buggy whip struck in Lethy's thought a note of alienation, like a symbol of the great gulf between the merely necessary, with which alone she was familiar, and the beautiful, so easy for Alice.

"I am not going to come in," the girl said to Lethy. "Mother just sent me over to ask if you and Jeff could come next Tuesday and spend the day with us." She turned to Jeff. "I didn't think you'd wait for a special invitation to come to see me when I've been away from home so long, especially as I am going to be your and Lethy's neighbor the rest of my life." The gay good-humor of her reproach carried no sting with it.

"We ought to have been to see you. I don't know why we haven't," Lethy said, looking into her visitor's eyes with

gentle sincerity. She thought she saw in their clear blueness a veiled scrutiny as she looked from Jeff to herself.

"Lethy is my nearest neighbor now, I'd have you remember," Alice said again to Jeff as she gathered up the reins to leave. "You have got to let us be friends."

Jeff's marriage had been no greater surprise to the neighborhood than it had been to himself. Lethy had divined rightly that heart-sickness for his mother first sent him to her, finding something in her that drew him deeply, little as he understood what it was. The consciousness that it might never have happened so, that Lethy might have refused him, that he might have married some other woman, quivered across his inner happiness like the shadow of wooded hills on some inland lake, nature's last touch of beauty on its still depths. With succeeding weeks he was able to name to himself some of the reasons why he loved her, but he was slow in finding out that the thing which charmed him most was her perpetual challenge to his curiosity. The things that pleased her, each simple preference as to food or dress, the hanging of a curtain, the position of a chair, the color of a wild flower, became a treasured discovery. The deeper things of her choice—he knew there must be such, but he did not feel himself worthy to conjecture what they might be.

Especially did he love to think of her as he rode to and from town on Saturday afternoons. Not so much while he was passing between the cultivated fields, for then his quick eye was taking in every detail of the growing crops; but when he drove through the quiet woodlands he seemed to feel her presence a part of the sweet stillness; and when his horse stopped to drink, it was not the glancing lights of the rocky stream, nor the strange reflections in the still pool under the willows, that he saw, but his wife's clear brown eyes into which he was looking, never able to read in their soft depths all that was there.

"Come back early," Lethy always said when he started for town, following him out to the gate, kissing and holding to him for a moment. He thought the unconscious appeal in her eyes meant, "I love you so, I cannot be so long with-

out you"; and he always left town early, or drove hard on his way back, so as to get home by sundown. The last mile he would take the short way through the creek bottoms, crossing the gap in the dense canebrake, and finding her waiting at the public road, with the bars taken down for him in spite of his grumbling. And then there was the half-mile ride together, when he would make her prove again that her head could almost reach to the top of his shoulder, and insist on hearing what she had been doing before he would tell her the news in town. One afternoon in December he staid to hear the hot political talk in Daly's store, and it was near sunset when he started on his ten-mile drive. The worst of his being so late was that Lethy would not be at the bars, and they would miss their ride together up the long hill. He hoped she would reproach him a little; that would give him a chance to prove to her by his watch that he had really been away from her no more hours than he had in the September days, when the afternoons were longer.

But there was neither reproach nor welcome in the white face that met him at the door, only a sense of relief, which he could see even in the darkness.

"What ails you, Lethy?" he said. "Has anything happened? Why haven't you got a light?" He kept his arm around her while he took a match from his pocket and struck it sharply, but she sprang herself to the old sideboard and took the chimney from the lamp.

"Are you sick, Dolly?" he asked again.

The color came back to her face, a wave of red, and she turned away. "Come, light a fire in the stove," she said, "while I make the biscuit. I haven't started supper yet." She was so imperative that he did as she said, following her directions in the kitchen too, so that he had no chance to repeat his question until they sat down to the table.

She looked up for him to ask the blessing. "I can't say grace or eat either, Lethy, till you tell me what's the matter," he said, a troubled look in his eyes.

Her face flushed again, and her head sank a little. "Nothing's the matter," she said, "and there hasn't anything happened. I was just afraid."

He looked at her incredulously. His

mother had staid alone in the house nights without number. "There's nobody in these parts to do a person any harm," he said.

She wanted to go and weep on his breast, as she had done the day the window had fallen on her hand, but she only drew up her head and answered in the same hard voice: "I wasn't afraid of anybody. I was afraid of the dark. I always have been."

"Why didn't you light the lamp?"

"Because I was afraid," she said, desperately. "I was afraid to move. I sat in the rocking-chair till I heard your step on the walk, and then I opened the door."

She hoped that he would come to her, that he would even laugh at her, but he did neither. His features settled into an expression that made her feel another man, and not her husband, sat opposite her. "Will you have some of the hominy?" he said, taking up a plate.

A connoisseur secures a fragile vase that satisfies all his desires. One day he discovers in it a flaw which no other eye would have seen. That was a hard winter for Jeff Miles. Perhaps for Lethy also.

One morning in April he left his plough in the furrow and started across the field to the spring to get a drink of water. At the end the path ran through weeds and bushes. The ground was damp and dulled his steps. As he got nearer he heard a brisk thub, thub, and the splash of a garment in water. He almost ran till he got in sight of the little cleared spot around the spring. Lethy was bending over a large tub and did not see his approach. She took up the blue-checked shirt she had just dipped in the water, shook it, and held the wristbands up to the light to see if the stains in them were gone; then she put it back on the washboard and began to rub again. He saw the color in her cheeks, the damp drops on her forehead, the roughness of her brown hair, usually so smooth. Her pink sun-bonnet hung on a sassafras-bush; her skirts, tucked up around her slim waist, showed the little coarse shoes that she always kept so clean. To her right was the iron pot with a fire under it, set where the wind would blow the smoke away from her.

Everything was so big for Lethy! He

seemed to see his mother again leaning over the tubs in her dark sun-bonnet and faded skirts. He remembered how the veins used to stand out, a yellow network, on her long sinewy arms. Until her last illness she had been so large and strong. Lethy was no more than a little brown wood-bird. He had carried the tubs and pot to the house for her as soon as the cool weather set in last fall; how could she have ever got them back down the long steep hill by herself? The first tears he had shed since his first bitter grief for his mother filled his blue eyes.

Lethy took her arms out of the water and wiped them on her damp apron. Her fingers were pink and shrivelled. The clothes she had washed were in a tub of clean rinsing-water. She was going to the house now to get dinner.

Jeff came in sight. "If you'd let me know you wanted to wash at the spring again, I would have brought the tubs and things down here for you," he said. Like most men when they are suffering, he spoke as if he was angry.

Lethy made no answer, untying her apron and spreading it over a bush to dry. "Dinner will be ready 'gainst you get to the house," she said. "I thought you'd hardly get through that field before half after twelve."

She stood a moment waiting for him to get a drink from the spring. Instead, he filled the two wooden buckets sitting on the ledge above it, and carried them for her up the steepest part of the long hill. When she had taken one in each hand and disappeared up the winding path, he sat down on a log and buried his face in his hands.

"This thing has got to stop," he said at last, rising miserably. "I can cure her of being so scary at night, and I am going to do it." All the afternoon his face was set and hard.

"I am going over to sit up with Ab Carter the fore part of the night," he said at supper. "It looks like a shame that I haven't done it before now."

He did not mean them so, but his last words sounded like a reproach, and her face flushed; but when she spoke it was in her usual slow, gentle voice. "You might carry that lightbread I made yesterday to Ida. Maybe Abner could eat some of it toasted."

"Wrap it up, then," he said, pushing back his chair. He turned towards the door. "I'll be home about two o'clock."

As he came back from the lot leading his horse, he saw Lethy through the open window. She had set the table for breakfast, and was spreading a clean white cloth over the dishes. He hesitated for a moment, passed, and went back. "I will just lock the back door and take the key with me," he said, "and then you won't have to get up to let me in."

When he returned, the house was in darkness. On the shelf by the door were the lamp and a box of matches. He went softly in, leaving the light in the passage that it might not waken Lethy. In crossing the room he touched a chair hung with his wife's garments. The light fabric on which his hand had rested a moment was warm, as if it had just left her person. He set his teeth together and again his young face hardened.

The pale green of the wheat-fields deepened into emerald, the brown slopes began to show long even lines of springing corn. The woods passed through all the stages of delicate coloring—bare branches yellowing with buds, gray tassels of aspens, crimson of maples, yellow fringes of oak and sassafras—to the slowly deepening green of full spring-time. The red-bird's long whistling call sounded exultantly from the woodlands, and the liquid, elusive notes of the swamp-robin haunted the low grounds. The warm air had in it the scent of sweet-shrubs and azaleas. Jeff Miles loved every sight and sound and odor that had its place between the first smell of burning brush in the hazy March air and the hot yellow of June wheat-fields; but this year his heart was dulled to every sweet infatuation of earth and sky, or felt them as an added pain. One unreasoning desire, one foolish purpose, one bitter sense of a lost happiness, enfolded him like a cloud.

He complained one day of the kitchen's being so warm. The next morning when he came in from feeding the stock, breakfast was spread in the small back porch. The morning-glory vines which Lethy had planted had reached the low eaves and made a delicate wall of green. The morning air blew in sweet and fresh. All his

life he had eaten in the hot little kitchen. It was so much like Lethy to think of moving the table out here. The joy of those first months of their married life came suddenly back to him. He laughed and talked gayly, putting the brown waffles she set by his plate over on hers.

"I don't know how people make out that never get married," he said at last, looking again from the clean white table to the screen of fresh morning-glory leaves. Two delicate white blooms showed among them. In some way they looked like Lethy. He looked at her, and saw, as he had not seen before, the shadows under her eyes and the pallor of her face.

She rose from the table as he did, and he went to where she was standing and put his arms around her. "Don't you see, Dolly," he said, "there is nothing to be afraid of at night?"

Whether she saw it or not, he purposed as he spoke never to leave her alone again; he only wanted to have the last word in this strange, silent argument that had lasted so long, and then put it aside forever.

If she had leaned against him as she once used to do, if the tears had come to her eyes, if she had even burst from him in anger and with stinging reproach, he would have confessed his folly, and the sweetness of life might have been theirs once more. But her eyes looked past and not into his face, and she submitted in a cold silence to his caresses, as she might have submitted to a blow.

It was after this that he began to drink. "It's not in the Mileses to do a thing in moderation," the neighbors said. "Jeff will kill himself before he's thirty, like his father did."

"He didn't marry the right sort of girl," a woman declared.

The November rain froze as it fell. The steep, rocky hills were smooth as glass. It was so dark that Jeff could only give his horse the reins to find the way as best it could, as he had done many times in the last three months. The men in the little back room over Daly's store had called him a fool for starting home on such a night. He told them truly that not all the money in the county could bribe him to leave Lethy by her-

self till morning. The long ride and the night air had sobered him. He was bitter cold and sick at heart. The ten miles seemed to have no end.

Morgan turned into the road through the creek bottoms, but half-way down the steep hill-side slipped and fell. Jeff was thrown on his shoulder and jarred terribly, but the horse groaned piteously and could not rise; his right fore leg seemed to be broken. It was not much over a mile home if only he could keep in the road, but, oh, to save the poor animal from such suffering!

He plunged along through the rough bottoms, seeing nothing, hearing nothing except the strange beating of the sleet on the stiffened weeds and bushes. A half-hour more and he should be at home.

His feet began to strike against the roots of the dead corn-stalks; he was out of the road. He tried to get back, but he was too cold and bewildered. At last, to his horror, he came up squarely against the canebrake. There was but one gap in it, whether above or below him he could not tell. He wandered helplessly up and down, striking ever against that horrible barrier. He knew that if he tried to make his way through it he would sink in the mire and freeze to death.

He was almost frozen now. How gladly would any of his neighbors come to his help if only they knew; and not even his voice could pierce that awful wall! He tried to make himself realize that he might die here in the darkness, less than a mile from his wife and his home; but his strong instinct fought fiercely against the thought. The events of the last two years came before him,—Lethy's face that day in church with the something in it that soothed his grief, the brief weeks of their courtship through the dawning spring-time, the day he brought her home in her white dress to the old log house, the first happy months of their married life; these he had lived through since were too terrible; if he thought of them now, he should indeed die.

He felt his strength giving out as he groped along. He seemed to himself the only wanderer in the world, cast out in the awful darkness, tortured by the driving sleet, mocked, forsaken. His

feet could scarcely move; in the numbness that was creeping over him he found a strange satisfaction in believing that at last he could know how his mother had felt in those last helpless months of her life.

His mother! To her, at least, he had been kind. The thought warmed his chilling heart. Never, never had he neglected her; never had he been other than tender to her. He saw again her faded eyes following him as he moved about the room, or fixed on him with that deep expression when he sat by her side. "Oh, mother!" his cold lips whispered. But the next moment they had framed another word as he sank on the frozen earth—"Lethy! Lethy!"

He thought he was dying, that he saw the light of the other world growing gradually brighter as he neared it. His mother was coming to meet him, young, and shining, and beautiful, calling him as she used to do when he was a child.

But it was his wife's voice and not his mother's that was calling his name, and it was Lethy that bent over him in the sleet and blackness of the midnight, a lantern in her small white hand. "Oh, Jeff," she said, "I knew God would let me find you."

. . . Alice Crosby used to watch their faces as they sat together in the country church. "If one could love like that!" she said to her heart.

Blind

BY MARIAN WARNER WILDMAN

THIS much I know. Before the sky grew dark,
When died the sunlight like a candle blown,
And left my soul to strain and grope and hark,*
A captive, locked in some black tower alone;

Before the curtain fell that shut me out
From all I had been—all I hoped to be,—
There was a glad green world, a joyous shout
Of strong winds blowing o'er a laughing sea;

And there were green-gold fields of heading wheat,
That ran and rippled in the passing breeze;
And there were frail pink roses, wild and sweet;
And there were mist-blue hills and tossing trees;

And over all, a brooding heaven blue,
Where martins circled in the sunset light,
And where the crying killdeers flashed and flew,
And great stars shot their glory through the night.

All this I know. And for the power divine
To dream such pictures on the midnight walls
Of this unwindowed prison-tomb of mine,
I bless the Hand from which the blessing falls.

I am content, O God, content to know
The sky still shines above my sightless eyes;
That though my feet down darkened pathways go,
Unseen, the Brightness round about me lies.

The Dream-Child

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

MY little dream-child called to me
Upon a midnight, cold and stark.
"Sweet mother, take me in," sighed she,
"For I am weary of the dark.
My little soul has missed the way
Out in the wide and wandering air—
O take me to your arms, I pray,
That I may find a shelter there."

My heart leapt up to hear the sound.
"My tender dream-child, can it be
Only the dusk that folds you round,
Folds you and holds you thus from me?
Then come! the way is broad and fair
Unto my heart, my own, my own"—
But waking came, . . . and only air
Swept past into the far unknown.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE formal dedication of a hall of fame in New York city is an incident of our ingenuous civilization which hardly any other can parallel. It recalls a little the perfunctory fêtes of the French Revolution in honor of the Supreme Being, and it brings dimly to mind several exemplary incidents of allegory in which mild, imaginary despots of the Orient or antiquity crowned a life of beneficence by the consecration of a temple to a Virtue or an Attribute. Something idyllic in the notion of a hall of fame such as ours must commend it to people of sensibility; something definite and practical will appeal strongly to the business instinct of our nation. Other races, other regions, have their halls of fame, but these have grown up slowly in the long process of the ages, and are the effect of accident gradually taking on the hue of purpose. We had come so early in our history to the need of such a memorial that we could not wait for its evolution; some of our most imperishable memories might in the mean time have faded; the only way, as soon as we realized our long-felt want, was to supply it with all possible

despatch. With the habit of former centuries, England could wait for the slow transformation of Westminster Abbey into a hall of fame; and Italy could be patient with Santa Croce; but for America it was different, and in an electrical epoch, with all the modern appliances at command, there was no reason why we should not have our hall of fame at once, as we have other things—suspension-bridges, subways, tunnels, sky-scrapers, railroads.

I

We have got our hall of fame within less than two years from the time when the first rumor of it struck the incredulous as an effect of the national humor, and it seems that we have it none too soon, for without it the memory of twenty-nine immortal Americans, of all achievements, would at this moment be exposed to the malice of the elements. As it is, their names are now safely and handsomely housed against wind and weather, in places to which they were chosen in a kind of electoral college, by votes varying from fifty-odd to ninety-seven. These soldiers, scientists, au-

thors, sailors, statesmen, artists, philanthropists, and divines are not every one of a celebrity that has penetrated the popular mind the most deeply or the most widely, and a plebiscite might have shown a different choice. It might not have shown a wiser choice, and probably it would have failed in the matter of just æsthetical appreciation, the taste of the people not being of such divine quality as its voice. But what will seem to the outside world a fatal defect in the composition of the electoral college is that Time, once supposed of sovereign judgment in questions like that before it, was not apparently invited to its councils. We can urge that in many cases Time had already done his work; but they could reply that Time wants a long while in those things, and that celebrities over a hundred years old have sometimes been known afterwards to perish utterly. Ozymandias, king of kings, they could say was a case in point, and not the only case.

Still, we can feel that for a new country the immortals elected to our hall of fame are not so bad, and there are several of them who would do credit to the oldest countries in the world. The doubt that will remain with more minds now than in a former age concerns the usefulness of enduring fame. The pleasure of the famous person may be safely left out of the account. If he is somewhere alive on better terms than he had here, terms that would allow him freely and frankly to own himself what he really was on earth, he is probably so much pained by the mistaken remembrance of mortals that he would rather be forgotten. The worthier he is of remembrance, the more he must shrink from it, and the question limits itself to those who remember him, and how far his memory is a use or a joy to them.

II

The fame of others is supposed to be the incentive of achievement, and the achievement of the individual is supposed to be for the advancement of the race, whether he means it solely for his own behoof or not. So far fame may be accepted as a good, but it is not to be kept constantly in view even on such terms, with constant advantage. Prob-

ably most famous persons desired fame in the beginning of their careers, but if they lived long enough to possess it, they wearied of it, as men weary of most other possessions, before they died. It became a burden, a bore; a sort of affront to their self-knowledge; and, as has been suggested, nothing could be more dismaying to the average immortal than the notion of having it through all eternity. The characteristic in which the human grows most like the divine is in becoming no respecter of persons, and one is one's self a person, and the least susceptible of an honest respect. To be sure, the wicked immortals, like Gengis Khan, and Tamerlane, and Captain Kidd, and Napoleon, might well insist upon a show of deference from mortals through all eternity. One of the most interesting facts observed by Swedenborg in his visions of perdition was that the lost souls passionately insisted upon one another's reverence, and that their fiercest quarrels arose from a sense of its absence; but the angels he found very modest, and unaware of anything worthy admiration in them. One cannot imagine Washington or Lincoln caring for earthly honors even while they were still in this life, and in another life such a notion of them is preposterous.

Our hall of fame is not for the dead, then, but for the quick: for the young, the trusting, the innocent, who can be animated in their generous ambitions by the memory of high examples. They alone can take the great and good on the terms fixed by their celebrity; but it may be a pity that the great and good, the greatest and best, could not be offered to their veneration on some other terms. The old theory is that youth can be incited to greatness and goodness by a conception of these embodied in constant perfection by certain lives; but the tendency of modern history is to find such lives great and good in spite of a pretty constant imperfection. It has come to be thought that the story of the struggles and the defects of great men is that part of their story which in the light of their prevailing success is the most significant. But the tablets in a hall of fame can give no hint of this to inexperience; and it is still questionable how far it is desirable they should. Certainly it is not

wholly desirable; and possibly the wisest thing would be to supplement the effect of the tablets by an intelligent and judicious ciceronage. Carefully instructed vergers, after explaining who and what the famous men were whose names were spelled there, might give a succinct account of their faults and follies, so that any of the audience with sense enough to know himself fallible and foolish might go away hopeful of not being always and finally so, and not crushed with despair of their inapproachable virtue. To one or two of the attendant group the verger might frown or wink an invitation to remain, and after the others had departed, might whisper to those chosen ears a few instances of error in which the virtuous are bound in a sad solidarity with the vicious.

III

But, after all, it might not do. Convention must have its uses, or there probably would be no such thing, and doubtless it is well to conform, until that slow disintegration which awaits all things releases us from any outward custom. How gradually, yet how frankly, all custom changes is one of the most encouraging evidences of the fulfilment of the over-will in the government of the world; and, as the poet teaches, even the passing of a good custom testifies to this. The process of evolution is not always inspiring, but if we bring patience as well as hope to the spectacle we shall not be without entertainment though we provisionally fail of edification. At each recurrence of the Thanksgiving season, for instance, the Easy Chair has noted, with question which has not yet found solution, but with unfailing amusement, the transformation of the solemn festival of the New England Puritans to the likeness of the old carnival and the yet older saturnalia among the children and youth of the East Side in New York. In New England itself, the stuffed turkey and its stuffed consumer have long been emblematic of a day consecrated to the prayerful outpouring of grateful hearts, and these are still its tokens among the American population throughout the country. But the hordes of heterogeneous aliens who cram our East Side tenements, and are of every outlandish

sect and religion, take Thanksgiving in a different sense. To them it is a wild holiday, to be spent in masking and mumming, and predatory incursions among the charitable of the better quarters. Their children troop through the streets and avenues, disguised in cast-off dresses, with blackened hands and faces, and equipped with boxes for coppers and nickels; the young girls and young men, fantastically masked and costumed, and accompanied by music, parade in decorated trucks and express-wagons, and end the day in frolic and dance and the pleasure of youth in youth.

To this complexion has it come at last, the devout feast of the Puritans, who, if they could revisit the glimpses of the November moon in this metropolis, might well imagine our Thanksgiving the May Day which they chased from the calendar for its wickedness, but now returned in sevenfold license and insolence. If, on the other hand, one of them could come back on the June morning when the Easy Chair is pondering these facts and resolutely seeking an optimistic meaning in them, the innocent aspect which the wicked May Day of Old England has come to wear in New York could scarce offend him.

It is no longer confined to the 1st of May, but from the opening of the spring till the end of the season any Saturday that promises to be fine may claim to be May Day. Then, if the ghostly Puritan will walk the cross streets leading to the gates of Central Park, he will see the poor children of the East Side schools, the little girls in white dresses and the boys in their Sunday best, and all wearing jockey caps of red, white, and blue muslin, making for the people's pleasure-ground in procession, to the sound of such music as hires itself cheaply for money, or gives itself for love. Two old Germans playing flageolets seem a favorite and fitting band; a tall boy smoking a cigarette as he beats the bass-drum does not quite accord with the spirit of the pastoral spectacle, but the discord is apparently not perceptible to the kindly young girl-teachers marching with the children, and keeping the little couples in line. The procession is apt to be congested about the May Queen, shining in tinsel under a baldaquin of

American flags, with ribbons held by her clustering maids of honor; but upon the whole each little troop gets smoothly on, and safely across the trolley tracks, and so into the Park, where the grass for that day is free to them and to all comers.

The great careless city, so brutal and ugly in many things, could offer the grim Puritanic spectre no sight that he could censure less than this innocent avatar of the old May Day, unless, indeed, he should let his disembodied humanity be taken with the little girls of the street who improvise their dances to the music of the hand-organs in the poorer districts, and foot it on the sidewalks, which the friendly passers turn out to leave unmolested to them. Their eyes dance with their twinkling feet, and it would probably be something much surlier than a Puritan ghost that would fright the pretty little tatterdemalions from their joy; they might not be easily frightened.

But probably the May parties would be as far as such a ghost could go in toleration. It is imaginable that he would sympathetically follow one of these parties into the Park, where, in a certain allotted space, not far from the knoll on which he would find himself at home with Mr. Ward's statue of the Pilgrim, the East Side May parties spend the long June day in the gentler sort of games that children play when they are boys and girls together. The boys that would rather be boys alone go to the vast meadow on the westward stretch of the Park, and play baseball and football, and it is the girls who characterize the May Day sports with the gentler athletics of their sex. They hang their artificial garlands and paper crowns and gauzy over-skirts on the lowest limbs of the beech-trees, and give themselves up in their every-day garments to the unhampered pleasure of the romps that last till lunch-time, when the grass is suddenly littered with papers and paper boxes. The ice-cream man has appeared, with those that sell cheap candies and peanuts and corn balls; and then the feasting ends and the frolic begins again, to last till the police intervene at six o'clock. The crowns and garlands and gauze over-skirts come down from the trees; the processions form in their morning splendor; the aged flageo-

leteers place themselves in the van; the drummer-boy lights his cigarette, and the May parties march home as bravely and blithely as they came.

IV

What could the bleakest enemy of May Day object to in all that? It is a most regenerate May Day, and its innocent spirit is such as to intimate a hope for the coming America to far more pessimistic minds than the Easy Chair's. Only those who know at first hand the newly Americanized life of the East Side of New York, and the kindred life of our other great cities, know the ardor with which it catches up our cast traditions and clothes itself in them. Italians and Poles and Bohemians and Russians and Syrians, they are all eager to be Americans in the good things as well as the bad. One college-settlement worker found that there were so many Long-fellow Clubs in the East Side that the latest, to give itself distinction, had been obliged to call itself the Wordsworth Club. The American flag is for such still the symbol of the liberty and equality once universally supposed to follow the Constitution, with a government based upon the consent of the governed; and perhaps their love and courage will have force to make it so again, if they can be kept out of the slough of prosperity long enough. It is they, perhaps, who will know how to find inspiration in our brand-new hall of fame, untroubled by any of the misgivings that seem to have beset the Easy Chair concerning it.

A friend of this seat of ordinarily hopeful contemplation, to whom it had imparted the doubts of the hall of fame hitherto set down, held that it was altogether wrong to have them. He is not himself one of the fatly satisfied Americans who fancy the fulfilment of our mission to mankind in our present welter of wealth and corpulent expansion. Rather he finds that the true American life has been wellnigh choked in it, and that we stand gasping in a tide of glory and affluence that may soon or late close over the old America forever. He speaks darkly of a dying republic, and of a nascent monarchy or oligarchy; but he thinks it an excellent thing that the names of

Washington and Franklin, of Jefferson and Lincoln, should be set somewhere on high, constantly to meet the eyes of the people, and challenge their curiosity as to the civic significance of those great men. He believes that this could never be explained without inspiring at least a noble regret that we are no longer like them in our collective meaning; and if the honor done their names implied nothing more than an ironical comment upon our recreancy, he holds that the effect would be wholesome and sanative. Made to observe that we were probably never like them collectively, but always pretty much what we are—that they themselves were not always like themselves—he was not moved. He said that the ideal of ourselves was what kept us alive, and if the ideal was an illusion, it was still our only stay and defence. If liberty and equality in a government based on the consent of the governed was the life-lie and not the living truth of America, still it was better than the cynical self-recognition of a time which denied that these were righteous things. This also was a *modus vivendi*, a life-lie, and a black life-lie, while the old was at worst a white one.

He left the Easy Chair not quite restored to its wonted complacency, but somewhat doubtful of its misgivings concerning the hall of fame, which so far may be so good. It found itself willing to see a use in it unseen before, and began to indulge the fancy of having something like an annual or semiannual pilgrimage of the school-children to that fane, where their young minds could receive such impression as might be imparted by the votive tablets without commentary or reservation. What matter if Washington and Jefferson were slaveholders? They stood for the ideal of human liberty and self-government, and their faith denied their life. Some of the names would not say anything to the children, but in time the hall of fame might make them all known and keep them known, and then each of them could say something worth considering.

It might not be well to add to our lengthening list of holidays in behalf of the pilgrimages to the hall of fame here imagined, but it could be contrived that

the May parties should visit it, as part of the day's pleasure, and our Thanksgiving mummers might do worse than extend their frolic so far. In some such devotion the paganized festival of the Puritans might evolve a significance which could console us as Americans if not as Christians. It would not be again the day consecrated to the piety of the fathers; but vowed to the patriotism of the sons, it would not be so bad after all. If the custom of such semiannual pilgrimages were once established in New York, the railroads might offer excursion rates for pilgrimages from other cities, pending the erection of halls of fame in the principal centres, which is pretty sure to follow the dedication of ours. In a very little time the sense of something grotesquely voluntary and mechanical will conceivably cease to associate itself with our hall of fame; and when we begin to have its like everywhere, a hall of fame will seem no stranger to the next generation than an automobile. It might become of such daily habit, indeed, that the incurious children of the future would not turn to look at it; but it would be something that no self-respecting centre could consent to be without. In these conditions the multiplication of our immortals would be something that the world has not yet seen the like of. Given a hall of fame, the question of filling it with home celebrities would concern the local pride of every State in the Union, and every great city, and finally every county-seat. In the end, or perhaps long before the end, we should have magnanimous millionaires giving halls of fame, right and left, all over the country, on condition that the recipient communities should furnish the names to be inscribed in them.

When it came to this it is probable that a defect of the New York hall of fame would be supplied, and that some of the many Americans who have shed lustre upon their country by their matchless proficiency in making money would be commemorated irrespective of their other claims upon our remembrance. These are now the Americans who dominate the popular imagination in their own country and fix the wonder of the whole world. As it stands, no one

can examine the list of immortals peopling our hall of fame and not feel that the claims of capital have been strangely neglected by the electoral college. That body has recognized the celebrity of several rich men who were also philanthropists, but this is because they were philanthropists. The defect is in the omission of all millionaires as millionaires from the list of immortals. To be sure, most of our millionaires who have

joined the majority were not of the supreme modern type, but some of them were; and the fact that the higher finance,—the corner, the combine, the trust,—is ignored where poetry, art, science, soldiership, divinity, and humanity are honored is at least very extraordinary. What is to become of the rising generation if it is not inspired to the acquisition of riches by the famous examples in that sort?

Editor's Study.

I

WE have reached the noontide of the year—the noontide also of the Magazine's year. This House of Imagination is newly created for the expansive hospitality of a high festival; its towers and arches lifted high and its pleasure-gardens wide-spreading, to meet the lofty skies and the ample luxuriance of midsummer.

The month of August was named after the Roman Emperor Augustus, but the name is significant also, through its derivation (from *augeo*, to increase), of the season's opulence. Curiously, by the change of a single letter we have the Latin *angustus*, conveying the opposite meaning, that of narrowness or confinement. We in these pages meet the month before its coming, being still in July, and so much nearer, therefore, to the summer solstice. August itself is a little after noon, when the fulness of summer is expressed in ripeness, and the harvests betoken the reaper, who in the green awaits the gold. It is a rich, Plutonian month, noisy, sultry, and sordid in all its splendors. The mystery of June's deeply infolded life is lost in this open, wide-awake magnificence of accomplishment. Almost Nature seems to take an air of worldliness, especially in her response to human husbandry, serving uses that eclipse her proper and more heavenly ministry.

John Burroughs, in this number, paints for us a faithful portrait of August; and he draws attention to some hidden processes of Nature that are going on pre-

paratory to a new spring-time even while the summer is declining with her diminishing days, yielding more and more to darkness and death. No door is closed, but another door is opened. Some years ago the authors of *The Unseen Universe* propounded this principle, giving it a universal application. According to this view an invisible involution goes on concurrently with the visible evolution. The other side of every unfolding of life is an infolding for a new emergence. With the decay of the universe another universe is invisibly shaping, and is to appear upon the death of the old. The hypothesis is not only ingenious, but is confirmed by all that we know of the physical world; at least we know of nothing contradicting it. Of course any number of questions could be put concerning it by the meanest intelligence that no intelligence the most profound could answer; but that is true also of the shaping of any universe.

It may be, indeed, that the tendency to new involution dominates the evolution now going on—that all things are drawn on by things to come, so that our idea of heredity must be reversed, and the term "final cause" be given its natural and literal meaning. The plant begins and ends in a seed; but in this view the terminal or ultimate seed determines and dominates its development. All that we are or do is one side of a web which is being woven according to a pattern on the other and invisible side—the pattern of what we are becoming.

With due respect, we suggest this view

of life to Professor Haeckel for a new solution of *The Riddle of the Universe*, in terms wherein immortality is premise and not surmise.

II

The Magazine, like Nature, prepares its next year's work while the present year's golden harvest is in evidence. Already its next great serial story is promised and in preparation, and so with other important features to be unfolded in 1902.

In many ways the conduct of a great magazine simulates the operations of Nature. It is not made out of hand; it is born and it grows. There is a certain inevitability about it from the outset. It is not a matter of so much capital or even of so much brains. The richest man living, assisted by the most brilliant talent that wealth can command, might publish a magazine, as he might own and run a yacht for pleasure, or a factory for profit, and he might make a successful venture. His magazine might win general popularity if wisely conducted with that end in view, or, if so designed, might adequately occupy some special field. Magazines have been started in that way—*i. e.*, from outright intention and with a definite scheme and backed by abundant material and intellectual resources—and have succeeded. But for a magazine to be not merely successful, but institutionally important, entering so intimately into the life and thought of a people that its inevitableness is conceded, something more is necessary. There must be an imperative call for it in the conditions attending its birth, so that its emergence seems spontaneous. It must in itself have the power of creative life, making large demands upon its environment. Even its sponsors in baptism may not comprehend its genius, and must needs wait upon it with patience and docility, such plans as they make for it being modestly tentative. If they unwittingly put upon it an unnatural burden, it will assert itself with that miraculous strength that in the germinant seed lifts a paving-stone. As money cannot make nor mind invent this living thing, so they are not adequate to its continuance. The pattern of what, according to its own genius, it is naturally meant to

be dominates its development. It refuses to be the toy of the artificer or of the doctrinaire. Else it could have no life, but only such motion as may be imparted to a machine. There have been a few such magazines in this country and in England, having a "touch of nature" in them from the first, by which they are distinguished from all others. When any new species of organic life appears upon the earth, it is because it is allowed by the existing conditions. Thus it is with human institutions. The class of magazines of which we are writing come in like manner, by permission, and the circumstances permitting them enter into their texture and complexion. In the case of *Blackwood* and in that of the *Atlantic Monthly*, it would seem that a group of writers called each of these periodicals into being to serve as their organ of expression. How many of our readers know who were the first publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly*? Then, again, as in the case of *Harper's*, and afterwards of *Scribner's*, the character of a publishing-house, and relations already established with its constituency through its publications, become the fostering elements of a magazine's growth.

III

The origin of *Harper's* is especially interesting because it was the first of its class, having no predecessor in its type—*i. e.*, in the type disclosed in its development as peculiarly its own. No group of writers was awaiting it, ready to occupy its pages with their brilliant contributions. It was an essential part of the organization of a great metropolitan publishing business, to all appearances a mere incident. Its real future no one could forecast, not even its publishers, who were also mainly its conductors. In its progress it was a series of surprises, the novelty of which piqued public curiosity. All the first appearances indicating its character were contradicted. It seemed like an eclectic, but was quickly transformed into something wholly native and original, intimately associated with the growth of the American people, especially in the novel aspects of its frontier life. It became an educational institution through its illustrated articles of travel, exploration, and science, and

at the same time reflected the distinctive traits of the American people—its humors, its habits, its amusements, in near and remote regions, in the mountains of Virginia, and the mining-camps beyond the Rockies. Always the greatest novels of the time found place in its pages. The remarkable development which it stimulated in black and white drawing and engraving widened the field of its possibilities. In all this growth it maintained a deep and strong human appeal, with an intention not deliberately calculated or morally inculcated, but vital.

IV

There is a prevalent notion that the Magazine is made up from month to month from copy submitted in the shape of manuscripts by writers in all quarters of the globe, the selection and arrangement of these articles being committed to a responsible editor, who is a kind of Great Mogul, crowning or decapitating literary aspirants at his sovereign will and pleasure. It is conceivable that a magazine might be thus constituted—a monthly miscellany representing contributors and dependent wholly upon their good-will and ability; and it would have a certain degree of interest. The editor declines to indicate how small a portion of the present or of any other number is the result of selection from these casual offerings of manuscripts; and, on the other hand, it would be impossible for him to overestimate the value of such contributions as are selected. It would be an ideal situation for the Magazine if every article essential to it should be thus contributed, as—other things being equal—no solicited contribution has quite the value of one prepared by a writer of his own motion. Suppose there were but four or five contributions to the present number selected from casual offerings—these few found things would, in many ways, seem more precious, especially if they came from new writers, than the other contents; they are the promise of the future. Constance Fenimore Woolson and many other eminent writers were first discovered in this way.

Everything goes to the making up of a living and growing magazine. In its magic mirror must be reflected the whole procession going down to Camelot. Not

only the great writers and the great artists, but also the new movements in literature and art and society, and the new discoveries in science, must be included in the view. The exclusions and eliminations for final choice as to the actual representation of this moving world in the pages of the Magazine proceed more in accordance with the genius of the Magazine itself than with the arbitrary determination of its conductors.

There can, indeed, be nothing arbitrary in the conduct of such a magazine. It is a popular institution, engaging the earnest attention and interest not only of those directly concerned in its management, but of a large silent yet commanding constituency. If any member of this constituency breaks the silence, he has the authority of a tribune for the arrest of judgment. All counsels and suggestions from whatever source are not only heeded, but gratefully received. The management itself is, as we have said, modestly tentative. It must have single control, else there would be confusion, but that control proceeds through an association with itself of co-operative agencies.

The editor's direct and close intimacy with the actual material in hand, whether solicited or voluntarily contributed, with its very temperament and texture, and his sensibility to intimations from the genius and spirit of the Magazine itself—a feeling of its very mould and pressure—especially if it has been the culture of many years, give him his proper advantage, the only one, indeed, that he has over other co-operating agencies; but it is fortunate for him if even in this he is not alone, if he can have not only sympathy and support from proprietor or manager, but that ideal fellowship which we imagine as having existed between such publishers as Murray and Blackwood and their editors, and which we know existed between Charles Scribner and Dr. J. G. Holland. Blackwood hardly needed an editor. James T. Fields edited the *Atlantic Monthly* himself during several years before he gave it into the charge of Mr. Howells, who alone could say how much he profited from the wisdom and experience of his predecessor. We ourselves have always had the benefit and inspiration of such

fellowship. The editor is jealous only of himself, and especially of the expertness of judgment which comes of long habit. He fears lest he may overrate the expertness of writers also, or become insensible to fresh and simple creations. Therefore he courts the assistance of others, even in his exclusions, and especially the aid of younger minds and fresher eyes.

We doubt if the readers of this Magazine know how complex are the operations upon which a single number depends for its full value and attractiveness. Outside of the central office, agencies are established in the great cities of Europe, simply for prompt information and suggestion. The illustrations for one number require the best work of a score of the ablest artists—work that in the aggregate would occupy from a single hand nearly a year's time, apart from the time taken to engrave them. The making-up of a number after its contents have been determined is a study, and might well occupy the entire time of one man; in reality it is a matter of careful consultation, engaging the attention of manager, editor, and art superintendent, besides that of the person who has the special charge of it. All this is the mere body of a number; its soul—well, *that* is the soul the Magazine was born with, and which discloses itself more and more fully from year to year.

V

It is evident that magazines of the class we have been describing, while they become to a greater or less extent, according to their scope, popular institutions, cannot without deterioration sacrifice a single essential feature for mere popularity. They are not wholly business enterprises, any more than are our universities.

They do not depend upon great names for their success. They have lived to little purpose if they have not won a greater prestige than can belong to any individual author, greater, that is, in their proper field. A book like *Ben-Hur* may, in the course of years, have a far wider sale than any single copy of a magazine ever had, and be a really great book for all that; but a book's province is not

precisely that of a magazine. Once or twice in a century there may arise a writer whose works will live when all periodical literature contemporary with him shall be forgotten. English institutions may perish and Shakspeare still live. But Shakspeare or Milton or Goethe would poorly serve as a magazine contributor. Excepting the works of the masters of fiction, few, if any, great books lie within the proper scope of a periodical. Some stars that shine brilliantly in the reviews would have no proper place in a magazine galaxy. When you see a great name in a great magazine, it will not be because of its own desirability, but for the rare quality of the contribution itself, as in the case of Maurice Hewlett's mediæval romance in the present issue. The general demand makes it necessary to attach the names of authors to their contributions, but during more than half the period of its existence that was not the custom in this Magazine. It was safely assumed that the prestige of the Magazine would secure for the unknown writer his full share of attention. Fortunately, the keen public interest in literary matters that demands the names of all contributors most eagerly fixes itself upon the offering of a new writer that in so sharp a competition has won a place. We will venture to say that Mary Applewhite Bacon's short story, "The Passing of a Shadow," in this number, will have as appreciative welcome as Mr. Ollivant's, or Mr. Hewlett's, or Miss Daskam's.

If our option lay between the field for the discovery and the disclosure of such productions by new writers and one in which we must forego that opportunity and service and yet might secure a monthly circulation of a million copies, we should hold to the former. There are many other ways in which the Magazine might be deflected from the lines of its proper destiny and be no longer itself, in which case its soul would leave the body and seek another incarnation. The lines of natural development are inevitable; success achieved in other lines would be a magnificent diversion, but without significance. A magazine is popular in the best sense if it has intimacy with the life of the people in the lines of that life's aspiration and growth.

In the Country

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH

WHEN, after ten years' exhortation, I induced my friend, Chester Kent, to decide to move to the country, I felt much gratified. We are old school-mates, and our wives are devoted to each other. I had hoped the Kents would come to Jersey, where we live, but they decided, so Chet informed me as we chanced to meet one day in an elevated train, on Westchester County. I told him if he needed any advice about rural matters that he must not hesitate to ask questions. My last charge to him as we parted was to write often. He said he would. He did.

I

Wednesday.

MY DEAR WILL,—We're here at last, and though we're not much settled yet, I'm going to keep my promise to write. In fact, it is no more than your due, old fellow. We're delighted with the place and feel that we're going to be very happy here, and to you we owe all the thanks for getting out of that horrible flat and into the beautiful country. The house, we think, we shall like very much after we get a little acquainted with it. True, it seems to me I could have made it a bit more convenient if I had had the planning of it, but this may be only professional jealousy. But I must believe that you'll agree with me that the architect's reason for placing the parlor between the kitchen and the dining-room is somewhat mysterious. There is a beautiful fireplace in the room which we shall use for a library, which is just the other side of the kitchen, and convenient to the well, clothes-lines, grindstone, leach, and smoke-house. We think a great deal of this last named—that is, Laura does. You know she always rather objected to my smoking all over the house, and she says I'm to put a window in the smoke-house and use it for a smoking-room, since we sha'n't have any hams to smoke till next fall. Perhaps even then, by using mild tobacco and a cob pipe, I can still use it, and smoke the hams and bacon beautifully at the same time I do myself. Of course I shall get a flock of pigs.

The view from the veranda is delightful. Woods and hills and a valley stretching away to the south. There is a quiet country road winding away down to the village, and a rather large open field in front of the house. I've not yet been able to explore the

neighborhood much, owing to an awkward little accident when we first arrived, by which I hurt my ankle. You see, it's a Colonial house, and quite unspoiled by modern repairs, though it *was* touched up slightly during Washington's first term. But you scarcely notice this, so it remains a splendid example of the pure Colonial. As I walked into the parlor the first morning the end of one of the floor boards went down with me and I sank half-way into the cellar. You know what an efficient woman Laura is. Well, she seized the other end of the board, which had gone *up*, and pulled it down and stepped on it. Unfortunately, she had the long end, and *she* now went down and *I* up. We both kept our balance admirably, and had a pretty little game of seesaw. Finally we both jumped off, and she escaped unhurt, while the board went down endwise into the eighteenth-century depths below. I expect to be well in a day or two.

We've already got a flock of chickens—quite a large flock for an amateur, I fear. You see, three farmers came, each with a wagon-load of fowls, and I told one of them that I would take his, they being white, and would therefore be decorative on the green grass; but there was a misunderstanding somehow, and the men all dumped their birds out by the barn, and they got hopelessly mixed up, so I had to take them all. I think there's about one hundred and ten of them, though they ran about a good deal when I counted them, and some of them had their heads down fighting rather ferociously. We expect quantities of eggs, as the hens are all said to lay like herrings.

I forgot to tell you the other day that I have a commission to plan twenty cottages at Hillkill-on-Hudson, and that I shall do most of the work at home, so as to get all the country possible. I can't hope to see you in the city much this summer, but you and Henrietta must come up when we get settled. I have sent out a general alarm that I want to buy a cow. I hear that cows are very scarce, and I may not be able to get one, but shall do my best. Have also ordered some wood, and shall try the splendid old fireplace to-morrow if it's chilly, as it bids fair to be. Got three eggs to-day.

Write to me and give me any advice which you think I may need. I realize that I don't know everything about country life. Laura sends love to Henrietta, and joins me in

hoping that you will both come up to see us after we get things running smoothly.

Ever yours, CHESTER.

II

Friday.

MY DEAR BOY,—That old Colonial fireplace worked charmingly, only we in our benighted twentieth-century ignorance didn't know how to dispose ourselves. You see, the chimney is extraordinarily large, and Laura and I could easily have got up in it and sat in a hammock or something, where I am sure we should have been warm and comfortable, and quite free from smoke. But we were so inexperienced as to stay in the room, where the smoke naturally came on its way to the windows. It was quite absurd of us, and we shall try the fireplace again when we get over coughing.

I find I am misinformed concerning the scarcity of cows. Yesterday morning I was awakened by hollow sounds, and on rising and looking out found no less than twelve men in the square in front, each holding a cow by a bit of rope. Up the road I saw a cloud of dust approaching, which later revealed a man on horseback driving a bevy of eight cows, three of them accompanied by small calves. This man's idea was to bring all he had and let me take my choice. I went out, but each man spoke so highly of his animal that I found it difficult to make a selection. The arrival of others only added to my perplexity. Finally Laura came out and settled the matter very cleverly, I thought. You know how artistic she is (she studied at the League, you remember), and she instantly said that she wouldn't tolerate a cow about the place which didn't have a crumpled horn. So I sent them all off, and waved back those that were looming up in the distance, though the man with the regiment grumbled a good deal, saying that he had come ten miles, and that it was too far for a calf in arms to walk, anyhow, and that he'd come mainly as an accommodation to me, hearing as how I wanted to get holt of a good cow, and cows being so tarnal skeerce. I finally gave him a dollar for his time. The men all said they would look up crumpled-horn cows, though they agreed in doubting if there was one in the county.

I'm glad you told me that I ought to get more than three eggs a day from a hundred hens. I knew we needed more eggs, but I thought probably I ought to get more hens. I've no doubt they'll do better when they are settled. They cackle a great deal, which shows that their minds at least are on egg production. Your suggestion of china nest-eggs seems good, and I have ordered three dozen. One nest is undeveloped property, as a large terra-cotta-colored hen stays on it all the time and growls if I approach her. She may be a regular trust, and have any number of eggs under her. If you know any legal way to oust her I wish you'd tell me of it.

We rather looked for a crumpled-horn cow this morning, but none came. I'm half

afraid we made a mistake in not taking a plain animal. Do you know any humane way to crumple a cow's horn? The only man who came this morning was one with a dog. Said he heard I wanted to buy a dog. I said, No, it was a cow I wanted. Yes, yes, he said, so he heard—good dog—glad I liked it. It finally developed that he was deaf as a post, seventy-six years old, and that he'd walked all the way from Stamford, Connecticut, chiefly as an act of kindness to a new-comer; so I took the beast. Not pure bred, I fear, but decorative. We expected to have to advertise in the village paper for a cat, but somebody left a bagful of kittens on our veranda night before last, and two bagfuls last night, so we'll have plenty when they grow up. Perhaps the owners lost them, and Laura thinks I ought to advertise them as estrays. Are kittens considered valuable chattels in the country? I hope that they are not taxed if these all stay.

Your suggestion that there was probably a board over the top of the chimney was good. There was. Poked it off with a fish-pole, and shall try another fire to-morrow. Three eggs yesterday, two to-day. One of the men I got the chickens from tells me they are moulting. Says that after a while they will "lay like fury." Laura boiled nest-eggs this morning by mistake. I'm afraid those nest-eggs do more harm than good. The hens go and look in the nests and then turn around and cackle. They think it fools me, but it doesn't. When are you coming up? Ever yours, CHESTER.

III

Tuesday.

DEAR WILL,—I'm glad for the sake of appearances that that board is off the chimney, but it doesn't draw any better. This time the smoke wouldn't even go out the windows, but just wandered about the house and settled on things. Some of it actually went down cellar. The kittens all set up a terrible sneezing, and the dog (we have named him Rip Van Winkle) jumped through a window-pane. The smoke was so thick that I couldn't see how Laura got out, but I think she followed Rip's example. There were two panes broken, anyhow. But it's had one good effect—Laura doesn't say anything more about *my* smoking in the house.

I wasn't going to tell you the sequel of this, not wanting to worry you and Henrietta, but I might as well, because you'll have to know it some time. The smoke was so bad, and my efforts to smother the fire with an armful of rhubarb leaves were so unsuccessful, that Laura and I struck out for the woods and went flower-hunting and bird's-nesting for a couple of hours. A passerby thought the house was on fire, and ran to the village and gave the alarm.

Unfortunately there's a fire company with a new engine (or, rather, an old one which they have just got, with brakes which go up and down—genuine old Harry Howard machine), and they came out pell-mell and dropped their hose down the well and

squirted absolute tons of water into the upper windows, while volunteers lugged out the furniture. You can imagine how gently they handled it, and how good it was for the things, especially the books and pictures, and my papers and plans. There was one ray of light, however—Rip stood by the family, and bit the foreman of the engine company and two of the volunteers. Good doggie. I had to pay damages, of course, but I didn't think them excessive. You see it will take us some days to get settled again, so don't come this week.

I must tell you about the cow. We've got one! When we awoke yesterday morning we saw three men outside the gate with a cow. She had a beautifully crumpled horn, and Laura peeped through the shutter and said she would do. I went right down and told them that I would take her. Then I asked the price, and they said \$75. I thought it pretty high, as none of the others had been above \$40, but the men said—well, I won't inflict what they *said* on you, as it took an hour and a quarter, but it amounted to this, that she was the only crumpled-horn cow in Westchester County, and a great prize; that there were plenty of rich nabobs down around White Plains who would jump at the chance to give a hundred, only they (the present trio) hadn't time to take her down, being so busy with spring planting, and this such fine growin' weather. So I paid the money, and they walked away quick and rather nervously, and I saw eight or ten other men come from behind some trees down the road and join them. Then I realized that the whole crowd who came previously had formed a crumpled-horn cow syndicate, and were sharing in the profits. But I led her into the back yard, and Laura brought out her paints and began to sketch her. I shall put her in the front elevation of all the blue prints I make of those cottages, instead of the usual man with the garden hose.

Two eggs Saturday, and nine to-day. I was startled when I first found the nine, thinking that somebody was trying to play a joke on us; then I remembered that owing to the excitement about the fire and the cow I had forgotten to gather them for three days, so the increase need alarm no one. Have hired a man to look after the stock, which now includes a pig. He's an honest Scandinavian, with blue eyes (the man is), and is large and decorative. Laura is going to sketch him. The pig squeals considerably, which makes the hens cackle. The country is less quiet than I have always been led to believe. That hen *was* sitting. I took her off forcibly, as you advised, but she was not the magnate I suspected. She had nothing but a white door-knob, so I put her back. I can't see that she will hurt it. Besides, it isn't my knob. I think she brought it with her—under one wing, I suppose. The cow gave three pints of milk last night and two pints this morning. Do you suppose she, too, is moulting? Which do you advise that we make, butter or

cheese? Don't you think that perhaps the cow has not yet arrived at her best age? Ole looked at her teeth and said she was more than fifteen. It seems that the dental record of the cow ceases at fifteen. Come up next week. Laura sends love to Henrietta. Ever yours,
CHET.

IV

Friday.

MY DEAR WILL,—I write in great haste, and under most annoying conditions. There *were* swallows' nests in that chimney. Ole tried to swab them out from the top, and fell in, and came down head-first, bringing along the nests and much mortar, and what I fear were highly improper remarks in his native tongue. When we built a fire the chimney drew magnificently. I piled on more wood. The blaze roared up the flue, and the draught threatened to draw Laura in. The next thing we knew the whole upper part of the house was ablaze. The fire company refused to respond, having been fooled once, and the house was a total loss. Nothing left but the cellar, and that full of ashes. Saved all of our things of value, however. Now living in the barn. Kittens escaped and are with us. Rip got excited again and bit Ole, who has gone to his brother's, eight miles away, to get a gun. Laura bearing up well, and sketching cow—side view. Don't come next week. Remember us to Henrietta. Two eggs to-day. Ever yours,
C.

V

[Telegram]

Saturday.

Ole returned. Shot at dog, hit cow. Barn just burned to ground, set by gun wad. Chickens and kittens escaped. Wire course usually pursued in country under present circumstances. One egg.
CHESTER.

When I received this last communication I saw my duty. I must go to him. I rushed away for New York, and in an hour was at the station where I must take the train to reach Chet's place. Of course I just missed one train, and found I must wait an hour for another. I bethought me of Chet's office a few blocks away, and decided to go over and speak to his business partner. But I met not the partner, but Chet himself, in jaunty summer suit, cool and unruffled.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "when did you get back?"

"We haven't been away," he answered, calmly. "We changed our minds, and have stuck to the flat, except for one or two trips to Coney Island. Come over and have luncheon with us. I'll telephone Laura."

"You heartless scoundrel! Then you made all of those letters up, did you?"

"Certainly. One of the clerks who lives up there mailed them for me. I thought you'd enjoy thinking we were having the usual happy experiences incident to a summer country place—but you go and get mad. I see myself trying to please you again!"



The Dustin' Tune

OUR girl she plays a dandy tune
On our piano. 'Long 'bout noon,
'Most ev'ry day, with cloth in hand,
Before the insterment she'll stand,
An' glancin' at the keys, she'll say,
"How dusty things git in one day!"
An' then she'll make a jab, maybe,
An' strike a note 'way up in G.
Then swipe the dust-cloth down the keys,
An' back an' forth—go as you please.
An' when there's no more dust to see,
She'll turn around an' look at me,
An' bowin' like an actress, say,
"Sure that's the dustin' tune I play."

HARDLY ACCURATE

SHE had returned with an M. D. from a university after her name, and had been elected to the chair of English Literature in a small local college. On the day before the session opened, the president was explaining to her the duties of her place. "In addition to your work in English literature," he said, with apologetic hesitation, "I should like you to take the Junior and Senior classes in elocution, and also assume charge of the physical culture."

"Is there no teacher of elocution?" asked Miss Jones.

"Well, no; not at present."

"And who has charge of the physical training?"

"To tell the truth, we have no teacher as yet. You perhaps noticed in the catalogue that those two departments were 'to be supplied.'"

"And I was elected to the chair of English Literature—"

"Yes," the president answered, gloomily.

But he was reassured by her winning smile. "I will take the work and do what I can with it, Dr. Smith," she said, brightly; "but why didn't you write me at first that the 'chair' was a settee?" M. A. B.

LARCENY BY MR. SCRUGGS

MR. SCRUGGS is a large gentleman possessing great dignity, partly natural, and partly gained through much experience as presiding officer in countless financial and charitable organizations.

One sweltering summer day, as he dropped into his seat in the afternoon train which was to carry him down to his country place, he noticed with much displeasure that immediately behind him was the inevitable tired mother with the usual very small children. But the youngsters were quiet, and the motion of the car soon had its effect. Mr. Scruggs's chin sank upon his breast, and he slept.

Suddenly he became acutely conscious that something warm and sticky had been violently inserted between his collar and the back of his neck. He lurched indignantly to his feet, just as a shrill voice exclaimed, with great distinctness, "Oh, ma, that man's got my gum-drop!" J. H. H.

SLIGHTLY NEGATIVE

UNCLE EPHRAIM'S rusty hat droops humbly over his black and wrinkled forehead; his coat pockets are sagging away from his coat; one knee is covered with a blue patch, the other one with a white one sewed on with black thread; his shoes are full of holes, and it would puzzle any one to declare the original color of any article of his apparel. He pulls off the drooping hat as he looks over my garden fence, and gives me a smile that makes me feel better for an hour. "Miss Alice," he asks, cheerfully, "you don't know nobody that wantster hire nobody to do nothin' fer 'em dis mawnin', does you?"

TAKEN AT HER WORD

HE came and asked me for my love,
And said that his devotion
Would most indubitably prove
As boundless as the ocean.
But I was young and fair and gay;
My life was like a summer's day;
And this was all that I would say,
"You'd better ask Pepita."

His form was fine, and oh, his face
Recalled the young Leander,
And for his peer in manly grace
Go back to Alexander.
But flattery had turned my head,
And when he urged that I would wed,
Coquettishly again I said,
"You'd better ask Pepita."

And then—I've heard of course that man
Is fickle and peculiar,
Ranging from Elinor to Ann,
From Ann to Jane or Julia.
But if I e'er had thought that he
Would so extremely docile be,
I never should have said—ah me!
He'd better ask Pepita.

C. W. THAYER.



THE BUTTERFLY—A CONTRAST



WILL THEY ALLOW THE YOUNGSTER TO PASS?

LIGHT ON ANTS

A GREAT many men have written more or less elaborately on what they didn't know about ants. Solomon, the first entomologist of whom we have any record, had to take his little fling at the ants, and advised the sluggard to go to them and study their ways. The sluggards have been doing it ever since, and after a cursory examination of the ants, have written volumes about what they failed to find out. Mark Twain was the first ant student who had the courage to tell the truth about them, so far as he knew it; but his labor was lost, for nobody believed what he wrote—thought it was intended to be facetious. Sir John Lubbock has made a life study of trying to find out what he doesn't know about ants, and he has written volumes to prove it.

I began studying the ants last summer in Texas. It was mutual. The ants began studying me at the same time. I observed their habits, and they went on investigating tours over my person. Then I made other observations, and I made them in plain Anglo-Saxon, too. I investigated ants' nests to discover where they stored their seeds and grain, and they investigated my larder, and found out where everything good to eat was kept. In a short time they knew ever so much more about me and my habits than I knew of theirs. Then I got mad. I said to myself that I'd get a line on those ants and discover their secrets if it took all summer. I bought, borrowed, and purloined

everything I could find in the way of ant literature. I found that the ant-studying habit was not confined to English writers—Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, Poles, Russians, and even Chinamen had acquired it. I read them all, and then I tried to get what Ananias had written about ants, but I couldn't find it. The manuscript has probably been lost.

It was about this time that I invented my formicaphone—a simple combination of the megaphone and micrographaphone—for the purpose of recording the ants' language. Sir John Lubbock says that they communicate ideas to one another by means of their antennæ, but I knew that was all nonsense, and I proved it. The very first record I made with my formicaphone showed conclusively that all the ant littérateurs, from Pliny down to Eli Perkins, were wrong. Ants do talk, and they talk English, too; at least, the Texas ants do—Texas English. I spent many delightful hours listening to their conversation. One day they'd be discussing politics—they are all politicians—and the next day they'd be excited about labor troubles, and a walking delegate from Roadmenders Union No. 27 would harangue the workers and order a strike, and then the soldier ants would come out, and a lot of heads and legs would be bitten off before the thing was settled. It was beautifully human. One afternoon there was a riot because the queen gave a reception, and had a quartet of mosquitoes there who didn't belong to the Musical Union. The mosqui-

toes sang the quartet from *Rigoletto*, but they were hissed off the stage, and an awful row began. The aphids herders and all the workers were in open rebellion, and it was very exciting. The little ant newsboys were shouting extras, and the whole city was in a turmoil. Why, I learned more about ant nature and obtained a more intimate knowledge of their habits in an hour than from any amount of reading. I found out that they hated to work, that they used bad language, that their city government was corrupt, that they were nearly all thieves and magnificent liars, and that they had had to appoint a committee of fifteen of the best citizens to keep the community from going straight to the bowwows.

This puzzled me a good deal until I accidentally overheard a conversation between two learned old ants. They were talking on scientific subjects, and one of them said to the other that he'd just finished a book about men—said he'd been studying men and their habits all his life, and that they were almost as intelligent as ants. Men worked harder than ants, he said, and would slave away all their lives apparently just for the fun of working and laying up a store of things of no possible use to them.

"In this respect," he went on, "they are a good deal like our cousins, the bees, but they have other habits I can't understand at all. They are very interesting, though, and in some matters they seem to display reasoning powers to such an extent that I have wondered at times if they haven't something

besides mere instinct. Maybe, after all, they are a kind of inferior ant, and have souls like us."

"Oh, bosh!" exclaimed the other ant. "I've studied them a little too. I grant that they occasionally show signs of intelligence, but when you come to comparing men to ants—oh! it's a little too ridiculous. I should think you'd have more pride."

"Don't lose your temper," said the first ant. "It was just a little conceit of mine. When I look up at that hulking brute of a man standing there I can see that—"

But I didn't wait to hear the rest.

N. A. JENNINGS.

THE DANGERS OF REST

AUNT ANNE'S "before the war" mistress must have been a woman of iron constitution, to judge by the way she regards with contempt my own physical limitations.

Tuesday she held me sternly to the duty of overhauling the pantry and its appurtenances. Wednesday, stiff and sore, I sought again and again the solace of the sofa, only to be aroused by callers whom I could not refuse to see. In the afternoon I lay down once more, and, in no very amiable temper, told Aunt Anne that no matter who called, I was not to be disturbed.

A little later, through the open window, I heard her say to our clergyman: "No, sir; Miss Carryline ain't feelin' like seein' nobody this evenin'. She exerted herse'f so much this mornin' restin' that it made her sick."



Peter Newell-1901

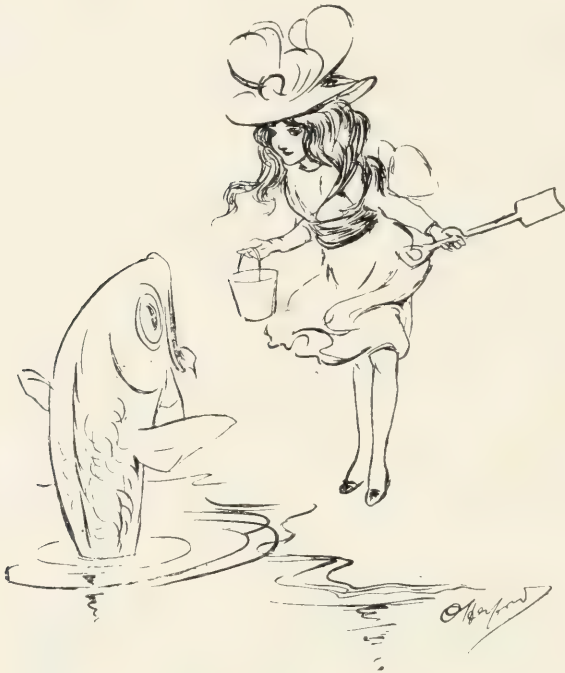
CAREFUL GRANDMAMMA

Said Grandmamma to Willie Brett, "Put on your rubbers, dear, Or you will get your footies wet, and have the croup, I fear."

The Codfish and the Maiden

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

ONE day a little maid was playing in the sand—
She had a wooden pail; her spade was in her hand—
When to her great surprise a codfish came along,
And standing on his tail he sang this pleasant song:



“Oh, raspberry jelly-fish are washed up by the sea;
Sword-fish have no scabbards—I’m as sorry as can be;
Razor-fish are cousins to the cuttle-fish, they say;
Saw-fish have a heap of teeth with which to chew their prey.”

“Thank you,” said the maid; “what can I do for you?
That was a lovely song—I hope you are not through.”
“Oh no,” replied the cod; “’twas only verse the first,—
But get some water fresh—I’m nearly choked with thirst.”

Then said the little maid, “You’re wet as you can be;
Now how can you be thirsty, when your home is in the sea?”
“Good gracious!” said the cod; “this water’s full of brine—
Salt water for the thirst is hardly in my line.”

The codfish shook his fins, the maiden shook her head.

The codfish cleared his throat, and this the codfish said:

“I’ve really got to stop, because it hurts my throat;
Until I get a drink, I cannot sing a note.”

So then the little girl—whose name was Caramel—
Departed with her pail and filled it at a well.

And when she had returned, the codfish made a bow,
And drank the sparkling water as fast as he knew how.

“Oh, thank you, little girl; please jump upon my back;
And come just as you are—you will not need a sack.”

She did not hesitate, but sitting on the fish,
She travelled through the sea as fast as she could wish.

The sea winds tanned her cheeks, the wave-lets wet each shoe;
She dined upon fresh fish—and said she liked them, too.
The cod with moistened throat gave voice to his delight,
And merry songs like this he sang both day and night:

“Bluefish get their color from the blue that’s in the sea;
Lobsters are not ever red until it’s time for tea;
Mussels never are as strong as weak-fish sometimes grow;
Porpoises are always smart—they live in schools, you know.”





THE THEINKIRCHE

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CIII

SEPTEMBER, 1901

NO. DCXVI



KARLSBRÜCKE

Prague

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

I
WOODED and watery Bohemia, though indeed no longer on the sea-coast, might well have seemed to Shakspeare, if he had really seen it, a suitable place for a tragical pastoral. Coming from Bayreuth to Prague, one finds one's self, as soon as one has got well beyond Karlsbad, in a totally new country. The very sky is new, and I have seen an orange light of fire breaking through barred clouds like a vision of the gate of the Venusberg, which added a new experience to my

knowledge of sunsets. And the country is at once wide-reaching and mountainous, rising into pine woods above quiet rivers, and widening out into green and brown plains, hedgeless, with here and there a corn-field, a flock of geese herded by a small boy, a few goats, a few cows. All along the line people are bathing in the rivers, or lying with naked feet among the grass. A boatman tows himself across, reaching up to a rope above his head, as he stands in his flat, oblong boat, square at each end. The scenery is wild and yet gentle, with many

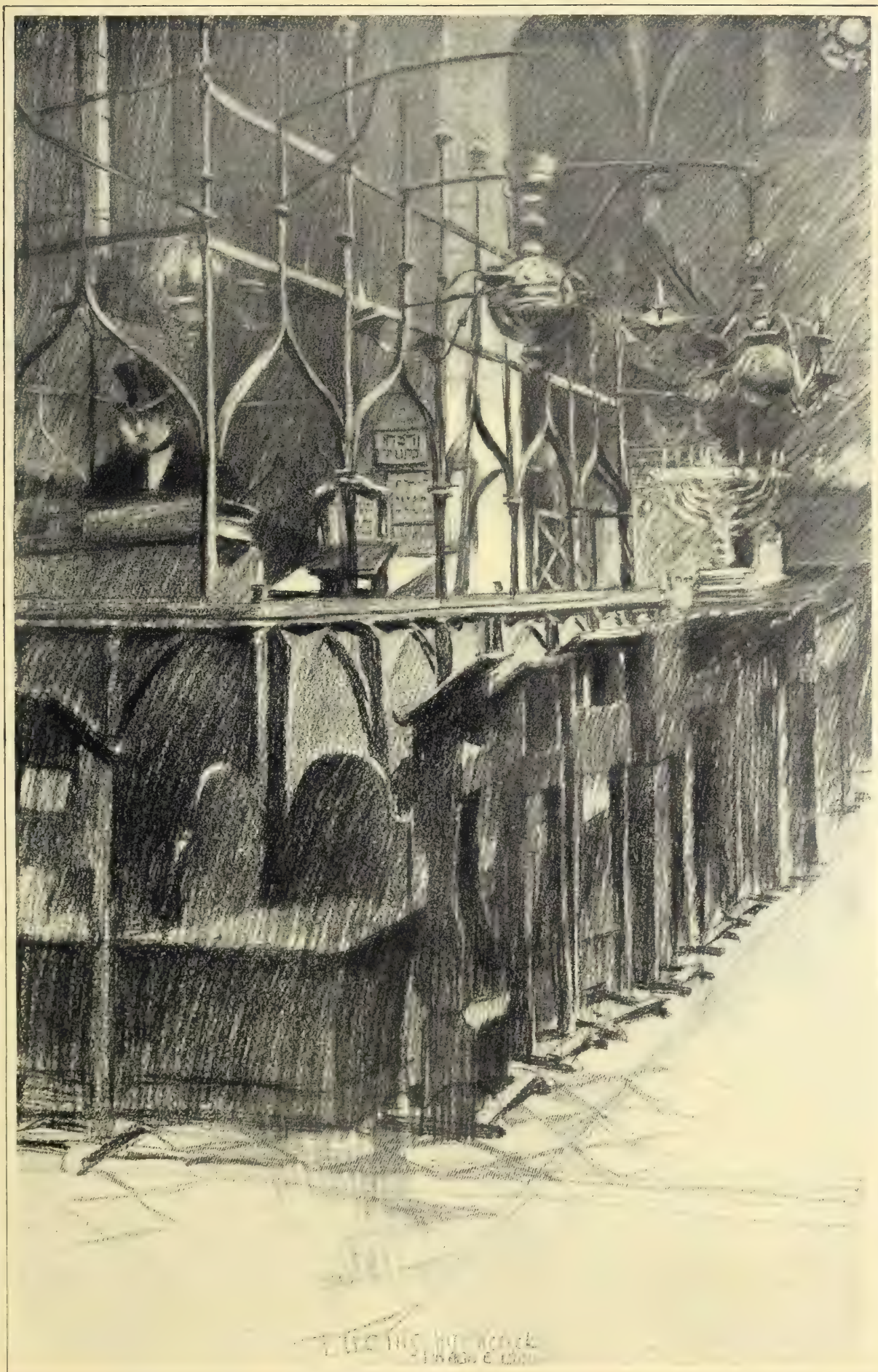
delicate shades of green, fading into hills on which the mist turns the pine woods purple. And Prague itself, seen from the Wyssehrad, once the Acropolis of the city, and now a melancholy waste of grass and crawling roads and modern fortifications, seems little more than an accidental growth among green fields and tree-covered hill-sides, a wide land of woods and meadows and streams. Seen from the Hradschin, the Kremlin of Prague, it is a city of pointed spires, green domes, and red, many-gabled roofs, through which the Moldau wanders, carrying its five bridges, and it climbs the hill like Naples rising to Camaldoli. All Prague is red and green, and part of its charm for one, not only as one looks down upon it, seeing the freshness of the green among the red, comes from its homely, delightful way of filling up vacant spaces with grass and trees, as in the vast Karlovo Náměstí, the only city square I know which is almost a park, laid out with smooth grass and cool trees and flower-beds planted in patterns, and yet an actual city square, closed in by civic buildings, with its fourteenth-century tower by the side of what was once a Rathhaus, out of whose windows Ziska had flung councillors. And the green is everywhere, spreading outward from the fortifications, high above the city, where the children play on the grass, spots of bright color, and piling itself mountainously up the Nebozizek, and softening the river with shadows, and flowering out of the river in green islands.

Warm, full of repose, heavy with happy sleep at mid-day, at night the river-side becomes mysterious, a romance. The water silvers; with its islands, from which lights glimmer, it might be a lake, but for the thunder of the weir, which comes to you as you walk under the trees, or go out on a kind of platform beside a dusty mill, from which you see the water rushing violently towards the great wooden stakes by the bridge. Lights move on the opposite shore, at the foot of what seems a vast mountain, dimly outlined. The bridge, at first invisible, a detached line of lights, comes out gradually as your eyes accustom themselves to the night mist, in the palest of gray, like the ghost of a bridge.

Beyond and above, the Hradschin emerges in the same ghostly outline, a long gray line against the sky, out of which the cathedral spire points upward. It is a view which seems to have been composed, almost too full of the romantic elements to be quite natural, and it has something of whatever is strange, placid, and savage in the character of the Bohemians.

II

The real centre of Prague is the Karluv Most, or Karl Bridge, which crosses the Moldau on eight out of its sixteen arches. Begun in the fourteenth century, with its fifteenth-century tower, and its mainly eighteenth century statues, it may remind one at first sight of the Ponte S. Angelo at Rome; but Bernini at his most fantastic never conceived anything so fantastic as these thirty stone and bronze figures of saints, martyrs, doctors of the Church, our Saviour, and the suffering souls in purgatory. There is a crucifix erected with money mulcted from a Jew in 1606, in which the gilded bronze is washed and dusted and weather-stained into a ruddy and veined warmth. St. John Nepomuk, the patron saint of Prague, is in dark bronze, with the five stars around his halo like five spikes of gold; and near by is the marble slab marking the spot where he was flung over the bridge, a tiny bronze image representing him floating with his crown of stars down the river. For the most part the saints are in rough-hewn stone, based at times with faintly outlined reliefs bearing strange inscriptions, such as that which commemorates St. John Nepomuk, who "conquered devils, and turned 8000 Saracens and 2500 Jews to the Christian faith," the Jews and Saracens being shown on their way to that pious moment. The strangest of all these monuments is a vast and rocky mass, surmounted by the figures of several saints, and opening in the midst to show three hollow and piteous figures in purgatory, lifting their chained hands towards the doorway, guarded on one side by a snarling dog, on the other by a gigantic Bohemian in uniform, with a fat stomach, endless mustaches, and a long sword hanging from his military cloak, as if to impress upon the minds of Bohemians that hell, for them at all



THE SYNAGOGUE IN THE JEWISH QUARTER



KARLSTEIN

events, was entirely Bohemian. There is a certain savagery in the whole aspect and record of this bridge—in its way of indicating the place where spiked heads rotted for ten years, the place where a just man was flung into the water by a tyrant, in the vindictive insistence on the fact that a reviling Jew's money had been taken to set up the crucifix. It is an always fierce and militant religion which has fixed these landmarks, a religion armed against enemies, or suffering death at their hands. There is none of that rest which remains to the people of God in these large figures, who had labored and suffered; as there is none of that rest which is beauty, here or elsewhere, in the endeavors after art of the Bohemians.

Visiting the older part of the Hradschin, one is impressed by the air of naked strength, of walls built only for defence, of a kind of contempt for decoration; everywhere is bare stone, hard wood; the council-chamber has a brick floor, leather-covered tables, a wooden stool for

the archbishop, a dungeonlike room for the secretary. And in the cathedral, the metropolitan church of St. Vitus, the memorial statues are of men in armor, as if every one buried there had died by violence and in the act of fighting. In the barbaric Václavská Kaple, or Wenzel Chapel, the saint's helmet and coat of mail are preserved in a niche behind the altar. His statue, by Vischer of Nürnberg, stands in armor in a corner of this sombre place, where the faded frescoes are half outlined and half overlaid by smooth, unshaped masses of amethyst, chrysoprase, malachite, porphyry, set into the damp walls without pattern or design, blotching the rotting colors with crude heapings of precious stones. The Svato-Tynsky-Chram, or Teyn Church, has also its men in armor carved upon stone tombstones.

III

There is one corner of Prague which has kept, more than any other, its



IN THE CATHEDRAL

mediæval aspect, combining in itself many of the contrasts of this contradictory city: the Jewish quarter, which lies between the Staromestké Náměstí and the river. The synagogue, built in the twelfth century, outside like a monstrous dwelling, inside like a dungeon, made in the image of a wizard's cell, with its low roof and heavy walls, black with age, pierced with narrow windows, its railed-off space in the centre, in which a chair and desk seem to await a scribe, its narrow seats, each with its little desk, its tall candelabra and mean candlesticks, in some of which a candle is guttering out, its banner of the time of Ferdinand III., its suspended cloth or robe, hung with bells like the robe of the high-priest, its strange ornaments of wood and copper, as of some idolatry to which graven images had never lent grace, concentrates in itself all the horror of the Ghetto. And the Ghetto swarms about it in a medley of narrow streets and broad empty spaces, a pestilent circle of evil

smells, and half-naked children, and slatternly Jews and Jewesses, in the midst of shops of old books and old clothes, and old houses with coats of arms over their doors and broken ornaments on their walls.

Out of the midst of this confusion a short street leads to the old burial-ground, hidden behind its high enclosing-wall. This graveyard in the midst of the city, in which no graves have been dug for more than a hundred years, carries back the mind, as one walks among its alleys and garden-plots of tombs, to an unknown antiquity. The tombstones are crowded and pressed together, rows of them overlap the same grave, and they huddle together in a forced companionship, leaning this way and that, battered and chipped, with worn lettering and broken ornaments. Most have inscriptions in Hebrew, with symbolical records of tribe or name: a fish for Fischer, a stag for Hirsch, two hands for the tribe of Aaron. Some are family tombs, in



THE OLD JEWISH BURYING-GROUND

which the broken lid of a sarcophagus shows a glimpse of bones among the casual heapings of time. Some are famous tombs, such as that of Rabbi Löwe, the friend of Tycho Brahe, a tall slab crowned with a cone, and still heaped with little stones on every ledge, after the Jewish fashion of commemorating the dead. But now all cling together in a sad equality. The trees have grown familiar with the tombs, turning gray and green together, as they share the same weather age after age. One tree has bent over and riveted itself upon the edge of a gravestone, which it presses down into the earth under its weight. The alders are shrivelled and twisted, with but little foliage, as they cover the tombs with a little melancholy shade. The lichen creeps up their trunks, which are cracked and dry. Weeds and thorns grow about their roots, the grass is everywhere, with bare patches here and there of black earth, close about the tombstones.

The sky was turning towards sunset as I wandered about the alleys, under the trees, and the last pale rays of the sun filtered through the leaves and gave a sadder light to the broken edges of gray stone. Now and then a blackbird crossed between the tombs and the sunlight. Towards the further end, where the graves are fewer and the trees grow more freely, children were playing on the grass. It seemed to me as if one were seeing all the graves of all the people who had ever died. These tombs, as no others had ever done, seemed to sum up the real meaning of our memory of the dead, the real way in which they crowd together, dwindling

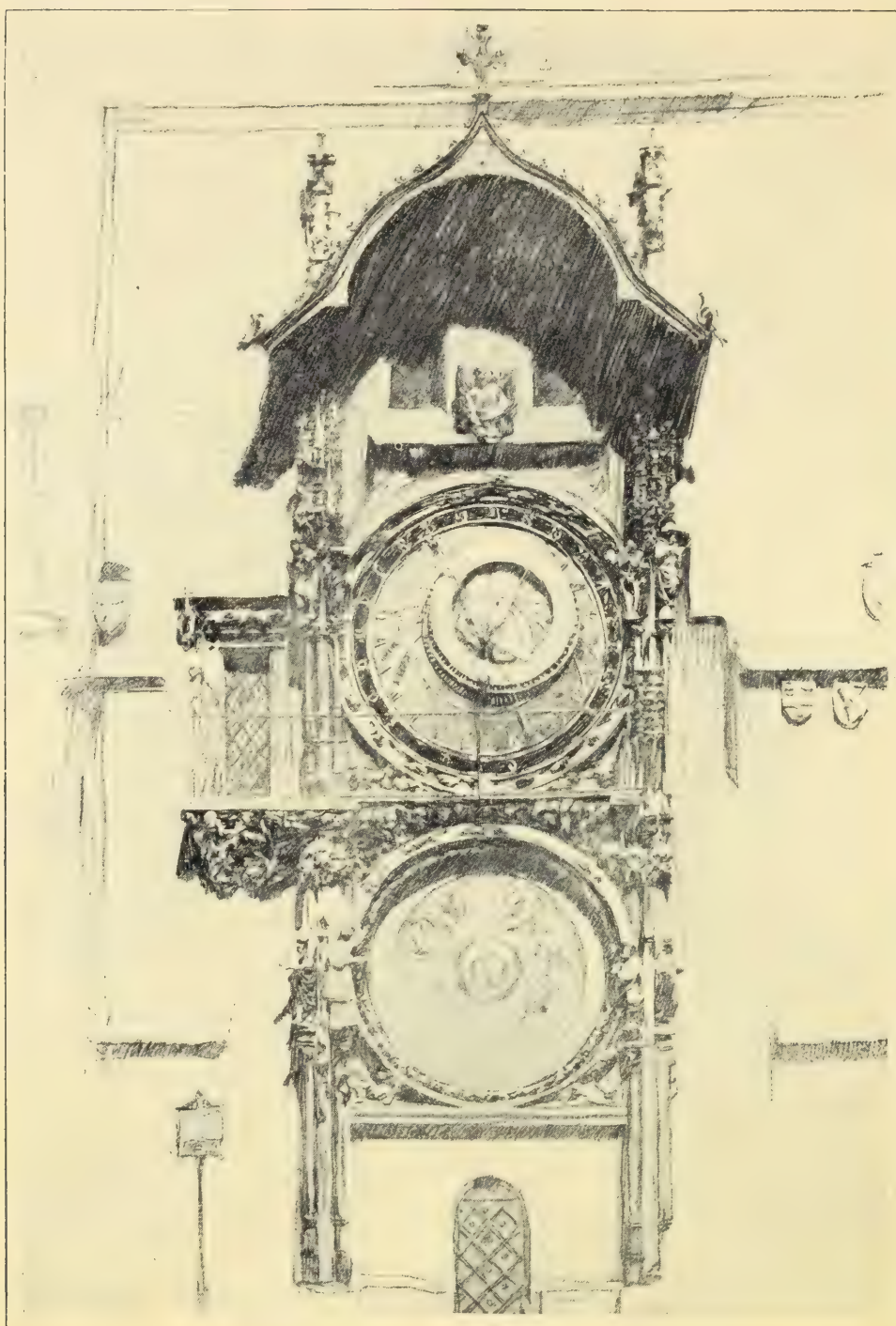


A TYPE FROM THE GHETTO

miserably, as time carries them further and further away from the general memory. They were inexpressibly human, these poor gravestones, on so few of which had any people now living come to put the pious stones of remembrance.

IV

Prague, in summer, has the aspect of a Southern rather than of a Northern city; for the people are out-of-doors all day long, walking in the streets for the mere pleasure of walking in them, and sitting under the trees on the islands in the river, and in the gardens of many cafés, and in the parks, which lead into the country in every direction. They bring their books and their work with them, they bring little paper packets of sweets, and there is generally a band playing as they sit at tables drinking their "white coffee" or their beer. Bohemian music has a kind of fiery monotony, its polka-beat marked with



CURIOUS CLOCK OF THE RATHHAUS

all the emphasis of ceaseless cymbals, in an orchestra arranged after a somewhat savage fashion of its own. Popular music, and the characteristically Bohemian music of Dvorák and Smetana, have a singular mixture of barbarism, of something windy and savage, and a kind of conventionality. There is no passion in it, but a sort of primitive folk-rhythm, full of surprises to the Western ear, with sudden spirals of the flutes and hautboys, leaps and clashes of the cymbals,

enveloping outbursts of the brass. The people are for the most part quiet and good-humored people, in whom it is curious to trace the mixture of Slavonic and German blood. The pure German type, which begins to lessen at Karlsbad, is hardly to be seen at Prague; the faces are more nervous, with sharper eyes; the figures are slimmer, less shapeless. They are often very blond, at times very dark; and there is something a little wild, even in the soft beauty of blond women, a

fiery sweetness, a certain strangeness, as of unfamiliar lights amid the shadows of still water; a little of the soft, unconscious savagery of the animals man has tamed, but which have never quite forgotten the forest. But they are not perilous, like the Hungarians; sly, sometimes, but simple. Children and young girls are often delicious, with their white skin and pale gold hair, which in some lights takes a faint shade of green, like the hair of a certain portrait by Palma Vecchio, known as the portrait of his daughter, in the gallery at Vienna. And all these people have, in their faces, in their demeanor, something of the seriousness of people in Protestant countries; Catholics as they have been for three hundred years, they seem to have not yet outlived the Protestant temperament; seem still, and not only through an accident in images which has really happened, to be honoring Hus when they worship St. John Nepomuk.

V

Prague is a city of contrasts, and it is not to be understood until one has seen the Prikopy as well as the Hradschin, the modern Václavské Náměstí as well as the ancient arcades about the Staromestké Náměstí, and has realized that all these contrasts are so many parts of a single national life, and that they are, after all, only the more visible half of that "slata Praha," that "golden Prague," which the Bohemian sees, not only with his eyes, but with his memory. The older parts of the town give one a strange sensation of being still in the Middle Ages, and they are sombre, at moments menacing, as one comes upon great archways leading into narrow alleys, or opening into vaulted inner rooms or great courtyards. Twisting lanes lead from street to street; restaurants or cafés show a glimmering light at the end of a long passage plunged in darkness; wherever one passes one gets fantastic glimpses under arcades and archways, of people moving across roughly paved squares, by a flickering light, or turning down a narrow passage under a low doorway. There is a modern Prague which is growing up in the image of Vienna, with tall, characterless houses and modish shops, and it is indeed to be feared that this new Prague will

gradually overgrow all that is left of the old city. But at present the contrast can still be enjoyed without more than an agreeable sense of incongruity, as one passes, at the turn of a street, from the melancholy slumber of an old palace into an atmosphere of life and bustle, as of a contented town life going steadily on.

And this life of to-day, which has at last become national, passionately national, so that the names of the streets are no longer to be seen in German, and the Czech theatre would hesitate to perform an opera of Wagner because he was a German, and riots can break out in a German theatre and actresses be fought over in the streets because they act in German—this new outbreak of national life is fed upon memories. The Bohemian still sees a phantom city behind this city in which electric trams take him to the foot of the Wyssehrad, a city more real to him than even what remains of his national monuments. His memory is a memory of martyrs, of executions, of the savageries of religion and of political conflict, Catholics against Protestants, Germans against Czechs; he remembers, as he passes the place where the Bethlehem Chapel of Hus once stood, the burning of Hus at Constance; he remembers the flails and pitchforks of Ziska; he remembers Wallenstein, Radetzky. Here, outside the Rathhaus, were the executions of the 21st June, 1621, after that battle of the White Mountain in which Protestantism died. Here, on the Staromestké Vez, the tower which he passes under when he crosses the river, the twenty-seven heads were left rotting for ten years. He is not taken over the castle without being shown the window from which the three councillors were flung in 1618; an act of "defenestration," as it has been called by Count Lützow, the historian of Bohemia, which brought about the Thirty Years' War. War after war has devastated Prague, spoiling it of much that was finest and most characteristic in its buildings, but by the Bohemian no stone that has been violently cast down is forgotten. Prague is still the epitome of the history of his country; he sees it as a man sees the woman he loves, with her first beauty, and he loves it as a man loves a woman, more for what she has suffered.

His Wife

A STORY IN THREE PARTS

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD

PART I

"O H, Pink! Mother *can't* lift you. . . . I would if I could. . . . Yes, I know I used to—

"Molly, take the baby. Couldn't you amuse him, somehow? Perhaps, if you tried hard, you could keep him still. When he screams so, it seems to hit me—here. It makes it harder to breathe. He cried 'most all night. And if you could contrive to keep Pink, too—

"What is it, Kate? You'll have to manage without me this morning. Pick up anything for luncheon—I don't care. I couldn't eat. You can warm over that mutton for yourselves. We must keep the bills down. They were too large last month. Order a grouse for Mr. Avery. He says he will dine at home to-night—

"There's the telephone! Somebody answer it. I can't get down, myself. . . . Is it Mr. Avery? . . . Wants me? . . . I don't see how I *can*. . . . Yes. Hold the wire. I'll try—

"Did you speak to me, Molly? . . . No, I'm not feeling any worse. It's only getting up the stairs, and . . . something that tired me a little. I don't want Dr. Thorne. I can't afford the doctor so often. I'm no worse than . . . I sometimes . . . am. It's only that I *cannot* breathe. . . . Molly! *Molly!* Quick, Molly! The window! *Air!*"

As Molly dashed the window up, Mrs. Avery's head fell back upon the pillows of the lounge. They were blue pillows, and her blanching cheek took a little reflection from the color. But she was not ghastly; she never was. At the low-water mark of her strength she seemed to challenge death with an indomitable vitality.

There was a certain surprise in the discovery that so blond a being could have so much of it. She was very fair—blue of eye, yellow of hair, pearly of skin;

but all her coloring was warm and rich; when she was well, it was an occupation to admire her ear, her cheek, her throat; and when she was ill, her eye conquered. Every delicate trait and feature of her defied her fate, except her mouth; this had begun to take on a pitiful expression.

The doctor's blazing eye flashed on it when he was summoned hastily. It had become a symptom to him, and was usually the first one of which he took note.

Dr. Esmerald Thorne had the preoccupations of his eminence, and his patients waited their turns with that undiscouraged endurance which is the jest and the despair of less-distinguished physicians. Women took their crochet-work to his office, and men bided their time with gnawed mustache and an unnatural interest in the back-number magazines upon his table. Indifferent ailments received his belated attention, and to certain patients he came when he got ready. Mrs. Avery's was not one of these cases.

When Molly's tumultuous telephone call reached him that day, it found him at the hospital, sewing up an accident. He drew the thread through the stitch, handed the needle to the house surgeon, who was standing by, and ran down stairs. The hospital was two miles from Marshall Avery's house. Dr. Thorne's horse took the distance on a gallop, and Dr. Thorne took Avery's stairs two at a time.

He came into her room, however, with the theatrical calm and the preposterous smile which men of his profession and his kind assume in the presence of danger that unconsciousness has not blotted from the patient's intelligence. Through the wide window the late October air bit in. She was lying full in the surly breeze on the lounge pillow, as Molly had left her. Her blue morning gown was



SHE WAS LYING ON THE LOUNGE PILLOW

clutched and torn open at the throat. No one had thought to cover her. Her hands were as purple as her lips. She was not gasping now: she had no longer the strength to fight for her breath.

Dr. Thorne's professional smile went out like a Christmas candle in a hurricane. He opened his mouth and began to swear.

The corners of her lips twitched when she heard him—for she was altogether conscious, which was rather the worst of it, as she sometimes said; and, in point of fact, she laughed outright, if one could call it laughing.

She tried to say, "I should know that was you if I were in my grave," but found the words too many for her, and so said nothing at all, nor even seemed to listen while he rated Molly, and condemned Kate, and commanded both, and poured stimulants angrily and swiftly. The very blankets and hot-water bags seemed to obey him, like sentient things—as people did; and the tablet in his fingers quivered as if it was afraid of him.

As soon as she began to breathe naturally again, she said: "I've made you a great deal of trouble! How is Helen's cold, doctor?"

"I shall tell my wife that," replied the doctor, in a tone that was a mongrel between anger and admiration. This puzzled her, and her fine eyes gently questioned him of his irritation. For she and the doctor's wife were schoolmates and old friends. She had been quite troubled about Helen's cold.

"Oh, never mind," said Dr. Thorne; "only it isn't natural, that's all—when patients come out of attacks like yours. Their minds are not concentrated on other people's colds. Helen is quite well, thank you. Now, Mrs. Avery, I want to ask you—"

"Don't," interrupted Jean Avery.

"But I find it necessary," growled Dr. Thorne.

She shook her head, and turned her face, which shrank against the blue pillow. Pink and the baby began to quarrel in the nursery, and then both cried belligerently.

"The baby kept me awake," faintly suggested Mrs. Avery.

"It is an excellent explanation. But you've just thought of it," observed Dr.

Thorne. He spoke in a much louder tone than was necessary; his voice rose with the kind of instinctive, elemental rage under which he fled to covert with a sympathy that he found troublesome. "What I wish to know—what I insist on knowing—is, what caused this attack? It is something which happened since breakfast. I demand the nature of it—physical? mental? emotional?"

"You may call it electric," answered Jean Avery, with her own lovable smile—half mischief, half pathos.

"I see. The telephone." Dr. Thorne leaned back in his chair and scrutinized the patient. Quite incidentally he took her pulse. It was sinking again, and the tempo had lapsed into unexpected irregularity.

"Helen shall come to see you," said Dr. Thorne, with sudden gentleness. "I'll send her this afternoon. You will keep perfectly still till then. . . . Mr. Avery is in town?" carelessly. "Coming home to lunch?"

"He has gone to court."

"To dinner, then?"

"It depends on the verdict. If he wins the case—"

"Oh, I see. And if he loses?"

"He might go gunning, if he lost it," answered the wife, smiling quite steadily. "He might go gunning with Mr. Romer. He is very tired. He takes it hard when he does not win things—cases, I mean. He might—you see—" She faltered into a pathetic silence.

"I will send Helen at once," replied the physician. He felt that he had offered his subtlest and most artistic prescription. More than most wives are valued, Dr. Thorne loved his.

But as he went down stairs a black frown caught him between the brows.

In the course of an hour he managed to despatch a messenger to the courthouse. Sixty patients clamored for him, but he wrote the note twice over, sitting in his buggy, before he sent the third copy:

"DEAR AVERY,—Your wife has suffered one of the attacks whose nature I explained to you some time ago. I found her condition serious, indicating a marked weakness of the heart. I consider that she had a narrow escape. You would not

forgive me if I did not tell you, that you may govern your movements accordingly.

Yours as ever,

ESMERALD THORNE."

Jean Avery lay with closed eyes, quite still, and smiling tranquilly. Only the invalid mistress of a home knows how to estimate the value of another lady's presence in a household where children and servants fill the foreground, and where, as Dr. Thorne once put it, "every care as fast as it arises is taken to the bedside of the patient." The ever-womanly arrived with Mrs. Thorne. In the repose which came with her coming, and did not go with her going, the sick woman lay sheltered for the remainder of the day. Her face, her voice, her motions, expressed the touching gratitude of one who has long since learned not to look beyond the bounty of temporary relief. Mrs. Thorne noted this; she noticed everything.

The telephone called towards noon, ringing rapidly and impatiently—operators, like horses, were always nervous under Marshall Avery's driving—and when an anxious message from the courthouse reached the wife, she said, "Dear Helen!" as if it had been Helen's doing. And when they told her that Mr. Avery asked how she was, and would get home by mid-afternoon, and at any moment if she needed him, and would not leave her again that day, and that he sent his love to her and begged her to be careful for his sake—her breath fell so short with pleasure that they took fright for her.

"My husband is so kind to me!" she panted. Then her color came—a tidal wave, and her pulse, which had been staggering, fell into step and began to march strongly.

"But this is a miracle!" cried the doctor's wife.

"Love is always a miracle," Jean Avery said. Then she asked to have her hair arranged, and wanted an afternoon dress, and lace, and would have a bracelet that her husband gave her, and the turquoise pin he liked, and begged to be told that she looked quite well again, for "Marshall hates to see me ill!"

And the children—see that the children are dressed; and his slippers—they must

be put beside the library table in that place he likes; not anywhere else, please, but just where he is used to finding them. And Kate will have dinner early; and about the soup—and the salad—and not to overdo the grouse; and to light the library fire—and were they sure she couldn't go down herself to see to things, and get as far as the library sofa?

"Mr. Avery doesn't like me not to meet him. . . . My husband is so good to me!" she urged, in the plaintive staccato that her short breath cut, till Helen's eyes blazed and then brimmed to hear her. And now Helen was gone, and the children; and Jean lay quite still and alone, smiling tranquilly, as we said.

Her thoughts were long-distance wires, as the thoughts of the sick are, and they covered the spaces of ether and of earth that afternoon—the unexplored wastes into which the soul invites no fellow-traveller. Her heart fled to the rose-red star of their early dream. They had loved as the young and the well, the brave and the bright, may love; passionately, as the brown and the blond do; and reasonably, as the well-mated and the fortunate can. They were of the same age, the same class, the same traditions; they knew the same people, who congratulated them in the same words; they had inherited the same ideals of life, and went buoyantly into it. Not so much as a fad had inserted itself between their tastes, and in their convictions they were mercifully not divided. At first their only hardship had been the strenuous denial of the professional life; but she never wished him to make money—she was quite happy to put up muslin curtains at twelve and a half cents a yard, while her friends hung lace at twenty dollars a window—and had flung herself into the political economy of their household with a merry and ingenious enthusiasm, which she wore as charmingly as she did the blond colors, the blue, the lavender, the rose, the corn, over which she strained her honest eyes and bent her straight shoulders to save dressmakers' bills. Since she had been ill she had tried—how hard no man could ever understand—not to grow careless about her dress. "The daintiest invalid I ever knew," Dr. Thorne used to say.

Marshall cared so much about such

matters, was fastidious over a wrinkle, was sure to observe a spot or a blemish, while the immaculate might pass unnoticed for weeks; disliked old dresses; when she had a new one on he admired her as if she was a new wife, for a day or two. She was full of pretty little womanly theories about retaining her husband's devotion. . . . When had it begun to flag? She had made a science of wifehood, and applied it with a delicate art. . . . Why had it failed? . . . No, no, no! Not *that*! Not that word, *yet*! Say, rather, why had it faltered? With a tremulous modesty characteristic of her sweet nature, she scored herself for the disillusion of her married life, as if somehow the fault was hers.

How had it all come about? Was she fretful with the first baby? It seemed to have begun (if she thought very hard about it) with the first baby. She knew she had faded a little then. Pink was a crying baby. "I lost so much sleep! And it makes one look so, about the eyes. And then, as Marshall says, maternity affects the complexion."

Her thoughts came down from the rose-red star like aeronauts on parachutes, landing in fog and swamp. Oh, the weariness, the waste of it! For the more she thought, the more she felt herself like one hanging in mid-space—heaven above her, earth below, and no place for her in either. She could not fly. She would not fall. "And I'm not very strong to be clinging and holding on, like this. One might let go . . . and not mean to."

And yet she had held on pretty well, till the second baby came. She had never felt this moral dizziness till then, this something which might be called life-vertigo, that made it seem in mad, black moments easier to drop than to cling. For after the boy was born she was not well. She had never been strong since. And Marshall hated sickness. He was such a big, strong, splendid fellow! It had been very hard on Marshall.

He hated it so, that she hated it too. She had scorned the scouts of her true condition, and when the trouble at the heart set in, and he called it "only nervous," she said, "No doubt you are quite right, dear," and blamed herself for feeling somehow hurt. She did not speak of it to any one for a long time, after that.

But when, one easterly afternoon, the air being as heavy as the clods of the grave, she lay gasping for life for three hours alone, not able to reach a bell or call for help, she sent for Dr. Thorne.

And he told her, for she insisted—and he knew his patient; not a woman to be wheedled by a professional lie—he told her the truth.

"Poor Marshall!" said Jean Avery. "It will be so hard on my husband! . . . Don't tell him, doctor. I forbid you, doctor. I think he'd take it easier if I told him myself, poor fellow!"

She did not tell him that day, for he did not come home; nor the next, for he had a headache; nor the third, for he was in excellent spirits, and she could not bear to. In fact, she waited a week before she gathered her courage to speak. One Saturday evening he did not go to the club, but was at home, and he had been very kind to her that day, and loving, and in fact he noticed her appearance, and asked her what was the matter, and why she breathed so short.

Then she drew his hand over her eyes, so that she might not see how he would look, and the beautiful curve of her lip broke a little, for she felt so sorry for her husband, but her firm voice carried itself with courage (Jean never had the invalid's whine), and she told him what the doctor said.

Marshall Avery listened in a silence which might have meant the utmost of distress or the innermost of scepticism. He walked to the window and stood for a while looking out into the lighted street. Perhaps he had a blundering, masculine notion of doing the best thing for her. She would be the first to believe that.

"I'll see Thorne about this," he said presently. "I can't have him putting you in a panic. You've grown very nervous lately."

"Cheer up, Jean," he added, coming over to her sofa. "Don't grow hysteric, whatever happens."

He sat down and put his arm around her. Five minutes ago she would have clung to him and poured her soul out on his breast—would have put up her hand to his cheek and blessed him and worshipped him, as a wife does—and would have spared him the worst of everything,

and given him the best; refrained from complaint, and lavished hope; made little of her own suffering, and much of his distress for her sake, as this wife could. . . . Now, she lay quite still and irresponsible. She did not speak, but tried to smile gently upon him. Then he saw her color change, and he flung the window up—for he was startled—and held her to the air.

"Poor girl!" he said. "Poor Jean! My poor Jean!"

"Oh, *don't!*" cried Jean. For the tenderness, coming after that other, wellnigh slew her. She began to sob—the cruel sobs that wreck a weakened heart—and the man fought for her life for an hour.

When Dr. Thorne came the danger was quite over—as it usually is in such cases before the physician can arrive; but he said, roughly,

"What have you been doing to her?"

"He has been saving my life," panted Jean.

"Well," replied Esmerald Thorne, "he can."

When the two men went down stairs, the doctor said,

"Your pardon, if I wronged you, Avery?" for he was generous in apology for so imperious a man.

"Why, yes, doctor," returned the husband, with a puzzled face, "I think you did."

Jean lay quietly on the blue lounge. Pink and the baby were taken over to Helen's. The house was unnaturally still. Marshall was coming home in the middle of the afternoon to see her—to see *her!* The sick woman seemed to herself for that span of peace like a bride again—cherished and happy. Care and illness had never occurred. Life had not dulled the eyes of love. Use had never threatened joy with indifference. This word, that deed, such a scene, all were phantasms of the fog into which she had fallen. She must have grown morbid, as the sick do. Oh, the rose-red star hung in the heavens yet!

His key clicked in the lock, and he came running up the stairs; dashed in, and knelt beside the lounge; then put his arm about her quietly, for he was shocked when he saw how she looked. His dark, fine face was broken with his feeling. Hers quivered as she lifted it to his kiss.

"Did you lose the case, poor dear?" she said.

"Curse the case!" cried Avery. "What's a case? . . . I'm not going gunning, Jean. I'm going to stay with you."

Color brushed all over her wan cheek, her brow, her lips.

"I *was* so afraid of guns!" she pleaded. "I always have been!"

"It is one of your weaknesses," replied the husband, a shade less tenderly.

"I know, dear. I have so many! Guns—and boats—I am ashamed of myself. They're like snakes. The terror is born in me. I don't know how to help it. You are very patient with me, Marshall. Perhaps, if I were stronger—but when one is ill, one can't . . . always . . . help things. . . ."

"Never mind," he said, in a magnanimous tone. "When you get well, you will feel differently. We must get you well, now. That is all I care for. It is all I care for in the world," he added, warmly and earnestly.

She stirred towards him with an expression that would have moved a far more unworthy man than he. It was quite unconscious with her, and as instinctive as a law of nature. So a flower pleads for light. So life asks for nutrition.

"Couldn't you sit up—if I held you? Try!" he commanded, shaking his head in a boyish way he had: she could not have told how she loved to see it. He took her in his arms, and carried her across the room to the easy-chair. There he gathered her like a child, and put his cheek to hers, murmuring little words and phrases that both loved—language of their honey-moon, and joyous years. She drank them down as if they had been the breath of life.

"Doctors don't know!" he cried. "I believe you could get well."

"I know I could," said Jean.

"You will! I say you must. You shall!" insisted Marshall Avery, in his passionate, peremptory voice. Jean did not reply. But she smiled divinely into his bending face. Swiftly she saw the room flooded with rose-light. A star swam in mid-ether. Two floated in it, with bridal eyes. Earth was far and forgotten. Heaven was close.



HE SENT HER FLOWERS LIKE A LOVER

He was quite devoted to her for a week or two after this; came home early, took her sometimes to drive, made much of little family jokes and merriment, admired everything she wore, gave her a white silk Spanish shawl, and brought her the latest novels; sent her flowers like a lover, and spent his evenings with her. He talked of another maid to take care of the children, so that Molly could give her time to the invalid. But Mrs. Avery shook her head. They could not afford that.

"You are so generous to me, Marshall! . . . I am sorry it is so expensive to be sick. But I'm getting better, dear—don't you see I am? I haven't felt so well for a year," she added.

"Oh, we'll have you round again pretty soon," he said, with that hearty optimism which, one could not have told exactly why, seemed just to miss of the nature of sympathy. But Jean's drafts on sympathy had always been scanty. It was very much as it was about the lace curtains. She could get along without what other women demanded. At least, she had always thought she could. It used to be so. She was troubled sometimes to find that sickness creates new heavens and a new earth, and that the very virtues of health may turn again and rend one. It was as if one had acquired citizenship in a strange planet, where character and nature change places.

It was with a kind of fear that she received her husband's acceleration of tenderness. How was she to forego it, when the time came that it might—she omitted to acknowledge to herself that it would—overlook her again? She tried feverishly to get better in a hurry, as if she had been in some Southern climate where she was but a transient tourist. She tried so hard, in fact, as sometimes to check the real and remarkable improvement which had now befallen her.

One day Mr. Avery announced that he had the toothache, and if he were not so driven he would go and see Armstrong; he meant to give Armstrong all his work after this; Armstrong was a good fellow, and they often met Saturdays at the club. But the great Electric case was up just then, and necessary dentistry was an impossible lux-

ury to the young lawyer. Endurance was a novelty, and Avery grew nervous under it. He bore pain neither better nor worse than most men; and he was really suffering. Any wife but Jean would have called him cross. Jean called him her poor boy. She dragged herself from her lounge—she had been a little less well the last few days—and lavished herself, as women like Jean do, pouring out her own tenderness—a rare wine. After all, there are not too many tender women; Jean was a genius in sympathy. She spent more sweetness and strength on that toothache than the other kind of woman has to give her husband if he meets a mortal hurt. Avery received this calmly. He was used to it. To do him justice, he did not know how cross he was. He was used to that, too. And so was she. The baby was ailing, besides, and things went hard. The sick woman's breath began to shorten again; and the coy color which had been so hard to win to her lips fled from them unobserved. The doctor was not called; Helen Thorne was out of town; and so it happened that no one noticed—for, as we say, Marshall Avery had the toothache.

One night he came home late, and as irritable as better men than he may be, and be forgiven for it, for the sake of that species of modern toothache in which your dentist neither extracts nor relieves, but devotes his highly developed and malicious ingenuity to the demonic process which is known as "saving a tooth."

"He calls it killing a nerve," sputtered Avery. "I should call it killing a patient. This performance is the Mauser bullet of up-to-date dentistry. It explodes all over you—Oh, do let me alone, Jean! You can't do anything for me. A man doesn't want to be bothered. Go and lie down, and look after yourself. Where is that hot water? I asked for alcohol—laudanum—some confounded thing. Can't anybody in this house do anything for me? I don't trouble them very often."

"It's Molly's evening out," said Mrs. Avery, patiently. "I'll get everything as fast as I can, dear." She was up and down stairs a good deal; she did not notice, herself, how often. And when she got to bed, at last, she cried—she could

not help it. It was something he had said. Oh, no matter what! But she did not know how to bear it, for she was so exhausted, and sobs, which were her mortal enemy, overcame her as soon as she was alone.

He did not hear her, for the door was shut between their rooms, and he was quite occupied with his Mauser bullet. He had fallen into the habit of shutting the door when the second baby was born; he maintained that the boy was worse than Pink. Pink cried like a lady, but the boy bellowed like a megatherium.

A little before half past ten she heard him get up and dress and stir about. He opened the door, and said, without coming in:

"I'm going to have this blank thing out. I'm going to Armstrong's house. I won't stand it another hour. I'll be home presently."

She tried to tell him how sorry she was, and to say some one of the little, loving, wifely things with whose warm, sun-penetrated atmosphere she so enveloped his life that he took them as a matter of course. It is doubtful if he heard her altogether, for her voice was fainter than usual.

"Won't you come in a minute?" she pleaded. He did hear that. But he did not come.

"Oh, I can't stop now," he returned, petulantly. "I'm in such blank torment. I'll be back—I may go to the club afterwards, and play it off at something—but I'll be back before midnight."

"*Dear?*" she called then, in an agitated voice; it was not like hers, and not like her, if he had perceived this—but he perceived nothing. "I don't feel *quite* well—" she tried to say. But he was half-way down stairs. These five words wandered after him like the effort of a dumb spirit to communicate with deaf life.

He thrust himself savagely into his overcoat, turned up the collar over his toothache, slammed the front door, and went.

Jean listened to his footfall on the steps, on the sidewalk; the nervous, irritable, uneven sound softened and ceased. She was quite awake, and her mind moved with feverish vitality. She was

usually a good sleeper for a sick person; but that night she found herself too ill for any form of rest. The difficulty that she had in breathing increased with an insidious slowness which she had learned to fear as the most obstinate form of her malady. The room grew empty of air. The candle burned blue to her eyes. The shutting of the front door seemed like the shutting of that to which she would not give a name, for terror's sake. As her husband's footsteps passed from the power of her strained ears to overtake them, she found herself wondering how they would sound when they passed for the last time from her presence, she lying under a load of flowers, with the final look of the sky turned compassionately upon her. Then she scorned herself—she was the most healthy-minded invalid who ever surmounted the morbidness of physical suffering—and thrust out her hands from her face, as if she were thrusting a camera which was using defective plates away from her brain.

"If he had only come in a minute!" she said, sobbing a little. "If he had only come in and kissed me good-night—"

She did not add: "He would have seen that I was too ill. He would not have left me."

The candle burned faintly, and more faint. There seemed to be smoke in the room. The baby stirred in his crib, and Pink, from the nursery, called, "Mummer dee!" in her sleep. The air grew so dense that it seemed to Jean to be packed about her like smothering wool. She rang the electric bell for Molly, or she thought she did. But Molly did not answer, and the nursery door was shut.

There was nothing morbid in Jean's thoughts by this time; no more grewsome vision; no touching situation whatever presented itself; she did not see herself as a pathetic object; even her husband vanished from her consciousness. Kind or harsh—retreating footsteps or returning arms—light laughter on his lips or true love in his eyes—she thought of him not at all. He disappeared from her emergency like some diminishing figure that had fled from the field of a great battle. For the lonely woman knew now, at last, that she was wrestling with mortal peril. She had always wondered if she

would know it from its counterfeits when it really came—there were so many counterfeits! She had asked, as all men ask, what it would be like. A long contention? A short, sharp thrust? Agony? Stupor? Struggle, or calm? Now she wondered not at all. There was nothing dramatic or exciting, or even solemn, in her condition. All her being resolved itself into the simple effort to get her breath.

Suddenly this effort ceased. She had struggled up against the pillows to call, "Molly! Molly!" when she found that she could not call Molly. As if her head had been under water, the function of breathing battled, and surrendered. Then there befell her swiftly the most beatific instant that she had ever known.

"I am tired out," she thought; "and I am going to sleep. I did not die, after all." She was aware of turning her face, as her head dropped back on her pillows, before she sank into ecstasy.

The night was fair and cool. There was some wind, and the trees in the Park winced under a glittering frost. Avery noticed them as he hurried to Dr. Armstrong's. The leaves seemed to curl in a sensitive, womanish fashion, as if their feelings had been hurt before they received this death-stroke.

"It is the third of November," he thought. His feet rang on the sidewalk sharply, and he ran up the long steps with his gloved hand held to his cheek.

Physical pain always made him angry. He was irritable with Armstrong, who had none too good a temper himself; and the two men sparred a little before the dentist consented to remove the tooth. . . . Avery looked across at the wincing leaves on the trees of the Park. The tower of the Church of the Happy Saints showed black against the sky. The club was only around the corner, and he was glad of it, for the night felt unpleasantly cold to him; he shivered as he entered the hot, bright, luxurious place; it was heavy with tobacco; the click of billiard-balls and the clink of a glass sounded to his ear with a curious distinctness above the laughter and the chat with which the house seemed to rock and echo.

Romer was there—Tom Romer; and he was uncommonly glad to see Avery. The

two gentlemen, with Armstrong and another man, grouped upon a game of billiards. Romer proposed whist, but Armstrong said it was too late for whist. Avery did not say anything, and he played stupidly, and after a while asked to be excused, and got up to go home.

"You're looking fagged," observed Tom Romer, knocking the ashes from his cigar artistically. "You're overworked. Most of you professional chaps are. Come yachting with me, on the *Dream*. We're going to the Sound after ducks. Back in a week. Start at seven o'clock to-morrow morning. Stay and put up here, and get off with me. Oh! I forgot. You're one of those married men."

"Yes," replied Avery, with a consciousness of superior virtue. "I couldn't go without saying good-by to my wife. I wouldn't think of it for a moment," he added, loftily. "Give me a minute, Romer, to think it over, will you?"

He strolled to the window, and looked out at the waters of the black river which rushed whirling past the rear of the clubhouse. It occurred to him that Armstrong watched him anxiously. But Armstrong did not speak.

"I'll go—thanks!" said Avery, coming back, with his hands in his pockets. "I'll get word to the office; they can manage without me, somehow—that is, if you'll promise to get me back in a week?"

"I'll set you ashore at the back yard of this club six days from to-morrow," answered Romer. "The *Dream's* a dandy," added the yachtsman, swelling a little. "She can do it."

Avery replied absently, and hurriedly started for home. In fact, he ran most of the way (Dr. Armstrong could not keep up with him), for he was shocked to find that it was now one o'clock.

"Poor Jean!" he thought; "I staid too long." Then he remembered for the first time that he had got to tell Jean that he was going. It occurred to him for a moment that he would rather give up going gunning than tell Jean. But it was now too late to do that.

"You see," he said, stopping for Armstrong to overtake him, "I've got to go, now." But Armstrong did not reply; he turned in at his own house with a manner which his friend felt to be superfluous. Avery experienced a certain re-

sentment against the dentist. He was relieved to be alone, and walked more slowly.

When he came into his own hall, the house was perfectly still. He took off his shoes, and tiptoed up stairs, pausing at the door of his wife's room. She was sleeping so soundly that she did not hear him—an unusual circumstance, for Jean, though a good sleeper, as we said, was a light one. The husband was conscious that he had fallen on better chance than he deserved. He had expected to find her awake, and more or less nervous over his belated return.

"What luck!" he thought. Yes, he was really very glad that Jean was asleep, poor girl. She would take it hard—tomorrow. He moved about like a cat, packing his valise. He had several letters to write, too—one to his partner, one or two to clients, and one—well, why not? Why not write one to his wife? It would obviate a great deal of trouble on both sides; in fact, it would save him so much that he persuaded himself, without undue difficulty, that it would save her too. So he wrote the letter. It was a very affectionate letter. It set forth in the tenderest terms his devotion to her, and to her true interests, which, plainly, would be best served by some attention to his own health; he was really overworked; the Electric case had got where it could be left for a few days, and he would distinctly be gone but a few days; he promised her that—a week at the outside—and she was always so glad to have him get any sort of a vacation. He felt sure that he could count upon her sympathy in going. He would think of her constantly, and fly back to her with that constant—etc.—faithful, true, and tender—etc.—etc. He had to start so early in the morning that he would not wake her up. He would telegraph her from the first port they made. She must remember that the yacht was as safe as a Cunarder; they were only going to the Sound. He said nothing about ducks or guns. He gave her a Cape address to which she could send any message she chose. She must not get nervous. She must take the best care of herself for his sake. And he was her devoted husband.

He slipped this letter under her

door—slept a few hours—and waked at five. At half past five he crept down stairs, his valise in his hand, and his heart in his throat. He heard Pink talking and grinding her teeth in her sleep; but Jean did not stir, thank Heaven. He slid out of the front door like a burglar, and ran. It was a brisk morning, and promised to be a fresh southwesterly. He walked a little way in the direction of the club. Abruptly he stopped, turned, and ran back.

"It wouldn't do," he said; "I must see her; I *must*, if the *Dream* sails without me. Let her sail!" he added. He pushed open the front door, and rushed noisily up stairs.

The family was astir; the baby was crying; Pink was trotting about the upper hall, unnoticed, in her little nightgown and bare feet. He did not hear Jean's voice, but Molly's struck upon his ear in an agitated, incoherent manner. He went in through his own room; he was relieved to find that the letter under the door had not been disturbed. He caught it up, and slipped it swiftly into his pocket.

"It would not have done at all," he thought. He felt ashamed of himself that he had ever supposed for a moment it would have done. He really felt very thankful that he had decided to come back and break the news to her in person. It occurred to him that it was the least he could do under the circumstances. With a certain self-satisfaction on his face, he pushed his way into his wife's room.

Jean was not on the bed; she was lying on the lounge, across whose blue pillow he saw that the white silk Spanish shawl he gave her was tossed in a disorderly way. The lace frill of her night-dress was torn open at the throat. Her abundant yellow hair was loose, and partly concealed her face. She was imperfectly covered with a blanket that she had dragged with her from her bed, in some desperate endeavor, whose pitiful story might never be known, to summon help.

"I didn't hear me bell!" cried Molly. "An' there she do be lyin' when I come in."

"Jean!" called Avery loudly; "*Jean!*"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



SHIPS OF THE COAST-DEFENCE DIVISION ENTERING KIEL HARBOR

The New German Navy

BY H. W. WILSON

Author of "Ironclads in Action," "The Downfall of Spain," etc.

AT the present Kaiser's accession, in 1888, Germany did not possess a single first-class battle-ship; her fighting navy was composed entirely of coast-defence ships, and was insignificant beside the fleets of France or Russia or England. Even then, however, small though it was, it was organized with that methodic and painstaking thoroughness which is the secret of German success. Soldiers of the type of von Stosch and von Caprivi—the ablest men that the General Staff of the army could produce—had been intrusted with the work of training personnel and creating material; and if they failed to seize the fact that success in naval war must ultimately be to the sea-going fleet, which alone can attack as well as defend, this was because their training in the army was not such as to enable them to look at matters from the seaman's stand-point. Moreover, in those years the army imposed such a strain upon German finances that there was not much money to spare for the fleet. In 1873, after the Franco-

German war, the outlay on the navy was only \$6,500,000; in 1888 it was still under \$12,000,000; but Kaiser Wilhelm II. at once changed all this. In the year after his accession the first large programme of construction was introduced. In it four first-class battle-ships, nine coast-defence ships, and eleven cruisers appeared. By 1890 the outlay on the navy had risen to \$22,000,000.

Then followed a period of some six years in which the estimates remained stationary, and the navy was only slowly augmented. Public opinion was as yet not with the Kaiser, and he had great trouble in obtaining from the Reichstag the sums required for the construction of two first-class battle-ships, a large armored cruiser, and five smaller cruisers. The Agrarian party especially distinguished itself by its resistance to his schemes. But he is patient as well as energetic, and he had not to wait long for his opportunity. Early in 1896 occurred the famous episode of his telegram to President Kruger, which pro-

voked a storm of resentment in England. The British government replied by mobilizing a special squadron, but matters went no further. Germany was quite unready for such a war; England had no desire to force on hostilities. The effect upon German opinion, however, was far-reaching and profound. The two races were already rivals; wherever Germans went they complained that they found "England in the way"; and a deep antagonism to England and things English began to show itself. Such a feeling had been cultivated by Bismarck for his own purposes; it now was given expression in an immensely strengthened fleet.

In 1897 the Kaiser struck, while he thought the iron was hot, with a programme of four large battle-ships, twelve cruisers, and thirty-six torpedo craft, but the psychological moment had not yet arrived. Baron Marschall, indeed, declared that Germany had world-wide interests, and must be ready to defend them; Prince Hohenlohe pleaded for a fleet "which meets the requirements of national defence, satisfies the exigencies of foreign service, and is equal to the protection of German interests"; but he pleaded in vain. It was on the eve, though Germany did not know it, of the seizure of Kiao-chau. That daring—almost piratical—act of policy had two effects. It dazzled German eyes with a vision of a German India in China, and simultaneously it attracted attention to the relative weakness of the German fleet—upon which ultimately that empire must depend. And Germans were more than ever mortified by the short-sighted jeers of Britain at the voyage of Prince Henry in those two old tubs, the *Deutschland* and *König Wilhelm*, to the East.

On the eve of the Spanish-American war the navy bill of 1898 was passed. It provided for the addition of seven new battle-ships and nine cruisers in seven years. To the surprise of the world, the Reichstag actually improved upon the Kaiser's scheme by providing that the increase should be effected in six, not seven years. Included in the act was a clause that every battle-ship in the navy should be replaced twenty-five years from the date of its appearance on the stocks, and every cruiser in twenty years.

So that the increase in the fleet was greater than appeared upon paper. In no foreign navy has there hitherto been such an organic law. In England new battle-ships are laid down for the navy without any idea of replacing old ships, and men talk of "large additions to our navy," forgetting that the actual total of effective British armored ships has shrunk from 77 in 1889 to 74 in January, 1900. In America the battle fleet is so new that this question of replacing old ships hardly becomes important as yet. Under the German navy act of 1898, in addition to the new ships, the following "substitute" ships were to be laid down: two battle-ships, three armored cruisers, and seven cruisers.

The total strength of the battle fleet to be provided by 1903 was, under this act, 1 flag-ship and two divisions, each of 8 first-class battle-ships, with 2 battle-ships in reserve—a total of 19 first-class armor-clads. In addition there were the 8 small coast-defence ships, built between 1889 and 1894, and 62 large and small cruisers. Such a fleet, in the opinion of German strategists, supported as it would have been by a strong torpedo flotilla, could have made a good defence against even England, while it could have taken the offensive against any navy but hers with every chance of success.

But in 1898 events happened to upset the German calculations. In the first place, Russia suddenly launched out upon a new and extraordinary programme, in which action England half-heartedly followed her; while the sudden appearance of the United States as a great world power was a further and not altogether pleasant surprise. There was some idea in Germany of directing a Continental coalition against America, and though the plan failed through the resolute opposition of England, it produced so much friction between the German and American navies that, but for the tact of Admiral Dewey, there might have been a collision at Manila. The fate of the Spanish colonies suggested to Germans further reflections as to what might happen to their own colonial empire if their navy was weak, while the aggrandizement of an Anglo-Saxon state inspired a certain feeling of jealousy. Germany had come to look upon the Philippines



THE EVOLUTIONS OF THE NORTH SEA SQUADRON

more or less as her reversion; she had and still has designs upon the Dutch East-Indian possessions, which she expects to see one day drop like ripe fruit into her expectant mouth. It did not at all suit her to have a young and vigorous navy planted firmly in the very gates of the Far East.

These reasons led her statesmen to demand yet further increase in her navy. All through late 1898 and 1899 the need of more ships was pressed upon the German people, and every incident was seized to demonstrate the insufficiency of the existing navy. The arrest of three German mail-steamers by the British cruisers off Delagoa Bay, and the war in South Africa, where German opinion was unanimously in favor of intervention, had it been possible, were opportunities of which the most was made by the Kaiser. As the Boer forces were streaming into Natal, he made a speech at Hamburg in which he said, most pointedly: "If naval re-enforcements had not been refused me during the first eight years of my reign—refused in spite of my urgent requests and entreaties, refused with scorn and even mockery—how differently affairs would stand to-day! We should be able to guard our thriving trade and commerce over sea." In other words, "If you had given me the ships I wanted, we could have had South Africa as a German market." Count von Bülow followed this up in December, when the structure of the British Empire was tottering under defeat, with remarkable words which seemed almost to foreshadow a partition of that empire. He went on to say: "We cannot allow any foreign power whatever to say to us, 'The world is already disposed of.' We shall allow no foreign power to thrust us aside, whether in trade or in politics. . . . We also have a right to a Greater Germany." In the Reichstag, a month later, he used extremely strong language with regard to the British proceedings, which had stirred the stolid Germans to something approaching fury. England was in the wrong, and gave way, whereupon the storm passed—at least for a time.

But the occasion was improved for the introduction of a yet vaster naval programme, which in all its essential features received the sanction of the

Reichstag in early 1900. By this 19 more battle-ships, 8 large and 15 small cruisers, were to be added to the navy. No definite period was fixed, as in the act of 1898, within which the ships were to be provided; the Reichstag was only asked to sanction the standard, which, it was generally understood, would be reached about 1916—or possibly earlier. The Reichstag struck 6 large and 7 small cruisers off the list, but left the battle-ships untouched. By 1916, then, Germany is to have 38 first-class battle-ships and 72 cruisers. To give some idea of the comparative force of such a fleet, England has to-day 49 battle-ships less than twenty-five years old, and the United States 18, counting the ships that are building.

It is suspected in America that the German programme is directed against the United States; but while no one can pretend to see into the hearts of German statesmen, Count Bülow's utterances are plain enough. It is against England that the increase is aimed. "Our relations with the United States have been shown by the warm words of the President; we are ready to make similar advances. With England we are ready to live upon a basis of reciprocity and mutual respect, in peace and harmony; but we must make use of the favorable international situation to secure ourselves for the future." The preamble of the 1900 act states that "Germany must have a fleet of such strength that, even for the mightiest naval power, a war with her would involve such risks as to jeopardize its own supremacy."

Several causes are at work to prevent any excessively rapid expansion. In the first place, Germany has only of recent years developed her ship-building industry. She has not as yet the innumerable yards which England possesses, all capable of constructing the most powerful types of war-ship. But young as the industry is with her, her constructors claim that they can build as cheaply as, or even more cheaply than, England. They are already securing heavy foreign orders, notably from China, Russia, and Japan. In the second place, the dock-yards must be enlarged if they are to be able to keep the new fleet in good order; and this, again, is a work of much time.



TURRET OF BATTLE SHIP "KAISER FRIEDRICH III." IN ACTION

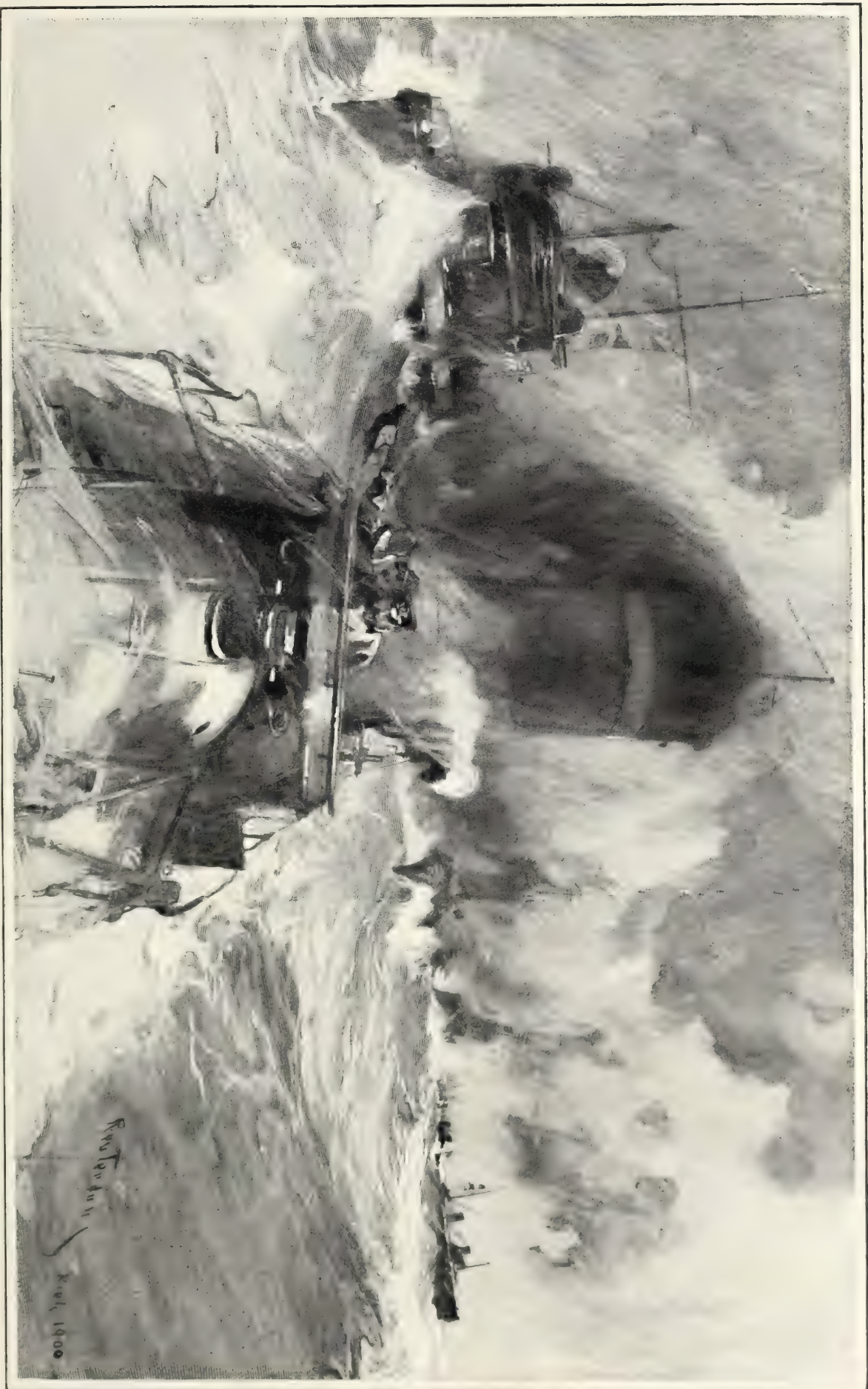
At Kiel and Wilhelmshaven, the headquarters of the German navy in the Baltic and North Sea, vast works are now in progress; at Kiel, the greater part of the suburb of Ellerbeck is being demolished to make way for new storehouses and basins. In the third place, it is useless to provide ships unless there are trained officers and men to take them to sea. In this matter both England and the United States have shown grave want of foresight, increasing their material out of all proportion to their personnel. Not so sins Germany. Year by year her personnel will be raised from its present figure of 29,000 till in 1920 it stands at 65,000, with a trained reserve of at least 100,000. Such a strength will be ample for all requirements. Finally, financial reasons prevent a rapid execution of the programme. The total cost of the ships is placed at \$365,000,000, and is to be met without increase of taxation, from the surplus revenue which German prosperity is expected to provide. The growth of trade, in other words, is to pay for that trade's protection.

Turning now from the fleet as it is to be to the fleet as it is, the German ships are excellent in design and workmanlike in appearance. The battle-ships built and building fall into four groups: in the first are 5 new triple-screw ships, all on the stocks, of 12,000 tons each; in the second, 5 rather small ships of the *Kaiser Friedrich III.* class, with triple screws, of which 2 are now complete. These 10 ships are practically homogeneous, and all agree in their armament, which is of exceptional power. The big gun has been deliberately abandoned; the guns are all quick-firing—four of 9.4 inches calibre, eighteen of 5.9 inches, twelve 20-pounders, and twenty small weapons. This is a terrific battery, though hardly so powerful as that of the newest American ships of the same class. The armor protection is about the same as that given in American ships. Thirdly come 4 ships of the *Brandenburg* class, now on the China station. They are unique in carrying six heavy 11-inch guns in three barbets. They are fair sea-boats, and gave no trouble on their voyage to the Far East. In the fourth group are 8 small but modern coast-defence ships of the *Siegfried* class, heavily armed,

which are now being cut in two and lengthened by twenty-three feet; 4 old ironclads of the *Baden* class, all reconstructed, and a similar but smaller ship, the *Oldenburg*. These last 13 vessels are designed for service in the Baltic, not in the open sea. Besides these there are 3 old ironclads of small value. The cruiser list includes 3 modern armored cruisers, the best of which, the *Bismarck*, is virtually a fast battle-ship; the other 2 are building; 5 fine protected cruisers of moderate size, with powerful batteries behind thin armor—the *Freyja* class; and 12 other modern cruisers, of which the *Kaiserin Augusta*, a triple-screw ship of 21 knots, and the *Gefion*, of 20 knots, are the best known. There are 8 torpedo gunboats, 24 destroyers, and 96 first-class torpedo-boats.

In the construction of these ships wood has been practically eliminated, and in the newer type every conceivable improvement has been introduced. Liquid fuel can be carried in the double bottoms and burnt in the furnaces; water-tight doors in the bulkheads are as far as possible eliminated, since they are a well-known source of danger; electricity is used to revolve the turrets, hoist the ammunition to the guns, and ventilate the ship.

Before passing from the material to the personnel of the German fleet, it would be well to remind American and British readers that statistics do not truly represent the force of the German navy. For instance, in the British effective list there still lingers a large number of old ironclads, hopelessly obsolete, and armed with muzzle-loading guns. There is none of this kind of rubbish in Germany—or if there is, it makes no appearance in official calculations. Again, when comparing the German with the British or American outlay, the indirect tax of compulsory service, which does not show in the figures, should not be forgotten. It helps to explain why Germany can do so much on her \$37,000,000 of estimates, and England so little on her figure of \$144,000,000. But the explanation is obvious when we find that the pay in the British navy works out to \$265 a head; in the German to only \$140. Yet the German officer and seaman are as good and efficient as the British.



THE EVOLUTIONS OF THE TORPEDO-BOAT FLOTILLA



TYPES IN THE GERMAN NAVY

the magnificent army. Even an invasion of England is considered by von des Goltz to be perfectly practicable. The army is being steadily trained to act in combination with the navy. Year by year a number of military officers embark for a period of service afloat, so that they may gain a grip of the practical difficulties with which the seaman has to contend. Year by year the navy is, in exchange, to send selected officers to serve with the army.

All these points enhance the apparently insignificant strength of the German navy. Unless her rivals copy or improve upon Germany's organization, they are likely to experience some unpleasant surprises in war.

The Anglo-Saxon

Indeed, the personnel of the German navy is admirable in every respect. It is well organized, excellently instructed. The officers are in professional capacity second to none, combining in the happiest manner theory and practice. Then they are young: the age for a vice-admiral's retirement in England is sixty-five; in Germany it is fifty-six. Captains are retired in England at fifty-five; in Germany at fifty.

The German strategy will be the offensive at all costs. Any success gained by the fleet, which will attack resolutely and furiously, will be followed up by

race in this generation, in this hour of common danger, is still content to intrust the administration of its fleets to politicians, who possess no specialist knowledge of the engine which they have to control. They are confronted by a navy which has been made, organized, and controlled by experts. If there is anything in Pericles's famous saying, "Naval science is not a thing to be cultivated at chance moments or odd times; it is a mistress jealous of every other pursuit," then, indeed, Germany has a signal advantage over us, which she will use to the utmost.



A CEREMONIAL CALL

In the Mixing of the Waters

BY CHESTER BAILEY FERNALD

SHUTTERS clattered; lights went out; the drawing off of the rifle fire towards The Settlement made no slack in the tide that rushed from the river-bank: merchants, coolies, priests; singsong girls from the flower-boats, half hidden in their palanquins; lepers, thieves, and agile cripples—all hurried noisily with the broken soldiery, saying that the foreign devils, both visible and invisible, had attacked the village, and would attack the city, from the land, the water, and the air. The long train of a mandarin wound and jostled through the crowd, its cymbals silent, its white pony forsaken in the rear, and the red umbrella and the fifty golden-lettered signs and banners drooped from sight. It was a passage of many colors, mottled in the moonlight by innumerable clouds.

The young man who had run ahead of the mandarin's train and imitated its cries for other people to stand aside now darted into a quieter byway. He did not know whither he was bound; night was his only shelter; and a bamboo splinter as long as a dirk was the only weapon he had found in the bare-picked streets. But an instinct had brought him, for a last glance, to the one scene with which he was familiar in the village. He stopped in the vast shadow of a pawnbroker's godown at the junction of two streets, and he looked across to a European structure of wood, bearing the name-plate of an English surgeon. For twenty years, in common with the missionaries, Doctor Stewart had worn a pigtail; but he had never preached a creed nor pushed a trade. Yet he energetically denied the native deities; and his purpose among their worshippers was to inculcate, in place of mysteries, a system of morals, which his detractors said was based upon hygienics and the rule of three. If the missionaries sadly called him an automaton, they likewise acknowledged his emphasis and durabil-

ity. He had bidden fair to end his days in this purlieu that was called benighted by a benighted race; and what was of more moment to Terris, now as that young man breathed the musty drift of the pawnshop, Stewart had kept his daughter with him from her birth, and seemed to will that the rest of her life be tributary to his great Idea. Would the present upheaval alter this? With all the benefits of Stewart's upright example, Terris believed that the natives would class him as merely one more foreigner, and ease their hatred of his race, if they could, by making one less of him. The house itself, tight with its solid shutters, seemed wrapped in the same grim speculation; but it would appear that Stewart had not waited; he was gone; and Helen must be safe, then, in The Settlement, even though besieged.

Terris remembered her protestations of contentment with her lot, as if she sought to convince herself. He remembered the excess of her father's watchfulness, and the degree of her own innocent dignity. To Terris she had been a sweet flower rising at the brink of a noisome pool; and howsoever bravely her roots clung where they found themselves, he had thought that no one could combat the fitness of his transplanting her. But she herself had denied it; and, under the shadow of her father's prejudice, Terris at first suspected, she had met his declaration half before it was made. The thought of leaving her father in his declining years was impossible to her, she said,—as impossible as a thought of renouncing his life's endeavor would be to her father. And later, at parting, so steady an eye and voice were above her hand that to question the inspiration of her refusal could not occur to him. She had convinced Terris of her own freedom of fancy, but not of a flaw in his dream.

Events had reassembled the fleet at the



THE TIDE THAT RUSHED FROM THE RIVER-BANK



TERRIS SAT AND LOOKED WITH THE GOD

river-mouth and brought him towards The Settlement again, with the vanguard of the naval forces. They had given a superstitious warming to his imagination; he had pictured a moment when his presence would suggest his inevitableness to her, when the neighboring flare of destruction would light the depths of her heart.

Then, as the long line of ships' boats had at last arrived, and was in the midst of the stream of river craft sent against them at this village before the city walls, a pole projecting in the dark from the stern of a junk had swept him overboard. In the confusion and the cries accompanying their progress his launch had towed his line of boats away from him; and he had dived, again and again; then, stripped of his empty scabbard and his uniform, he had broken through the few braves at the bank and taken his small chance with the breathless crowds beyond. So, then, here he was in front of

her house; and it was himself, he reflected now, not Helen Stewart, who was in the midst of gathering hordes. He saw that the tide was turning; soldiers were pouring from the city gates. One of them stopped and viewed him keenly. Terris murmured a good-by to Helen. He turned to the generalship of his own battle as defiantly as if with hope.

When he paused again he had scaled a dilapidated wall and was looking over a spacious garden, with many trees and shrubs trained into shapes resembling birds and beasts, to the base of an ancient pagoda. It had been always deserted, below, but above were the quarters of The Reform Club — men who had seen the light of the West, if not

upon faith, at least upon commerce; and he knew of no better refuge; for the door had been forced, and there were traces, sparse in a land where no scrap or chip but has its value, but traces that proved the wreck of the interior. Doubtless most of the Reformers, born too early into this world, had been sent too early into the next. For one exalted moment there came upon him a double consciousness—a cold conception of death and space and the passionless planets. Then he gripped his weapon and ran across the silvered space and up the steps of the pagoda.

A long-unworshipped god looked out from the empty shades within, stripped of its silks and tinsel and peacocks' plumes, a scowling thing of wood and cobwebbed beard. Terris sat and looked with the god, focussing the far deserted street through the portal and the gates as if from the dark inside of a camera. He expected to strangle the first man

who entered the pagoda; for no one who entered it with a pigtail could be trusted to leave it with the knowledge that a foreigner was there. But there would come a limit to this process, then the uncomfortable business of dying. He strove to detach himself, to be only the animal whose affair it was. Slowly the moon was lighting a greater space on the square-cut stones within the portal. He sprang up and waited in the dark, at the sound of some one approaching.

It was some one who clutched at the walls in the shadow, halting and sighing and whispering meaningless sounds. He arrived, and laid an uncertain hand upon the lintel, and gazed with a remnant of caution inside. The moon shone upon his cue coiled round his neck, and upon his garments torn and spattered with mud. This was perhaps a fellow-fugitive who stumbled forward and sank with half a groan and half a laugh upon the stones. His face turned upwards to the light: the hair was iron-gray, the features sharp and regular. Terris hurried the man into the darkness and dried the red cut on the pallid forehead.

"Dr. Stewart!" he said. "Where is your daughter?"

The sounds brought Stewart to rise upon his elbow. "That's the call of the East," he chuckled—"sandal-wood and gong-dong, and the wail of the two-string, like a ghost! It was the mystery of men without souls that brought us here. You had to come—you had to leave your poetry and your women. Written—written in the rocks: The waters shall crumble the mountains of East and West, and all the waters shall mix in the sea."

"Not so loud, sir," said the young man. "I'm Terris; I'm tying up your head."

"Terris?" said Stewart. "Terris!" he murmured, pressing his brow. "Sorry, Terris;—my head, you know;—let me lie; the night isn't over."

He appeared to sleep, after he had rolled upon his face. He was trying to force upon himself a period of oblivion; but he could not stay his thoughts. He had been away in the interior when the storm of massacre had startled the port. He had started homeward, covering the miles on foot by day and night, his mind, for the first time in his life, undividedly

upon his daughter. A message had reached him half-way: she was holding the house, and making a show of such confidence as he had always expressed to her, based upon his many benefactions to the people. But he had seen that she felt no confidence. A little farther on, where he thought he was safe, he had escaped from the house of a Taotai alive by the hundredth part of a sword-swing. That moment was the answer to his twenty years of works without faith. But he thought only of his daughter. He knew as he passed through the outskirts of the village that in the face of what would be certain for his daughter in their hands he must not try to bring her away. He would put her quietly to sleep, and himself go down in the smoke of Anglo-Saxon powder. But when he had reached the garden of the pagoda the trees had begun to whirl like sticks; and now, when by strange fate he had fallen at the side of Terris, the power to beat away the ground and be up and off again seemed gone from him. Only his conscience burned with fire. He had been a masterful man; no one's destiny was ever too grave for his handling. Concerning his daughter and Terris, then, what had he done towards dividing them? He had exhibited Terris to her as a trivial matter of gilt and buttons cast up by the faithless sea; and he had described to Helen his own dream of another man, out of the clouds, whose charm for her should be a perfect sympathy with her father, and who should join and carry on her father's work with him, and found a School, to go on down through the generations,—to which she should have the privilege of contributing. But her answer had not been spontaneous. What other look might have stolen across her face against her will, if he had spoken more charitably of Terris? Her father did not know; she always kept herself too well in hand. But now the beads upon his brow had come from the deep suspicion that it might have been otherwise, that perhaps he had taken Terris from her, and hurt her heart, and that now, when she was about to die alone and in madness, it might have been that her father could be saying words which would send Terris bounding out of the pagoda—to perish with her,



"BUT THE FOREIGN DEVILS SET VALUE ON DAUGHTERS"

but to perish as a soldier and a lover, saving her from the fiends. Had there been more understanding between them than her father had supposed?

"My daughter," he whispered,—*"tell me quickly all you know about her heart."*

"I'm no authority, sir," said Terris. "I fancy you'll always know more than

I about that. She's in The Settlement?"

Stewart made no answer. He sat up. "There's something I want, in my house," he said, when he spoke again. "Haven't time to ask you for your story, but did you pass the house?"

"By good luck I got past it," said Terris, more lightly. "But I'm afraid that what's in your house is a loss, sir. There was a pair of ugly brutes reconnoitring the place as I went by."

Stewart staggered to his feet. "Better climb up to the top floor," he said, supporting himself against the altar. "Door in the east wall—narrow stairs—only one man can come at you at a time. I'm going on."

"In your state?" said Terris. "Haven't you heard the tramp of feet? They're all around us—it won't do."

"Can't explain," said Stewart. "Need my breath. It's affair of honor—must go. Good-night."

"It's that knock you got in the head, sir," said Terris, standing before him. "You have a chance in here; but there wouldn't be a chance even for me, out there. You must think first of your daughter."

"My dear fellow, it's a matter where my daughter has no claim upon your intervention. I quite understand what I'm doing," said Stewart. "Beg you to let me pass."

"To please those devils out there?" whispered Terris, laying hold of him. "What would she say to me! For your sake she gives her life to this accursed country; but I believe she loathes it as I do."

"So Heaven help me!" murmured Stewart. "Now stand aside!"

The god could not divine the cracking of their joints, the explosive breaths, and

the twisting of contorted feet, half on the stones that were moonlit. It came to an end in silence, with the sliding of Stewart helpless to the floor. "I was going to my Helen," he cried aloud, with the last of his strength. "She's alone there—in the house."

A succession of mists went sweeping before his eyes, beyond which things happened distantly and with ever more vagueness. But he knew that with the sound of Helen's name things suddenly did begin to happen. He was wielded aloft, and his faint breath crushed from him anew. Story after story his head scraped the walls of the creaking stairs; and on the final ladder the wind of a tempest raged in his ears:—"Couldn't you have thought a little about *her* in these twenty years? Couldn't you have found a better place for her than *this* hell-hole—this stenching sink of purgatory?" His lasting impression was these words, spoken by the silence and repeated without sound by his own lips, over and over. He did not know how long it was before he became aware of leaning propped against a wall he could not see. There was thunder and darkness and the din of the war-worship, upon a wind that swayed the trees and blew across his face. The heat of day still lingered in the narrow space; but he was cold. His outer garment had been taken from him, and he was alone.

Those who stood before the Doctor's house were a Pirate and a Butcher—leaders of recruits.

"Of course there is a treasure in this house," said the Pirate. "But has not the Doctor left some spell upon it—some device that will explode the air and bring a rain of demons?"

"There is only a woman to reckon with—his daughter. I have this from a man to whom the Doctor restored the use of his tongue," said the Butcher.

"But the foreign devils set value on daughters," said the Pirate. "Moreover, this Doctor has never been caught in any lies. It is said that he lives without them. Such a man can walk on air."

"Yes," said the Butcher; "it will be wise to frighten away any demons by shouts and poundings, helped by the thunder that the sky will shortly send. Then we will break down the doors."

"And pass out the girl to amuse the

crowd," said the Pirate, "while we inspect the loot."

Then they roared in the ear of an old woman that she was to run and fetch more of their band.

The house was built around a court, where from one of the windows shone a light that, within, shone upon the face of Helen Stewart. She was in the native dress of silk, with ornaments of jade and crystal; and her dark hair, brought smoothly over the ears and braided at the back, set forth her unwonted pallor. Helen stood before her emptied teacup and her untasted food, listening, and gazing into the eyes of her servant, Tsuey Loi. The woman had kept herself in a corner, as if purposely; but now her eyes looked back at the girl and waited steadily, with no show of emotion. At first the clock ticked loudly and alone. Then, muffled by doors and shutters, came the cracked falsetto shout of one in command. It was followed by the long rattle of thousands of fire-crackers, in a circle about the house. Helen drew in her breath.

"So they have come," she said. "You made me stay in the house. You tried to keep it from me. I was having hope."

The woman pretended not to understand. "What do you mean has come?" she said, in her dialect.

Helen shook her head. "When they think they have frightened away the evil spirits they will burst the door, and they will kill me. And I was not ready for that," she said.

"They will not kill you," said the amah, with her smile. "Because perhaps they cannot break in; and because, if they do break in, then the god of Fun will laugh at them, and they will have a bad face, for you will have put one of the pistols to your head."

The girl put her hands on the woman's shoulders. "Tell me," she said, "is it true? Shall I have nothing to do but that?"

"You are very pretty, but there are things you do not know," said Tsuey. "The pistols are loaded, in the drawer. These bad men will find you beyond their torture. Some people with white skins are afraid to die; are you?"

The girl paced back and forth the narrow room. Finally she said:

"What is my father going to do about this?"

"I sent Ching to meet him at Peng-hai," said Tsuey. "It was the day before yesterday. Ching has not come back. I think they have killed your father, and Ching with him. Some people forget that nobody dies but once. How strange that many people should object, when it is not so bad as a little toothache!"

"But I haven't lived," said the girl. "I haven't felt anything; I haven't seen anything. And I hadn't expected that. My father was willing to die, if it was for a principle, if it would help your people. But I hate your country—I have said that I hated it worse than death—you cannot understand."

"But dying is pleasant," said Tsuey Loi, "when one has a God like yours. He brings you into the world; you don't know why; sometimes you say you are sorry. Then he takes you away; you don't know why; but maybe then you'll find out. Keep talking; we won't listen to their noise. There is thunder; it is going to rain; but such things will never matter to you and me. And the change will be so quick you will hardly know; and we shall laugh too with the god of Fun."

"Do you know where I should be now, if I had followed my heart, if I hadn't swallowed it, for years?" said the girl. "I should be away from here,—so far that no one would speak of China, no one would know where it was. I would not leave here and go to The Settlement when you begged. It was because I was afraid my father would come back and find me gone, and then he would suspect how I loathe this house and this village and everything I see or hear in it."

"Oh!" said the amah. "Suppose you went away—men with long black coats, yes, and some with brass buttons, and one of these you would marry, I know. Suppose he doesn't treat you so well as your father did? Suppose you have a son, so that it cuts your heart like knives when you think how harm might come to him? You don't understand—oh no—you can't see how lucky you are! Maybe your God will tell you; maybe He will unroll your life to you—how it might have

been. Then you will shudder at the sorrow you missed. You will thank Him, and that will be something to cry about."

"My life was mine," said Helen. "If they don't break in, then I will live it in my own way hereafter—for some one that I can give happiness to, not for people I cannot understand and that hate me."

The hum of voices and the movement in the crowded street without rose ever more audible in their ears. "It is better not to think of a miracle," said the amah. "I think they have sent for a beam, and they will swing it together. They beat on the walls to frighten us, but they do not know how your ancestor fought at that battle of Bala-kalafa," she said, pointing to the sword on the wall. "They do not know how brave you are."

"No, I am not brave," said Helen. "You had better go. You are not a Christian; they will not touch you. I wrote a letter last night,—I did not half believe in the need of it, then. Now you must go, and try to get it into The Settlement some day."

"I can't go," said Tsuey Loi. "Have you not been as my daughter? When you die, I want to die too, please! Do you hate me, then—as you hate my country? Why must I take that letter?"

"It is to Mr. Terris," said the girl.

"So you love him," said the amah. "I believe he asked you to marry him and you said no. What was the use of being an English girl?"

"It was my father," said Helen. "He did not say he feared I would wish to marry Mr. Terris; but I knew he did. He showed me a letter my mother left. It was about her love for my father,—it was almost as if she had been his mother; and about my caring for his old age and taking her place towards him. She left it for me to read when I was old enough to understand. And now I did understand—it was Mr. Terris who had taught me to understand; and it was this that made me say no. Unless it was my father's wish, I couldn't have been happy away from him, not even with Mr. Terris. If my father came back and gave me hope for living, I should tear my letter up. But he won't come; and I should like Mr. Terris to know."

There was a nearer peal of thunder,



"THEY WILL KILL ME, AND I WAS NOT READY FOR THAT"

followed by a stroke on a gong. In a moment the stroke was repeated by two gongs, and then by a number more. As the sounds increased in force and rapidity, in rhythmic progression, the two in the closed room felt the house jar under their feet from the battering-ram—a feeble timber withal, but heavy enough to be slowly splintering the thick shutters at the door from the street. Tsuey Loi brought the case of revolvers.

"If you are quick, I shall be gone, and take your letter," she said. "But after that—you *will* ask your God to let me in your heaven?" The flash and the thunder together marked the bursting of the clouds. "Now we shall not hear when they have broken in," said the amah, raising her voice above the torrent. She closed the girl's fingers over the handle of the revolver. "Can you not do it now?" pleaded Loi, with her

lips to the girl's ear as softly as a lover's. "So strong, so quick that you will not know?"

"Perhaps," murmured the girl, without opening her eyes. "But not yet. I can't believe all this, you know. I think I shall talk to them. I think I shall throw myself on their mercy and make them ashamed."

"With your cherry lips and your skin like satin?" said the older woman. "Were there not girls at the burning of Yan, twenty years ago—girls not so handsome as you? People never heard of them; people say they were burned. But they live to-day, a thousand miles in from the sea. For as long as their beauty lasted they were watched like gold. And some went crazy; and the others—if you saw one of them now you would run away from her, and she from you. My jewel!" the woman begged. "There are men on the roof!"

They heard the skylight raised. The wind flickered the lamp, and the sharp spatter of the rain arose from the floor of the court below the window. They saw the skylight rope sway dimly past the sill. Tsuey blew out the lamp and took the girl around the waist. "It's only a bad dream," she said. "You will awake and smile in your heaven. Must I put my head with yours, and I go too—and your letter never reach him?"

Helen heard the woman repeating the name of a divinity; their cheeks pressed together; a heavy body smashed against the swinging pane, ripping the hinges; then, for an instant, illumined at the sill, they saw the grotesque outline of a man who dripped with water. There was something cold touching the girl's temple; her life cried out in warning, and she dashed the amah away from her and ran to the window.

"What do you want?" she said to the man in the dark, forgetting her Chinese. "What have I done to you?"

"Are you ready to go with me?" said Terris. "Your father is waiting at the pagoda."

He might have been any man on a similar errand. He called for lights, for the sword which he knew hung above the divan, and for everything they had that was money, or that glistened or jingled

like coin. He paused from heaping these things onto a mat to note the strange expression in Helen's eyes.

"You are not hurt?" he said, taking her hand.

"I can never thank you for this, you know," she said. "Never."

Terris saw that she made a motion to the amah, and that the amah, who had been looking thoughtfully at him, almost too readily tore an envelope in halves. Then the amah came and tied a belt around his waist. He was smashing a cabinet with his sword and emptying the drawers of gleaming instruments onto the mat, along with fragments of glass. "There isn't much to thank me for, yet," he said, as if Helen had just spoken. "Now!"—

Thus it was when the Pirate and the Butcher had paused from their labors and now took shelter rather than be drenched, while the ragged multitude staid, hoping and soaking in the deluge, rather than miss the chance of loot. Every one was startled at the opening of the corner window by some one in the dark, and by the voice of a woman crying, "Money!" And in a land where for those who seek money such a cry is impolitic, and for those who have it unwise, it is doubtful whether such a cry had been heard in the night before by any one present. And they were further startled by a shower of English gold and Mexican silver and Chinese copper and many other glancing, ringing things upon the stones. Then every hollow beggar, and thief, and those men who had been at the back of the house—save one who lay unseen with a bamboo stake through his eye—and all those respectable citizens who had looked out to enjoy the excitement, and every one of the soldiers, except the Pirate and the Butcher, ran together in a mass and fought with each other on the wet stones—some crying in a rage that it was not money, but scissors and knives and countless pieces of broken glass that cut their fingers; others confuting them in a breath with true coins, which, in the phosphorus that grows in the eyes of the starving, glittered even in the gloomy rain. The Pirate and the Butcher did not stoop to this performance. They circulated among the crowd, tearing handfuls from those who had



C.D. Weldon

"CAN YOU NOT DO IT NOW?" PLEADED LOI

found the most, and crying out that any one who robbed his neighbor should lose his head.

So it happened that not long afterwards there was an old man trudging under a great flat hat, up one street and down another, and back upon his steps, east, north, and south, bent beneath a cylindrical basket that was long enough to contain a girl. He carried what seemed a stick too short for a staff; and as the rain lessened and the low moon began to silver the thinning clouds, the staff glistened and was partly hidden in his sleeve. Two robbers, who had met and recognized each other for such, and who, considering the old man's manner and the time of night, had agreed that he had stolen the basket—which was true—resolved to follow him and make him disgorge his booty, whatsoever it was. But they moved with care; for at intervals he looked back, then went on with anxious vigilance, trotting with explosive breath, as if through all his years he had borne such burdens, or at least as if he wished to make it appear so. Presently in the distance there passed a line of banner-men, with tireless strides, a new contingent arrived to sit before The Settlement. The old man stopped. At some part of every street he had crossed he had seen the torches of other groups of braves. No place was wholly free from them. The robbers hurried forward. The old man's back was turned, and he leaned on his low staff as if spent with his exertions, doddering to himself or to the burden, which rested against the wall in the shadow. The bolder of the robbers quickened to a run, hoping to arrive first and fare better; and the cannier one followed him at an interval, planning to pillage the basket for himself while the other pounced upon the veteran; and the old man seemed deaf, for their footsteps did not waken him; and the god of Thieves looked down and smiled. Then the cannier robber saw the old man begin to grow, and his bent figure straightening and straightening beyond belief. And it whirled about in his mushroom hat, and it cleft the silent robber through the jaw to the roots of the tongue. And the canny robber turned and ran as he had never run before; for a ponderous demon was after him, keeping step with him with

greater strides—Kwanyin!—twice the height of a man. The soul of the canny one seemed to itself to keep running forever, but its body dropped down with its head split in twain, by Terris, with the sword of Balaklava. It seemed to him then that he was going to triumph and reach the pagoda.

From the west side of the pagoda Stewart saw a ruddy glow upspreading. It rose above those house-tops over which once, in a moment proud of his work, he had pointed to his corner window, on fire then with the setting sun. Now he peered through the opening: the slow flames lighted the smoke, and out of the noiseless distance he could imagine the crash of blazing timbers and the exulting cries of a host of reddened fiends. He was alone, then. Helen had ceased to live; and with her, he believed, Terris had been able to fall, achieving his errand.

There was silence near and far. The glow beyond the roofs died away in the growing dawn. The light brought some of the rafters out of the dark, and faintly touched the floor where he sat inertly staring at his swollen feet. He heard a creaking on the lower stairs, slight but unmistakable. It was the welcome end, he believed: he had exposed himself at the opening and had been seen. Slowly he rose and waited, dimly visible from the head of the ladder. Out of the gloom of the corner the figure of a man took form. It confronted him with a sword, for a moment without speech and without motion. His dead heart leaped to life.

"All very quietly, sir," said Terris. "She's here. I've heard some firing, down the river—more of our people."

"Last night I was angry with my fate," said Helen to her father. "There was a while when I thought only of myself. That's over; where you go now, with all my heart I follow."

His fingers trembled over her hair. "It will be your heart that will lead," he whispered. "It will be I who follow. For the first time in my life, my daughter," he said, exquisitely, "I follow!"

They sat together in the narrow space that was safe from view. The sun came and gleamed in Terris's eyes as he gazed to the distant curves of the river. It glinted on a bit of silvered glass he agi-



BUT THEY MOVED WITH CARE

tated above his head. At length he laid his finger on his lips and pointed away to a stretch where the morning glittered on the waters. There, from a long line of white ships' boats, which gleamed now with the barrel of a rifle and now with the breech-block of a landing gun, a white flag with a blue centre dipped and stopped and dipped again. What it answered to the two men in the pagoda made them lean back and smile. Terris noticed the torn halves of the envelope, held fast by the pin of the buckle of the belt which Tsuey Loi had given him. Helen slept; the sound of her breathing was in his ear; and he saw that the envelope was from her, to him.

What she was saying to him now, she had written, she would have never acknowledged during the life of her father.

Perhaps Terris had altered in the months since spring; if so, it mattered not, for she would be gone; but nothing could take from her the memory—

Terris passed the pieces of her letter to her father. The two men exchanged looks, then nodded. Terris softly moved the sleeping head from its cramped position to one against his own shoulder. Then he laid the pieces of the envelope in her lap.

The sun shone over the treeless plains to the storied towers of the city walls, and to the phalanxes of junks, and to the vast expanse of immemorial graves. Higher than the tumbled tiles of the village houses, and above the silence of stony ponds and paths, it cast upon the tops of the fir-trees the long, still shadow of the pagoda.

Root and Rose

BY MARY BOOLE HINTON

SUCH roots, good folk, can never bear a rose.
 Yea, we have sworn it. Let the blossom bloom.
 We righteous will not wot thereof, to whom
 A rose it shall not be from roots like those.



CHIEF SENTALI AND HIS WIFE

Our Last Cannibal Tribe

BY JAMES MOONEY

Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution



It may not be generally known that cannibalism was once prevalent over large areas of the American continent. Such was the case, however, and, in fact, the very word *cannibal* is but another form of Caniba or Cariba, the proper name of the Carib Indians, the dreaded scourge of the Antilles three centuries ago, among whom the Spaniards, on first landing, found human limbs hung up to dry in the sun for food. Many of the

tribes of South America were cannibals, and some of the unconquered savages in the dark forests of the upper Amazon still feast upon human flesh. The practice existed also in Central America and Mexico, as readers of Prescott are well aware, but rather as a sacrifice to the god of war than from any depraved taste for such food. As a war ceremony it was found also among nearly all the tribes of the eastern United States and Canada.

The Miamis had a cannibal society, whose members were under obligation

to eat any captives delivered to them for that purpose; and the Kiowas, with whom I lived for some time, had only a few years ago a secret brotherhood, each member of which was pledged to eat the heart of the first enemy killed by him in battle. The old war chief in whose family I staid was one of this society.

All the tribes of the Texas coast and back country were reputed cannibals, and with good reason. One of these was the Attakapa, from whom the Louisiana parish gets its name, which signifies "man-eaters." Another was the Karankawa tribe, on Matagorda Bay, with whom French captives from La Salle's expedition witnessed many a barbarous feast. In 1760 the priests

of the old San Antonio mission drew up a catechism for the use of their Indian converts, and among the questions to be asked in confession the first one was, "Have you eaten human flesh?"

But the worst cannibals of all were the Tonkawas, who lived about San Antonio, just back from the coast. To all the other tribes, even to the present day, they are known simply as "the Man-Eaters." They were strong, athletic men, brave fighters, good hunters, and inveterate rovers. Unlike other tribes of that region, they planted nothing, having a tradition that their first ancestor was a wolf, and that they must always be like him, shifting about from place to place, and getting their living by hunting. They had a pantomime dance in which the performers, disguised as wolves, scratched a man out from the ground, where he had previously been concealed in the loose earth, gave him a bow and arrows, and then recited to him the tra-

dition, ending with an injunction to be a wolf always. Other Indians would make no terms with them, and the Tonkawas were an outlawed tribe among all their red brethren, with every man's hand against them. They retaliated by acting

as scouts and guides to the whites in their expeditions against the hostile tribes.

When the Texan missions were established, in the early part of the eighteenth century, and the good Franciscans began the heavy task of transforming wandering savages into industrious Christian subjects of the king, we find some bands of Tonkawas among the score of tribes gathered into San Antonio, San José, and the old historic Alamo.



AN OLD TONKAWA—JOHN WILLIAMS

It is probable that only a few were thus brought under restraint, for the love of the old free life was strong in their hearts, and long before the missions were abolished, in 1812, we find the Tonkawas again roving over half of Texas.

In 1817 we hear again of their cannibal habits and of their incessant wars with all other Indians, and it is evident that they were decreasing in number. On the American occupation of the country they hired their services as scouts against the hostile tribes, and constant association with the rough men of the garrisons soon worked their utter demoralization. In 1849 they were described as six or seven hundred of the most worthless and degraded vagabonds living. Their only friends were the Lipans, a broken remnant of the predatory Apache stock.

In 1857 the government gathered up several small tribes, including the Tonkawas, upon a reservation on the upper

Brazos River. The Texans, declaring that no Indians should be allowed to live in the State, attacked the agency, fired on the soldiers, killed the agent, and scattered the Indians. The three hundred who survived were finally collected upon a new reservation on the Washita, in Indian Territory, and for a year or two there was peace. Then came the civil war, and emissaries of both contending parties among the tribes urged them against the other. The five civilized tribes of the Territory were all slaveholders, and drifted easily into the Confederate service, in which the Cherokee chief, Stand White, held a commission as general. The loyal element, with most of the Delawares and Shawnees, and the fugitives from the Brazos, fled to Kansas, abandoning all their property to the hostiles. The wild Kiowas and Comanches of the plains, in their endeavor to preserve a strict neutrality, rejected overtures from either side, and continued their raids impartially into Kansas or Texas as suited their own good pleasure. The Tonkawas, with a few Caddos and a band of domesticated Comanches, chose to remain where they were rather than take their chances with their own people.

This was the opportunity for which their enemies had long waited. Revenge is sweet, and the white men were too busy now with their own affairs to look after their old allies. Shawnees, Delawares, Kickapoos, Caddos, Comanches, Kiowas—not one of all the surrounding tribes but had suffered from Texan expeditions piloted upon them by these same Tonkawas, and if report were true, some among them had had relatives entombed in Tonkawa stomachs. In fact it is said on good authority that the immediate exciting cause of the massacre was the killing of two Shawnees by the Tonkawas only a short time before. Be that as it may, their agent, with all of his employees, had taken the oath of service to the Confederate government, so that it was now a Confederate Indian agency, and the Tonkawas, at least in theory, were rebels and enemies to the United States, and outside the pale of its protection.

The Tonkawas had their skin tepees and grass-thatched huts scattered about on the high plateau which overlooks the

timbered bottom-lands of the Washita, north of the road that now runs by the Catholic mission, and about midway between the present agency and the little stream since known as Tonkawa Creek. Some distance away on the opposite side of the river was the agency, in charge of Colonel Leeper, who had resigned his commission with the government to enter the Confederate service. Near by was a trading-store kept by a Doctor Shirley, and another house occupied by the interpreter, Horace Jones, the commissary clerk, Doctor Sturm (both of whom had been connected with the Brazos agency), and another employee. About five miles south, on the road to Texas, lived a white man named Chandler. All of these men were either directly in the Confederate service or in sympathy with that cause, and all of them, excepting the agent himself, were married to Indian wives. Several other employees staid in the agency building. The night of October 22, 1862, was cold, and the men who slept in the agency building were still sitting about the fire when suddenly there was a yell from the darkness outside, and they knew the Indians were upon them. Before they could spring to their defence there was a volley through the window, and the clerk and his two assistants fell dead.

Jones, the interpreter, with a companion, was in the next house. Hearing the dog bark, he went to the door, and looked out just in time to see men with guns in their hands step upon the agency veranda. The next instant the rifle-shots rang out, and knowing the game was up, he leaped into the saddle and galloped to the agent's house to rouse him out of bed. Without waiting to dress, the agent ran out into the undergrowth, where he hid until he was found the next morning by some friendly Comanches. After alarming the agent, Jones rode on to Chandler's, and from there the two men hardly drew rein until they were safely across Red River. His companion in the house was killed in trying to escape. Shirley made his way to the Caddos and was saved. After killing the white employees the Indians plundered the store and the commissary, and completed the work by burning the agency to the ground.

Sturm, the only white man near at the final tragedy, is our principal authority for what follows. The attacking party numbered about 140 picked men, well mounted and armed with rifles of the newest pattern, while most of the Tonkawas had only bows and arrows. Ninety of the former were Shawnees, the rest being made up of Delawares, Wichitas, Kickapoos, and a scattering from all the tribes in the neighborhood, for all cherished the same old grudge against the Tonkawas. A part of this force had made a long détour and came in at the back of the camp, while the others came up through the timbered bottom-land, where the heavy undergrowth concealed their approach until they rode their horses up the slope and emerged suddenly among the tepees, before the first streak of daylight came over the Wichita hills.

The whole Tonkawa tribe was there asleep, 306 persons in all, men, women, and children, under their chief, Placido. Although taken by surprise and terribly overmatched, their warriors made a stout fight for their lives. Placido himself, advancing alone, shot down the Shawnee chief, and fell the next moment with a dozen bullets in his body. It was an Indian fight, where no mercy

was shown or expected, and whatever may have been the sins of the Tonkawas, they were all atoned for on that night. But it was not all on one side.

The Tonkawas were men, and rallying quickly after the first surprise, they made a stubborn resistance for hours, long enough to let part of the women and children escape to the hills. When it was all over, 137 Tonkawas — nearly half of their small tribe — lay dead upon the ground, more than one hundred of them being women and children. A few children were also made captive. The attacking party lost twenty-seven in killed and wounded. Eight years afterward, when a government school was established near the spot, bones and human skulls from the massacre were still scattered about in the timber.

When all who could had fled to the hills and ravines, and none were left but the dead, the enemy drew off across



A YOUNG TONKAWA WARRIOR

the river to the north. As soon as they were safely away, Sturm, with a few Caddos, came to gather up the fugitives and bring them to a place where they could have protection. The wounded were searched out from the ravines, such of the dead as were found near the camp were hastily buried, and together they

took up their march for Fort Arbuckle. It was a pitiful procession—the men silent, the women wailing for their slaughtered husbands and children, and many of them with wounds still bleeding.

With it all, the Tonkawas had a ghastly triumph. As has been said, they had made a brave defence, and killed and wounded a number of their assailants. Now, as they rode along, many of the men had dripping pieces of flesh, cut from the limbs of dead foes, hanging to their saddle-bows. In the midst of the procession, closely guarded, were two or three Shawnee prisoners taken in the fight. That night when the Tonkawas made their camp, somewhere about the western edge of the Chickasaw country, one of these unfortunates was killed, and his body cut in pieces and put into the kettles for the cannibal feast. Sturm himself saw the preparations, but could do nothing to prevent it; and although aware of what was going on a few rods from where he lay down to rest, he was not permitted to witness the savage orgy. The songs and dances of devilish exultation were kept up until nearly daylight, when, after a brief sleep of exhaustion, the march was resumed to Arbuckle.

Both the government and the Confederate official reports represent this fight as an action between Union and Confederate Indian forces. Some thousands of Southern Indians were then serving in the Confederate army, and there can be no doubt that the Shawnees and their allies had been armed and equipped for frontier service by Union officers, but it would be gross injustice to assume that either side encouraged or knowingly tolerated such barbarities as accompanied this massacre.

The Tonkawas never recovered from this blow. Henceforth they were homeless refugees, and after a short stay at Fort Arbuckle they drifted back into Texas, shifting about from one frontier post to another, and occasionally acting as scouts against the wild Comanches, until in 1874, on rumors of another Indian combination to exterminate the few that were left alive, they were brought in to the protecting shelter of Fort Griffin. About this time the whole band, including several Lipans, numbered only 119, of whom all the able-bodied men

were enrolled as scouts with army pay and rations.

After some years of neglect an agent was appointed for them in 1882, and two years later they were removed to a reservation in the Indian Territory, where the remnant still resides. When removed to the Territory they numbered 92, described as very poor, degraded, and inferior, living in tepees and brushwood arbors. In 1892, when they took allotments in severalty, there were 66. In 1898 there were but 53, and their former 200 warriors had dwindled to 13 men. They now number only 50 all told, and in a few years more our last cannibal tribe will have become extinct.

In the course of my field service on the Kiowa reservation I came to hear many grewsome tales of the "Man-Eaters." From all accounts they did not always confine their attention to prisoners of war, but would sometimes lie in wait to seize any solitary Indian from another tribe, man, woman, or child, who might happen to come their way. More than one missing person was thus traced to the Tonkawa camp, where all clues abruptly ended. It was this indiscriminate cannibalism which made them so universally hated.

From an old Lipan, who had formerly lived with the Tonkawas, I once obtained an account of one of these cannibal feasts which he had witnessed as a young man nearly fifty years ago. At this time both tribes were living together in Texas, and White Tooth, for that was his name, had with him a Comanche boy whom he had captured in a skirmish with that tribe. One day the boy disappeared, and it was reported that he had been last seen near the camp of the Tonkawas, who had their tepees only a few miles away. Mounting his pony, White Tooth rode over to demand the boy. As he drew near, the Tonkawas came out bearing a pipe—the sacred emblem of peace—and invited him to smoke, an offer which, if accepted, always opens the way for friendly negotiation. He took the pipe, when the Tonkawas informed him that they were hungry, and as the boy belonged to a tribe that they both hated, they had killed him, and had him now cooking in the pot. They were willing, however, to compensate the owner for

his loss, and ended by inviting him to dinner.

As he had given his pledge for peace, there was nothing but to make the best of it, so he rode back with them to their camp, and there, according to his story,



A LIPAN WOMAN

he saw the body of his captive, already chopped into small pieces, piled up on a rawhide. At this point in his narrative White Tooth became excited, and illustrating with sharp downward motions of his hand, said: "It was all

chopped up—arms, feet, legs, and ribs; I don't know about the head—all cut into pieces and put into the pot."

They began the feast about noon, and kept it up until the last morsel was eaten. After that, as always with Indian gatherings, there was a dance. I asked the old man if he had eaten any of the meat, to which he replied, most emphatically: "No! no! no!"

In the spring of 1898 I made the acquaintance of some Tonkawas who were in Washington on business with Congress, and a few months later this acquaintance was renewed at Omaha, where I had charge of a number of Indians for the exposition.

The chief, Sentali, *alias* Grant Richards, was a powerful man of about forty-five years of age, and the oldest man of the party was known as John Williams. Both men had been at the massacre in 1862, and the chief told how his mother had saved herself and him by fleeing with him to a deep rocky basin, now well known as Cedar Spring, on the old Fort Sill road.

They told me of their burial methods—how the body was put into a deep grave, with all the small property of the dead man laid above it, and how, when the earth had been filled in, his horse and dog were shot upon the grave mound, and after that his name must never be mentioned. They described their old-time grass-thatched houses with a framework of poles, and the chief's brother made a rude sketch of one to show how it looked. They told how a married man is "afraid of his mother-in-law," and must never speak to her or even look at her if it can be avoided, after he is once married. They remembered the names of some of their old tribes in the Texas missions, and told the tradition of the Drifted People, their lost kindred, who had been separated from them by a great flood long ago, and were still somewhere in the far south on the other side of the big water.

All this they told freely enough after we came to know each other, but when I cautiously approached the subject of cannibalism, they pretended never to have heard of such a thing before, and the old man innocently asked me to tell him how it was done.

Miss Noel's Reason

BY A. F. REDBRANCHE

“WELL, and—then?”

“You ask largely. I don't know really whether I could tell if I wished to, and I am fairly persuaded that I do not; and besides—”

“Besides?”

“It's the merest ghost of a reason.”

“Show me the phantom.”

“And my mind is divided as to the actuality of—er—”

“What a lot of coaxing you require! We all know that you could have married up to any woman's ambition, and yet you have not. You like men, and unfold under attention from a certain sort—but yet—”

“I don't think, Tessy, I am good at talking about myself. Only, to put an end to your plaguing me, I'll try. It was—to begin with—just such a day as this, seven years ago, a gray February, the sun only in peeps, and rarely; the train going at this rate, a swift rock-a-by (for trains have moods like people)”—Miss Noel looked out of the window of the swift-moving car—“and about as far as we are now from Toronto. I am not sure. The scenery is all the same in Canada going toward Ottawa. Only to-day we, you and I, are alone and have the car all to ourselves, whereas that day the train was packed. Not a seat in our Pullman—standing-room only. I sat about where I am now. (I generally arrange to be in the same place in a car—a cat habit, I imagine, a trace of my individual being in a previous incarnation.) Facing me was a lady, a stranger with whom I had been talking about ten minutes, a train acquaintance, but a thoroughbred, and I recognized her as having the air of the Rideau Hall set sifted down to about sixty, you know. A gentleman entered the car, passed me, looking ahead for a place—in vain. He asked a lady's permission to sit by her. She refused him. He moved forward and asked me. I looked at him, smiled a welcome most

unaccountably, and said, ‘With pleasure,’ at once moving my ‘mags’ and sweetie-box aside to make room for him.

“‘With your permission,’ he said, ‘I'll take off my coat. Will it annoy you if I hang it here?’

“‘No; it will make a good screen,’ I replied, as cheeky as you please. I don't understand how I could have been so jaunty—I make no apology. It is an isolated fact in my life. He hung his coat behind me, and it clung to my shoulders as if it was a mantle fitted for me. Tess! I tell you some odd thing possessed that coat. No sooner had it touched me than I began to talk to him as if he really belonged to me; and mind you, from the first I had never taken my eyes from his face. What the people in the car thought of me I don't know.”

“Was he so good-looking?”

“Very.”

“Light?”

“No; dark.”

“English?”

“No.”

“Canuck?”

“Nova-Scotian.”

“What was he doing in Ottawa? Civil service, I suppose.”

“No; a lumberman. Somewhere at Hull. I don't remember his affairs at all. He was, I learned by the interior evidences of silence during talk, going to an affair at Rideau. Her Royal Highness was away, I remember, and Lady George was keeping house for the Governor-General. I was booked for ‘Reposoir,’ my old friends at Aylmer, and I did not tell him that I should be at the ball, for I had a fancy for springing a gown on him which my trial of a brother said was safe to kill a man at any range. Besides, I would not forestall the conventional introduction, and we found enough to talk about. Shade of De Staël, how we talked! That historical drive of hers with Madame Récamier and

Schlegel, when they did not know it was storming lightning and thunder all the way from Chambéry to Coppet, was not in it compared with us two. For they at least knew they were driving on that pretty Swiss road (you will enjoy it when you go abroad, Tess), while we—at least I—had forgotten all earth. We were as absorbed as if we were married lovers of an hour, Tess! What that woman opposite me thought I'll never know in this world. I forgot her; actually, she passed out of my mind like a thing that never had been. I never, in fact, took my eyes off his face, after I had arranged my books and bonbons. Oh yes, once, to see with a start that she had vanished. I never heard or saw her move away. It's a fact. I am not superstitious, but I get creepy when I remember that man's coat. I think there were imps in it (and it smelled so heavenly cigary, too!). I think we were possessed, both of us. He seemed to take it as a matter of course that we should talk. He was bright, obstinate—which means manly—had strong opinions of his own, allowed other people to have theirs, knew a number of our social contemporaries—he was alive in his century, in fact, and, above all, had not an atom of *gaucherie*."

"But what did you talk about?"

"Everything. Canadians are pleasant people, and Nova-Scotians especially are—What on earth are you laughing at?"

"How many Nova-Scotians do you know?" Tessy Scott, a Toronto girl, asked.

Miss Noel, of Baltimore, bit her lip. "*Après*."

"Oh, forgive me, and go on."

"I think I should not tell you this at all. What on earth has come over me to-day that I grow confidential after so long a silence? The resemblance of a day, perhaps, and that I am placed in that old scene of a winter's afternoon travel. And the same object, too. I was going to Ottawa—Aylmer rather—and of course am in for Government House gayety. It is the truth, then, that I am not married because I have never met a man who attracted me as this stranger did."

"What came of it?"

"Nothing."

"Did he never try to discover who you were?"

"Never."

"Then it was not true about his being on the Rideau Hall list?"

"I never knew. I never asked. He did not appear."

"I wonder he did not ask your name, or offer his own card."

"He begged me to tell him who I was, but I would not. Then he begged for my initials. No. Then one initial. No. You see, as the train drew near Ottawa I came slowly back to life and social rules, and realized that even if he were all he seemed, he might be disloyal and cruel enough to tell his adventure at the Rideau Club, and that meant discovery whether I would or no."

"But I imagine he was a gentleman."

"I thought so, but in fact my mixed reasons were difficult to disentangle even at my very best working out in my internal parliament. I suppose that I wanted to meet him formally at Rideau Hall; it was only two days before a function, and I felt sure that the swagger of the occasion would be my best protection against any temptation to boast of his lady-killing capacity."

"Then you doubted him, for all the mutual taste for lotus buds?"

"No, only (this was just as we were getting at our destination) I got confused and cowardly and incoherent, and I lost my head. I simply told him I should see him in a few days, and left him mystified."

"And you, of all people!"

"True; I do not recognize myself at all as people know me—as I think I am, in fact. But it is only too true that from the time he spoke to me and I replied 'with pleasure,' I never but once took my eyes off his face."

Miss Scott of Toronto faintly shrugged her shoulders. "I fancy I can imagine your mixed mind. We are brought up to put blind trust in man's chivalry, certainly to women of his own class. But from the odd little things, the dropped little inconsidered trifles picked up in listening to three brothers, I suspect that a club is a bigger gossip-trap than a tea." After a pause, she asked, "Then, as a matter of fact, you have remained the rose unplucked upon the parent stem all because of a man utterly strange, and whom you only knew—how long?"

"Three hours. Simply," Miss Noel went on to say, "his face came between me and every attempt I had successfully made to beguile a man to take me off dad's hands."

"And yet you engaged yourself to Captain Beaufort?"

"Yes."

"You never told me why you did not marry him. Why did you two part? Mutual acquaintances still ask why."

"I have already given you ample reason 'why.' I liked Captain Beaufort as well as most women like the men they marry. It was no fault of his. Only the fate which you should comprehend after all I have confessed pursued me—a man's face."

"Was it so wonderful as all that?"

"No; strong. To me only, perhaps, not to others. It was my choice of a face, air, and bearing, convictions and vigor and mental make-up. So"—here Miss Noel took a deep breath—"when Captain Beaufort demanded the first kiss, the polite thing in consenting circumstances, I had almost yielded to him when that face came between us, and the very thought of kissing another man made me so sick—physically sick, I mean—that I turned white and staggered, and said, 'Oh, no!' Captain Beaufort never forgave me, and no wonder. He believed I had said more plainly than words that he was repulsive. I could not explain, for he would not have liked the idea of a train acquaintance, no matter how mild I could have made my indiscretion appear."

"And that was the end of it?"

"Yes—a story with neither an end nor a beginning, you see."

"A mere face of a man!"

"You slightly err. Not the mere face of a man. But the memory of *that* man's face."

"How little we know people, after all! Even our close friends! Yours is about the last style of a confession I should have expected to hear from you. My idea has always been that you had a difficult temper—well concealed, of course—or that you wanted a title, or more money. I never imagined you 'faddy.' Your pose is not to pose at all."

"I think you are right."

"I wonder if the man ever dreamed he had stirred you?"

"No, no! Merciful Pity! I hope not! But he could not help seeing that I liked him, for he showed it in his eyes; and I am bound to say that the longer we talked, the more gentle and deferential he grew. At first I imagine he took me for one of a certain travelling type, uncommon of its kind, *bien entendu*, still a type. Later he tried to impress me what a piece of perfection I was, not in words but in voice, which grew to be a caress, though neither of us perceived it—then. Know!" Miss Noel shuddered. "I hope not! I hope he never could know that his face came between me and any future with another man! What was that?"

"What was what?"

"I heard some one breathe."

"There are two of us."

"It was not you." Miss Noel bent forward. No passengers but they two. Plainly no one near, and in the distance the trousered line of cloth reminding her that she had seen the conductor go into the bridal-chamber section to steal forty winks, just after the train had passed the gray towers of the seignury of Le Ferrare.

"He was—or is—your standard of measurement?"

"He was—*he*. I only can remember that as I sat by him a sense of utter content, a glad completion, I had never known before, nor shall again, enveloped me; and I shudder to face any man in the intimacy of marriage whose faith might be outraged by so much disloyalty as a mere mental situation. Some sudden force of contrast, even, might make the mischief and tell him all. 'We are such stuff as dreams are made of!'"

"Is it really so deep as that?"

"Deep! I have lain awake nights with a sadness I never could explain, for sheer lack of seeing him. Whether this silent agony was love or *weltschmerz*, it has been so hard to bear, for, see, Tess, *there is no end to it!*"

"I have scolded myself, pinched myself, and could have boxed my own ears for my folly. But it was of no use. My heart remained stubborn and defied all my head's cold planning."

After a silence Miss Scott continued: "But with your devil of a temper, Ida, I should have thought your pride

would kill the memory. He never cared!"

"Of course not! Don't you suppose I went into all of that, Bones and I, as dear old Whyte Melville used to say? Pride is a poor stick where that man is concerned. He holds a mortgage on my soul by some bargain made before I was born—God knows why; I am convinced I never shall. I have to acknowledge *that* when alone, however skilfully I get up my smile to meet the world."

"Are we there?"

"Almost."

Both talked together in the swift confusion of haste consequent upon too long delaying the gathering of novels and "mags," wraps, umbrella, dressing-case—oh yes, and a hammered-silver *drageoir* that had tumbled down to a prone plaid at the ladies' feet, because it had trailed there, and now must be taken up and folded.

"And to-morrow you drive over to luncheon with us. I shall not be able to get into town. As I explained, I left my maid ill in Baltimore and I must wait on myself. No one else suits me. (She is not ill enough to need nursing, but dreads Canadian cold.) So I have a heap of things to do. I wish, as you drive back to Ottawa to-morrow, you would take a couple of duty cards and leave them on their 'Exes' when you make your own call at Government House. That will save my driving in for no other reason—begging their pardon. I have so little time. If I call at Rideau, you see, I shall have to call on the others in New Edinburgh, or be thought, for an old friend, too stiff."

"Good-by, then."

"Good-by. Have I all my traps? Yes. I wish I might persuade you to get off to-night with us. I know they will put you up if you will only trust to my intimacy, Tessy."

"Impossible. I have to shop to-morrow morning to match some pale blue tulle forgotten at the last moment. Awfully thanks, dear. Expect me promptly for luncheon, with an appetite. Shopping *always* makes me hungry."

Keith MacLeod had tipped the guard royally to put him in an empty car, and

for a distance he had one to himself, where he chose the softest spot, which happened to be the enclosure called the "bridal." There immediately he fell asleep.

A gray February day, just such a day seven years ago, on this very date too, on this train or nearly at this hour, perhaps this very spot, when he met the face that caught his heart in a grip that had never relaxed.

That face of all others he found only to lose it. Fool! not to have taken any means, even the vulgar one of a personal note in the daily paper (horrors! no!); never to have found any trace of her, to tell her how, no sooner had he arrived at the "Russell" than a telegram awaiting him there told of the sudden death of his mother an hour after he had left his father's house.

But asleep he dreamed of her, and once again he heard her voice—heard the voice, oh, so vividly!

"It is the old, old cheat," he murmured in his dream, "the same old cheat! I am dreaming." He dreamt: "I know perfectly well that I am asleep and dreaming. I remember coming into this car and falling asleep. It has been as real as this many times. How real now! I could even cheat myself and say 'I am truly awake *now*.' But I am past master of dreams and know their tricks. Listen! 'We are such stuff as dreams are made of' (how like her voice!)." He awoke with a start. He sat up erect to listen.

Only silence.

"The same old game!" he sighed, and settled back to sleep and closed his eyes and willed himself to dream of her. Again her voice wreathed his being enchantingly....vibrant, passionately affectionate. "Say it again, dear....'The thought of kissing another man but *you*, Keith.' (You darling Nameless! don't you *dare* let me catch you at it!) O dream, dream on and on and on. Go on forever. Keep it up, sweet swindle. Oh, *don't* let me wake yet....'You slightly err, not the mere face of a man, but *that* man!'"

The well-remembered voice was more distinct, and clearer cut were her words. He started with a quick intake of breath, roused again wondering; and yet, only silence.



HE LOOKED OUT FROM THE CURTAINS OF HIS ENCLOSURE

Why, then, had he awakened?

To sleep again now and drift on the bosom of that soft ocean to the rapturous Nowhere whose shores imprisoned her voice. To sleep again. Sleep worth more than any sensation life had to offer. He closed his eyes and slept to all but a voice.

"Deep! I have lain awake at nights with a sadness I never could explain.... Love or *weltschmerz*,....it has been so *hard* to endure,....*for, see, Tess, there is no end to it!*"

"My God, it is her voice!"

Dimly, Keith MacLeod knew that he was hearing earthly voices, and that he had been blending reality with the dream in the dissolving pictures between waking and slumber. He sat up wondering what he should do. To listen was engrossing: the charm riveted, but was it she? Then he heard the rustle of the movement of departure, and he quickly gathered details of his impedimenta to be ready and able to face her after her friend left, the lady who evidently was not going on to the capital.

He looked out from the curtains of his enclosure, then rose and regarded the two lady passengers; the one facing him, blond, petite, was a stranger. The other was bending over the space between the seats, attending to her carriage boots, no doubt. He could not see her face. Well, he would wait. He must. He did not know her name, and in that meeting, if it were she, they must be alone. But as soon as her friend left the car he would know the truth if he had to bend and lift the face to his that he might know the end of craving.

"Take care!"—the guard grabbed the man angrily, pulling him from the platform's edge. "None of that with me, sir!"

For he thought the gentleman was undoubtedly bent on suicide.

In his full heart's promise of victory, Keith MacLeod had returned to the open of the aisle of the car, his face made ready with glad greeting, only to see a lady alone, a woman pretty enough, it



"TAKE CARE!" THE GUARD GRABBED THE MAN ANGRILY

is true, but not his—only she of dream-land.

He, rooted to the spot, remained staring at her. She returned his gaze with a cool supercilious blank as if she was looking through him into space. As this did not awe the staring stranger, Miss Scott, much annoyed, turned her head and looked at the changing landscape.

This woman, attractive as she was, could be of no interest to him. Now his dream face, conjured of the real woman

and an evanished she, was a contralto divinity with dark hair.

Suggestion came flashing to show him his mistake, and he turned swiftly to the end of the car, where he saw that the lady who had alighted—the only one—and was getting into a carriage awaiting her there, had a well-remembered curve of head under her seal toque.

He would have leaped from the car of the already moving train, but the powerful guard was too much for him, and jerked him away from the sure injury he would brave.

"And I do not even know her name," he muttered, settling into a crushed heap in the corner, furiously angry, baffled, and beaten. "How stupid of me not to have understood it was *she* who was to leave first! Did I not hear one say 'Ida' or 'Tess'? Which is she? Oh, Ida, of course; she is 'Ida' (to look out at Government House for a woman named Ida—'for, see, Tess, there is no end to it.' (And in the mean time to piece the shreds of a dream)."

It was Miss Noel's ninth season at Ottawa. She recalled it with a comic mental admission of her age, for she felt supernally young as she stood in full attire, attended by the Premier's secretary and a champagne-cup which he had brought her—younger even than at her coming-out party at Baltimore when she was but eighteen.

An aide-de-camp passed by them toward the conservatory, but was arrested in his haste by a gentleman whose face appeared at the drawing-room door. "Who?" the attaché repeated in *sotto voce*. "She? It is Miss Noel, of Baltimore. Shall I introduce you? Presently. Can't you. . . ."

"Who is that man?"

The secretary followed Miss Noel's glance. "Talking to Captain Berners, you mean, I suppose?"

"Yes, he."

"Miss Noel"—the aide-de-camp addressed her with the privilege of three years' acquaintance — "Mr. MacLeod wishes to know you, and as I am on an errand for her Excellency, will you take him off my hands for just five minutes?"

Thus he introduced the imperatively impatient stranger.

Miss Noel forgot the Prime Minister's secretary; she forgot Government House and viceregal state; she forgot her own superb gown of pink satin and old Valenciennes, pink roses and pearls; she forgot that she was carefully self-coached to greet this man—if ever—with a cool, isolated bow of exquisite insolence. She forgot—everything but Keith MacLeod's face, which she was searching, while he masked it in stone from sheer stress of feeling.

"Do you know Rideau, Mr. MacLeod?" she asked, gayly, with the make-believe sang-froid of an ingénue at her first state dinner. "Shall I show you the—er—heliotrope? It is a perfect wonder, it is so tall. I—I—am one of the movable fixtures here, and can do duty as unattached ambassadress." They moved away together, seeing no one, hearing no one, as they sought the shelter of the azalea-starred leafage of the conservatory.

"Well," said the Prime Minister's secretary, *solus*, staring after them, "that's cool, cooler than the champagne-cup she permitted me to hold. Just as if MacLeod did not know the heliotrope as well as all the rest of Ottawa. How American!"

Slowly, curiously, he moved after them, a light suddenly piercing the top of his brain. Most of the drift behind him was toward the ball-room and the buffet, while the crimson space ahead was clear.

Keith MacLeod passed within the glass doors and stood with her in the narrow aisle where the primula, azalea, and stephanotis framed them. He did not wait to tell her why he had never met her at Rideau; he did not remind her that he had not known her name; he did not reveal how he had searched and prayed and prayed and sought for her face all the length of these seven years—he took her in his arms and kissed her.

And she? She did not know and she did not ask how she could have gone on and on all these years without him.

She let him kiss her and kiss her, realizing that love had beggared speech. The Prime Minister's secretary (who could see a church by daylight) ejaculated: "*Not* so cool. . . . Oh, I say! . . . this is a rum go! . . . Whew-ew! (How very American!)"



Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

KEITH MACLEOD STOOD WITH HER IN THE NARROW AISLE

Cathode Rays

BY JOSEPH JOHN THOMSON, D.Sc., F.R.S.,

With special reference to recent investigations by the author, Professor of Experimental Physics,
Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, England

THE study of the effects which occur when a current of electricity passes through gas at a very low pressure has recently led to results having a very direct bearing on our ideas of matter and electricity. The phenomena known to physicists as the "cathode rays" have played such an important part in these developments that a short account of them may not be without general interest, especially as the phenomena are of singular beauty, and many of them can readily be observed by any one with access to the usual appliances for producing Röntgen rays.

When a current of electricity is sent between two wires fused in a glass tube from which the air has been exhausted until the air pressure is only an exceedingly small fraction, say one - ten - thousandth, of the atmospheric pressure, the tube presents a very striking and varied appearance, of which the general nature may be gathered from Figs. 1 and 2. Confining our attention to the neighborhood of the wire by which the current leaves the tube (this wire is called the cathode; it is the one marked — in the figure), we find (see Fig. 2) a velvety glow spreading over the surface of the wire; next to this comes a space called the dark space, which is almost dark, and whose boundaries run parallel to the surface of the wire forming the cathode; outside the dark space the gas is luminous for some distance, this luminous portion forming what is known as the negative glow.

So far we have been describing the appearance of the gas left in the tube, but the gas is not the only source of light, for the glass in the part of the tube near the cathode glows with a vivid phosphorescence, the color of which depends upon the kind of glass of which the tube is made. If the glass is soda

glass, the light given out is a bright yellowish-green, while with lead glass the light is blue. It is to the cause of this phosphorescence that we wish to call attention in this article. This phosphorescent glow is a striking example of the important discoveries in physics which often immediately follow improvements in the apparatus; for it was Geissler's improvements in air-pumps, by which air could be much more efficiently extracted from the tubes, which led to the discovery of the glow on the glass, and rendered its investigation possible.

The study of the cause of the phosphorescence on the glass was commenced by Plücker in 1859, and carried on with great vigor by Hittorf (1869) and Goldstein (1876) in Germany, by Crookes (1879) in England, and by Puluji in Austria. It was soon found that the phosphorescence was produced by something coming from the neighborhood of the cathode, for a solid placed between the cathode and the walls of the tube cast a shadow on the tube; an example of this effect is shown in Fig. 3, where the shadow is caused by a Maltese cross made of mica (Fig. 3), placed between the cathode and the tube: the shape of the shadow shows that the cause of the phosphorescence travels in straight lines, and that these lines are, approximately at any rate, at right angles to the surface of the cathode, so that if the cathode is shaped like a bowl, there is a great concentration of the effect at the centre (Fig. 4). The name "cathode rays" for the agent producing the phosphorescence is due to Goldstein; and although now, in consequence of the universal acceptance of the undulatory theory of light, a ray is generally associated in the minds of physicists with an undulatory motion in the ether, this association is only accidental, and there is no necessary con-

nection between a ray and undulatory motion; indeed, Nelson uses the term in connection with his corpuscular theory of light, and the cathode rays, as we shall see, have an extraordinary resemblance to the conditions postulated in that theory for a ray.

The cathode rays have many very interesting properties. They heat up a body on which they fall, and by concentrating them by using a bowl-shaped cathode like that shown in Fig. 4, a piece of platinum foil may be raised to a white heat, glass melted, and even a diamond charred. Again, the rays, when they strike against an object, tend to push it away, the object behaving just as if it were struck by a stream of particles coming from the cathode. This is prettily shown in the experiment due to Sir William Crookes, represented in Fig. 5, when the impact of the rays makes the little carriage move from one end to the other of the rails. The phosphorescence of the glass of the tube is an example of a very general phenomenon, for very many substances when struck by the rays phosphoresce brightly, giving out a light peculiar to the substance: for example (Fig. 6), the rare earth yttria emits when exposed to these rays light having a peculiar citron band on its spectrum, and it was by the characteristic light given out under these rays that Sir William Crookes was able to study and isolate some of the rarer elements. Again, some substances, such as common salt, experience a peculiar change

in color when exposed to these rays; crystals of rock-salt become a pretty violet-blue, looking almost like gems—the color is unfortunately somewhat fugitive if the crystals are exposed to a moist atmos-

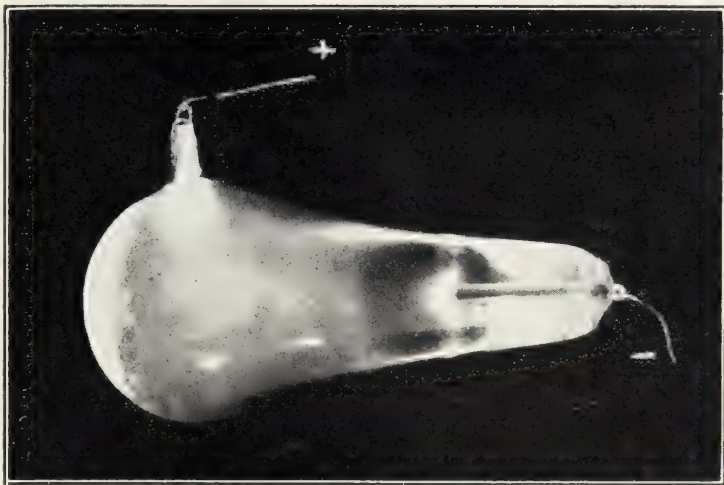


Fig. 1.—General Nature Of The Phenomenon

phere. Some, however, in my possession, which have been kept dry, are still blue, although they are now nearly four years old. An even more subtle change is produced by the rays in some mixtures of salts, such as a mixture of sulphate of calcium with a little sulphate of manganese. This mixture is not altered in appearance by the rays, but for some time after its exposure it bursts into a vivid greenish glow when slightly heated; this effect, which was discovered by Professor E. Wiedeman, is called thermo-luminescence. Glass, too, is changed by a long exposure to the rays; it gets as it were tired, and loses to a considerable extent its powers of phosphorescing. A piece of tarnished copper is rapidly cleaned by the rays. They produce, too, a very remark-

able change in the rarefied gas in the tube as they pass through it; for this gas, which, when the rays are not passing through it, is an insulator, becomes a conductor of electricity as soon as it is traversed by them; the path of the rays is marked by luminosity in the gas, and can thus be followed by the eye.



Fig. 2.—Showing The Cathode Wire

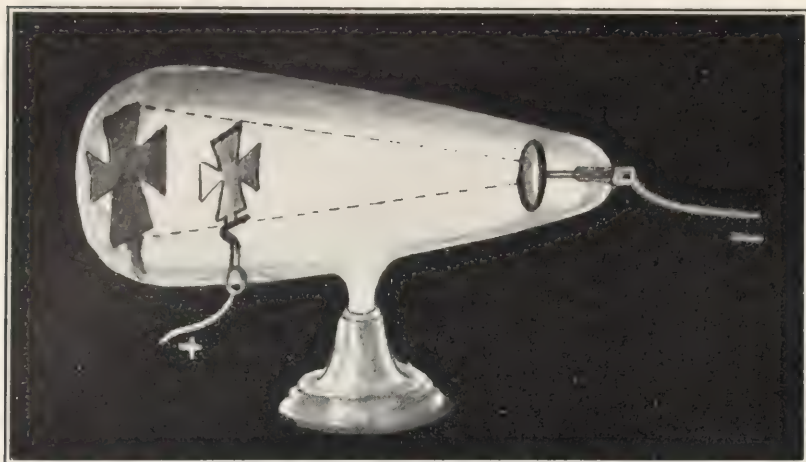


Fig. 3.—Illustrating Cause Of Phosphorescence On The Glass

By means of this luminosity, or by the phosphorescence on the glass, it can easily be proved that although under ordinary circumstances the path of the cathode rays is a straight line, it is not so when the rays are exposed to the action of a magnet; this makes the path curved, and bends it up or down, to one side or the other, according to the direction of the magnetic force. This effect is illustrated in Fig. 7, where the straight horizontal beam shows the path when there is no magnet near the rays, the curved beam the path when the rays travel between the poles of a horseshoe magnet, producing a magnetic force at right angles to the path of the ray: the bending of the rays is always at right angles to the magnetic force. A practical application, due to Braun, of the bending of the rays under magnetic force is coming into extensive use in electrical engineering, where it is sometimes necessary to study magnetic forces which are rapidly changing. Ordinary magnets are useless for this purpose, as they are much too heavy to follow the vagaries of the magnetic force, but the cathode rays, having practically no mass, are able to follow the changes in the force no matter how rapid they may be, and by watching the movements of the rays we can deduce the behavior of this force.

The most widely known property of the cathode rays is that of producing Röntgen rays; the cathode rays are the parents of the Röntgen rays, for the latter are produced whenever the cathode rays strike against a solid obstacle. The cathode and Röntgen rays have many

points of resemblance; they both affect a photographic plate, they both cause substances against which they strike to phosphoresce, and they both make gas through which they pass a conductor of electricity. The cathode rays, too, as we shall see, have some power of penetrating opaque solids, though this is small compared with that possessed by the Röntgen rays; the essential differences be-

tween the two rays are that the Röntgen rays are not deflected by a magnet, nor by an electric force, nor do they carry with them a charge of electricity.

Physicists until three or four years ago were very much divided in opinion as to the nature of the cathode rays; the German physicists, with very few exceptions, held that these were something of the nature of waves in the ether, with which matter had nothing to do. The English physicists were, I think, unanimous in regarding the cathode rays as due to particles of gas charged with negative electricity, and projected with great velocity from the cathode: they pointed out how readily this view explained the mechanical and thermal effects produced by the rays, and their deflection by a magnet. Varley in 1870 seems to have been the first to suggest the occurrence of such particles in the electric discharge, though it is perhaps doubtful whether he was referring specifically to the cathode rays. The charged particles were used by Crookes to explain and co-ordinate the

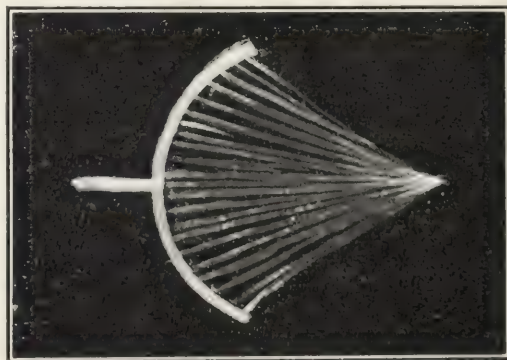


Fig. 4.—Concentration Of Cathode Rays

very striking results obtained by him in his experiments on this subject.

Interest in this controversy was much stimulated by a discovery made by Hertz in 1892. Hertz showed that solids were not, as had been supposed, absolutely impenetrable by these rays; for he proved that the rays could pass through gold-leaf and produce phosphorescence on glass behind it. This seemed a formidable objection to the view that the cathode rays were charged particles, for though examples of the penetration of solids by gases are not wanting—for instance, hydrogen can readily pass through red-hot platinum, and even a liquid like water can be forced by great pressure through gold—yet Hertz's discovery was undoubtedly much more favorable to the ether view than to the particle one, as no person had suggested that these particles were other than the molecules or atoms of the gas in the tube. Hertz's result received a very beautiful extension by Lenard, who made a tube which had in it a small window of very thin aluminium foil. Shooting the cathode rays against this window, he found that they penetrated it and got outside the tube, where they could be much more easily investigated. Lenard was thus the first physicist to cross the Rubicon between the inside and

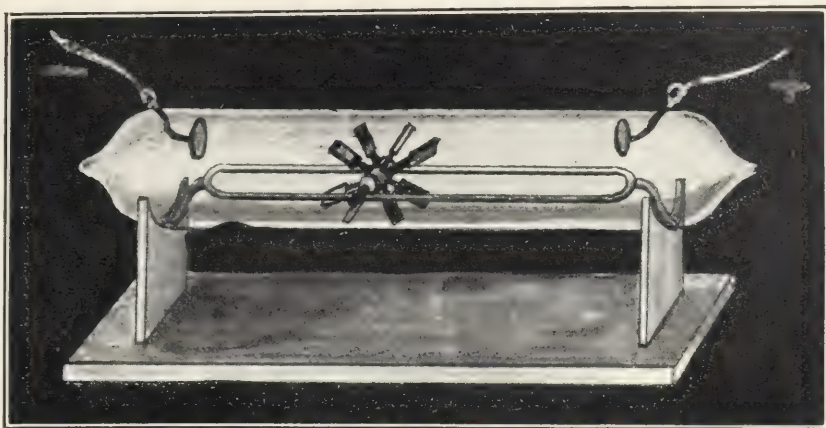


Fig. 5.—Cathode Rays Pushing Away An Object

the outside of the tube, and for this reason the cathode rays outside the tube are generally called Lenard rays.

From this time, however, all the evidence began to go in favor of the particle theory. In 1896 a young French physicist, M. Perrin, showed that the cathode rays carried a charge of negative electricity with them, and in 1897 the writer showed that they were deflected by an electric force just as if they were negatively electrified. After these results it could hardly be doubted that the cathode rays were really negatively electrified particles, and the difficulty in the way of this view, due to the penetration of solids by the rays, was explained by some experiments made by the writer in 1897, in which the masses of the charged particles, the charge carried by them, and their velocity were measured. These measurements showed that the particles in the cathode rays are not ordinary atoms or molecules at all, but something

very much smaller, for the mass of each of these particles is only about one-thousandth part of that of the atom of hydrogen, the smallest mass hitherto recognized. Investigations made by Wiechert, Kaufmann, and Lenard have led to the same conclusion. Nor is this extreme smallness the only remarkable feature about these particles; for it was found that whatever might be the nature of the gas in the tube,

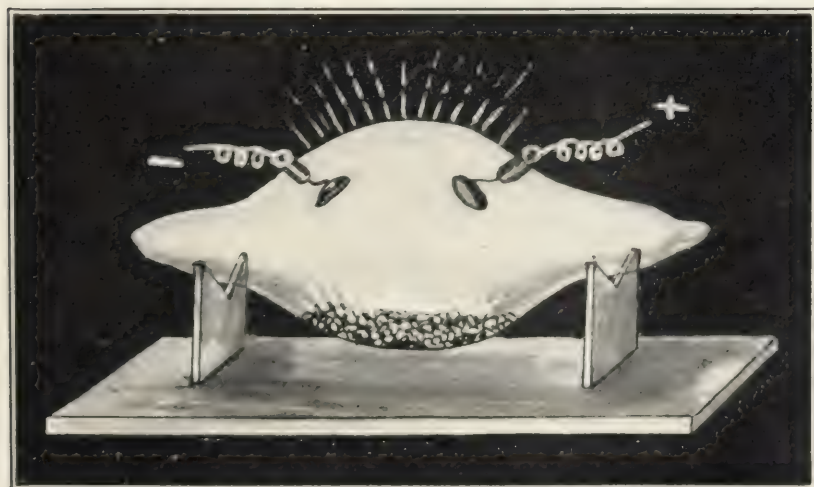


Fig. 6.—Phosphorescence Of Object Struck By Cathode Rays

or whatever metal was used for the cathode, the mass of the particles remained the same. Thus in these particles we have something possessing the properties of ordinary matter, having a definite mass, which is yet exceedingly small compared with the mass of any known element; the particles of this new kind of matter thus correspond to a very much finer state of subdivision than that of ordinary matter into its molecules. The speed with which these particles move is also a feature of great interest. These speeds have been measured, and are found to be so enormous that the velocity of the swiftest bullet is quite insignificant in comparison: the speed of the particles depends upon the electric force which can be applied to the tube, and this changes with the amount of gas left in it; but a particle which did not move with a velocity more than

third of this. Thus in the tube near the cathode we have bodies smaller than atoms moving with prodigious velocities, a state of things which recalls Newton's corpuscular theory of light, according to which light consists of very small particles (corpuscles) moving at the rate of 186,000 miles per second. Although this theory of light has long since been abandoned, Newton's conception is realized in the cathode rays; and I have ventured to call the small particles which constitute these rays corpuscles.

Matter in the corpuscular state is not confined to the cathode rays in an exhausted tube, for when a metal wire is made white hot in a good vacuum, matter in this state is given off. It is also given off when the metal, instead of being made red hot, is exposed to a bright light. In both these cases we get negative elec-

tricity in the gas round the wire; in fact, whenever we have negative electricity in a gas at a very low pressure, where there is very little matter in the ordinary state for it to stick to, we find the electricity is carried by the corpuscles. When the pressure of the gas is not low, the corpuscles get entangled with and ultimately adhere to the molecules of the gas, so that if we wish to get matter in this corpuscular state we must remove as much of the gas as we can; then we find that the negative electricity is always carried by these corpuscles, which are of the same kind how-

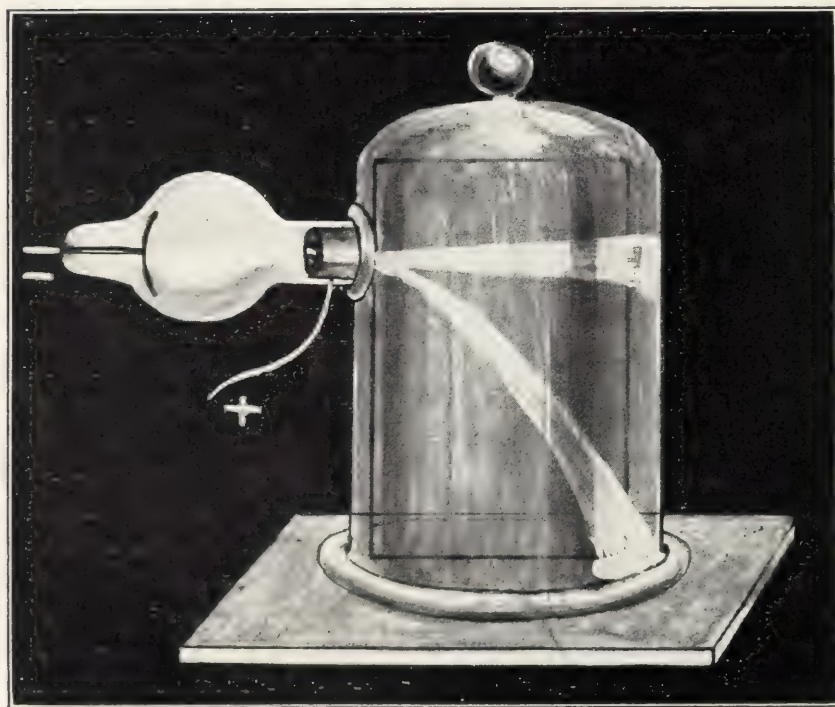


Fig. 7.—Showing Rays Deflected By Horseshoe Magnet

a thousand times that of the swiftest cannon ball, which is about two thousand miles per hour, would be one of the slowest of its species. The only velocity with which we can compare that of these particles is the velocity of light, which is about 186,000 miles per second—and cathode particles have been observed in the tube having a velocity as much as one-

ever the electricity may have been produced.

The case is very different with positive electricity, for when the mass of the carriers of the positive electricity in a gas at a low pressure is measured, it is found to be the same as that of an ordinary molecule, and to depend upon the kind of gas in the tube; thus positive elec-

tricity is always found on matter in the ordinary state, while negative electricity is found on corpuscles. This difference between the two electricities is just that which ought to exist on the one-fluid theory of electricity due to Benjamin Franklin. According to that theory, electricity was supposed to be a fluid; when matter in the ordinary state contained a certain quantity of this fluid, it was said to be saturated, and not electrified; if some of the fluid left it so that it contained less than the normal quantity, it was charged with electricity of one sign; if some fluid came into it so that it contained more than the normal quantity, it was charged with electricity of the opposite sign. Now, if we suppose that the electric fluid consists of a collection of our corpuscles, the results of our experiments would be exactly expressed by Franklin's one-fluid theory, and it would thus seem that there is some warrant for the somewhat discredited "electric fluid."

If the material of the cathode rays forms negative electricity, it is evident that it must be very widely spread; we have seen that it occurs free near white-hot metals and metals exposed to the light.

We may suppose that it forms a part of all kinds of matter in the normal state, and that the heat and light which have to be applied to metals are only required to get the corpuscles out of the metal, and that in the metal itself, even under normal conditions, there are corpuscles moving freely about, and able to carry heat as well as electricity from one part of the metal to another. There are some substances which are perpetually emitting cathode rays without the need of any stimulus from heat or light. This, as has been shown by Becquerel, is the case with uranium and its compounds; the property is, however, possessed to an enormously greater extent by a new substance discovered by Professor and Madame Curie, and called by them radium, which is obtained from the mineral pitchblende. Its preparation is very difficult and laborious, as from several tons of pitch-

blende only a few grammes of radium can be obtained. This substance has been shown by its discoverers to emit corpuscles, and it is very remarkable that the velocity with which the corpuscles are emitted is about two-thirds of that of light, which is double the highest velocity we have hitherto been able to give (even with the most powerful induction coils) to the corpuscles in an exhausted tube. It is one of the romances of science that a harmless-looking white powder like radium should be perpetually bombarding its neighbors with projectiles of this velocity—a bombardment which is not always harmless, as I believe there are instances of sores being caused by too lavish an exposure to the radium attack.

Since corpuscles are emitted by hot metals, it seems not improbable that that very hot body, the sun, may be emitting corpuscles, some of which would strike the earth, where, stopped by the earth's atmosphere, and deflected by the earth's magnetic force, they would produce luminosity in the upper region of the earth's atmosphere, which they would make a conductor of electricity. The consequences of such a bombardment of the earth by corpuscles driven from the sun have been investigated by Paulsen, Birkeland, and especially by Arrhenius, who has shown that very many of the properties of the aurora borealis can be explained as the result of such a bombardment.

If this view is sustained by future investigations, we shall have to regard the corpuscles as playing an important part in cosmical as well as in terrestrial physics. The possibility of such a widespread scope for their action lends increased interest and importance to the investigation of their properties.

It is a striking instance of the unity of physical phenomena on the smallest and largest scale that an occurrence apparently so exceptional as the glowing of the glass in a small tube should be closely connected with some of the most widespread phenomena in nature, and give the clew to their explanation.

The Surrender of Sister Philomene

BY ELIZABETH G. JORDAN

THE whole matter dated from the arrival of the baby.

He was brought to the convent in the form of a large and feverishly active bundle, which, being unrolled, revealed to the eyes of the Mother Superior and her secretary a small boy.

He was about two years old, and had blue eyes, yellow curls, and a constant and radiant smile, which disclosed six absurdly small teeth. He had also very fat legs, a large dimple in each cheek, and a manner which was familiar to the last degree.

Having thrown aside his wrappings and pushed them out of the way with the toe of his buttoned boot, he calmly walked over to the Mother Superior, climbed into her lap, laid his yellow head against the stiff linen that covered her bosom, and, with a smile of sweet content, dropped into a restful slumber.

This incident led to his acceptance as an inmate of the institution. Notwithstanding the pathos of his position, so young an orphan, and the fact that the mother who had just died had herself been brought up in the convent, the nuns had decided that they could not take him even for the few months during which his guardian wished him to remain with them. They had intended to convey this information to the trained nurse who had brought him, but the ease and assurance of his manner, his little black dress, and his air of having reached home after a weary journey, checked the words upon their lips. The Mother Superior hastily deposited her unusual burden on a hair-cloth "sofa" that stood in the corner, but she was observed to turn a fascinated gaze upon it even while she retired to the other end of the reception-room for a hurried consultation with her secretary.

The nurse glanced from the sleeping child to the two black-veiled heads so close together, and smiled to herself. She

knew full well the fascinations of Frederick Addison Malcolm, aged two. Had he not turned the battery of them upon her since his mother's death; and was not her heart even now wrung at the prospect of parting from him? Of course the nuns would keep him. Who could help it? She rose to her feet as the Superior came toward her.

"You may leave him," said the nun, gravely—"for a time, at least; we can do no less in memory of his mother."

The nurse kissed the sleeping baby and went away with tears dimming her brown eyes.

The secretary bent and lifted the sturdy figure in her thin arms. It was no light weight, and the effort she made woke Frederick Addison Malcolm from his slumbers. He turned one sleepy blue eye on her, then the other, and a look of supreme discontent settled upon his brow. He sat up with a ruffled countenance and beat his small heels upon the secretary's stomach. She put him hastily on the floor.

"Fweddle tan yalk hisself," he remarked with dignity. He toddled over to the door where the Superior stood surveying him with interest and awe. He looked up into her face and bobbed his head with ingratiating friendliness.

"Fweddle tan yalk," he repeated. Then he slid his dimpled hand into her soft cool one, buried his curls in her black robe, and thought better of his proposition. "But Fweddle would like oo to cawwy him," he added, with a little gurgle of delight over the happy thought.

A slow pink flush stole up to the nun's forehead. She glanced uneasily at her secretary and down at the small autocrat whose hands held her a prisoner. He removed them and lifted his arms to her with a shade of surprise in his blue eyes. Never before had any one held out against them. The baby's little world for a moment reeled under his feet. Then

the dignified woman above him bent and lifted him gently.

He tucked his head under her chin, and his dimpled hand stole up and rested against her cheek. She laid her head against his for an instant, and an inarticulate sound passed her lips—the sound every baby knows, and every true woman makes when she feels a little body nestling against her heart. Then the two left the room together, and the secretary followed them down the long dim corridor to the refectory, her eyes twinkling behind her glasses.

In exactly one week Frederick Addison Malcolm was the head of the institution. He decided no questions and he signed no papers, but he gave orders freely to high and low alike, and there was in the land the sound of footsteps hastening to do his bidding. The nuns were not at all sure that this was right. They had many theories on the training of children, and were anxious to demonstrate them on the first, and possibly the last, subject admitted to their care. But what were theories in the presence of this remarkable infant? One seraphic smile from Frederick Addison upset every resolution and left the soft-hearted Sisters helpless in his presence.

They knew he should not be carried from place to place; he was large enough to walk. Yet when he sat down in a flower-bed or in the middle of the chapel and announced that he was tired, it was obviously impossible to leave him there. At the suggestion of Sister Philomene they tried this plan once or twice. But as young Frederick had immediately fallen into a pleasant slumber, the experiment could hardly be called a success, especially as half the nuns in the institution were unable to concentrate their minds on anything else while it was in progress.

Another point which greatly disturbed them was his insistence on being rocked to sleep. This was a highly improper performance. They all knew that, and each could have quoted excellent authority for the conviction. The thing to do, without question, was to put the child in his crib, tell him he must go to sleep, and leave him there to do it. There could, of course, be no objection to one's remaining outside the door and listening until all was quiet. But Frederick's

conduct made this course impossible. It was not that he cried; if he had, they might have summoned strength to leave him. He did not cry. His air was one of pathetic surprise at desertion, mingled with a beautiful submission and an abnormal wakefulness. He lay in the dim room talking softly to himself, or making a queer humming sound which he seemed to think was pleasingly musical. Occasionally he sat up, and the anxious watchers outside, their ranks constantly augmented by others as anxious, heard a scramble, or the sound of a falling toy or pillow.

Once the thump was so very loud that prompt investigation was made, and the fat body of Frederick was discovered reposing on the floor. He had fallen out of his crib, but he showed no bitterness over the incident. After the baby had been crooned over for five or ten minutes, he was off to the Land of Nod.

This solution of the problem was so simple and so humane that he was thereupon rocked, and there was a spirited rivalry as to who should perform the kindly service. Every nun volunteered but one—Sister Philomene. She was observed to shun the company of Frederick Addison.

Sister Philomene was not sentimental. She was absolutely just, but very cold, and a little hard. She had no favorites, and had not even the quasi-intimates that all conventual life permits. She secretly prided herself on her unbending nature. Had he shared her indifference, all would have been well, but right here the fine, subtle irony of the situation was manifest. With the perverseness of Fate, it was on Sister Philomene that the Light of the Convent had fastened his youthful affections.

No one could understand it, and certainly the baby could not explain it. Perhaps May Iverson, a pupil at the institution, came the nearest to the kernel of the situation.

"It is the contrariness of man," she said, positively. "The infant is a flirt, even at his tender age. He is tired of the cloying sweets he's getting on all sides, so he is making love to unresponsive Sister Philomene by way of variety."

Making love he certainly was. At the

first glimpse of the austere face of the nun, whose eyes were the only eyes that looked at him coldly, whose lips were the only ones that did not curve into smiles under his, the baby started for her as fast as his chubby legs could carry him. Through the convent corridors and along the garden walks he pursued her, his curls standing on end with joyful excitement, his six teeth shining, his voice cooing appeals to her to "wait for Fweddle."

She never did. Unexpected doors swallowed her up, dark and unexplored corners wrapped her in mystery, and on the edge of the abysses into which she had seemingly dropped Frederick Addison was wont to pause in wide-eyed wonder. There was comedy in the little drama, but there was tragedy too.

The summer came and went, and Frederick continued on his sunny way. He spent the long days in the garden, rolling his little wheelbarrow up and down the path and over the flower-beds, leaving devastation in his wake, to be freely forgiven. His orbit could be traced by crumbs of the seed cake he was usually eating, which was fortunate, for he fell asleep in out-of-the-way corners, and had to be discovered by a rescue band. He had for each of his favorite Sisters some weird and mysterious name by which he called her, and to which she proudly answered. The ease and startling familiarity of his manner became intensified as time passed. He demanded songs and "'tories" from the Mother Superior, and took the pins out of her veil and showed a feverish interest in the question of her ears—which of course her coif concealed. It was rumored that on one occasion he refused to be comforted until she had unfastened the linen bands and exhibited her ears to his inspection,—but this story was never verified.

When the chilly days of autumn came he still dug in the garden, enveloped in a little tightly buttoned reefer and woollen "leggings," and wearing on his head a hood in which his face shone like a red apple. Frederick Addison believed in fresh air, and got it by his usual method of quietly taking what he wanted.

When the winter snow began to fall and the flower-beds were covered and the birds spread their wings and left

him, dreary days began for the infant. He became a "shut in," and all the attractions of the play-room fitted for him failed to compensate for the loss of the birds and the flowers he loved.

Friends of the young mother who slept under the deepening snows thought of her baby behind the convent walls and brought him gifts and playthings. The nuns developed a marvellous talent for games of which they had never before heard, and their répertoire of songs and stories adapted to the amusement of small boys grew like a rolling snowball. But the baby was bored and showed it. He turned again to Sister Philomene, but found her as of yore—as frosty as the outside air. Intrepid as he was, he shook in his little shoes when she turned her cold glance upon him; but her fascination still held, and his allegiance to her did not waver.

Then one night he fell ill.

He had not been wholly well for several days. His red cheeks were more flushed than usual, and the hand that lay so confidently on the faces of his friends was dry and feverish. Unskilled in the meaning of these infantile symptoms, the nuns were still sufficiently alarmed to fill him with simple remedies they used for colds, and to keep him more closely than ever in his play-room. Once each day he was bundled up like an Indian papoose and taken for a turn around the garden walks, but that was all, and when the outing was over they toasted him before the fire until he was warmed through. Notwithstanding these attentions, he continued feverish, and showed an unusual languor and drowsiness. When, added to these symptoms, he developed another, which in any one but Frederick Addison would have been rated irritability, the awe-struck and anxious Mother Superior directed Sister Rodriguez, the convent Infirmarian, to take him in hand, watch him carefully, and restore him to his usual condition of robust health.

It was a congenial duty, and Sister Rodriguez entered upon it with much zeal. For purposes of observation she remained in the baby's nursery at night, and that pleasant room, so unusual in such an institution, became the Mecca to which the feet of the nuns turned each



AND OVER HIM HUNG THE TRANSFIGURED FACE OF HIS "CHICKER MENIE"

day during the short intervals in which these busy women could leave the manifold duties connected with their vocation. Sister Philomene alone did not call. Even when she was told that the baby had on several occasions asked for "Chicker Menie" (his name for her), she did not find time to drop in upon him. She would go at once, she explained, if he were really ill; but as the trouble seemed to be only a slight cold, and as he was receiving the attention of the entire community, she thought he would not need her.

One night, toward morning, Sister Rodriguez was aroused by a long-drawn strangling cough from the crib. She was beside it in an instant. It did not need the child's labored breathing, flushed cheeks, and shining eyes to show her that something was seriously wrong. She recognized the enemy, and with a sinking heart prepared for the battle. She rang for help, and within a few moments half a dozen of the Sisters were with her, and everything was being done in behalf of the strangling baby on whom the croup had fastened so relentless a grip. They at once sent across the street for the old doctor who came in consultation over serious cases in the convent, and he arrived after some delay.

He entered the room cheerfully, with the evident conviction that there was nothing serious the matter with the youngster who seemed to be upsetting the quiet life of the cloister. But after one look his face grew grave. He set to work at once, with the assistance of Sister Rodriguez, giving hurried directions right and left. Then he glanced round the little circle of anxious faces and spoke.

"There are too many here," he said, brusquely. "You can do nothing, Sisters; take your rest and we will remain with the child. Sister Rodriguez and I will do what is necessary, with the assistance of—well"—he hesitated, glancing from one face to another—"Sister Philomene."

The Sisters looked round in surprise. They had not known she was there. But the austere nun came forward with the coolness and unruffled calm that, by contrast to the anxiety of her associates, had attracted the doctor's attention and de-

cided his choice of an assistant. The others went out reluctantly, leaving the doctor, the convent Infirmarian, and the Mistress of the Novices to do battle together for the life that had grown so dear to the sisterhood.

It was a long, hard fight. Sister Rodriguez was exhausted before it was won, and the old doctor, whose age told in such a strain as this, looked gray in the early morning light. Sister Philomene alone was fresh and ruddy-hued, showing no effect of sleeplessness or physical effort. The doctor looked at her approvingly as he picked up his hat.

"I will run over to the house now," he said, "and get a nap. My years turn upon me, Sister, and remind me that I am at their mercy. I hope the crisis is past, but if the child grows worse, again send for me. I will be ready to come at a moment's notice. Get Sister Rodriguez to lie down and sleep a little, if you can. She needs it too. Unless you send for me before, I will come again at eight o'clock. Can you keep watch until then? You know the conditions and the treatment, and I do not like to leave him in other hands."

The nun replied with a quiet smile. He gave her a few more directions and left the convent. She tucked Sister Rodriguez in her little cot at the other side of the room, and, in spite of her protests, made her remain there. Sister Rodriguez had once been a "novice" under this stern Mistress, and the habit of obedience was strong. The child she loved seemed out of danger, and she felt weary and relaxed. Soon her regular breathing showed that she was asleep.

Sister Philomene sat in a chair at the foot of the crib, facing the small patient. She had never before taken a really appraising look at him. She did it now, as he lay in a seeming stupor before her. The deep flush of the night had given place to pallor, and the little face was almost as white as the pillow on which it lay. Against this whiteness the baby's tumbled yellow curls were very effective. So were the blue veins in his temples, and the pathetic droop of his lips, and the long golden lashes on the cheeks that somehow seemed to have lost all their plumpness in this short time.

Sister Philomene recalled his face as

she had always seen it, with the blue eyes dancing, the tiny teeth flashing, the dimples all in evidence, while the baby voice gurgled to her in the pure delight of living. It seemed impossible that this was the same child. Verily Frederick Addison Malcolm, master of all he surveyed at two, had been suddenly overthrown, and his downfall was a tragic one.

Sister Philomene mentally reviewed what she had heard of his history. His father had died within a year of his birth, and his young mother had followed in ten months. She had been a convent girl, and an especial *protégée* of the Mother Superior. She had no near relatives; she had herself been brought up in the institution, and her last prayer had been that her baby might find a refuge there for a time among the nuns who had been so good to her.

Dying as she was, she had realized what his place would be among them all. Who could fail to love Frederick? She had been right. Only one had resisted his charm, and that was she, herself—Sister Philomene. Self-reproach stirred in the woman's soul. If he had died, she would have found it hard to forgive herself—she knew that. She made a mental plea in her own defence.

"If he had been a poor or unattractive child," she reflected, honestly, "I should, I think, have felt more interest in him. But he will be rich, and is lovely."

She studied him silently. His breathing had become less labored, and the drawn lines in his forehead had relaxed when the pain ceased. As Sister Philomene looked and pondered, Frederick Addison suddenly opened his blue eyes full upon her. For a moment there was no expression in them save a deep drowsiness, but as she rose and went to the head of the crib the old bright light flashed in them, and the baby's lips parted in one of his irresistible smiles.

He lifted both arms with a sigh of perfect content.

"Chicker Menie," he said, hoarsely.

She bent over him with one of the rare smiles which so softened her stern face.

"Sister Philomene is here," she said, gently. "Frederick must be a good boy

and keep very quiet, or the doctor will have to come again and give him more medicine."

He sat up, his croupy cough filling the room. Sister Rodriguez heard it and ran to him, but he turned from her whom he loved dearly to the sombre eyes of the nun who stood beside him.

"Fweddie yants to be yocked by Chicker Menie," he announced. He leaned toward her, his arms outstretched, his lips quivering, his blue eyes full of the love which the aloofness of the woman had never killed in his baby soul.

"Fweddie chick," he repeated. "Fweddie yants Chicker Menie to yock him."

Sister Rodriguez turned away, her eyes dim.

"If she rebuffs him now," she thought, "I am afraid I can never feel quite the same to Sister Philomene."

She did not. He thought she had, and the big tears fell on the thin cheeks, for Frederick Addison sick lacked some of the sturdy pride and independence of Frederick Addison well. The hot drops melted the thin crust of ice over the woman's heart. She leaned forward and lifted him out of the crib and into her lap, cuddling him to her, and kissing his wet eyes tenderly. His curly head crept close to her face, and his little hand stole under the linen that covered her bosom and found a resting-place over her heart. The tears still lay on his cheeks, but his lips smiled in unconscious triumph.

The Sisters, coming in the early morning to see how he had fared, checked their steps on the threshold and gazed in awe.

For the first time since the croupy alarm of the night before, the baby slept a natural sleep, his damp curls clinging to his brow, his lips parted in his old-time smile, his small hand under the nun's linen neck-band, guarding the citadel he had stormed.

And over him hung the transfigured face of his "Chicker Menie," her softened eyes fastened on him with the "mother look" they had never held before, her willing arms holding him in a close embrace, and her voice crooning the little song he had royally demanded before he drifted out on the sea of childish dreams.

Reminiscences of George Eliot

BY FREDERIC HARRISON

IT is now some years ago that I ventured to make a prediction that "it will be the duty of the more serious criticism of another generation to revive the reputation of George Eliot as an abiding literary force." And the quality which I especially noted was this, that "she raised the whole art of romance into a higher plane of thought, of culture, and of philosophic grasp." I thought that this "noble aim" of hers was being too much overlooked—and I think this is still true in England. Her American admirers have shown more constancy in their affection.

It is more than forty-one years since I first made her acquaintance, on New-Year's day, 1860, at the house of her close friends, Dr. and Mrs. Richard Congreve, at Wandsworth. It was twenty-one years later, almost to a day, that I was one of the mourners who followed her body to the grave in Highgate Cemetery, on the 29th December, 1880. During those twenty-one years I constantly saw her, had much conversation with her on literary and philosophical topics, and received many letters relating to her own writings, and also to her views on art, politics, and religion. Some of these letters have been published by her husband, but the incidents that called them forth are not quite evident to the readers of Mr. Cross's *Life*, and some of the most interesting have not been published at all. I am asked to contribute my own recollections of her conception of life and her methods of work. Having the sanction of those whom she left behind her, I will try, before it is too late, to put down my memories of a friend whom I so profoundly honored. As I do this, I recall to mind not a few of the most golden days of my past life, and some of the most inspiring "banquets" or *symposia* of high thinking to which it has ever been my fortune to be bidden as a guest.

How well I remember that New-Year's day when I met Mr. and Mrs. Lewes at the dinner table of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Congreve! She was then at the age of forty, in the first outburst of her fame as the author of *Adam Bede*, and was just finishing the second volume of the *Mill on the Floss*. She had no friends at Wandsworth except Mr. and Mrs. Richard Congreve, who had made her acquaintance the year before. Mrs. Congreve, she wrote in her journal (May 3, 1859), "was the chief charm of the place to me." Dr. Congreve had retired for some years from his work at Oxford to give himself up to the study and propaganda of the principles of Auguste Comte. He had just published his translation of the *Positivist Catechism*, which Mrs. Lewes had already read, whilst George Lewes was occupied with the *Politique* of Comte. I was a young man, just called to the bar, who had been the pupil and then was the successor of Richard Congreve at Oxford, but I had written nothing, and was quite unknown to the public. Though we were all more or less interested in Comte, the talk round the table was quite general, and the small party was nothing but a simple gathering of intimate friends.

I listened with lively interest to the words of one who was already famous, who from the first moment impressed every one with a sense of grave thought, high ideals, and scrupulous courtesy. She had not a grain of self-importance in her manner, and took quite a simple and modest part in the general talk, listening to the brilliant sallies of George Lewes with undisguised delight, respecting Congreve's views as those of a trained historian and scholar, and showing me the kindly welcome of a gracious woman to the friend of her friends. I remember an argument in which she engaged me, wherein I thought, as I still think, she was mistaken. She maintained, apropos

of a review of troops she had lately seen, that "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war" was more conspicuous in our day than it was in the Middle Ages. Having some knowledge of mediæval art, Italian war-paintings, and illuminated Froissarts, I ventured to doubt. The company seemed to think me bold in venturing to differ from her opinion on a matter of local color. But she did not think so herself; and nothing could be more graceful than the patience with which she listened to my points.

In the year 1860, at Wandsworth, she was working under severe pressure, having broken with her own family, retaining only one or two women friends, quite unknown to general society. Years afterwards, when she lived in London and at Witley, she had the cultured world at her feet; men and women of rank and reputation crowded her Sunday receptions; and she was surrounded by friends and reverential worshippers of her genius. But she remained still the same quiet, grave, reserved woman that she had been in her retreat and isolation at Wandsworth, always modest in her bearing, almost deferential towards any form of acknowledged reputation, almost morbidly distrustful of herself, and eager to purge out of her soul any germ of arrogance and pride that her fame and the court paid to her by men and women of mark could possibly tend to breed.

It was the foundation of the *Fortnightly Review*, in 1865, which brought me into constant association with Mr. Lewes, who was then established in the Priory, Regent's Park. Early in 1865 George Lewes was chosen as its first editor. I contributed in that year four articles to the new organ, and George Eliot wrote in the first number. I was at that time a constant visitor at the Priory, where Herbert Spencer, Thomas Huxley, Anthony Trollope, the Congreves, Deutsch, and Sir Frederic Burton were frequently found. I there learned to estimate at its full value the immense range of George Eliot's reading, both in poetry and in philosophy, the high standard of duty, whether personal or social, that she kept before her own sight and required of others, and the conscientious labor she devoted to her own art.

George Eliot was occupied on her novel

of *Felix Holt* during 1865 and the first half of 1866; and, as every reader knows, the plot and dénouement in the later part of the story turn on an intricate legal imbroglio, whereby an old English family were suddenly dispossessed of their estates which they had held for many generations. She had endeavored to work out this problem for herself, but found herself involved in hopeless technicalities of law. As is stated by Mr. Cross in the opening of chapter xiii., she had written me the kind letter of 5 January, 1866, to invite me to join a party consisting of Herbert Spencer, T. Huxley, and others, and she there imparted to me her difficulties as to the law of entail and the statutes of limitations. She wrote of it in a letter to me of the 9th January that she "must go sounding on her dim and perilous way through law-books amidst agonies of doubt." I offered her text-books, but she preferred to put to me her difficulties in writing. The law case she required to fit her plot in the year 1832 was one which on the first sight of it seemed impossible in the face of the statutes of limitations, for she wanted to dispossess a family which had been in peaceable possession of estates for a century.

This was "the statement of her needs," as she termed it:

It is required to know the longest possible term of years for the existence of the following conditions:

1. That an estate, for lack of a direct heir, should have come into the possession of A (or of a series—A, A', A"—if that were admissible).
2. That subsequently a claim should have been set up by B, on a valid plea of nearer kinship.
3. That B should have failed in his suit from inability to prove his identity, over which certain circumstances (already fixed) should have cast a doubt, and should have died soon after.
4. That B's daughter, being an infant at the time of his death, should have come to years of discretion and have a legal claim on the estate.

These are the essentials as closely as I can strip them. The last, viz., the legal claim of B's daughter, might be dispensed with, if the adequate stretching of the time is not to be obtained by any formula of conditions. The moral necessities of the situation might be met by the fact of injustice and foul play towards B; but I should prefer the legal claim, if possible.

You see, I should be glad of as large a slice of a century as you could give me, but I should be resigned if I could get 40 years.

I was at first inclined to think the case to be impossible, as contrary to the then existing statutes of limitations. But I presently fell back on the rare, but not impossible, case of a *Base Fee*, under which a settlement might be perfectly valid for the issue of a tenant-in-tail for many generations, but would not bar the rights of the remainder-men. It happened that, before I finally submitted the scheme to George Eliot, I asked the opinion of a colleague at the bar. The man I consulted chanced to be the late Lord Herschel, the ex-Chancellor, who died on a public mission in the United States, and who was then a junior barrister. Having his entire concurrence, I carried the scheme to George Eliot, who at once recast her plot, and was enabled to carry back the settlement of the Transome estates not only for forty years, but for more than a century. An attempt was made in a review to throw doubt upon the correctness of the law on which *Felix Holt* was based; but an eminent conveyancer of Lincoln's Inn disposed of this criticism in a conclusive answer in the press.*

I have in my possession about sixteen letters written to me in the months from January to May, 1866, asking for assistance in legal points relating to *Felix Holt*. And during that period I had many interviews with her thereon, and read large portions of the story in MS. and in proof. The letters and my own recollections testify to the indefatigable pains that she took with every point of local color, her anxiety about scrupulous accuracy of fact, and the often feeble health under which the book was produced.

I was again consulted on an incidental point of law in the novel of *Daniel Deronda*. The letter of 1 June, 1875 (partly printed by Cross, *Life*, iii., 258), begged

* In Sir M. Grant-Duff's new volumes of reminiscences it is said that I obtained the scheme from Alfred Bailey, of Lincoln's Inn. This is a misunderstanding. The scheme was entirely mine, both in conception and in detail. Alfred Bailey, a well-known conveyancer and a friend of my own, wrote the reply to the criticisms of the review. He had no hand in constructing the plot.

me to come and talk over a point of difficulty. On the day following I received this letter:

June 2, '75.

DEAR MR. HARRISON,—Herewith the statement you have kindly allowed me to send.

It occurs to me that in my brief, fragmentary chat with Mr. Bowen he had gathered Sir H. to be a tenant-in-tail coming of age, so that his Father could make no disposition without his consent. But even then I don't see why he—Sir H.—should have objected to a settlement in the given sense. Do you? This question has reference simply to my alarms about apparent improbabilities.

Yours thankfully,
M. G. LEWES.

This question referred to the desire of Sir Hugo Mallinger as to the settlement of the estates. She had consulted Charles Bowen, then a junior barrister and afterwards Lord Bowen, Lord of Appeal, but only in casual conversation. She then sent me a statement of the case she needed for the plot, and I forwarded to her the sketch of a possible solution. This satisfied her requirements. She wrote (15 June, 1875):

I must write to tell you my joy that on further study of your "document" I find in it precisely the case that will suit the conditions I had already prepared. I mean the case that "Sir H. might ardently desire a particular house and property, locally part of the settled estates or not, to leave to his widow and daughters for their home and residence, etc." Clearly I have a special Providence to whom my gratitude is due, and he is the able conveyancer who has drawn up said document. We are in the pangs of preparation for starting to-morrow morning.

Felix Holt and *Daniel Deronda* were the only novels on which I was consulted, and then simply as to points of law and legal practice. I wrote the "opinion" of the Attorney-General, printed in italics in chapter xxxv. of *Felix Holt*, as a guide to the language used in Lincoln's Inn, and she inserted it bodily in the book. I remember telling her that I should always boast of having written one sentence that was embodied in English literature. The "opinion" was little more than "common form," and she took kindly my little *mot*. I need hardly say that I had nothing whatever to do with the composition or scheme of either of these tales, nor with anything else of her work.

I do not think any one else had. Except that she took pains to be accurate as to legal subtleties, as to facts of history, and the Jewish rites in *Daniel Deronda*, I do not believe she took counsel of any one but of George Lewes. Everything she produced was entirely original, both in conception and in execution.

My purpose in this paper is to try to clear up such points as this, and to explain the meaning of some letters of hers printed by Mr. Cross, but of which he could give no elucidation. The very long and beautiful letter of 15 August, 1866, printed in chapter xiii. of the *Life and Letters*, headed "Aesthetic Teaching," is hardly intelligible without some account of the proposal to which it was an answer. During her absence at the German Baths in July of that year I wrote her a long letter to suggest that she might use her great powers of imagination and her deep interest in social questions to describe an ideal state of industrial life. It would present a picture of the relations of all concerned in a great manufacturing industry, under conditions of health, happiness, and beauty, so as to realize the Utopia of regenerated Industry directed by an efficient spiritual force and inspired by the providence of Humanity, as conceived by Auguste Comte. George Eliot had been a careful student of all his works for many years, and through the Congreves she was familiar with every phase of the Positivist ideal, with the general idea of which she had entire sympathy. I even suggested, as a *milieu*, a manufacturing village in a beautiful part of northern France, where the owner of a great factory had reorganized Labor on humane and social lines, himself an ardent republican and ex-socialist, whilst the education and worship of the township were directed by the local physician,* who exerted a positive priesthood on a basis of scientific convictions.

Her long and convincing letter of 15 August was her answer to this proposal. She feared (and no doubt with some reason) that the effort to idealize a social state, consciously imagined as possible only in the future, would want the life and reality that she gave to her modern pictures. She was quite in her element in painting character. She did not shrink

from treating a past epoch, as in *Romola*, "The Spanish Gypsy," etc., etc. But, as she says in the letter, she was there dealing with only *some* of the relations, treating of selected characters, not with a form of society with definite moral problems, nor with the panorama of a regenerated type of human life. Furthermore, she adds, her gift for tragic crises would have no scope in the tableau of a glorified world where virtue and happiness reigned. She was no doubt quite right. She shrank from any Utopia in which there was danger that "the picture might lapse into the diagram." But the idea, as she said, continued to rest in her mind.

The poem of "The Spanish Gypsy" was one result of the conception that was floating in her mind of presenting in a typical scene some of the phases of a religion of Human Duty. Later on she wrote to me:

Yes, indeed, I not only remember your letter, but have always kept it at hand, and have read it many times. Within these latter months I have seemed to see in the distance a possible poem shaped on your idea. But it would be better for you to encourage the growth towards realization in your own mind rather than trust to transplantation.

My own faint conception is that of a frankly Utopian construction, freeing the poet from all local embarrassments. Great Epics have always had more or less of this character—only the construction has been of the past, not of the future. Write to me—Poste Restante, Baden-Baden, within the next fortnight. My head will have got clearer then.—*Cross (Life, iii., 51).*

In the beginning of 1867 George Eliot made the memorable journey to Spain, from which she wrote to me the beautiful letter given by Mr. Cross (iii., p. 8). She was then meditating her poem; and undoubtedly Positivist ethics supplied her with the conception of Zarca.

The relation of George Eliot towards the ideal of Auguste Comte has been accurately stated by Mr. Cross (vol. iii., 419) as "a limited adherence." "For all Comte's writing she had a feeling of high admiration, intense interest, and very deep sympathy." "But the appreciation was thoroughly selective. Parts of his teaching were accepted and other parts rejected." But her letters to me

and her conversation showed something more than sympathy, and not a little practical co-operation. Her life-long friendship with Richard Congreve, the recognized leader of English Positivism, began in February, 1859, and continued until her death in December, 1880. From that time she read Comte regularly, and was occupied on him during her last illness. The study of him, she wrote in January, 1867, "keeps me in a state of enthusiasm through the day—a moral glow." "My gratitude increases continually for the illumination Comte has contributed to my life." She subscribed to the foundation of the Positivist School in 1870, of which Richard Congreve remained Director until his death in 1899, and also to the foundation of Newton Hall, of which I have been the President since 1881. And I have many letters from her relating to Positivist writings of my own. An interesting letter is that referring to the attack of Matthew Arnold on Comte.

On the publication of my article on "Culture," reprinted in my *Choice of Books*, she wrote to me (November 7, 1867):

I suppose it is rather superfluous for me, as one of the public, to thank you for your article in the *Fortnightly*. But "le superflu" in the matter of expression is "chose si nécessaire" to us women. It seems to me that you have said the serious things most needful to be said in a good-humored way, easy for everybody to read. I have not been able to find Matthew Arnold's article again, but I remember enough of it to appreciate the force of your criticism. Only on one point I am unable to see as you do. I don't know how far my impressions have been warped by reading German, but I have regarded the word "Culture" as a verbal equivalent for the highest mental result of past and present influences. Dictionary meanings are liable rapidly to fall short of usage. But I am not maintaining an opinion—only stating an impression. My conscience made me a little unhappy after I had been speaking of Browning on Sunday. I ought to have spoken with more of the veneration I feel for him, and to have said that in his best poems—and by these I mean a large number—I do not find him unintelligible, but only peculiar and original. Take no notice of this letter, or else I shall feel that I have made an unwarrantable inroad on your time.

The highly characteristic letter of January 15, 1870, printed by Cross (iii., 103-4), was called out by my article on

the "Positivist Problem" in the *Fortnightly Review* of November, 1869. In her letter George Eliot admits that she has "an unreasonable aversion to personal statements"; "she shrinks from decided 'deliverances' on momentous subjects, from the dread of coming to swear by my own deliverances, and sinking into an insistent echo of myself. That is a horrible destiny—and one cannot help seeing that many of the most powerful men fall into it." All this is not very clear without some explanation, which I will try to give. In reply to various criticisms on Comte by Professor Huxley, Matthew Arnold, and Fitzjames Stephen, I attempted to state the general conditions of the philosophical and religious problems as understood by Positivism. At that date, 1869, I did not at all accept Comte's idea of a Religion of Humanity, and as I was believed to do so, being a colleague of Richard Congreve, I thought it right to state that fact in my article. This was not to the liking of Congreve at all, who would have preferred me to keep silence about my personal opinions. And George Eliot, in her sympathy with the Congreves and her morbid horror of confessions of all kinds, was inclined to remonstrate with me for making any reference to my own beliefs. I never saw, nor do I see, any ground for such reticence, but much the contrary, as leading to false impressions. Those who promote unpopular ideas naturally wish for nothing but whole beliefs in all who go with them. But I repudiate such an attitude. In the thirty-two years since 1869 I have come to adopt the Religion of Humanity, though not in the sense of some followers of Comte, who wish to treat his writings as having a sort of verbal inspiration. I have studied his system now for fifty years, and have never allowed those whom I address in public or in private to be in ignorance from time to time as to the form and extent of my adhesion. And I have no disposition to shrink from "personal deliverances." There are times when they are an indispensable guarantee of good faith.

Nothing in the shape of a "service" on Positivist lines was attempted in the Positivist chapel for the first years of its foundation. But by degrees the need

for the full expression of religious feeling in public and in private made itself felt; and as our own children grew up from infancy, their mother was called upon to supply some equivalent for family prayer. We consulted George Eliot, who, with her deep sympathy with the inmost emotions of humanity, had so great a gift of poetic expression. The letter of June 14, 1877 (given by Cross, *Life*, iii., 311), was the outcome of this appeal. She there said that she was not able to contribute "to the construction of a liturgy," but that she would keep the subject in mind, and "perhaps it might prompt some perfectly unfettered productions." "O may I join the choir invisible" had been composed in 1867, and was published with "Jubal" in 1874; and it was always regarded as a religious embodiment of the Positivist hope of subjective immortality. I continued to urge George Eliot to produce other pieces in prose or in verse with the same devotional feeling.

In the month of July, 1877, we drove over from Sutton Place to Witley, and there had long talks with her on the same subject as we strolled about the heather and the pine woods on those Surrey heights. And I sent her a few passages of the kind, which at first she seemed inclined to look on as inappropriate. On consideration, she changed her mind, and wrote to me, December 26, 1877:

I have now re-read more than once the Prayers we spoke of, and withdraw my remark (made under reserve) as not at all applicable. The prayers keep, I think, within the due limit of aspiration and do not pass into beseeching.

Certainly, if just the right words could be found—what Vauvenargues calls "cette splendeur d'expression qui emporte avec elle la preuve des grandes pensées"—a ritual might bring more illumination than sermons and lectures.

The summer of 1878 was partly occupied by George Eliot in writing *Theophrastus Such*—perhaps the only one of her books which was not a success. I have a guilty conscience as to this book, as I may have contributed to induce her to write it. I pointed out to her that our English literature, so rich and splendid in almost every field of poetry and prose, was deficient in those collections of Thoughts which the French call *Pen-*

sées—pregnant apothegms embedded in terse and memorable phrase, which could be remembered like fine lines of poetry, and be cited as readily as a familiar proverb. It seemed to me—it seems to me still—that she was eminently fitted to produce such a book, and indeed the *Wit and Wisdom of George Eliot* was a volume culled from her writings. But *Theophrastus Such*—where the queer title came from I know not—was not an adequate expression of her powers. She was in very poor health all the time, and George Lewes was then stricken with his last illness. His death delayed publication, and when she read *Theophrastus* in revise, she had serious thoughts of suppressing it (Cross, iii., 352). Would she had done so! Her life was ebbing away when it was actually published.

After the death of George Lewes, 28 November, 1878, we saw little of George Eliot for some time. "Here I and sorrow sit," she wrote in her diary, 1 January, 1879; and she devoted herself to the publication of his posthumous works, and to found a studentship in his memory, to be called after his name. This necessitated interviews with friends; and in the spring she began to see a few intimate callers again. She wrote, 8 April, 1879:

Dear Friends, will you come to see me some day? Though I have been so long without making any sign, my heart has been continually moved with gratitude towards you.

And on May 25, 1879, she writes:

I fell ill last week I was in town, and was obliged to leave much undone, else I should have written to you. I have not yet recovered my former level, but I hope soon to do so under country influences. I keep by me two letters, and sometimes re-read them when I feel in need of a moral stimulus which is half rebuke, half encouragement.

In May, 1879, George Eliot published a work which George Lewes had left in MS.—*The Study of Psychology, its Object, Scope, and Method*. It was an elaborate treatise on the relation of psychology to physiology, and treated in turn the views of Comte, Mill, and Herbert Spencer. Lewes, without entirely agreeing with any of these theories, tends rather to place the science of psychology on the same basis as Comte, whilst

The Priory,
North Bank,
Regents Park.
April 15. 80

Dear Mr Harrison

I understood from
Mr Bechly that you have undertaken
in his stead to receive subscriptions
towards your branch of Positivist
work. So I enclose a cheque for
£5 as my contribution, the former
one having been paid about this
time last year.

I forget to reproach you for not
bringing back Sémier's pamphlet
which lies on my conscience among
the things I have left unread.

With affectionate regard

Yours sincerely,
W. J. Laves

NOTE FROM GEORGE ELIOT TO FREDERIC HARRISON (SOMEWHAT ENLARGED)

denying Comte's doctrine that the Introspective method was wholly illusory. George Eliot sent me a presentation copy of this book, which I read with deep interest. And I made it the basis of a paper I read to the Metaphysical Society on 10 June, 1879, entitled the "Social Factor in Psychology," which was based on Lewes's chapter iv. I submitted the paper to George Eliot, who sent me the following letter. The term "Factor," by-the-way, was the word used as headline to chapter iv. of Lewes's book:

June 10, '79.

I am greatly obliged to you for sending me the paper you are to read to-day, and I appreciate it the more highly because your diligence is in contrast with the general sluggishness of readers about any but idle reading. It is melancholy enough that to most of our polite readers the Social Factor in Psychology would be a dull subject. For it is certainly no conceit of ours which pronounces it to be the supremely interesting element in the thinking of our time.

I confess the word Factor has always been distasteful to me as the name for the grandest of forces. If it were only mathematical I should not mind, but it has many other associated flavors which spoil it for me.

Once more—evermore—thanks.

Yours most truly,

M. E. LEWES.

I trust your whole household is blooming again now. I am a little better.

The fine letter of 19 April, 1880 (printed by Cross, iii., 388), is the last that I received. It was written a few weeks before her marriage to Mr. John Cross, on May 6, and a few months only before her death. In it her warm admiration for Wordsworth comes out very strongly. When she writes, "I think you would find much to suit your purpose in 'The Prelude' such as,

There is

One great society alone on earth:

The noble Living and the noble Dead,"

she was referring to my "purpose," which was to find suitable passages of poetry to read as introductions to the courses of Positivist lectures which were then being given.

It will be noticed how largely George Eliot's thoughts and her correspondence with myself turned upon the Positivist ideal of an organized Religion of Hu-

manity. This was only natural, inasmuch as I had been introduced to her by Dr. Richard Congreve, and with him I was, during our intimacy, one of the leaders of the Positivist movement, in which she deeply sympathized. We were all anxious to see this sympathy develop into full adhesion, which it never did, and perhaps was never likely to have done. When a separate group was formed, which met in Newton Hall, George Eliot gave to its funds an annual subscription, without withdrawing that which she had contributed to an earlier movement.

But it must not be supposed that she was entirely wrapped up in deep problems of metaphysics and ethics. Far from it! She was the most courteous and considerate of friends, delighting in lively conversation and good-natured gossip. She was an admirable housewife, and very proud of her practical accomplishments as a sensible and kindly mistress. She interested herself much in finding a comfortable situation for any young woman whom she judged to be in need of a friend. We have letters she addressed to my wife recommending a girl as a nurse. "I have reason to believe," she wrote, "that her habits of feeling and conduct are much above the average in young women offering themselves for domestic service." The girl in question was leaving her place, as George Eliot suspected, owing to "a cabal against Mary in the kitchen as 'the proud house-maid.' Her under-clothing was thought arrogantly good, and her bearing towards the men had a little too much dignity."

Her zeal to help those who were in trouble was always active. I remember once seeing her spring to her feet, and stretching up her arms with that passionate gesture she sometimes would display, she said, "Yes! the day will come when it will be a natural instinct to stretch out a hand to help one who needs support, as automatic and irresistible as it is now to use our hands to keep ourselves from a fall."

There was much of Dinah Morris that was studied, not from Aunt Samuel Evans, but from the depths of the heart of George Eliot herself.

Two Converts

BY ONOTO WATANNA

AFTER a hard day, spent in going over his new parish and the mission church and school, the pretty, trim little house on the hill, with its sloping roofs and wide balconies, looked refreshing and restful to the Reverend John Redpath. Everything about it was dainty and exquisite.

His predecessor was leaving the American chairs, tables, and beds behind, but apart from these it was furnished entirely in Japanese fashion.

The Reverend John Redpath was past forty, but he had the guileless conscience of a boy whose ideals are as yet unsmirched by bitter experience. It was with boyish enjoyment and curiosity that he sat down to the queer little repast prepared for him, and to which, of course, he was wholly unaccustomed. His predecessor talked to, or rather at, him during the meal, but John, while apparently listening, was absently noting the quaint pattern of the shoji, the dim light of the andon, and the bamboo mats and tall vases. There was a faint odor about the place that delighted him.

Tiny as the house was, John found that he was now the master of three servants. One was a jinrikiman, one a coolie and gardener, and the last his housekeeper and maid-servant.

In the morning the glorious sunshine of Japan poured its wealth into his room, waking him from a strangely refreshing sleep. He found, after he had bathed in the delightful water, subtly perfumed like everything else, that he was averse to drawing on his heavy shoes and treading on the exquisite matting. The thin partition-walls, the freshness and cleanliness of everything, delighted him.

Immediately after his breakfast, the smiling, round-faced little maid, curtsying and bobbing between the parted shoji, announced that some one awaited him in the zashishi (guest-room), and the minister hastily left the table.

His visitor sat in almost the centre of the room; and as he entered she put her head prone down on her two hands, spread palm downward on the floor. She remained in this apparently cramped position for some time.

"How do you do?" he said, pleasantly. As soon as he spoke, the girl rose to her feet. She was very pretty, despite the demure drooped head, little folded hands, and plain gray kimono, and he felt instinctively that the greater part of her dignity was affected. When he drew forward one of his American chairs, and motioned courteously for her to be seated, she seemed childishly timorous. The chair was so big, and she so small, that she almost disappeared in its depths, her feet reaching only quarter-way to the floor. The minister smiled cheerfully at her, and encouraged thereby, the girl smiled back at him, her face dimpling and her eyes shining, so that she seemed more than ever a child, and very bewitching.

"You wish to see me on business?" queried the minister.

"Yes. I hear you come at Japan to make nice speeches at our most augustly insignificant and honorably ignorant nation. That so?"

She waited a moment for him to say something, but he merely smiled at the way she had put it, and she continued, with a little argumentative air:

"Now what I most anxious to learn is, how you going to make those same great speeches at those ignorant people if you don' can speak Japanese language?"

"Why, I shall have to learn the language, of course," said John.

"Ah," she said, "tha's just exactly what I riding after."

"You what?"

"Riding to—a—a—maybe you don' quite understand. Tha's just liddle bid silly barbarian slang. Excuse me."

"Oh, I see," he said. "Now what is it you—ah—"

"I like to teach you thad same language, so's you can make those beautiful speeches."

"Ah, that's it, is it?"

He sat down opposite her, and drew up his chair.

"You've come to apply for a position as teacher; is that the idea?"

She inclined her head.

"You've had some experience?"

"Ten years," she solemnly prevaricated.

"Good gracious!" said John. "Why, why, you are much older than I thought."

She bowed gravely.

"Well—er—whom do you teach? Have you classes, or—"

"I am visiting teacher. I come unto you to teach."

"Have you many pupils?"

"Most pupils of any teacher in all Tokyo." She produced a very long piece of rice paper, on which she had spread out the names and addresses of twenty or thirty people.

"Of course," said the minister, "I shall have to take lessons of somebody, and if you think that you are efficient for the work—"

"I am augustly sufficient," she said.

"Hm!" said he, and looked at her doubtfully. "Of course I had not decided with whom I should study. You look very young—excessively young, in fact. I don't want to do anything hastily, but if you will call to-morrow, I will—"

"Yes, yes," she said, "I will come sure thing—er—to-morrow; thad day most convenient to you?"

"It will be convenient, I presume."

"Oh, *thank* you," she said, gratefully, and began backing across the room toward the door.

When she had left him, John deliberated over the matter, and after much weighty thought, he decided that it would be better for him to have a man teacher. It would look better. Of course it was too bad to disappoint the little girl—she only looked like a little girl, despite her ten years' experience—but still this would be the wisest course for him to pursue. He had an uncomfortable feeling, however, that when he told her to come the following day, she had understood him to mean that he wished to

commence taking lessons, for he could not quite forget how grateful she had looked, the extravagance of her expressions of gratitude.

And the next day she arrived with a large bundle under her arm.

"You see," she informed him, smiling confidently, "I been making purchases for you—books, slates, paper, pencils, ink—that sufficient to study. Now we begin!" And there was nothing left for the minister to do but to begin.

Three weeks later the Reverend John Redpath, by dint of great perseverance, study, and diligent work, was able to say a number of Japanese words—never quite intelligibly, it is true, except when repeated immediately after his teacher, who, despite his apparent stupidity, was the incarnation of patience, and had great hopes that he would surely speak the language "some nice soon day."

It must be said that the minister was very earnest and laborious in his endeavor to learn the language. Arguing that it would be practically useless for him to attempt any sort of work until he had first mastered it, he devoted the greater part of his time to studying. Much of the time so spent was given up to the discussion of trivial matters that bore no relation to the rudiments of how to read and write in the Japanese language, but to John such talks were as essential to his Japanese education as were the studies through the medium of the books. He was learning something new in this way all the time; and, moreover, he had always considered it one of the duties of life to become well acquainted with those near him, and—well, Otoyō was now almost a part of his household.

John made a discovery. Despite the fact that she made her living by giving lessons in the Japanese language to various visiting foreigners, she was not of their religion. In fact, she belonged to that great bulk of "heathen" that the Reverend John had manfully come forth to reclaim.

After that he insisted on double lessons replacing the one received each day by him. Following his lesson, he undertook to teach her the Christian religion, through the medium of the Bible. John soon found that Otoyō as

a pupil was altogether different from Ootoy as a teacher. She plied him with questions that staggered him, and which he, poor man, found it almost impossible to answer.

John was not a brainy or a brilliant man, and the girl kept him on his mettle constantly. He had acquired a peculiar fondness for her, and her conversion was near and dear to his heart. Not only was he interested in her future life, but in her present. He tried to teach her new methods of thought and living. He was anxious to know how she spent her time when away from him, who were her relatives, and whether she had lovers. She was reluctant to talk about herself, and he thought her strangely secretive.

One day the Reverend John Redpath received a letter. It was written in elegant Japanese characters, and he took it to Ootoy for translation. She laughed a little, nervously and excitedly, as she read it through. Then she became quite solemn.

"Tha's a letter from my husband," she informed him, calmly.

The Reverend John sat up in his chair and stared at her dimly. He felt almost powerless to move, and when he finally found his voice, it was husky and strange.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Tha's a letter," said Ootoy, slowly, "from my husband, Mr. Shawtaro Hashimoto, to you, the Revelind John Ridpath. You like me read it to you?" Her eyes, bright and guilty, still looked straight into his. They never so much as flickered.

The minister was filled with ungovernable rage toward her. Her deceit smote him.

"How long have you been married?" he inquired, briefly.

She counted on her five pink fingers, standing out straight, plump, and separate. "Ten months," said she.

"And you never told me one word! You—"

"You din ask one word," she said.

"I took it that you would have informed me of such an event. You won my confidence. I do not see how I can trust you again," he said, sternly; and then added, as a bitter after-thought: "After all, it is a matter of total indifference to me whether you are married or un-

married. It is the principle that pains me."

"Revelind John Ridpath," said Ootoy, her eyes all clouded, "I don' tell you that sad tale about me because I din wan' to pain your so gendle heart."

"I don't understand you," he answered her, briefly.

"My marriage most unhappy in all the whole world. My father and mother marrying me unto this gentleman. He just so bad and cruel as all the fiends of that place you tell me about. I hate him! Therefore I just leave him, go live all 'lone, and work hard this-a-way."

"It was barbarous to marry you against your wish," said the Reverend John, visibly relenting. "I have heard of this custom of your people. I hope some day to show them how wrong it is. But you have done wrong to leave your husband."

She sighed heavily, hypocritically. "Ah, I thought I would like to learn that Chhristianity religion," she said, and looked down pathetically. She had touched a sore spot, and he winced. He got up from his seat and began pacing the floor restlessly. After a while he came back to her.

"What does he want with me? If he wishes you to return, my duty is plain. Read me the letter, if you please."

"He don' wish me return. He just want to make liddle bid rattle and noise, just to make you know he own me, and thad I just—his—slave."

"Read the letter, please."

It was as follows:

"EXCELLENCY,—I have to request your lordship against the forbidden misconduct of making my wife a Christian. It is my desire that she shall not embrace a religion foreign to all my ancestors. I also honorably request that you must not condescend to teach her other barbarous customs and manners of your West country. I desire my wife to follow only the augustly unworthy and honorable customs of my country. I beg that you will accept my humblest compliments. SHAWTARO HASHIMOTO."

That was all.

"Of course," said the now irate Reverend John, "I expected opposition in

my work. I will brook no dictation, and, Ootoyo, we will continue the lessons."

There was an element of combativeness in John Redpath's nature. He was an Englishman. A few days after this first letter there came another one, and a few days after that another, and still another. They were all couched in pretty much the same language. The minister ignored them, though Ootoyo informed him that she had answered, acknowledging them all, as this was the correct and proper thing to do in Japan. In fact, she wrote laboriously polite and diplomatic letters from the minister to her husband, signing them boldly with the minister's name.

Meanwhile she had artfully wheedled her way back into the minister's confidence. She had managed to make him believe that her husband was a brute of the worst type. She made up pathetic tales of his bad treatment, how he had beaten and starved her, and kept her from seeing her ancestors (parents and grandparents). The minister was, as I have said, an Englishman, and a brave one. Her tales, told with all the art of which she was mistress, awakened his native chivalry, and, mingled with his unconquerable fondness for her, there arose in him a strong desire to protect her.

Ootoyo now showed a ready inclination to embrace the new religion. Matters which hitherto had seemed abstruse and hard for her to understand she now declared were becoming as clear as the Lake Biwa. She professed an inordinate admiration for the rule "Love one another," and lamented the fact that in all the language of Japan, flowery and poetic as it was, there was no such word as "Love." Nor in all the philosophy of Buddhism had the injunction "to love" been once laid upon them.

And the minister, who was an honest and straightforward man, and unused to the arts and wiles of the Orient, took all her questionings to heart, and labored unceasingly to lead her to the light.

But one day a terrible thing happened. Ootoyo failed to appear, and for a week the minister saw nothing of her. Filled with anxious forebodings and imaginings as to her fate, he lost his head completely, and acted in a most undignified and unmissionarylike fashion,

searching all around the town by day, and coming home late at night, moping and growling like one half demented. The end of the week found him haggard and broken-hearted.

When Ootoyo came back, she brought with her quite a large box and a number of bundles, which she carefully carried into the zashishi and there deposited.

At the inquiry of the minister as to what they contained, she informed him placidly that it was her wardrobe. She then undid a scroll of paper, and after glancing over it herself, she handed it, together with another letter from her husband, to the minister.

He gave them back to her. "What is this?" he asked, testily.

"Thad," she pointed to the scroll, "is my divorce. My honorable husband divorcing me. Thad," she pointed to the letter, "is a letter for you from my same honorable husband, Mr. Shawtaro Hashimoto."

She read it:

"EXCELLENCY, — I have repeatedly warned you against my dissatisfaction of making my wife convert as a Christian. You have answered me, politely acknowledging my letters, but you have paid no heed to my requests. I have also warned you against teaching her the barbarian ways of your honorable nation, and this also you have politely acknowledged, but failed to heed. You have now not only converted her at this so abominable religion, and the barbarian ways of the foreigners, but you have stolen her wife-love from me. I have therefore divorced her, and now send her to you herewith."

It is needless to describe the sensations of the Reverend John Redpath. He was too confounded at first for speech. Then he began striding up and down the room, like one nigh crazy. "I will not be the means of separating man and wife. It is preposterous. I'll have the fellow arrested! I—"

"But," said Ootoyo, argumentatively, "he don' did nothing that you kin arrest him for. If you go have rattle and fight at the pleece station with him, they going to lock you up for making such disturbance. He don' git hurt."

"Are you defending *him*?" said the minister, turning on her almost fiercely.

"No, Excellency; I just giving you advice. Now pray be calm, like nize good Chlistian minister unto the gospel, and listen at me."

"You listen to me," he said. "I want you to go right back to your husband. There must be a stop put to this—"

"Tha's too late go back," said Otoyo. "I already divorce. I not any longer his wife."

"What are you going to do?"

"Me?" she opened her eyes wide. "What I do! Why, stay at your house—be wife with *you*!"

"What!" he shouted.

She pouted, and then rose up indignantly. "Excellency," she said, "I answering that letter. Tha's p'lite to answer that honorable letter. Tha's also p'lite that you marry with me. Why, evry mans at Japan, even poor low coolie, do such thing if my husband divorcing me for you."

"What did you answer?" he demanded.

She brought out a copy of her reply:

"AUGUSTNESS,—I have received your so p'lite letter, and the wife also enclose. I acknowledge I have convert your wife at that abominable religion, and taught her the honorable barbarian ways of my country. Therefore I must accept the wife enclosed, for which I condescend to thank you."

He looked at her almost stupidly.

"You can't stay here, Otoyo, and it was very wrong to answer like that."

She denied this fiercely. "Tha's right do. You living at Japan. Therefore

mus' be like Japanese. Roman do's Roman do!" she misquoted.

"Would a Japanese have answered that way?"

She nodded emphatically. "Just like same thad," she declared.

"And accepted you, and married you!"

She nodded again, violently now.

"Well—I won't!" said the Reverend John Redpath, and turned his back on her.

Otoyo approached him slowly, then she suddenly placed herself directly in front of him, forced her own little hands into his, and compelled his eyes to look into her own, which were imploring.

"You not going to send me out of your house?"

The Reverend John cleared his throat and straightened his shoulders bravely.

"I see only one course to be pursued."

"You desire me leave you, Excellency?"

"Ye-e-es," said the Reverend John, nervously. And then, as she dropped his hands and turned quickly to obey him, he shouted, with startling vehemence, "*No!*"

A few days later there were two ceremonies performed at the mission-house. At the first the Reverend John Redpath himself officiated. He christened Otoyo, and pronounced her a convert to the Christian religion. In the second his predecessor acted, coming up from his city parish to repeat the Christian marriage service over their heads. He would have been horrified had he known that he had married two converts instead of one—one a convert to Christianity, the other a convert to divorce.

Our Dwelling-place

BY S. T. LIVINGSTON

I HOLD to the invulnerable creeds,
And what is writ in many a learned tome
Concerning God; but for my simple needs
I ask no more than this,—that God is Home.

A Party at Madeira's

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

I
"I WANT a new dress," said my wife.
"You always do, dear."
"But I need one badly."

"You always do, dear, and deserve one also."

"But I am going to have it, and I know how. I have been to see your friend Mrs. Hazard."

"Oh! And you have seen her Tennessee Coal and Iron tea gown, have you? Isn't it splendid! What are you going to buy?"

"It is lovely, and I am not going to buy anything, because I have bought, and I sha'n't tell you what until I see how it comes out. Mrs. Hazard advised me."

"I suppose you have bet your aunt Joanna's legacy on one of Mrs. Hazard's gambles. It was kind of you, dear, not to ask my advice. Is it to be an evening gown?"

"It is: a memorable ball gown."

"And whose ball do you hope to wear it at, dear? It is seven years since we came to New York, and our presence at a ball has not as yet been solicited. Be moderate, sweet—call it a dinner dress, and be content to eat in it."

"So shall I not. It is to be a ball gown, and I shall wear it at a ball which shall be my own ball, which you and I shall give at Madeira's tavern for a coming-out party for your daughter Henrietta."

"Mrs. Hazard's tip seems to have given you a vast deal of confidence. The price of a ball at Madeira's must be about a year's rent. When the pool is troubled, do you expect to put me in also?"

"Oh no. We decided long ago that it doesn't do for you to speculate, because a man can't work at his trade and follow stocks simultaneously. You shall have no concern at all. You are merely to lend me the sixteen Ossawatimie and Elba bonds that you keep downtown, and I am going to do the rest. At least Mrs.

Hazard and I are. Mrs. Hazard is coming to the ball."

"In the T. C. and I. tea gown?"

"No, indeed. In a Standard Oil ball gown with lots of real lace on it."

"And suppose the market slumps?"

"It might cause delay; but it won't slump. Have faith, dear heart; have faith."

For some months after that our experience of life was tinctured with an aleatory flavor. The Ossawatimie and Elba bonds ceased to be securities in that they were withdrawn from the security of the safe-deposit box where they were idly living down their coupons, and were handed over to my wife, who duly tied them on to the tail strings of various kites. I should not have ventured to risk them myself, for if they had dwindled or disappeared through my rash impatience of penury, I should have had to face my wife, and to live on in the consciousness that she was aware that I had prejudiced her prospects of future comfort. I am willing to take chances on my own account, but not for her. When she chooses to take the risks it is a different matter, for I am confident my philosophy would be equal to retrenchments which she would apologize for as well as share, whereas retrenchment which I would have to apologize for as well as share might overstrain my fortitude. Oatmeal with a cheerful and extenuating spirit makes a fair breakfast, whereas oatmeal and remorse taste of sawdust. Besides, I didn't believe that in the long-run my wife would lose. She is a cautious woman, and I was sure she would follow Mrs. Hazard's leadership, and I know Mrs. Hazard, and have, on the whole, a good opinion of her capacity as a speculator. She has had experience both in getting in and getting out. It always seemed to me that she was able somehow to command pretty sound advice, and though she has the experimental

temperament, she is decidedly averse to lying awake nights, and I was sure she would not try to make her everlasting fortune between two days at the risk of parting with her stake. I don't know whether or not it is sinful to buy controlling interests in shares that seem likely to rise, and though I am sure it is perilous, the risk for persons who are duly cautious seems more a risk of losing one's head or one's patience than of losing a very large proportion of one's money.

To this day I don't know what those ladies bought. Some days my wife's spirits seemed unaccountably high; some days her cheerfulness seemed forced. Early in December plans began to be drawn for ball dresses for her and Henrietta. They were duly executed, and before the holidays were over, two very ravishing gowns came home. Cards of invitation came home one day in a big box, with their envelopes, and I expected orders to hire one of Madeira's rooms, but it turned out that the date-line in the invitations had not been filled in.

"Will the party come before Lent, Araminta?" I inquired.

She was reading the mathematical end of the evening paper, with lines up and down her forehead, and an appearance of distrust in future events well suited to a reader of that grave journal.

"I can't say positively yet. It looks to-night a little as though it wouldn't. The Boers are so obstinate, and things keep happening so inopportunistically that it's rather a difficult time to give balls just now."

"Those gowns," said I, "would they keep at a pinch over the summer?"

"Oh yes, dear; we can keep the moths out of them, I guess. Though keeping their style in them is another matter."

My wife went around to Mrs. Hazard's the following morning—so I gathered from the flotsam of her subsequent discourse—and I have no doubt they talked over the telephone with persons downtown. Mrs. Hazard has a telephone. I have accused her of having a ticker in her cellar, but she says not. She has a cellar, though, and that is something. Only one family in fourteen has a cellar in New York. My family has always been of the thirteen that are cellarless.

That night Araminta and I went out to dinner, and she wore her new dress.

"What!" said I, "are you going to eat in it, after all?"

"Oh yes! Balls are very hard on dresses. It is a shame to wear a new gown to a dancing party even at my age."

Henrietta wore her new frock the first chance she got, and a lovely sight she was in it. I had a suspicion that the fabrics of both garments were General Electric, and the trimmings American Bridge, but I never got positive information about it.

"You *tell* everything," my wife said.

I never knew a prayerfuler Lent than we had, but no ball followed it. My wife was not depressed, but her mouth developed new lines of decision. I used to ask from time to time if she had blisters yet from holding on. Spring came, summer followed. We all read the papers faithfully and watched the second sound-money campaign. The last month of it Araminta personally supervised—she was back in town again by that time. She hung a sound-money flag out of the window of our flat, and compelled me to march in the sound-money parade though it was a rainy day. One day, about a month after that, she brought me back the sixteen Ossawatimie and Elba bonds, and asked me to negotiate with Madeira for the 24th of January.

"For his big ball-room?" I asked.

"How big is it?"

"I don't remember. You may recall that we both went to the opening,—they gave away ice-cream: I remember your enthusiasm,—but I have never since got above the first floor. How many people do you expect? That will settle the size of the room."

"I should think about two hundred."

"Where on earth are you going to scrape together two hundred people for a dancing party? It isn't possible that you know fifty dancing people in New York."

"This ball, William, is not so much for dancing people as for people who haven't danced since—oh, since the panic of '93, and who will be interested in dancing just once more before it is forever too late. We don't want to be crowded. Tell Madeira three hundred. You seem



—done by Charles Christy 1901

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

HENRIETTA WORE HER NEW FROCK THE FIRST CHANCE SHE GOT

not to suspect that Henrietta has some acquaintances."

"Good heavens! dear, you *are* in for it. It will be like a handful of pease in a gourd."

Nevertheless I went next morning and engaged the biggest room Madeira had, and told him my wife would be along down to see about it. The man in charge looked at me dubiously, and he so evidently wanted to ask me for a reference that I asked him if I couldn't pay the hire in advance. That reassured him a little, so that he reluctantly conceded that that would not be necessary. Then I went somewhat gloomily down street and ordered a new double-breasted white waistcoat. Three hundred people! Where would they find three hundred people to dance to our fiddles and drink our champagne? I don't want to pretend that either my wife or I began life in a foundling-asylum, or have lived on the earth forty-nine and fifty-four years respectively without establishing some social relations. We can get four, or six, or even eight people to dine with us, provided we begin soon enough, and they will all be presentable and remunerative people, who eat and drink with consideration, and show practice in spoken discourse. But three hundred! I put it all resolutely out of mind, determined to be helpful if I could, and to lay up such store of solace as I might against impending catastrophe. And so I plodded on about my business.

The invitations went out in December. I never saw the list, though I contributed dutifully to it out of such capacity as I had whenever my co-operation was invited. It was composed by Mrs. Hazard, my wife, Henrietta, our cousin Augusta, and my son Alonzo, who was at that time pursuing professional studies in the East, and who sent his mother a list of names. My niece, Sarah Joyce, came to town after Thanksgiving, and for a fortnight occupied Alonzo's vacant state-room in our flat. Her enthusiasm for the ball was so magnificent that I began to take heart, though by that time it was determined that, so far as I was concerned, the ball should be a surprise, for my wife at that time was calling me Thomas for my doubts. I saw two full sheets of postage-stamps on her table one

day, and if those women didn't send out at least four hundred invitations, their labor was disproportionate to its results. At any rate they got a peck or two of answers every day for nearly a week. Now and then they would let me see one, but only acceptances, and those only from cronies of my own.

It got to be the 20th of January. My wife said at breakfast that the ball would hold a few more persons, and if I happened on any one that I wanted to ask, she would be glad to send him an invitation.

"Is it an appeal to the highways and hedges?" said I.

"Not quite that, but to the avenues and the hotels, and possibly the clubs. You are constantly running across people from out of town whom you want to bring home to dinner. Maybe you will meet some one whom it will be pleasant to have at our ball."

"The Binghams of Cleveland are due in town about now. I will stop in at the Hotel Flanders and see if they happen to be there."

"That particular labor you may spare yourself, for the Binghams have been asked long ago and have accepted. But stop in at the Flanders by all means. You may find some one else."

Herman Joy and his wife, of Boston, were breakfasting at the Flanders when I stopped there. Maybe they will like to come, thought I, so I put off my overcoat and hat and went into the dining-room to accost them, expecting to work up diplomatically to the ball, and let its existence transpire casually.

"Hello, William," cried Herman. "Is your wife's party making good progress?"

"Gracious!" said I, shaking hands with Mrs. Joy; "how did you know of it?"

"Why, we're coming. Didn't you know it? I have an errand in Washington, and we are going to stop over on our way back."

"Any one else coming from your part of the world?"

"I think so. I don't understand that there will be any general migration, but my recollection is that the Winters said they were coming, and Sam Park, and one or two others. Any excuse to get to New York is good. You don't seem to be well posted."

I owned that I wasn't, but professed a thirst for information. "My!" thought I; "what a forehanded woman!" I wasn't caught in any more ignorance that day, for when any one I met said "Party" to me I gave him his head, and let him believe I knew all about it. On that day and the three following days I met about twenty more or less intimate acquaintances from Cincinnati, Omaha, Chicago, St. Louis, Buffalo, and other outlying districts. About half a dozen of them said they hoped to see me Thursday night, and the rest I invited, and most of them accepted. Mrs. Aspen of Cincinnati said she had always wanted to know what parties were like in New York, and I said so had I, and this was our chance, which seemed to be a different answer from what she had expected, so that her face took on the look of one who bites a gold piece to see if it is good. Then I asked if she had her diamonds with her, and she said yes, and her best gown too, for she had been to the opera; did I think that Ohio people saved their best for Ohio? I said it was so much the fashion in Washington to save the best for Ohio, that it would have been no wonder if she had followed it in New York.

At the Fifth Avenue on Wednesday I discovered Mrs. Wilson of Worcester and her daughter, and my wife went down to see them that afternoon. "They are coming," she said. "I told them the Broadheads would be there, and that they would find plenty of acquaintances, and Emily Wilson said that if I did not insist that her mother should make up her mind until after dinner on Thursday, she would engage to fetch her."

II

In its superficial aspects that ball was doubtless a good deal like other balls, but I own that to me it was altogether extraordinary and of a surpassing interest. I had not at any time been able to take it seriously. It had seemed to me a delightful piece of impudence to give a dancing party in New York without a license from the Mayor, or the co-operation of Mrs. Van Pelt or any of the great social powers that we read about in the newspapers. As a joke it had amused me in prospect; but jokes that look amusing sometimes fall flat in execution, and

irresponsible as I was I had tremors of apprehension as to how this joke would be taken. I asked Rufus Hartley, kindest of men, and of mature years like me, to come early and hold up my spirits over the crisis. He has intimate friends who are of the world of fashion, and has been to a few dancing parties every winter for the last forty years, and even gives them himself sometimes. I felt that I could lean upon him, and I did. He was in admirable spirits and full of confidence, and so prompt in rendering his good offices that his hat-check was No. 1 and mine No. 2. My wife and I, Henrietta and my niece Sarah Joyce, drove down together. Mrs. Hazard's carriage came up as ours left Madeira's door, and Cousin Augusta's cab followed hers so close that we all went in together, a devoted squad fit to make even a forlorn hope realize its best intentions. Alonzo was at our heels, and a couple of Sarah's devoted young men were close after him. After that I ceased to take special notice of re-enforcements. People came; the band began. A lot of girls that seemed to know Henrietta were dancing presently with young men whom Alonzo seemed to know. My wife was shaking hands with a procession of people, I was saying "How do you do?" to every one I had ever heard of and many others, and Cousin Augusta and Mrs. Hazard and Rufus Hartley were diffusing themselves about like ice-breakers, leaving motion behind wherever things showed the least tendency to congeal. By half past ten there ceased to be any question that it was a real party, and I found myself carried along by a strong current of activity. Indeed it was so strong, and so successfully stimulated by Mrs. Hazard and her husband, Cousin Augusta, Sarah, and Hartley, to say nothing of my wife, that I found leisure to draw out and inspect the assembly. Francis Joy stopped to speak to me. "Very interesting party, Bill," he said. "Enough people that I know, but lots I don't. Who's that handsome woman yonder in the violet garb and the big sunburst?"

"That's Mrs. Bingham of Cleveland."

"Who's she talking to? I ought to know the man, but I can't place him."

"Charles Waters, the architect. You must remember. He came here from



Half-tone plate engraved by A. Lockhardt

WE ALL WENT IN TOGETHER

Boston. He built something for the Bingham— a house, or a church, or something. He married here. There's his wife yonder dancing with Sam Park. She was Miss Ringgold. Her father came here from Baltimore—oh, twenty years ago—and brought her with him. Sam Park has cousins in Baltimore."

"Thanks. I'll speak to Waters."

Hartley came up. "William, who's that benevolent old lady sitting yonder? Your wife introduced me to her. She's got a daughter here somewhere, whom I've met before."

"Mrs. Wilson—Mrs. Wilson of Worcester. She has a son in Chicago and goes there. He's counsel for the St. Paul, Chattahoochie, and Gulf, and when you were receiver for the—"

"I remember. I met the girl at her brother's home. Nice girl. I'll go and find her."

Mrs. Hazard was passing. I accosted her.

"I beg to congratulate you, Mrs. Hazard, on the success of your party, ma'am."

"My party, indeed! But it is a nice party, isn't it? But do tell me who is that tall, clean-shaven man over there? Your wife presented him to me. Mr. Ryan or something; I met his wife too."

"Tryon, Sempronius Tryon. He came here from Denver. His wife is from Philadelphia, and a great friend of our cousin Augusta. There she is yonder, talking to Jack Penderson. You know he came here from Philadelphia too."

"And how did the Philadelphia lady meet the man from Denver?"

"At Colorado Springs, of course. She visited a pulmonary relative there. Take note of Tryon, Mrs. Hazard. He is most remunerative in various particulars, and few know more than he about mines."

"So? Thanks. I'll not forget him."

Seeing that Julia Morison seemed to be unoccupied for the moment, I went over to her. She is one of Henrietta's contemporaries that I happened to have known since she wore short dresses.

"Would Julia dance a dance with an old man?" said I, and Julia would, and did, and I sat down beside her afterward.

"I hope," said I, "that your worthy parents are having fun here, Julia."

"I think they are, Mr. Hardy. Father said it was the second dancing party he

had been to since he left St. Paul, and probably the last he would ever adorn, and he has seemed very much disposed to make the most of it. He's over there gossiping with Mrs. Aspen. You know she's mother's half-cousin, and I dare say she's telling him about mother's relatives in Columbus."

Just then Araminta came up and took me away to speak to Mrs. Thompson, who was Miss Jordan of Charleston, until she married one of the Connecticut Thompsons. Araminta has a very soft spot for the Jordans, and I knew it was essential to her comfort that Mrs. Thompson should be happy at our party, and I *did* my best, though there wasn't much to do, for she had fallen in with the Bookstavers, who came here, you remember, from Washington after Cleveland's first term. The Thompsons were in Washington for a couple of years along about that time.

Alonzo happened in reach just at that moment, and his mother caught him and exhibited him with maternal pride to Mrs. Thompson. I don't know why she is proud of Alonzo at this stage of his career, when he represents chiefly the nourishment and education that his parents have provided for him and the clothes that are furnished by a tailor whose bills come to me. But his mother is proud of him, and I admit that he seems to have assimilated the nourishment and the education pretty successfully, and that the clothes fit him, and that he becomes them. I don't know that much more can be expected of him at his age, and indeed I am a little self-complacent about him myself.

"Alonzo," said I, "who's that young chap dancing with Henrietta?"

"Job Cartright, father."

"Where did you find him?"

"Why, you know Job! Don't you remember seeing him at Class Day? He was in my class. He's from Providence, and is studying medicine here."

I did remember Job with Alonzo's help.

I took Mrs. Wilson out to supper. "It was very good of you to come," I said to her.

"I am very much astonished to be here, but Emily said I must come, and just brought me. The last dancing party I went to in New York was at Uncle

James's house down on Washington Square."

"They have them there still. I dare say you would find old acquaintances down there."

"Most of my old friends have moved to Greenwood, and I don't know where the rest are, except one at Sing Sing. Other places hereabout are so changeable. Tell me, who is that gentleman with Emily?"

"Mr. Hartley, a lawyer. Don't you remember a family of Hartleys that used to live in Stuyvesant Square thirty years ago?"

"Why, bless you! is that Richard Hartley's son? I remember perfectly hearing of Richard Hartley when I was a young girl. He came here from Albany to practise law, and married some one from somewhere in the western part of New York State."

"That's it! Rufus's mother was one of the Garnets of Canandaigua. His father managed to send down roots in the crevices in Manhattan's rock, and Rufus has lived and labored and prospered here pretty much all his life, and is now one of the oldest residents."

"I haven't seen his wife."

"He hasn't any, and never had, and I suppose that accounts for his being still a resident of New York and being here to-night. When one generation of a family has labored successfully in New York, the next generation is apt to live in a private car. But, you know, matured bachelors are the creatures of habit, and don't readily migrate."

"But plenty of the older New York families still live here."

"Plenty of them have houses here,—splendid ones, some of them,—which most of them use chiefly as convenient points of departure. The people who really live in New York are chiefly people like me who work there, and can't afford to leave."

"But you think people don't feel at home here any more?"

"Everybody feels at home here; that's the beauty of the place."

"What's everybody's home is nobody's!"

"I don't know. Mrs. Gray, whom I met the other day, was born here, and lived abroad fifteen years after she was

married, and then came back. She hasn't got back to the soil quite, for she lives in the sixth story of an apartment-house, but New York is really home to her."

"Has she got any one buried here?"

"I dare say. Her father, probably, and very likely others."

"That's a test; not conclusive, but a test. We may live anywhere; we may die anywhere. Like as not I shall die in Chicago, on a visit to my son—and, oh! I don't want to be registered from there—but where we bury our folks, that is where we are apt to belong."

"Yes; but the trouble is, we scatter our burials. With grandparents here and there, and your own parents elsewhere, and your wife's relatives somewhere else, all the cemeteries get to seem hospitable after a while, and ties weaken out of their multiplicity. It doesn't quite accord any longer with American enterprise to have two generations of the same family buried in the same place. It implies a lack of initiative."

"It's the whole country, then, that's restless, and not New York alone."

"No doubt. New York changes only because the country keeps boiling over into it all the time. The fire fails not, and into the pot goes a steady stream from Europe on one side and all America on the other, and the scum—oh, the scum keeps rising undoubtedly. When the juice is pretty well boiled out of the folks they rise to the top and move on, or their children do, and lucky they are if they have means of transportation."

"But the people who own the town? Doesn't any one feel any longer that New York belongs to him?"

"Croker does, no doubt. So possibly does William Astor; but you know they both live in England now. What they like about England is, doubtless, that they don't own it, and are not responsible for the way it is run. And that is very much what we who happen to be living in New York like about New York. New York grows on you, too—if you manage to carry weight enough to avoid being scummed off. Mrs. Ransom—who was the daughter of Darius Cobb, of Detroit—who has lived here twenty years, told my wife the other day that after you had lived here ten years or so all of a sudden it began to be home. It's a pretty shud-

dery thought, though, to have no home but New York!"

"When it was my home I liked it," said Mrs. Wilson, "and I like it still, and I shall come back as long as my hotel lasts, at any rate. But I'm going to be buried in Worcester. I'd rather be buried in some permanent place."

Then we both drank a little champagne and meditated, and I dare say we both realized the same truth—that it was time we were abed.

The working classes began to go home after supper; the young and the faithful held on a while longer; but a little after one Rufus Hartley declared that as there was no ordinance against it, and inasmuch as we had hired the hall and could control the music, we should dance a Virginia reel. We did it. Mrs. Hazard danced it with me, and Hartley with Araminta. As many of Henrietta's girls as had not been dragged off by inexorable parents had their choice of all Alonzo's young men. Cousin Augusta paired away

with Tom Hazard; Sarah Joyce had two partners,—she was just getting into the spirit of it, she said,—and we had hands across and down the middle with a final blaze of cheerful animation.

"Araminta," said I, as we waited for the night elevator-man to wake up and let us in, "it was a nice party. It did you credit. Did I tell you what I heard Mrs. Aspen say to Mrs. Bingham? She said, 'I have had a good time, and I have met people from Keokuk and Kalamazoo, and every town in the country except New York.' 'Maybe that's why you've liked it!' said Mrs. Bingham."

"Pshaw! there were a hundred and fifty people there from New York."

"Yes, but a hundred and forty-five of them grew up somewhere else. I think that was the common tie that made the company hang together. It's a great feat to gather two hundred polite people in a big city who have so much in common. Think how absurdly impossible it would have been to do it anywhere else!"

Embryo Americans

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS

THE Magdeburger Bahnhof, that dull and usually unremarkable railway station at Leipsic, was transformed—it had become a human ant-hill, where each creature, with ant-like scorn for proportion, seemed to be carrying or dragging a burden of *Gepäck* and progeny bigger than himself.

I am pushed and buffeted. But the raging excitement of the motley gathering rouses too keen an interest to admit of retreat and waiting somewhere else under less revolutionary conditions for my Hanover train. With difficulty I stand my ground, elbows out, awaiting developments.

Many of the outlandishly dressed people have evidently already come some distance on a pilgrimage of supreme and agitating importance. I listen to the confusion of thick dialects, and notice how most of the work-worn women are dressed peasant fashion in fierce colors, stain-

ed and toned by hard weather in the open. No hats or bonnets—three-cornered kerchiefs and shawls on their heads in many cases, which coverings are being mauled and pushed down to the neck by the surging crowd. The German officials "*schimpf*" and rage, the women press on into the already overcrowded station in the wake of their men folk, faces red and steaming, arms full of babies and bundles, little children clinging to their skirts (oh, the small scared faces!), husbands quarrelling, screaming orders, and trying to keep their flocks together; mothers distracted, many crying; young girls with cheeks flushed bright at the adventure and eyes shining, clothes askew and sometimes torn; little people losing their mothers; mothers agonized about their children—it was a picture of stress and strain I have never seen equalled. What was going on? I could not yet force my way to an official to enquire. There seem-



AMERICANS IN EMBRYO

ed to be a desperate congestion about the exit to the platform. Some of the people were too overburdened with luggage to reach, or at all events to get through, the stile, and stood wedged, till the ticket-takers pulled them through by main force, tearing the travellers' clothes in the process, and even in one or two cases denuding him (oftener her) of some cherished bundle—whereupon an outcry, much "schimpfing," and the property is restored. I have reached a place of refuge behind the ticket-takers at the stile, looking, wondering.

An old woman with a finely marked Hebrew countenance and terribly overburdened with "spoil," had evidently, before getting as far as the Magdeburger Bahnhof, succumbed to the nightmare, and sought to drown her wretchedness in drink. Her eyes alone in all that throng were veiled and vague. She alone was not scuffling and pressing forward. The comforter she had taken unto herself gave to her solitary figure in the midst of the pandemonium a statuesque dignity. There she stood as the people hurried past—she alone unhasting, cured of care; waiting with a dark and scornful patience for what might befall.

The one steadfast point in the flux began to attract the eyes of the multitude. Guttural voices screamed at the old woman to move on. No echo of the din about her seemed to reach her ears. Still the people pushed and struggled past, casting back objurgation as they went. Unheeding, she was jostled and jeered at, till all at once some sense of intolerable woe was roused in her drink-dulled brain. She threw back her head and gave out a hoarse cry like an angry, tormented animal. The children clung closer to their elders. The terrible old woman was given a wider berth, and still at intervals she sounded that awful cry. The ticket-taker fell to berating her at last for an obstruction, but he had been wonderfully forbearing and patient with the strange crew.

A little boy had now got far on in front of his family, with a huge basket. The ticket-taker of course refused to let him through, and the boy, having fought his way that far, stoutly declined to go back and join the family circle. He

stood there in the narrow passage feverishly embracing his great hamper, while the ticket people swore at him, and he cried lustily for his "Mutter!"

"Where are all these people going?" I asked the ticket-taker.

"*Nach Nord America*," he answered, dragging the boy and the hamper to one side.

"Poor America!" I said, involuntarily, looking at the hardened faces. Yet there were some . . . there was a young mother struggling past the boy who had the wicker thing; *she* had a deal of simple, tender humanity in her anxious face. A baby on one arm, another child and a bundle dragged behind her by the other hand. The problem (as I had been for some moments observing) is, how to hold on to your infants and your *Gepäck*, and yet present and take again the precious ticket. The young mother solved it by momentarily releasing the bundle and the child behind her, and producing the ticket out of the sock of the infant in her arms. After it was punched, the ticket was safely tucked into the sock again, bundle and other child clutched, and all landed safely on the platform.

A young girl presently, arms full, flushed, pretty, smiling, not a finger free, held her ticket tightly between her white teeth, and so, with a little upward tilt of chin, was it offered to the guard at the gate. When he had punched it, she opened her mouth, and he replaced the ticket as calmly as if all well-conducted tourists carried theirs as a dog carries a bone. Others, seeing this plan succeed so well, adopted it, for it was evident it "fetched" the ticket-taker in spite of his official calmness, and he took to making quick, laughing speeches when the girls who presented their *Fahrkarten* so were pretty and good-humored.

As I stood watching this little gleam of youth and geniality lighting up the squalid scene, I was startled again by the animal-like cry of the old Mother in Israel, for whom it seemed "the world and its kingdoms" were "incredibly faded." She had not drowned, but only partly deadened, her disgust, and was moved to raise at intervals this unearthly, impersonal howl, for no reason that was apparent (the crowd was thinned), but just a dim sense of the awfulness of



Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein

HER TICKET BETWEEN HER WHITE TEETH

things in general. She was evidently like to lose her train, so she was cursed at with renewed vigor, and pulled out on the platform. In some odd way her dark and finely marked face never lost dignity; she looked a moment's scorn on the people who laid hands upon her, and then, as though she had far graver accounts to settle with the Everlasting, she lifted up that melancholy, awful cry. As she disappeared into the mob on the platform, "Mutter! Mutter!" screamed the small boy with the big basket, "we shall lose the train for America," and he began to weep. Just then, among a lot of Poles or Hungarians, appeared his "Mutter," and the boy with the basket ceased to be an obstruction in Germany. In America—who can tell?—he may take up the office afresh.

No wonder that we over there have our problems! I looked with unwelcoming eyes upon those future compatriots

of mine, and I wondered which among that dirty, ill-smelling horde were to be the future millionaires, governors, masters, mothers of duchesses yet to be, and future vice-queens of India.

The sense of the modern miracle that America is moved me more than ever it did before. What a power is hers, what a *digestion*, when she can take such material into her great maw and not die of it! . . . when of such raw stuff as this sweating and ignorant, cattlelike crowd she can fashion overlords and potentates!

As I passed out (guiltless of *Gepäck*, and not offering my ticket in my teeth), threading my way behind the mob to a *Zweite Klasse* carriage, I felt with a kind of uneasy amusement that we were all Americans together—only I belonged to the people who had been of account, and they belonged to those who were to be.

The Sapling

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

WHEN I was but a sprig of May,
 With wonders to command,
 Above all else I loved most well
 What none could understand;
 And dear were things far off, far off, but nothing near at hand.

Oh, now it was the sunset isle
 Beyond the weather-vane;
 And now it was the chime I heard
 From belfry-towers of Spain;
 But never yet the little leaf that tapped my window-pane.

Heigh-ho, the wistful things unseen
 That reach, as I did then,
 To guess and wear the heart of youth
 With eager Why and When!
 And never eye takes heed of them, in all the world of men.

The Portion of Labor

BY MARY E. WILKINS

PART VII

CHAPTER XX

ELLEN, under the influence of that old fascination which Cynthia had exerted over her temporarily in her childhood, and which had now assumed a new lease of life, would have loved to see her every day, but along with the fascination came a great timidity and fear of presuming. She felt instinctively that the fascination was an involuntary thing on Cynthia's part. She kept repeating to herself what she had said—that she did not love her, that she was not sending her to Vassar because she loved her. Strangely enough, this did not make Ellen unhappy in the least—she was quite content to do all the loving and adoring herself. She made a sort of divinity of the older woman, and who expects a divinity to step down from her marble heights and love and caress? Ellen began to remember all Cynthia's ways and looks, as a scholar remembers with a view to imitation. She became her disciple. When it came to a choice of new dresses, she begged to have black like Cynthia's, although her mother exclaimed against it for a young girl. "I never heard of such a thing," said she. But Ellen had her way, and the black became her, since she was young enough and fair enough to stand being thrown into such bold relief. Ellen began to move like Cynthia, and to speak like her, though she did not know it. She saw Cynthia very seldom. Once or twice she arrayed herself in her best and made a formal call of gratitude, and once Fanny went with her. Ellen saw the incongruity of her mother in Cynthia's drawing-room, with a torture which she never forgot. Going home, she clung hard to her mother's arm all the way. She was fairly fierce with love and loyalty. She was so indignant with herself that she had seen the incongruity. "I think our parlor is enough sight pret-

tier than hers," she said, defiantly, when they reached home and the hideous lamp was lighted. Ellen looked around the room, and then at her mother, and then at her own consciousness, as with a challenge in behalf of loyalty, and of that which underlies externals.

A dressmaker was coming for a whole week to the Brewster house to make Ellen's outfit. Mrs. Zelotes had furnished most of the materials, and Andrew was to pay the dressmaker. "You can take a little more of that money out of the bank," Fanny said. "I want Ellen to go looking so she won't be ashamed before the other girls, and I don't want Cynthia Lennox looking at her and thinking she ain't well enough dressed and we ought to have let her do it. As for being beholden to her for Ellen's clothes, I won't."

"I rather guess not," said Andrew, but he was sick at heart. Only that afternoon the man from whom he had borrowed the money to buy Ellen's watch and chain had asked him for it. He had not a cent in advance for his weekly pay; he could not see where the money for Ellen's clothes was coming from.

That evening when he sat down to the tea table, furnished with the best china and frosted cake in honor of the dressmaker, and heard the radiant talk about Ellen's new frills and tucks, he had a cold feeling at his heart.

After supper Ellen had to try on the dress again for her father, and turn about slowly that he might see all its fine points. This was her best dress, a heavy black silk, too old for a young girl except for the blue lights here and there.

"There! what do you think of that, Andrew?" asked Fanny, triumphantly.

"Ain't she a lady?" asked the dressmaker.

"It is very pretty," said Andrew,

smiling with gloomy eyes. Then he heaved a great sigh, and went out of the south door to the steps. "Your father is tired to-night," Fanny said to Ellen, with a meaning of excuse for the dressmaker.

The dressmaker reflected shrewdly on Andrew's sigh, when she was on her way home with her bag of patterns. "He ought to have saved up something," she thought. "He has worked all his life, and he hasn't had an expensive family. Men don't sigh that way unless there's money to pay. I don't believe but he has been speculating." Then she wondered if there was any doubt about her getting her pay, and concluded that she would ask for it from day to day to make sure.

So the next night after tea she asked, with one of her smirks of amiability, if it would be convenient for Mrs. Brewster to pay her that night. "I wouldn't ask for it until the end of the week," said she, "but I have a bill to pay." She said "bill" with a murmur which carried conviction of its deception. Fanny flushed angrily. "Of course," said she, "Mr. Brewster can pay you just as well every night if you need it."

Fanny emphasized the "need" maliciously. Then she turned to Andrew. "Andrew," said she, "Miss Higgins needs the money, if you can pay her for yesterday and to-day."

Andrew turned pale. "Yes, of course," he stammered. "How much?"

"Six dollars," said Fanny, and in her tone was unmistakable meaning of the dearness of the price.

Andrew pulled out his old pocket-book and counted the bills. Miss Higgins saw that he took every bill in it. Andrew felt as if he would rather owe every man in Rowe than this one small, sharp woman.

Ellen had a flower-garden behind the house, and a row of sweet-peas which was her pride. It had occurred to her that she might venture, although Cynthia Lennox had her great garden and conservatories, to carry her a bunch of these sweet-peas.

So she cut a great bouquet of the delicate flowers, and set forth. She was as guiltily conscious as a lover that she was making an excuse to see Miss Lennox.

She hurried on in delight and trepidation, her great bouquet shedding a pene-

trating fragrance around her, her face gleaming white out of the dusk. She had to pass Granville Joy's house on her way, and saw with some dismay, as she drew near, a figure leaning over the gate. Ellen had rather avoided Granville lately; she had been away from home twice when he had called, since he had asked her to marry him, and several times she had walked out of her way to avoid meeting him. Now she thought with annoyance that he would come out of his yard and walk along with her, and he did.

He pushed open the gate when she drew near, and stood waiting.

"Good-evening, Ellen," he said. He was mindful not to say "hullo" again. He bowed with a piteous imitation of Robert Lloyd, but Ellen did not notice it.

"Good-evening," she returned, rather stiffly; then she added, in a very gentle voice, to make amends, that it was a beautiful night.

The young man cast an appreciative glance at the crescent moon in the jewel-like blue overhead, and the soft shadows of the trees.

"Yes, beautiful," he replied, with a sort of gratitude, as if the girl had praised him instead of the night.

"May I walk along with you?" he asked, falling into step with her.

"I am going to take these sweet-peas to Miss Lennox," said Ellen, without replying directly.

She was in terror lest Granville should renew his appeal of a few weeks before, and she was in terror of her own pity for him, and also of that mysterious impulse and longing which sometimes seized her, to her own wonder and discomfort. Sometimes in thinking of Granville Joy, and his avowal of love, and the touch of his hand on hers, and his lips on hers, she felt, although she knew she did not love him, a softening of her heart and a quickening of her pulse which made her wonder as to her next movement, if it might be something which she had not planned. And always, after thinking of Granville, she thought of Robert Lloyd; some mysterious sequence seemed to be established between the two in the girl's mind, though she was not in love with either.

Ellen was just at that period almost helpless before the demands of her own

nature. No great stress in her life had occurred to awaken her to a stanchness either of resistance or yielding. She was in the full current of her own emotions, which, added to a goodly flood inherited from the repressed passion of New England ancestors, had a strong pull upon her feet. Sooner or later she would be given that hard shake of life which precipitates and organizes in all strong natures, but just now she was in a ferment. She walked along under the crescent moon, with the young man at her side, whose every thought and imagination was dwelling upon her with love. She was conscious of a tendency of her own imaginations in his direction, or rather in the direction of the love and passion which he represented, and all the time her heart was filled with the ideal image of another woman. She was prostrated with that hero-worship which belongs to young and virgin souls, and yet she felt the drawing of that other admiration which is more earthly and more fascinating as it shows the jewel tints in one's own soul as well as in the other.

As for Granville Joy, who had scrubbed his hands and face well with scented soap to take away the scent of the leather, and put on a clean shirt and collar, being always prepared for the possibility of meeting this dainty young girl whom he loved, he walked along by her side, casting from time to time glances which were pure admiration at the face over the great bunch of sweet-peas.

"Don't you want me to carry them for you?" he asked.

"Dear me, no, thank you," replied Ellen. "They are nothing to carry."

"They're real pretty flowers," said Granville, timidly.

"Yes, I think they are."

"Mother planted some, but hers didn't come up. Mother has got some beautiful nasturtiums. Perhaps you would like some," he said, eagerly.

"No, thank you. I have some myself," Ellen replied.

"Mother would be real glad to give you some. I could bring them over some night."

"I have a lot of nasturtiums myself," Ellen said, rather coldly. "I'm just as much obliged to you."

Granville quivered a little and shrank as a dog might under a blow. He saw this dainty girl shape floating along at his side, in a flutter of wonderful draperies, one hand holding up her skirts with maddening revelations of whiteness. If a lily could hold up her petals out of the dust she might do it in the same fashion as Ellen held her skirts, with no coarse clutching, nor crumpling, nor immodesty, but rather with disclosures of modesty itself. Ellen's wonderful daintiness was one of her chief charms. There was an immaculateness about her attire and her every motion which seemed to extend to her very soul, and hedged her about with the lure of unapproachableness.

Granville Joy did not feel the earth beneath his feet as he walked with Ellen. The scent of the sweet-peas came in his face; he heard the soft rustle of Ellen's skirts, and his own heart-beats. She was very silent, since she did not wish him to go with her, though she was all the time reproaching herself for it. Granville kept casting about for something to say which should ingratiate him with her. He was resolved to say nothing of love to her.

"It is a beautiful night," he said.

"Yes, it is," agreed Ellen, and she looked at the moon. She felt the boy's burning, timid, worshipful eyes on her face. She trembled, and yet she was angry and annoyed. She felt in an undefined fashion that she herself was the summer night and the flowers and the crescent moon and all that was fair and beautiful in the whole world to this other soul, and shame seized her instead of pride. He seemed to force her to a sight of her own pettiness, as is always the case when love is not fully returned. She made an impatient motion with the shoulder next Granville, and walked faster.

"You said you were going to Miss Lennox's," he remarked, anxiously, feeling that in some way he had displeased her.

"Yes; to carry her some sweet-peas."

"She must have been real good-looking when she was young," Granville said, injudiciously.

"When she was young?" retorted Ellen, angrily. "She is beautiful now."



See page 625

"YOU HAVE EITHER GOT TO TAKE THEM, OR WAIT FOR YOUR MONEY"

There is not another woman in Rowe as beautiful as she is."

"Well, she is good-looking enough," agreed Granville, with unreasoning jealousy. He had not heard—though it was strange that he had not—of Ellen's good fortune. His mother had not told him. She was a tenderly sentimental woman, and had always had her fancies with regard to her son and Ellen Brewster. When she heard the news she reflected that it would perhaps remove the girl from her boy immeasurably, that he would be pained, so she said nothing. Every night, when he came home, she had watched his face to see if he had heard.

Now Ellen told him. "You know what Miss Cynthia Lennox is going to do for me," she said abruptly, almost boastfully, she was so eager in her partisanship of Cynthia.

Granville looked at her blankly. They were coming into the crowded, brilliantly lighted main street of the city, and their two faces were quite plain to each other's eyes.

"No, I don't," said he. "What is it, Ellen?"

"She is going to send me to Vassar College."

Granville's face whitened perceptibly. there was a queer sound in his throat.

"To Vassar College," he repeated.

"Yes, to Vassar College. Then I shall be able to get a good school, and teach, and help father and mother."

Granville continued to look at her, and suddenly an intense pity sprang into life in the girl's heart. She felt as if she were looking at some poor little child, instead of a stalwart young man.

"Don't look so, Granville," she said, softly.

"Of course I am glad at any good fortune which can come to you, Ellen," Granville said then, huskily. His lips quivered a little, but his eyes on her face were brave and faithful. Suddenly Ellen seemed to see in this young man a counterpart of her own father. Granville had a fine high forehead and contemplative outlook. He had been a good scholar. Many said that it was a pity he had to leave school and go to work. It had been the same with her father. Andrew had always looked immeasurably

above his labor. She seemed to see Granville Joy in the future just such a man, a finer animal harnessed to the task of a lower, and harnessed in part by his own loving faithfulness toward others. Ellen had often reflected that if it hadn't been for her and her mother, her father would not have been obliged to work so hard. Now in Granville she saw another man whom love would hold to the plough-share. A great impulse of loyalty as toward her own came over her.

"It won't make any difference between me and my old friends if I do go to Vassar College," she said, without reflecting on the dangerous encouragement of it.

"You can't get into another track of life without its making a difference," returned Granville, soberly. "But I am glad. God knows I'm glad, Ellen. I dare say it is better for you than if—" He stopped then, and seemed all at once to see projected on his mirror of the future this dainty exquisite girl, with her fine intellect, dragging about a poor house, with wailing children in arm and at heel, and suddenly a great courage of renunciation came over him.

"It is better, Ellen," he said, in a loud voice, like a hero's, as if he were cheering his own better impulses on to victory over his own passions. "It is better for a girl like you than to—"

Ellen knew that he meant "to marry a fellow like me." Ellen looked at him, the sturdy backward fling of his head and shoulders, and the honest regard of his pained yet unflinching eyes, and a great weakness of natural longing for that which she was even then depreciating nearly overswept her. She was nearer loving him that moment than ever before. She realized something in him which could command love—the renunciation of love for love's sake.

"I shall never forget my old friends, whatever happens," she said, in a trembling voice, and it might have all been different had they not then arrived at Cynthia Lennox's.

"Shall I wait and go home with you, Ellen?" Granville asked, timidly.

"No, thank you. I don't know how long I shall stay," Ellen replied. "You are real kind, but I am not a bit afraid."

"It is sort of lonesome going past the shops."

"I can take a car," Ellen said. She extended her hand to Granville, and he grasped it firmly.

"Good-night, Ellen. I am always glad of any good fortune that may come to you," he said.

But Granville Joy, going alone down the brilliant street, past the blaze of the shop windows and the knots of loungers on the corners, reflected that he had seen the fiery tip of a cigar on the Lennox veranda, that it might be possible that young Lloyd was there, since Miss Lennox was his aunt, and that possibly the aunt's sending Ellen to Vassar might bring about something in that quarter which would not otherwise have happened, and he writhed at the fancy of that sort of good fortune for Ellen, but held his mind to it resolutely as to some terrible but necessary grindstone for the refinement of spirit.

When he was on his homeward way he overtook a slender girl struggling along with a kerosene-can in one hand and a package of sugar in the other, and when he came alongside, seeing that it was Abby Atkins, he possessed himself of both. She only laughed and did not start. Abby Atkins was not of the jumping or screaming kind; her nerves were so finely balanced that they recovered their equilibrium after surprises before she had time for manifestations. There was a curious healthfulness about the slender, wiry little creature, who was overworked and underfed, a healthfulness which seemed to result from the action of the mind upon a meagre body.

"Hullo, Granville Joy!" she said, in her good-comrade fashion, and the two went on together. Presently Abby looked up in his face.

"Know about Ellen?" said she.

Granville nodded.

"Well, I am glad of it; aren't you?" Abby said, in a challenging tone.

"Yes, I am," replied Granville, meeting her look firmly.

Suddenly he felt Abby's little, meagre, bony hand close over the back of his holding the kerosene-can. "You're a good fellow, Granville Joy," said she.

Granville marched on and made no response. He felt his throat fill with sobs, and swallowed convulsively. Along with this womanly compassion came a

compassion for himself, so hurt on his little field of battle. He saw his own wounds as one might see a stranger's.

"Think of Ellen dogging around to a shoe-shop like me and the other girls," said Abby; "and think of her draggin' around with half a dozen children and no money. Thank the Lord, she's lifted out of it! It ain't you nor me that ought to grudge her fortune to her, nor wish her where she might have been otherwise."

"That's so," said the young man.

Abby's hand tightened over the one on the kerosene-can. "You are a good fellow, Granville Joy," she said again.

CHAPTER XXI

ROBERT LLOYD was sitting on the veranda behind the green trail of vines when Ellen came up the walk. He never forgot the girl's face looking over her bunch of sweet-peas. There was in it something indescribably youthful and innocent, almost angelic. The light from the window made her hair toss into gold; her blue eyes sought Cynthia with the singleness of blue stars. It was evident whom she had come to see. She held out her flowers toward her with a gesture at once humble and worshipful, like that of some devotee at a shrine.

She said "Good-evening" with a shy comprehensiveness; then to Cynthia, "I thought maybe you would like some of my sweet-peas," like a child.

Both gentlemen rose, and Risley looked curiously from the young girl to Cynthia, then placed his chair for her, smiling kindly.

"The sweet-peas are lovely," Cynthia said. "Thank you, my dear. They are much prettier than any I have had in my garden this year. Please sit down," for Ellen was doubtful about availing herself of the proffered chair. She had so hoped that she might find Cynthia alone. She had dreamed, as a lover might have done, of a *tête-à-tête* with her, what she would say, what Cynthia would say. She had thought, and trembled at the thought, that possibly Cynthia might kiss her when she came or went. She had felt, with a thrill of her spirit, the touch of Cynthia's soft lips on hers; she had smelled the violets about her clothes. Now it was all spoiled. She remembered

things which she had heard about Mr. Risley's friendship with Cynthia—how he had danced attendance upon her for half a lifetime, and thought that she did not like him. She looked with distrust at his smiling, grizzled, blond face, and his careless slouch in another chair which he had taken. She felt intuitively that he saw straight through her little subterfuge of the flowers, that he divined her girlish worship at the shrine of Cynthia, and was making fun of her.

"Do you object to a cigar, Miss Brewster?" asked Robert, and Risley looked inquiringly at her.

"Oh no," replied Ellen, with the eager readiness of a child to fit into new conditions. She thought of the sitting-room at home blue with the rank pipe-smoke of Nahum Beals and his kind. She pictured them to herself sitting about on these warm evenings in their shirt sleeves, and she saw the two gentlemen in their light summer clothes with their fragrant cigars at their lips, and all of a sudden she realized that between these men and the others there was a great gulf, and that she was trying to cross it. She did not realize, as later, that the gulf was of externals, and of width rather than depth, but it seemed to her then that from one shore she could only see dimly the opposite. A great fear and jealousy came over her as to her own future accessibility to those of the other kind, among whom she had been brought up, like her father and Granville.

Ellen felt all this as she sat beside Cynthia, who was casting about in her mind, in rather an annoyed fashion, for something to say to this young beneficiary of hers which should not have anything to do with the benefit.

Finally she inquired if she were having a pleasant vacation, and Ellen replied that she was. Risley looked at her beautiful face with the double radiance of the electric light and the lamp-light from the window on it, giving it a curious effect. It suddenly occurred to him to wonder why everybody seemed to have such an opinion as to the talents of this girl. She looked and spoke like an ordinary young girl. She had a beautiful face, it is true, and her manner was not perhaps so much provincial and self-conscious as childlike; her shyness seemed

due to the questioning attitude of a child rather than to self-consciousness. But, after all, why did she give people that impression? Risley wondered, looking at her, narrowing his keen light eyes under reflective brows, puffing at his cigar; then he admitted to himself that he was one with the crowd of Ellen's admirers. There was somehow about the girl that which gave the impression of an enormous reserve out of all proportion to any external evidence. "The child says nothing remarkable," he told Cynthia, after she had gone that evening, "but somehow she gives me an impression of power to say something extraordinary and do something extraordinary. There is electricity and steel behind that soft, rosy flesh of hers. But all she does which is evident to the eye of man is to worship you, Cynthia."

"Worship me?" repeated Cynthia, vaguely.

"Yes; she has one of those aberrations common to her youth and her sex. She is repeating a madness of old Greece, and following you as a nymph might a goddess."

"It is only because she is grateful," returned Cynthia, looking rather annoyed.

"Cynthia Lennox, I don't believe you care in the least for this young devotee of yours, for all you are heaping benefits upon her," Risley said, looking at her quizzically.

"I am not sure that I do," replied Cynthia, calmly.

"Then why on earth—"

Suddenly Cynthia began speaking rapidly and passionately, straightening herself in her chair. "Oh, Lyman, do you think I could do a thing like that and not repent it and suffer remorse for it all these years?" she cried.

"A thing like what?"

"Like stealing that child," Cynthia replied in a whisper.

"Stealing the child? You did not steal the child."

"Yes, I did."

"Why, it was only a few hours that you kept her."

"What difference does it make whether you steal anything for a few hours or a lifetime? I kept her, and she was crying for her mother, and her mother was suffering tortures all that time. Then I

kept it secret all these years. You don't know what I have suffered, Lyman."

Cynthia regarded him with a wan look.

Risley half laughed, then checked himself. "My poor girl, you have the New England Conscience in its worst form," he said. "I have not a word to say against your educating this girl; but as far as all this remorse goes, it is certainly morbid and unnatural."

"If you don't leave me my remorse, how can I atone for the deed?"

"Cynthia, you are horribly morbid."

"Maybe you are right; maybe it is worse than morbid. Sometimes I think I am unnatural, out of drawing, but I did not make myself, and how can I help it?" Cynthia spoke with a pathetic laugh.

She leaned her head back in her chair, and looked at a star through a gap in the vines. The shadows of the leaves played over her long white figure. Again to Risley gazing at her came the conviction as of subtle spiritual deformity in the woman; she was unnatural in something the same fashion that an orchid is unnatural; and it was worse, because presumably the orchid does not know it is an orchid and regret not being another, more evenly developed flower, and Cynthia had a full realization and a mental mirror clear enough to see the twist in her own character. Looking at her, Risley wondered, as he had wondered many times before, whether, if he had asked her to marry him, she would not have done so. At times he felt dimly that she was making, for some reason which he did not understand, a matter of conscience of the relation between them. Sometimes he met her eyes, and it seemed to him there was a look in them which would not have been there if she had not loved him, in a measure at least.

Risley had never kissed her in his life, but that night when they parted he laid a hand on her soft gray hair, and smoothed it back with a masculine motion of tenderness, leaving her white forehead, which had a candid, childish fullness about the temples, bare. Then he put his lips to it. "You are a silly girl, Cynthia," he said.

"I wish I were different, Lyman," she responded, and he felt with a double meaning.

"I don't," he said, and stroked her

hair with a great tenderness, which seemed for the time to quite fill and satisfy his heart. He was a man of measureless patience, born of a firm conviction of the journey's end.

CHAPTER XXII

ROBERT LLOYD accompanied Ellen home, though she had said, timidly, that she was not in the least afraid, that she would not trouble any one, that she could take a car. Cynthia herself had insisted that Robert should escort her.

"It is too late for you to be out alone," she said, and the girl seemed to perceive dimly a hedge of conventionality which she had not hitherto known.

"It's a lovely night," Robert said as they paused on the sidewalk. "We will take the car if you say so, but what do you say to walking?"

"I would like to walk, but I am sorry to put you to so much trouble," she said, a little awkwardly.

"Oh, I like to walk," returned Robert. "I don't walk half enough," and they went together down the lighted street. Suddenly to Ellen there came a vivid remembrance, so vivid that it seemed almost like actual repetition of the time when she, a little child maddened by the sudden awakening of the depths of her nature, had come down this same street. She saw that same brilliant market window where she had stopped and stared, to the momentary forgetfulness of her troubles in the spectacular display of that which was entirely outside them. Curiously enough, Robert drew her to a full stop that night before the same window. It was one of those strange cases of apparent telegraphy which one sometimes notices. When Ellen looked at the market window with a flash of reminiscences, Robert immediately drew her to a stop before it. "That is quite a study in color," he said. "I fancy there are a good many unrecognized artists among market-men." "Yes, it is really beautiful," agreed Ellen, looking at it with eyes which had changed very little from their childish outlook. She was one for whom custom would never dim the surprise of any beauty. Again she saw more than she saw. The window differed materially from that before which she had stood

fascinated so many years ago, for that was in a different season. Instead of frozen game and winter vegetables, were the products of summer gardens, and fruits, and berries. The color scheme was dazzling with great heaps of tomatoes, and long emerald ears of corn, and baskets of blueberries, and gold crooks of summer squashes, and speckled pods of beans.

"Suppose," said Robert, as they walked on, "that all the market-men who had artistic tastes had art educations and set up studios and painted pictures, who would keep the markets?"

He spoke gayly. His manner that night was younger and merrier than Ellen had ever seen it. She was naturally rather grave herself. What she had seen of life had rather disposed her to a hush of respect than to hilarity, but somehow his mood began to infect hers.

"I don't know," she answered, laughing. "I suppose somebody would keep the markets."

"Yes; but they would not be as good markets. That is, they would not be as artistic markets, and they would not serve the higher purpose of catering to the artistic taste of man, as well as to his bodily needs."

"Perhaps a picture like that is just as well and better than it would be painted and hung on a wall," Ellen admitted, reflectively.

"Just so; why is it not?" Robert said, in a pleased voice.

"Yes, I think it is," said Ellen. "I do think it is better, because everybody can see it there. Ever so many people will see it there who would not go to picture-galleries to see it, and then—"

"And then it may go far to dignify their daily needs," said Robert. "For instance, a poor man about to buy his tomorrow's dinner may feel his soul take a little fly above the prices of turnips and cabbages."

"Maybe," said Ellen, but doubtfully.

"Don't you think so?"

"The prices of turnips and cabbages may crowd other things out," Ellen replied, and her tone was sad, almost tragic. "You see, I am right in it, Mr. Lloyd," she said, earnestly.

"You mean right in the midst of the kind of people whom necessity forces to

neglect the æsthetic for the purely useful?"

"Yes," said Ellen. Then she added, in an indescribably pathetic voice, "People have to live first before they can see, and they can't think until they are fed, and one needs always to have had enough turnips and cabbages to eat without troubling about the getting them, in order to see in them anything except food."

Lloyd looked at her curiously. "Decidedly this child can think," he reflected. He shrugged his arm on which Ellen's hand lay a little closer to his side.

Just then they were passing the great factories, Lloyd's and Briggs's and McGuire's. Many of the windows in Briggs's and McGuire's reflected light from the moon and the electric lamps on the street. Lloyd's was all dark except for one brilliant spark of light which seemed to be threading the building like a will-o'-the-wisp. "That is the night watchman," said Robert. "He must have a dull time of it."

"I should think he might be afraid," said Ellen.

"Afraid of what?"

"Of ghosts."

"Ghosts in a shoe-shop?" asked Robert, laughing.

"I don't believe there has been another building in the whole city which has held so many heartaches, and I always wondered if they didn't make ghosts instead of dead people," Ellen said.

"Do you think they have such a hard time?"

"I know they do," said Ellen. "I think I ate the knowledge along with my first daily bread."

Robert Lloyd looked down at the light girlish figure on his arm, and the resolution that he would not talk on such topics with a young girl like this came over him. He felt a reluctance to do so which was quite apart from his masculine scorn of a girl's opinion on such matters. Somehow he did not wish to place Ellen Brewster on the same level of argument on which another man might have stood. He felt a jealousy of doing so. She seemed more within his reach, and infinitely more for his pleasure, where she was. He looked admiringly down at her fair face fixed on his with a serious, intent expression. He was quite ready

to admit that he might fall in love with her. He was quite ready to ask now why he should not. She was a beautiful girl, an uncommon girl. She was going to be thoroughly educated. It would probably be quite possible to divorce her entirely from her surroundings. He shuddered when he thought of her mother and aunt, but, after all, a man, if he were firm, need not marry the mother or aunt. And all this was in spite of a resolution which he had formed on due consideration after his last call upon Ellen. He had said to himself that it would not in any case be wise, that he had better not see more of her than he could help. Instead of going to see her, he had gone riding with Maud Hemingway, who lived near his uncle's, in an old Colonial house which had belonged to her great-grandfather. The girl was a good comrade—so good a comrade that she shunted love with flings of ready speech, tennis - rackets, riding - whips, and foils. Robert had been teaching Maud to fence, and she had fenced too well. Still Robert had said to himself that he might some day fall in love with her and marry her when she was through school. He charged his memory with the fact that this was a much more rational course than visiting a girl like Ellen Brewster, so he stayed away in spite of involuntary turnings of his thoughts in that direction. However, now when the opportunity had seemed to be fairly forced upon him, what was he to do? He felt that he was stirred as he had never been before. The girl's very soul seemed to meet his when she looked up at him with those serious blue eyes of hers. He knew that there had never been any like her for him, but he felt as if in another minute, if they did not drop topics which he might as well have discussed with another man, this butterfly of femininity which so delighted him would be beyond his hand. He wanted to keep her to her rose.

"But the knowledge must not embitter your life," he said. "It is not for a little delicate girl to worry herself over the problems which are too much for men."

In spite of himself a tenderness had come into his voice. Ellen looked down and away from him. She trembled.

They were passing a garden full of old-fashioned flowers, bordered with box.

The scent of the box seemed fairly to clamor over the garden fence, drowning out the smaller fragrances of the flowers, like the clamor of a mob. Even the sweetness of the mignonette was faintly perceived.

"How strong the box is!" said Ellen, imperceptibly shrinking a little from Robert.

"There must be a quantity of it there," he said.

"All the beds are bordered with it. That is where my first school-teacher lives."

"Married?"

"No."

"Does she live there all alone?"

"All alone with her old mother."

"That must be a dreary kind of life for a woman, never to marry, and live all her life in Rowe with her old mother," said Robert.

"I don't know," Ellen said.

Afterward Robert reproached himself for it; but he was young, and had just loosened his tight rein on himself, and suddenly the scent of the box seemed to go to his head.

"Yes, you do know," he whispered, his face very close to the girl's. "You know it is a dreary lot for any woman to live in that way without—without love."

Ellen trembled; then suddenly she straightened her neck proudly and looked up at him, and something seemed to force him back from his vantage-point of sex to the equal meeting-place of souls.

"I don't think we know each other quite well enough to talk about things of this kind, Mr. Lloyd," said she; and Robert Lloyd felt as if he had been struck in the face by a gauntlet of innocence and maidenliness.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Brewster," he said. Then he added, as timidly as Granville Joy might have done: "Can not we get better acquainted, Miss Brewster? May I call upon you sometimes?"

"I shall be happy to see you," Ellen said, repeating the formula of welcome like a child, but she knew when she repeated it that it was very true.

CHAPTER XXIII

ELLEN'S first impulse, when she really began to love Robert Lloyd, was not yielding, but flight; her first sensation

not happiness, but shame. When he left her that night, she realized, to her unspeakable dismay and anger, that he had not left her; that he would never in her whole life, or at least it seemed so, leave her again. Everywhere she looked she saw his face projected by her memory before her with all the reality of life. His face came between her and her mother's and father's; it came between her and her thoughts of other faces. When she was alone in her chamber, there was the face. She blew out the lamp in a panic of resentment and undressed in the dark, but that made no difference. When she lay in bed, although she closed her eyes resolutely, she could still see it.

"I won't have it; I won't have it," she said quite aloud in her shame and rebellion. "I won't have it; what does this mean?"

In spite of herself the sound of his voice was in her ears, and she resented that; she fought against the feeling of utter rapture which came stealing over her because of it. She felt as if she wanted to spring out of bed, and run, run far away into the freedom of the night, if only by so doing she could outspeed herself.

But the girl could no more escape than a nymph of old the pursuit of the god, and there was no friendly deity to transform her into a flower to elude him.

When she went down stairs all her rosy radiance of the night before was eclipsed. She looked pale and nervous. She recoiled whenever her mother began to speak. It seemed to her that if she said anything, and especially anything congratulatory about Robert Lloyd, she would fly at her like a wild thing. Fanny kept looking at her with loving facetiousness, and Ellen winced indescribably; still she did not say anything until after breakfast, when Andrew had gone to work. Andrew was unusually sober and preoccupied that morning. When he went out he passed close to Ellen as she sat at the table, and tilted up her face and kissed her. "Father's blessing," he whispered hoarsely in her ear. Ellen nestled against him. This natural affection, before which she need not fly nor be ashamed, which she had always known, which had nothing strange in it, seemed

to come before her like a shield against all untried passion. She felt sheltered and comforted. But Andrew passed Eva Tenny coming to the house on his way out of the yard, and when she entered, Fanny began at once.

"Who do you s'pose came home with Ellen last night?" said she. She looked at Eva, then at Ellen, with a glance which seemed to uncover a raw surface of delicacy. Ellen flushed angrily.

"Mother, I do wish—" she began; but Fanny cut her short.

"She's pretendin' she don't like it," she said, almost hilariously, her face glowing with triumph; "but she does. You ought to have seen her when she came in last night."

"I guess I know who it was," said Eva, but she echoed her sister's manner half-heartedly. She was looking very badly that morning; her face was stained, and her eyes hard with a look as if tears had frozen in them. She had come in a soiled waist, too, without any collar.

"For Heaven's sake, Eva Tenny, what ails you?" Fanny cried.

Eva flung herself for answer on the floor and fairly writhed. Words were not enough expression for her violent temperament. She had to resort to physical manifestations or lose her reason.

Ellen, when she heard her aunt's groans, stopped, and stood in the entry viewing it all. She thought at first that her aunt was ill, and was just about to call out to know if she should go for the doctor, all her grievances being forgotten in this evidently worse stress, when her mother fairly screamed again, stooping over her sister and trying to raise her:

"Eva Tenny, you tell me this minute what the matter is."

Then Eva raised herself on one elbow, and disclosed a face distorted with wrath and woe like a mask of tragedy.

"He's gone, he's gone!" she shrieked out in an awful hoarse voice, which was more like a note of an angry bird than like a human voice. "He's gone!"

"For God's sake, not—Jim?"

"Yes, he's gone, he's gone. Oh, my God, my God, he's gone!"

All at once the little Amabel appeared, slipping past Ellen silently. She stood watching her mother. She was vibrating

from head to foot, as if strung on wires. She was not crying, but she kept catching her breath audibly; her little hands were twitching in the folds of her frock; she winked rapidly, her lids obscuring and revealing her eyes until they seemed a series of blue sparks. She was no paler than usual—that was scarcely possible—but her skin looked transparent; pulses were evident all over her face and her little neck.

"You don't mean he's gone with—" gasped Fanny.

Suddenly Eva raised herself with a convulsive jerk from the floor to her feet. She stood quite still. "Yes, he has gone," she said, and all the passion was gone from her voice, which was much more terrible in its calm.

"You don't mean with—"

"Yes, he has gone with Aggie." Eva spoke in a voice like a deaf-mute's, quite free from inflections. There was something dreadful about her rigid attitude. Little Amabel looked at her mother's eyes, then cowered down and began to cry aloud. Ellen came in and took her in her arms, whispering to her to soothe her. She tried to coax her away, but the child resisted violently, though she was usually so docile with Ellen.

Eva did not seem to notice Amabel's crying. She stood in that horrible inflexibility, with eyes like black stones fixed on something unseeable.

Fanny clutched her violently by the arm and shook her.

"Eva Tenny," said she, "you behave yourself. What if he has run away? You ain't the first woman whose husband has run away. I'd have more pride. I wouldn't please him nor her enough. If he's as bad as that, you're better off rid of him."

Eva turned on her sister, and her calm broke up like ice under her fire of passion. "Don't you say one word against him, not one word," she shrieked, throwing off Fanny's hand. "I won't hear one word against my husband."

Then little Amabel joined in. "Don't you say one word against my papa," she cried in her shrill childish treble. Then she sobbed convulsively, and pushed Ellen away. "Go away," she said viciously to her. She was half mad with terror and bewilderment.

"Don't you say one word against Jim," said Eva again. "If ever I hear anybody say one word against him, I'll—"

"You don't mean you're goin' to stan' up for him, Eva Tenny!"

"As long as I draw the breath of life, and after, if I know anything," declared Eva. Then she straightened herself to her full height, threw back her shoulders, and burst into a furious denunciation, like some prophetess of wrath. The veins on her forehead grew turgid, her lips seemed to swell, her hair seemed to move as she talked. The others shrank back and looked at her; even little Amabel hushed her sobs and stared, fascinated. "Curses on the grinding tyranny that's brought it all about, and not on the poor weak man that fell under it!" she cried. "Jim ain't to blame. Even God dare not say he is to blame, if He is a God of justice! Jim ain't to blame for anything, not for takin' to drink, nor for runnin' away! He's had bigger burdens put on his shoulders than the Lord give him strength to bear. He had to drop 'em. Jim has tried faithful ever since we were married. He worked hard, and it wa'n't never his fault that he lost his place; but he kept losin' it. They kept shuttin' down, or dischargin' him for no reason at all without a minute's warnin'. An' it wa'n't because he drank. Jim never drank when he had a job. He was just taken up and put down by them over him as if he was a piece on a checker-board. He lost his good opinion of himself when he saw others didn't set any more by him than to shove him off or on the board as it suited their play. He began to think maybe he wa'n't a man, to sort of fall in with them, and then he began to act as if he wasn't a man. And he was ashamed of his life because he couldn't support me and Amabel, ashamed of his life because he had to live on my little earnin'. He was ashamed to look me in the face, and ashamed to look his own child in the face. It was only night before last he was talkin' to me, and I didn't know what he meant then, but I know now. I thought then he meant something else, but now I know what he meant. He sat a long time leanin' his head on his hands, whilst I was sewin' on wrappers, after

Amabel had gone to bed, and finally he looks up an' says, 'Eva, you was right, and I was wrong.'

"What do you mean, Jim?" says I.

"I mean you was right when you thought we'd better not get married, and I was wrong," says he, and he spoke terrible bitter and sad. I never heard him speak like it. He sounded like another man.

"I jest flung down my sewin' and went over to him, and leaned his poor head against my shoulder. 'Jim,' says I, 'I 'ain't never regretted it.' And God knows I spoke the truth, and I speak the truth when I say it now. I 'ain't never regretted it, and I don't regret it now." Eva said the last with a look as if she were hurling defiance, then she went on in the same high, monotonous key, above the ordinary key of life: "When I says that, he jest gives a great sigh, and sort of pushes me away, and gets up. 'Well, I have,' says he, 'I have, and sometimes I think the best thing I can do is to take myself out of the way, instead of sittin' here day after day and seein' you wearin' your fingers to the bone to support me, and seein' my child, an' bein' ashamed to look her in the face.'

"'Jim Tenny, you jest quit talkin' in such a way as this,' says I, for I thought he meant to make 'way with himself; but that wa'n't what he meant. Aggie Bemis had been windin' her net round him, and he wa'n't nothin' but a man, and all discouraged, and he gave in. Any man would in his place. He ain't to blame. It's the tyrants that's over us all that's to blame, that's treated him so that he lost himself." Eva's voice shrilled higher still. "Curse them!" she shrieked. "Curse them all, every rich man in this gold-ridden country!"

"Eva Tenny, you're beside yourself," said Fanny, who was herself white to her lips; yet she viewed her sister indignant-ly, as one violent nature will view another when it is overborne and carried away by a kindred passion.

"Wonder if you'd be real calm in my place," said Eva; and as she spoke, the dreadful impassibility of desperation returned upon her. It was as if she suffered some chemical change before their eyes. She became silent, and seemed as if she would never speak again.

"You hadn't ought to talk so," said Fanny, weakly, she was so terrified. "You ought to think of poor little Amabel," she added.

With that, Eva's dreadful expressionless eyes turned toward Amabel, and she held out her hand to her, but the child fairly screamed with terror and clung to Ellen. "Oh, Aunt Eva, don't look at her so; you frighten her," Ellen said, trembling, and leaning her cheek against Amabel's little cold pale one. "Don't cry, darling," she whispered. "It is just because poor mother feels so badly."

Fanny went close to Eva, seized her by both shoulders, and shook her violently. "Eva Tenny, you behave yourself," said she. "There ain't no need of your acting this way if your man has run away with another woman; and as for that child goin' with you, she sha'n't go one step with any woman that looks and acts as you do. Actin' this way over a good-for-nothin' fellow like Jim Tenny!"

Again that scourge of the spirit aroused Eva to her normal state. She became a living, breathing, wrathful, loving woman once more. "Don't you dare say a word against Jim," she cried out; "not one word, Fanny Brewster; I won't hear it. Don't you dare say a word."

"Don't you say a word against my papa," shrilled Amabel. Then she left Ellen and ran to her mother, and clung to her. And Eva caught her up, and hugged the little fragile thing against her breast, and pounded upon her with kisses, with a fury as of rage instead of love.

"She always looked like Jim," she sobbed out; "she always did. Aggie Bemis shall never get her. I've got her in spite of all the awful wrong of life; it's the good that had to come out of it, whether or no, and God couldn't help Himself. I've got this much. She always looked like Jim."

Eva and Amabel went away, the child rolling eyes of terror and interrogation at her aunt and cousin.

When Andrew heard what had happened, and Fanny repeated what Eva had said, his blame for Jim was unqualified. "I've had a hard time enough, knocked about from pillar to post, and I know what she means when she talks about a checker-board. God knows I feel

myself sometimes as if I wasn't anything but a checker instead of a man," he said, "but it's all nonsense blamin' the shoe-manufacturers for his runnin' away with that woman. A man has got to use what little freedom he's got, right. It ain't any excuse for Jim Tenny that he's been out of work and got discouraged. He's a good-for-nothing cur, an' I'd like to tell him so."

"It won't do for you to talk to Eva that way," said Fanny. They were all at the supper table. Ellen was listening silently.

"She does right to stand up for her husband, I suppose," said Andrew, "but anybody's got to use a little sense. It don't make it any better for Jim, tryin' to shove blame off his shoulders that belongs there. The manufacturers didn't make him run off with another woman and leave his child. That was a move he made himself."

"But he wouldn't have made that move if the manufacturers hadn't made theirs," Ellen said, unexpectedly.

"That's so," said Fanny.

Andrew looked uneasily at Ellen, in whose cheeks two red spots were burning, and whose eyes upon his face seemed narrowed to two points of brightness. "There's nothing for you to worry about, child," he said.

All this was before the dressmaker, who listened with no particular interest. At first Andrew had looked warningly at Fanny when she began to discuss the subject before the dressmaker, but Fanny had replied: "Oh, land, Andrew, she knows all about it now. It's all over town."

"Yes, I heard it this morning before I came," said the dressmaker. "I think a puff on the sleeves of the silk waist will be very pretty, don't you, Mrs. Brewster?"

Ellen ever after, when she saw those puffs on her silk sleeves, had an indefinite idea that they were decorations of misery. It seemed to her an awful, almost a sacrilegious thing to go on puffing and tucking and ruffling when a woman was suffering as her aunt Eva was, and as if all the world ought to stop work and play and bewail with her. She looked at the dressmaker with wonder; it seemed to her that the woman was going on a little especial side-track of her own

outside the interests of her kind. She looked at her pretty new things and tried them on, and felt guilty that she had them. What business had she having new clothes and going to Vassar College in the face of that misery? What was an education? What was anything compared with the sympathy which love demanded of love in the midst of sorrow? Should she not turn her back upon any purely personal advantage as she would upon a moral plague?

When Ellen's father said that to her at the supper table, she looked at him with unchildlike eyes. "I think it is something for me to worry about, father," she said. "How can I help worrying if I love Aunt Eva and Amabel?"

"It's a dreadful thing for Eva," said Fanny. "I don't see what she is going to do. Andrew, pass the biscuits to Miss Higgins."

"It seems to me that the one that is the farthest behind anything that happens on this earth is the one to blame," said Ellen, reverting to her line of argument.

"I don't know but you've got to go back to God, then," said Andrew, soberly, passing the biscuits. Miss Higgins took one.

"No, you haven't," said Ellen; "you haven't, because men are free. You've got to stop before you get to God. When a man goes wrong, you have got to look and see if he is to blame, if he started himself, or other men have been pushing him into it. It seems to me that other men have been pushing Uncle Jim into it. I don't think factory-owners have any right to discharge a man without a good reason, any more than he has a right to run the shop."

"I don't think so either," said Fanny. "I think Ellen is right."

"I don't know," said Andrew. "It is all a puzzle. There's no use in your worrying about it, Ellen. You've got to study your books." Andrew said this with a look of pride at Ellen, and side-long triumph at the dressmaker to see if she rightly understood the magnitude of it all—of the whole situation of making dresses for this wonderful young creature who was going to Vassar College.

"I don't know but this is more important than books," said Ellen.

"Oh, maybe you'll find out something in your books that will settle the whole matter," said Andrew. Ellen was not eating much supper, and that troubled him. Andrew always knew just how much Ellen ate.

"I don't see what Aunt Eva and poor little Amabel will do," said she. Ellen's lip quivered.

As for Andrew, he had his own cause of worry, and finally reverted to it, eating his food with no more conception of the savor than if it were in another man's mouth. He was sorry enough for his wife's sister, and recognized it as an added weight to his own burden, but just at present all he could think of was the question if Miss Higgins would ask for her pay again that night. He had not a dollar in his pocket. He would not have cared so much if it were not for the fact that she would ask him before his wife and Ellen, and the question about the money in the savings-bank, which was a species of nightmare to him, would be sure to come to the front.

Suddenly it struck Andrew that he might run away from the possibility of being asked for pay by the dressmaker; that he might slip out after supper, and either go into his mother's house or down the street. He finally decided on the former, since he reasoned, with a pitiful cunning, that if he went down the street he would have to take off his slippers and put on his shoes, and that would at once betray him and lead to the possible arrest of his flight.

So after supper, while Miss Higgins was trying a waist on Ellen, and Fanny was clearing the table, Andrew, bareheaded and in his slippers, prepared to carry his plan into execution. He got out without being seen, and hurried around the rear of the house, out of view from the sitting-room windows, resolving on the way that, in order to avert the danger of a possible following him to the sanctuary of his mother's house, he had perhaps better slip down into the orchard behind it and see if the Porter apples were ripe. But when, stooping as if beneath some invisible shield, and moving with a low glide of secrecy, he had gained the yard between the two houses, the yard where the three cherry-trees stood, he heard Fanny's high insistent voice calling him,

and knew that it was over. Fanny had her head thrust out of her bed-room window.

"Andrew! Andrew!" she called.

Andrew stopped. "What is it?" he asked, in a gruff voice. He felt at that moment savage with her and with fate. He was aware of a monstrous impatience with it all, which was fairly blasphemy. "What is it?" he said, and all that was in his voice, and Fanny realized something wrong.

"Come here, Andrew Brewster," she said, from the bed-room window, and Andrew pressed close to the window through a growth of sweetbrier, which rasped his hands and sent up a sweet fragrance in his face. "What makes you act so, Andrew Brewster?" Then she lowered her voice. "She wants to know if she can have her pay to-night," she whispered.

"I ain't got a cent," replied Andrew, in a dogged, breathless voice.

"You 'ain't been to the bank to-day, then?"

"No, I 'ain't."

Fanny still suspected nothing. She was, in fact, angry with the dressmaker for insisting upon her pay in such a fashion. "I never heard of such a thing as her wantin' to be paid every night," she whispered, angrily, "and I'd tell her so if I wasn't afraid she'd think we couldn't pay her. I'd never have had her, I'd had Miss Patch, if I'd known she'd do such a mean thing; but as it is, I don't know what to do. I 'ain't got but a dollar and seventy-three cents by me. You 'ain't got enough to make it up?"

"No, I 'ain't."

"Well, all is, I've got to tell her that it ain't convenient for me to pay her to-night, and she shall have it all together to-morrow night, and to-morrow you'll have to go in to the bank and take out the money, Andrew—don't forget it."

"Well," said Andrew.

Fanny retreated, and he heard her high voice explaining to Miss Higgins. He tore his way through the clinging sweetbrier-bushes and ran with an unsteady, desperate gait down to the orchard behind his mother's home, and flung himself at full length in the dewy grass under the trees with all the abandon under stress of fate of a child.

CHAPTER XXIV

ANDREW BREWSTER, lying in the dewy grass under the apple-trees, giving way for almost the first time since his childhood to impulses which had hitherto, from his New England heredity, stiffened instead of relaxed his muscles of expression, felt as if he were being stung to death by ants. He felt the indignity of coping with such petty odds. "For God's sake, if I had to be done to death, why couldn't it have been for something? Here I am runnin' away from a woman because she wants me to pay her three dollars, and I am afraid of another woman because—I've been and fooled away a few hundred dollars I had in the savings-bank. I'm afraid—yes, it has come to this—I am afraid, afraid, and I'd run away out of life if I knew where it would fetch me to! I'm afraid of things that ain't worth being afraid of, and it's all over things that's beneath me." There came over Andrew, with his mouth to the moist earth, feeling the breath and the fragrance of it in his nostrils, a realization of the great motherhood of nature, and a contempt for himself which was scorching and seathing before it. He felt that he came from that mighty breast which should produce only sons of might, and was spending his whole life in an ignominy of fruitless climbing up ant-hills. "Why couldn't I have been more?" he asked himself. "Oh, my God, is it my fault?" He said to himself that if he had not yielded to the universal law and longing of his kind for a home and a family, it might have been better. He asked himself that question which will never be answered with a surety of correctness, whether the advancement of the individual to his farthest compass is more to the glory of life than the blind following out of the laws of life, and the bringing others into the everlasting problem of advance. Then he thought of Ellen, and a great warmth of conviction came over the loving heart of the man; all his self-contempt vanished. He had her, this child who was above pearls and rubies; he had her, and in her the farthest reach of himself, and progression of himself to greater distances than he could ever have accomplished in

any other way; and it was a double progress, since it was not only for him, but also for the woman he had married. A great wave of love for Fanny came over him. He seemed to see that after all it was a shining road by which he had come, and he saw himself upon it like a figure of light. He saw that he lived and could never die. Then, as with a remorseless hurl of a high spirit upon needle-pricks of petty cares, he thought again of the dressmaker, of the money for Ellen's watch, of the butcher's bill, and the grocer's bills, and the money which he had taken from the bank, and again he cowered beneath and loathed his ignoble burden. He dug his hot head into the grass. "Oh my God, oh my God!" he groaned. He fairly sobbed. Then he felt a soft wind of feminine skirts caused by the sudden stoop of some one beside him, and Ellen's voice, shrill with alarm, rang in his ears. "Father, what is the matter? Father!"

Such was the man's love for the girl that his first thought for her was alarm, and he pushed all his own troubles into the background with a lightninglike motion. He raised himself hastily, and smiled at her with his pitiful stiff face. "It's nothing at all, Ellen; don't you worry," he said.

But that was not enough to satisfy her. She caught hold of his arm and clung to it. "Father," she said, in a tone which had in it, to his wonder, a firm womanliness—his own daughter seemed to speak to him as if she were his mother—"something is the matter, or you wouldn't do like this."

"No, there's nothin', nothin' at all, dear child," said Andrew. He tried to loosen her little clinging hand from his arm. "Come, let's go back to the house," he said. "Don't you mind anything about it. Sometimes father gets discouraged over nothin'."

"It isn't over nothing," said Ellen. "What is it about, father?"

Andrew tried to laugh. "Well, if it isn't over nothin', it's over nothin' in particular," said he; "it's over jest what's happened right along. Sometimes father feels as if he hadn't made as much as he'd ought to out of his life, and he's gettin' older, and he's feelin' kind of discouraged, that's all."

"Over money matters?" said Ellen, looking at him steadily.

"Over nothin'," said her father. "See here, child, father's ashamed that he gave way so and you found him. Now don't you worry one mite about it; it's nothing at all. Come, let's go back to the house," he said.

Ellen said no more, but she walked up from the field holding tightly to her father's poor worn hand, and her heart was in a tumult. To behold any convulsion of nature is no light experience, and when it is a storm of the spirit in one beloved, the beholder is swept along with it in greater or less measure. Ellen trembled as she walked. Her father kept looking at her anxiously and remorsefully. Once he reached around his other hand and chucked her playfully under the chin. "Scared most to death, was she?" he asked, with a shamefaced blush.

"I know something is the matter, and I think it would be better for you to tell me, father," replied Ellen, soberly.

"There's nothin' to tell, child," said Andrew. "Don't you worry your little head about it."

Ellen felt him tremble, and heard his voice quiver when he spoke. She felt toward her father something she had never felt before—an impulse of protection. She felt the older and stronger of the two. Her grasp on his hand tightened; she seemed in a measure to be leading him along.

When they reached the yard between the houses, Andrew cast an apprehensive glance at the windows. "Has she gone?" he asked.

"Who—the dressmaker?"

"Yes."

"She hadn't when I came out. I saw you come past the house, and I thought you walked as if you didn't feel well, so I thought I would run out and see."

"I was all right," replied Andrew. "Have you got to try on anything more to-night?"

"No."

"Well, then, let's run into grandma's a minute."

"All right," said Ellen.

Mrs. Zelotes was sitting at her front window in the dusk, looking out on the street, as was her favorite custom. The old woman seldom lit a lamp in the sum-

mer evening, but sat there staring out at the lighted street and the people passing and repassing, with her mind as absolutely passive, as regarded herself, as if she were travelling and observing only that which passed without. At those times she became in a fashion sensible of the motion of the world, and lost her sense of individuality in the midst of it. When her son and granddaughter entered she looked away from her window with the expression of one returning from afar, and seemed dazed for a moment.

"Hullo, mother," said Andrew.

The room was dusky, and they moved across between the chairs and tables like two shadows.

"Oh, is it you, Andrew?" said his mother. "Who is that with you—Ellen?"

"Yes," said Ellen. "How do you do, grandma?"

Mrs. Zelotes became suddenly fully awake to the situation; she collected her scattered faculties; her keen old eyes gleamed in a shaft of electric light from the street without, which fell full upon her face.

"Set down," said she. "Has the dressmaker gone?"

"No, she hadn't when I came out," replied Ellen, "but she's 'most through for to-night."

"How do your things look?"

"Real pretty, I guess."

"Sometimes I think you'd better have had Miss Patch. I hope she 'ain't got your sleeves too tight at the elbows."

"They seem to fit very nicely, grandma."

"Sleeves are very particular things; a sleeve wrong can spoil a whole dress. Let alone the looks, a sleeve that don't feel right is bad for the temper. Lucy Ann Melvin didn't ever get married, and the whole reason was her tight sleeves."

Suddenly the old woman turned on Ellen with a look of extremest facetiousness and intelligence, and the girl winced, for she knew what was coming. "I see you goin' past with a young man last night, didn't I?" said she.

Ellen flushed. "Yes," she said, almost indignantly, for she had a feeling as if the veil of some inner sacredness of her nature were continually being

torn aside. "I went over to Miss Lennox, to carry some sweet-peas, and Mr. Robert Lloyd was there, and he came home with me."

"Oh!" replied her grandmother.

Ellen's patience left her at the sound of that "Oh," which seemed to rasp her very soul. "You have none of you any right to talk and act as you do," said she. "You make me ashamed of you—you and mother; father has more sense. Just because a young man makes me a call to return something, and then walks home with me because he happens to be at the house where I call in the evening! I think it's a shame. You make me feel as if I couldn't look him in the face."

"Never mind; grandma didn't mean any harm," Andrew said, soothingly.

"You needn't try to excuse me, Andrew Brewster," cried his mother, angrily. "I guess it's a pretty to-do if I can't say a word in a joke to my own granddaughter. If it had been a poor good-for-nothing young feller workin' in a shoe-factory, I s'pose she'd been tickled to death to be joked about him, but now when it begins to look as if somebody that was worth while had come along—"

"Grandma, if you say another word about it, I will never speak to Robert Lloyd again as long as I live," declared Ellen.

"Never mind, child," whispered Andrew.

"I do mind, and I mean what I say," Ellen cried. "I won't have it. Robert Lloyd is nothing to me, and I am nothing to him. He is no better than Granville Joy. There is nothing between us, and you make me too ashamed to think of him. He is out of my class anyhow."

"Out of your class, a girl like you!"

"A girl like me," repeated Ellen, with a sort of scorn. "I'd like to know what there is so wonderful about me. I come of working people, and I belong to them. My father has worked in a shoe-factory all his life, and by good rights I ought to be there too."

"If you want to belittle yourself and your folks, you can," said the grandmother.

"I am not belittling myself or my folks," returned Ellen. "I simply said, and I say now, that Robert Lloyd and I

belong to two different classes which cannot mingle, and that there is nothing so wonderful about me which can enable me to belong to two different classes at once, as you seem to think."

"Ain't you goin' to Vassar College?"

"Yes, but I can't see what difference that makes. I'm going to stay in the setting of life where I was placed by my birth just the same; if I didn't, I should lose more by Vassar College than I gained."

"You've got dreadful queer notions," said the old woman, with a vague rage. She did not altogether apprehend Ellen's meaning. Both the old woman and the young had extraordinary pride and loyalty, but of widely different qualities. Ellen was capable of impregnable pride and faithfulness, with the imperfections of that which she held beloved fully within her comprehension, while her grandmother never saw the imperfections. It was the difference between natures well and unevenly balanced.

However, as Ellen spoke, that face of the young man who had walked home with her the night before seemed to float before her eyes in the dusk of her grandmother's sitting-room, and she was conscious of the helpless, half-despairing, half-rapturous feeling of one overtaken. And just then the old woman cried out, in a tone of triumph, "Well, there goes the one that's out of your class, this minute, and he's turnin' in at your gate."

Ellen rose without a word, and fled out of the room and out of the house. She hurried around the rear of the house, then crossed through a neighbor's yard to the road, thus avoiding passing her grandmother's window. She hurried down the road, and would have gone to her aunt Eva's, only that was at the other end of the town, and she had no car-fares. Then she thought of Abby Atkins, who lived only a half-mile away. She would go and see her. It seemed to her, after what had happened, after what her mother and grandmother had said and insinuated, after what she herself had thought and felt, that she could not endure to see Robert Lloyd that evening. She ran from him, and yet all the time she felt as if every step was stretching a measureless cord of pain. She longed to see him, to hear him speak, as she had

never longed for anything in the world, and yet she ran away as if she were driven to obey some law which was coeval with the first woman and beyond all volition of her individual self.

CHAPTER XXV

WHEN Ellen reached home that night she found no one there except her father, who was sitting on the door-step in the north yard. Her mother had gone to see her aunt Eva as soon as the dressmaker had left. "Who was that with you?" Andrew asked as she drew near.

"Abby," replied Ellen.

"So you went over there?"

Ellen sat down on a lower step in front of her father. "Yes," said she. She half laughed up in his face, like a child who knows she has been naughty, yet knows she will not be blamed, since she can count so surely on the indulgent love of the would-be blamer. Andrew laughed a little too, then he looked soberly at Ellen. "Your mother didn't like it because you went away when you saw him comin'," said he. "Your grandmother told her; your grandmother didn't like it either."

"I can't help it," replied Ellen. She felt herself flushing all over, and yet she could talk over subjects of this kind better with her father than with her mother. "They had said so many things to me about him that I didn't feel as if I could see him, father," she said.

Andrew put a hand on her head. "I know what you mean," he replied; "but they didn't mean any harm, mother and grandma; they're only looking out for your best good, Ellen. You know we must think of that. You can't always have us; it ain't in the course of nature, you know, Ellen."

"How long did he stay?" asked Ellen. She did not look at her father as she spoke.

"Oh, he didn't stay at all. After they found out you had gone, mother she came runnin' over to grandma's to see if you were there, and grandma told how you had run; then mother wanted me to look down in the orchard, but of course you wasn't there; and then mother went back and told him you wasn't at home. Then he went away."

Ellen sighed. After a second, Andrew sighed also. "It's gettin' late," said he, heavily; "mebbe we'd better go in before your mother comes, Ellen. Mebbe you'll get cold out here."

"Oh no, I shall not," said Ellen, "and I want to hear about poor Aunt Eva. I don't see what she is going to do."

"It's a dreadful thing makin' a mistake in marriage," said Andrew.

"Uncle Jim was a good man, if he hadn't had such a hard time."

Andrew looked at her, then he spoke impressively. "Look here, Ellen," he said, "you are a good scholar, and you are smarter in a good many ways than father has ever been, and now you're young and in the swing of things, and you're goin' to be more, but there's one thing you want to remember: you want to be sure, before you blame the Lord or other men for a man's goin' wrong, if it ain't his own fault at the bottom of things."

"There's mother," cried Ellen; "there's mother and—Amabel. Where's Aunt Eva? Oh, father, what do you suppose has happened? Why, do you suppose, is mother bringing Amabel home?"

"I don't know," replied Andrew, in a troubled voice.

He and Ellen rose and hastened forward to meet Fanny and Amabel. The child hung at her aunt's hand in a curious, limp, disjointed fashion; her little face even in the half-light showed ghastly. When she saw Ellen she let go of Fanny's hand and ran to her and threw both her little arms around her in a fierce clutch as of terror, then she began to sob wildly, "Mamma, mamma, mamma!"

Fanny leaned her drawn face forward, and whispered to Andrew and Ellen over Amabel's head, under cover of her sobs: "Hush! don't say anything. She's gone mad, and, and—she tried to—kill Amabel."

Amabel was a very nervous child, and she was in such terror from her really terrific experience that she threatened to go into convulsions. Andrew went over for his mother, whom he had always regarded as an incontestable authority about children. She, after one sharp splutter of wrath at the

whole situation, went to work with the resolution of an old soldier.

"Heat some water quick," said she to Andrew, "and get me a wash-tub."

Then she told Fanny to brew a mess of sage tea, and began stripping off Amabel's clothes.

"Let me alone! Mamma, mamma, mamma!" shrieked the child. She fought and clawed like a little wild animal; but the old woman, in whose arms great strength could still arise for emergencies, and in whose spirit great strength had never died, got the better of her.

When Amabel's clothing was stripped off, and her little spare body, which was brown rather than rosy, although she was a blonde, was revealed, she was as pitiful to see as a wound. Every nerve and pulse in that tiny frame, about which there was not an ounce of superfluous flesh, seemed visible. The terrible sensitiveness of the child appeared on the surface. She shrank, and wailed in a low, monotonous tone like a spent animal overtaken by pursuers. But Mrs. Zelotes put her in the tub of warm water, and held her down, though Amabel's face emerging from it had the expression of a wild thing.

"There! you keep still," said she, and her voice was tender enough, though the decision of it could have moved an army.

When Amabel had had her hot bath, and had drunk her sage tea by compulsory gulps, and been tucked into Ellen's bed, her childhood reasserted itself. Gradually her body and her bodily needs gained the ascendancy over the unnatural strain of her mind. She fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE next afternoon poor Eva Tenny was carried away, and Andrew accompanied the doctor who had her in charge, as being the only available male relative. As he dressed himself in his Sunday suit he was aware, to such pitiful passes had financial straits brought him, of a certain self-congratulation that he would not be at home when the dressmaker asked for money that night, and that no one would expect him to go to the bank under such circumstances. But Andrew, in his petty con-

sideration as to personal benefit from such dire calamity, reckoned without another narrow traveller. Miss Higgins stopped him as he was going out of the door, looking as if bound to a funeral in his shabby Sunday black, with his solemn, sad face under his well-brushed hat.

"I hate to say anything when you're in such trouble, Mr. Brewster," said she, holding a brown skirt of Ellen's in her hand, "but I do need the money to pay a bill, and I was wondering if you could leave what was due me yesterday and what will be due me to-day."

But Fanny came with a rush to Andrew's relief. She was in that state of nervous tension that she was fairly dangerous, if irritated. "Look here, Miss Higgins," said she, and she pulled Ellen's skirt forcibly away from the other woman as she spoke, "We hesitated a good deal about havin' you come here to-day, anyway. Ellen wanted to send you word not to. We are in such awful trouble that she said it didn't seem right for her to be thinkin' about new clothes, but I told her she'd got to have the things if she was going to college, and so we decided to have you come, but we 'ain't had any time nor any heart to think of money. We've got plenty to pay you in the bank, but my husband 'ain't had any time to go there this mornin', what with seein' the doctor and gettin' the certificate for my poor sister, and all I've got to say is, if you're so dreadful afraid as all this comes to, that you have to lose all sense of decency, and dun folks so hard, in such trouble as we be, you can put on your things and go jest as quick as you have a mind to, and I'll get Miss Patch to finish the work. I've been more than half a mind to have her, anyway. I was very strongly advised to. Lots of folks have talked to me against your fittin', but I've always had you, and I thought I'd give you the chance. Now, if you don't want it, you jest pack up and go, and the quicker the better. You shall have your pay as soon as Mr. Brewster can get round after he has carried my poor sister to the asylum. You needn't worry." Fanny said the last with a sarcasm which seemed to reach out with a lash of bitterness like a whip. The other woman winced, her eyes were hard, but her voice was appeasing.

"Now, I didn't think you'd take it so, Mis' Brewster, or I wouldn't have said anything," she almost wheedled. "You know I ain't afraid of not gettin' my pay, I—"

"You'd better not be," said Fanny.

"Of course I ain't. I know Mr. Brewster has steady work, and I know your folks have got money."

"We've got money enough not to be beholden to anybody," said Fanny. "Andrew, you'd better be goin' along, or you'll be late."

Andrew went out of the yard with his head bent miserably. He had felt ashamed of his fear; he felt still more ashamed of his relief. He wondered, going down the street, if it might not be a happier lot to lose one's wits like poor Eva, rather than have them to the full responsibility of steering one's self through such straits of misery.

"I hope you won't think I meant any harm," the dressmaker said to Fanny, quite humbly.

There was that about the sister of another woman who was being carried off to an insane asylum which was fairly intimidating. Miss Higgins told her sister, when she got home that night, that she was actually afraid of Mrs. Brewster, and she wouldn't ask her for that money again if she never got it; that she didn't like the way she looked and acted, and she shouldn't be surprised if she was as bad as her sister if anything came across her.

Fanny yielded up the brown skirt, and Miss Higgins sewed meekly during the remainder of the day, having all the time a wary eye upon Fanny. She went home before supper, urging a headache as an excuse. She was in reality afraid of Fanny.

Andrew was inexpressibly relieved when he reached home to find that the dressmaker was gone; and Fanny, having sent Amabel to bed, was chiefly anxious to know how her sister had reached the asylum. It was not until the latter part of the evening that she brought up the subject of the bank. "Do look out to-morrow, Andrew Brewster, and be sure to take that money out of the bank to pay Miss Higgins," she said. "As for being dunned again by that woman, I won't! It's the last time I'll ever have

her, anyway. As far as that is concerned, all the money will have to come out of the bank if poor Eva is to be kept where she is. How much money was there that she had?"

"Just fifty-two dollars and seventy cents," replied Andrew. "Jim had left a little that he'd scraped together somehow, with the letter he wrote her, and he told her if he had work he'd send her more."

"I'd die before I'd touch it," said Fanny, fiercely. Then she looked at Andrew with sudden pity. "Poor old man," she said; "it's mighty hard on you, when you're gettin' older, and you never say a word to complain. But I don't see any other way than to take that money, do you?"

"No," said Andrew.

"And you don't think I'm hard to ask it, Andrew?"

"No."

"God knows if it was your sister and my money, I would take every dollar. You know I would, Andrew."

"Yes, I know," replied Andrew, hoarsely.

"Mebbe she'll get better before it's quite gone," said Fanny. "You say the doctor gave some hope."

"Yes, he did, if she was taken proper care of."

"Well, she shall be. I'll go out and steal before she sha'n't have proper care. Poor Eva." Fanny burst into the hysterical wailing which had shaken her from head to foot at intervals during the last twenty-four hours. Andrew shuddered, thinking that he detected in her cries a resemblance to her sister's ravings. "Don't, don't, Fanny," he pleaded. "Don't, poor girl." He put his arm around her, and she wept on his shoulder, but with less abandon. "After all, we've got each other, and we've got Ellen, haven't we, Andrew?" she sobbed.

"Yes, thank God," said Andrew. "Don't, Fanny."

"That—that's more than money, more than all the wages for all the labor in the world, and that we've got, haven't we, Andrew? We've got what comes to us direct from God, haven't we? Don't think I'm silly, Andrew—haven't we?"

"Yes, yes, we have—you are right, Fanny," replied Andrew.

"I guess I am, too," she assented, looking up in Andrew's poor worn face with eyes of sudden bravery. "We'll get along somehow—don't you worry, old man," said she. "I 'ain't got much religion, but we've come to a place where, if we've got it at all, it has got to count. I guess we'll come out all right somehow. We'll use that money in the bank as far as it goes, and then I guess some way will be opened."

Then there came over Andrew's exaltation, to which Fanny's words had spurred his flagging spirit, a damper of utter mortification and guilt. He felt that he could bear this no longer. At least he would not deceive this woman who was offering him her pure goodness for a prop in trouble. He opened his mouth to tell her what he had done with the money in the bank, when there came a knock on the east door, and Fanny fled into the bed-room. She had unfastened her dress, and her face was stained with tears. She shut the bed-room door tightly as Andrew opened the outer one.

The man who had loaned him the money to buy Ellen's watch stood there. His name was William Evarts, and he worked in the stitching-room of McGuire's factory, in which Andrew was employed. He had saved money, and was strictly honest, but hard in his dealings.

Andrew felt that he almost hated William Evarts as he stood there before him, small and spare, snapping as it were with energy like electric wires, the strong lines in his clean-shaven face evident in the glare of the street lamp.

"Good-evening," Andrew said, and he spoke like a criminal before a judge, and at that moment he felt like one.

"Good-evening," responded the other man. "I was passing by, and I thought I'd call and see if it was convenient for you to pay me that money."

"I'm sorry," Andrew responded, with utter subjection. He looked and felt ignoble. "I haven't got it, Evarts."

"When are you goin' to have it?" asked the other in a slightly raised, ominous voice.

"Just as soon as I can possibly get it," replied Andrew, softly and piteously. Ellen's chamber was directly overhead. He thought of her overhearing.

"Look at here, Andrew Brewster," said the other man, and this time with brutal, pitiless force. When it came to the prospect of losing money he became as merciless as a machine. Something diabolical in remorselessness seemed to come to the surface, and reveal wheels of grinding for his fellow-men did they come in the way. "Look here," he said; "I want to know right out, and no dodging. Have you got the money to pay me—yes or no?"

"No," said Andrew then, with a manliness born of desperation. He had the feeling of one who will die fighting. He wished that Evarts would speak lower, on account of Ellen, but he was prepared to face even that. The man's speech came with the rush of an electric car; it was a concentration of words into one intensity of meaning; he elided everything possible; he ran all his words together. He spoke something in this wise: "Damnyou, Andrew Brewster, for comin' to borrow money to buy your girl a watch when you had nothin' to pay for 't with. What business had your girl with a watch anyhow, I'd like to know? My girl 'ain't got no watch. I've put my money in the bank. It's robbery. I'll have the law on ye. I'll sue you. I'll—"

At that moment something happened. The man William Evarts, who was talking with a vociferousness which seemed cutting and lacerating to the ear, who was brandishing an arm for emphasis in a circle of frenzy, fairly jumped to one side. The girl Ellen Brewster, in a light wrapper, which she had thrown on over her night-gown, came with such a speed down the stairs which led to the entry directly before the door that she seemed to be flying. White ruffles eddied around her little feet; her golden hair was floating out like a flag. She came close to William Evarts. "Will you please not speak so loud," said she, in a voice which her father had never heard from her lips before. It was a voice of pure command, and of command which carried with it the consciousness of power to enforce. She stood before William Evarts, and her fine smallness seemed intensified by her spirit to magnificence. The man shrank back a little; he had the impression as of some one overtowering him, and yet the girl came scarcely to his shoulder. "Please do not speak so loud; you will

wake Amabel," she said, and Evarts muttered like a dog under a whip that he didn't want to wake her up.

"You must not," said Ellen. "Now here is the watch and chain. I suppose that will do as well as your money, if you cannot afford to wait for my father to pay you. My father will pay you in time. He has never borrowed anything of any man which he has not meant to pay back and will not pay back. If you cannot afford to wait, you can take the watch and chain."

The man looked at her stupefied.

"Here," said Ellen; "take it."

"I don't want your watch an' chain," muttered Evarts.

"You have either got to take them, or wait for your money," said Ellen.

"I'll wait," said Evarts. He was looking at the girl's face with mingled sentiments of pity, of admiration, and of terror.

"Very well, then," said Ellen. "I will promise you, and my father will, that you shall have your money in time, but how long do you want to wait?"

"I'll wait any time. I ain't in any straits for the money, if I get it in the end," said Evarts.

"You will get it in the end," said Ellen.

Evarts turned to Andrew. "Look here; give me your note for six months," said he, "and we'll call it all right."

"All right," said Andrew, in a weak voice. He felt as if he were fainting. His ears rang.

"Bring it to the shop to-morrow," said Evarts.

"All right," said Andrew again.

"If you are not satisfied with that," said Ellen, with a tone as if she were conferring inestimable benefits, so proud it was, "you can take the watch and chain. It is not hurt in the least. Here." She was fairly insolent. Evarts regarded her with that mixture of admiration and terror. He told somebody the next day that Andrew Brewster had a stepper of a daughter, but he did not relate his reasons for the statement. He had a sense of honor, and he had been in love with a girl as young as Ellen before he married his wife, who had been a widow older than he, worth ten thousand dollars from her first husband. He could no more

have taken the girl's watch and chain than he could have killed her.

"I'm quite satisfied," he replied to her, making a repellent motion toward the watch and dangling chain glittering in the electric light.

"Very well, then," said Ellen, and she threw the chain over her neck.

"You just bring the I Owe You to the shop to-morrow," said Evarts to Andrew; then, with a "Good-evening," he was off. They heard him hail an electric car passing, and that although he never took a car, but walked to save the fare. He had been often heard to say that he for one did not support the street railroad.

After he had gone, Ellen turned to her father, and flung a silent white arm, slipping from her loose sleeve, around his neck, and pulled his head to her shoulder. "Now look here, father," she said, "you've been through lots to-day, and you'd better go to bed and go to sleep. I don't think mother has waked up—if she had, she would have been out here."

"Look here, Ellen, I want to tell you—" Andrew began, pitifully. He was catching his breath like a child with sobs.

"I don't want to hear anything," replied Ellen, firmly. "Whatever you did was right, father. There is no need of your telling me anything. There is no need for you to worry any more about it. You are going to pay him in six months, if you don't think it best to take the money out of the bank and pay him in the mean time, and it will be all right."

"I ought to tell you, Ellen!"

"You ought to tell me nothing," said Ellen. "You are all tired out, father. I don't want to know anything. You can't do anything that isn't right for me. Now go to bed, and go to sleep."

Ellen stroked her father's thin gray hair with exactly the same tender touch with which he had so often stroked her golden locks. It was an inheritance of love reverting to its original source. She kissed him on his lined forehead with her flowerlike lips, then she pushed him gently away. "Go softly, and don't wake mother," whispered she; "and, father, there's no need to trouble her with this. Good-night."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Johnny Shark

BY T. JENKINS HAINS

IN the middle of the South Atlantic Ocean, about six hundred miles to the eastward of Cape St. Roque, rises the peculiar peak called the St. Paul's Rock. Within a cable's length of it the bottom apparently falls out of the ocean, for it takes nearly three miles of piano wire, with an enormous deep-sea lead attached, to find the half-liquid ooze below.

It is on the edge of the calm belt close to the equator, and the blue depths surrounding its huge flanks are seldom, if ever, disturbed by a storm.

It was here that our hero was born.

He was one of a school of six when he first saw the light, and his five brothers and sisters were so like him that the mother could hardly tell them apart.

During his babyhood Johnny Shark had many trials. There were the hideous little pilot-fish to deal with. They were always following around, trying to rob him of his rights. Then his brothers also lacked in unselfishness, and he fought them all from the beginning, until his disposition became combative.

During this period of his life his skin was of a most beautiful velvety gray, shading to white on his belly. His hard bony lips formed a sheath for his cutters, and they fitted in behind them as snug as a sword in a scabbard. They were very small, but the same shape as his mother's triangles, and he could work them on their bases as though hinged in his jaws. He was but little more than a foot in length, and he kept close to his mother's side, ready to get to cover should a fierce albacore or any of the giant mackerel tribe take a notion that he would make a good meal.

And yet he could venture deep in the shadow of the mountain defiles where, in some of the huge caverns, gigantic, many-armed monsters, with huge beaks, and eyes a foot in diameter, lay waiting, seizing whatever unfortunate fish happened within the sweep of their snaky

tentacles. In fact, all around him was an eternal war.

As he grew, he began to develop a wandering spirit.

He seldom cared for violent exercise, and could hardly understand the foolish savagery of some of the warmer-blooded denizens about him. When he fought he generally made a sure thing of it. He would take no chances where a wound or exhaustion meant certain death. There were plenty of small fish that were too stupid to run when he approached, and he could always get enough of them without playing the game of death for the pure love of it.

Once a school of giants came to the rocks, and he lay in the shadow of a crag wondering at their size. They were sperm whales, and their leader was an enormous old fellow whose fat sides were studded with barnacles. These seemed to trouble him, and he would roll slowly up to a peak near the surface, where the sunlight filtered down through the blue, and rub his belly for hours at a time, scraping off thousands of the parasites. While the monsters lay near the rocks, a very long and thin relative of his mother's paid them a visit. His tail was enormous, and it was evident he was fast. He seemed to have some business with his parent, for soon afterwards she followed him off to sea, where one of the whales lay sleeping, with the water breaking gently over her back.

When they were close to her they made a sudden dash, the lean shark leaping high in air, and falling with a tremendous whack upon the sleeping victim, while his mother chopped her savagely in the sides. It was all so sudden he hardly had time to get away, for in an instant the sleeping whale awoke and tore the sea with her flukes.

His mother, however, heeded the out-fly but little, and held gamely on. The whale tried to turn and seize her in the

long thin jaw that was studded with enormous teeth, but nothing could dislodge the grip of her triangles. And all the time the thin fellow in company would throw himself in the air and smash her terrific blows with his lean tail.

Then the whale sounded, carrying his mother out of sight below.

Instead of following, the thresher-shark dodged the great bull leader and made off, leaving the mother shark to get away the best she could.

She came up with the whale half a mile away, and then, finding herself deserted, she let go and started to make off. As she did so she encountered the big bull coming after her. She ducked from his bite, but he smote her such a blow with his flukes as she dodged past that she was hardly able to escape.

The next day a sword-fish, seeing her, gave her a taste of his weapon, and began to chop her up. Instead of driving him away, several other sharks, that now appeared, openly joined him in accomplishing her destruction, and soon she disappeared entirely.

The little shark now went his way alone among the peaks. He was growing strong, and his triangular teeth developed saw edges, making the most perfect cutting-machines possible to devise. His skin was tough and coarse, a bony substance forming upon it that made it almost tooth-proof to ordinary fish.

He developed a roving disposition, and the vicinity of the great mountain became too well known. He started off to the westward, where the sun seemed to sink in a deep golden-red ocean, and he cruised along near the surface, his dorsal fins and tip of tail just awash.

One day a whale passed in his wake. The huge bulk of the creature might have appalled any fish, but he was hungry and the fat ring blubber was tempting. His own two fathoms of lean, hard flank seemed meagre enough, but remembering his mother's victory, he made the attack, and after hours of fighting, gorged and weary, he swam slowly away.

For months he cruised to the westward and skirted the shores of the continent, finding enough to eat around the river mouths. In one harbor where there was much offal he lived for several years,

only going to the ocean for a draught of fresh salt water now and then. He grew steadily in size until he reached full twenty feet in length.

His hide was now of a dull grayish brown, shading to white on his belly. Upon it the hard lumps of bony substance thickened. His jaws were nearly three feet wide, and he now had six rows of triangles, the outside and largest being over an inch on a side clear of the gums. His eyes were large and bright, and his nose broad and sensitive.

As time passed he developed a taste for company. A desire to meet his kind came upon him, and he left the lazy life in the harbor and went to sea again.

He travelled through the West Indies, and there one bright hot day on the surf he met a shark that appeared most friendly. It was a new feeling that came upon him at this meeting—a desire to live in the companionship of the stranger for a time. He even found himself letting her take the first choice of some barracuda he had killed.

They travelled together during a moon, and then they found a warm spot on the Bahama Bank, where the hot stream flowed past beautiful coral hills that rose from the blue depths.

Here they lingered for some time, his mate giving birth to five soft-skinned little sharks. He was not much interested in this, and once made a chop at one of the youngsters, cutting him in half.

For this his mate made a chop at him, and nearly cut off his side fin. Then, finding that everything was not as pleasant as it might be, he cruised away again to the southward.

One day he came to a queer thing floating upon the water. It was not unlike a whale as viewed from underneath, but every now and then a peculiar creature, with arms and legs swaying wildly, dropped from it and went to the bottom. Then, staying but a moment to collect some shell-fish, it would rise again to the surface. This interested him, and he lay by watching. Then, the smell of these creatures being somewhat appetizing, he made a dash at one as he arose.

He came to the surface with the man in his jaws, and he saw the whalelike object was full of similar animals. They shouted and made a great noise when

they saw their fellow chopped in halves and carried away by him.

Now the taste of this peculiar creature was very good. Much better, in fact, than the fish he had been eating. For a long time after his meal he waited a few fathoms below the surface, hoping another would descend. Finally he noticed a long line trailing away from the floating thing above. He watched it and smelled it, and found there was something tied to the end. He was a little afraid that there was something wrong with that line, and a sudden fear came upon him. He hesitated. Then his old careless spirit came back, and he nosed the bait, finding it some kind of fish he had never tasted before. He pushed it about while the instinctive fear of the peculiar smell held him. Then he made a chop and bolted the lump.

The line, however, would not cut. He chopped and chopped again and again, backing away, but to no purpose.

Suddenly the line became taut. A sharp pain struck him in the throat, and he knew he was fast to the line by some sharp thing in the flesh he had bolted.

He became panic-stricken and fled away. But no sooner would he forge ahead a few fathoms than that line would draw so tight the pain was unbearable. He would be slowly and surely pulled back again. This lasted for some minutes, and then his old spirit of apathy came upon him, and he allowed the line to drag him where it chose, while he held it like a vise in his jaws.

Soon he found himself at the surface, and the strange creatures like the one he had eaten made a great noise. There were several flashes like lightning, only not so bright, and with the noise like thunder he felt heavy blows upon his head. He made a desperate dash away, and tore the line slack for many fathoms, but the pain in his throat stopped him from going farther. Then he was lifted slowly back to the surface again.

There he lay, a huge dark shadow under the clear water. He was growing faint and dizzy from the blows upon his head. The last he saw of the bright sunlight was the blue water foaming about him and a row of eyes looking over the edge of the floating thing.

The Case of Thomas Phipps

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

I
WHEN Thomas Phipps had reached what are called the years of discretion, it was plainly apparent to the naked eye that discretion had not arrived with the years. This was a matter of no surprise to those familiar with his childhood, for an unworldly lack of common-sense had distinguished him from the cradle. At the age of six he began attendance at the little red brick school-house on the Hampton turnpike, where he grew into a long, lank youth, tranquilly accepting the impositions of his classmates and the severities of a series of masters. The younger boys got his marbles away from him, and the elder boys assimilated the greater portion of his lunch at recess. If he exchanged jack-knives, he generally

found himself the final possessor of the one with a broken blade or some other abnormal defect. He was a distressing mixture of innocence, conscientiousness, and obstinacy. There were unexpected moments when it was impossible to do anything at all with him. His amiability never deserted him in these intervals; but somehow wrapped up in his guileless, half-infantile smile was the intimation of a will of iron. Whenever this particular look came into Thomas Phipps's face, the young brigands of the red school-house called a halt to their persecutions. If he chanced, in the midst of that engaging smile, to remark, "I don't think you'd better fool with that oriole's nest in the old elm down by the pond," the oriole's nest escaped pillage for the time being. Unlike the average country lad, he was

very gentle with all gentle creatures, having a sort of esoteric kinship with birds, squirrels, and mud-turtles.

The setting forth of these traits of his childhood renders a later description of him unnecessary; for the boy was father to the man.

When Thomas Phipps's school-days were over, his uncle, Daniel Whipple, who had adopted him in infancy, set him to work on the farm. The estate, which was called Westside, lay on the outskirts of Hampton, and had been in the family since 1760. Deacon Whipple was a widower, with two daughters somewhat younger than Thomas, whose lines were considered to have fallen in pleasant places. He would probably inherit Westside, and certainly marry one of the girls—Mary, of course; Martha Jane squinted. The logical neighborhood had long ago arranged the programme.

Daniel Whipple was supposed to be very wealthy, and known to be eccentric. Though not precisely an ill-natured person, he was a man of strong antipathies, and not popular—especially not popular with his four cousins living in the town. The adoption of Thomas Phipps by the deacon had not been approved at the time by the Fishleys, and as years wore on, establishing closer relations between uncle and nephew, the disapproval was not modified. When young Phipps was put into training evidently intended to fit him for the ultimate proprietorship of Westside, the spectacle was too painful for the Fishleys. An indirect remonstrance lighted the ready pyre of Deacon Whipple's wrath, and the Fishleys, so to speak, perished in the flames. They were brothers.

Thomas Phipps took to farm-work with seeming relish, and developed cleverness on one or two unsuspected lines. He showed considerable knack at carpentering, and did a job of painting on the old stables so skilfully that the over-busy local painter was not missed. But Thomas Phipps's interest in agricultural pursuits was only seeming. He hated the business with great cheerfulness, and his cheerfulness deceived the uncle. Perhaps Daniel Whipple received the largest surprise of his life on the morning of the day when Thomas Phipps attained his majority. He walked into the barn where

the deacon was inspecting a very recent heifer, and said, quietly,

"Uncle Dan'el, I don't think I like farming."

"Don't like what?"

"Farming. I intend to give it up."

"Give it up!" cried the deacon, letting go his hold on the heifer's leg with such suddenness as to cause the little stranger to topple over in the straw. "Are you crazy, Thomas? What are you driving at?"

"I never meant to be a farmer. I mean to be a painter."

The deacon had not risen from his half-kneeling posture. He now stood up.

"You want to be one of those long-haired artist-fellows that come mooning about here summer-times?"

"No," said Thomas Phipps, with a laugh—a laugh which in another man would have rung out, but in him was perfectly noiseless. "I propose to be a painter on a larger scale—a house-painter."

"You are not in earnest—you fool!"

"In dead earnest, Uncle Dan'el."

"Then you'd better put a cold bandage on your head and go to bed."

The conversation which ensued that morning—good-natured and obstinate on the part of the nephew, thunderous and charged with lightning on the part of the uncle—needs no recording. The story is told in Deacon Whipple's concluding sentence:

"Thomas Phipps, if that's your last word, I don't ever want to see you inside my house again."

"If you should happen to want any outside painting—" began Thomas, but the old gentleman was swinging across the ten-acre lot on his way to the house.

Thus Thomas Phipps gave up an existence of assured ease and relative luxury in order to become merely a house-painter dependent on a precarious daily wage. It required a Thomas Phipps to do that at the moment of reaching the years of discretion.

II

The young man had sufficient means to enable him to set up a small shop, and he set it up in the main street, diagonally opposite a sign bearing the legend: "J. Timmins, Painter and Glazier." Before

deciding on this step, Thomas Phipps had approached Mr. Timmins with an offer of services and additional capital, but Mr. Timmins had declined both, and the result was a new studio over the way.

Thomas Phipps's extraordinary move stirred endless gossip in Hampton, and touched some queer sense of humor lying dormant in the place. He had always been a favorite in the town, and there was a readiness to take sides with him against Deacon Whipple, if the two had quarrelled. Whether they had or not, and, if they had, on what grounds, remained unexplained. Thomas Phipps kept his own counsel and threw no light on the question. He arranged his paint-pots and brushes, and placidly waited for business. Presently odd small jobs began to come in—mostly from customers in debt to Mr. Timmins. The pickings were meagre and not profitable.

About this time, providentially, a feverish real-estate boom broke out in Hampton, and hideous little one-story cottages with slated mansard-roofs sprang up everywhere, like mushrooms. The two painters in town were not too many for the emergency. Mr. Timmins had to sink his pride and ask occasional collaboration at the hands of his rival, who in other ways came in handsomely for a share of the prosperity, though his fortunes fell below the level of his opportunity.

Thomas Phipps, as a house-painter, would have been a great success if it had not been for Thomas Phipps. He had certain positive ideas touching the proper colors for a special house or barn, and his loose, conscientious candor in attempting to impress these excellent ideas on his patrons lost him more than one desirable commission. When the Hon. James Boodle, who was erecting a very pretentious mansion with a chubby tower, directed Phipps to paint the outside in three colors, the first story brown, the second story yellow, and the third story gray, Mr. Phipps, with characteristic tact, asked the great statesman if he wanted his house "to look like a zebra." Mr. Timmins laid on the three colors, and said never a word. Phipps never understood how that job came to slip through his fingers.

"At the start Boodle was wild to have

me do the work, wouldn't hear of anybody else putting a brush to it, and then the first thing I knew Timmins had his ladder swung against the north gable, and was painting away for dear life. Boodle doesn't seem to know his own mind for two minutes together."

Several months before he left his uncle's bed and board Thomas Phipps had fallen in love with Postmaster Spinney's daughter—a young lady whose worldly possessions included nothing more tangible than her implicit belief in the goodness and miscellaneous superiority of Thomas Phipps. The sudden change in his circumstances affected neither her faith nor her devotion.

Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds

in the once satisfactory annual stipend of the beloved. Miss Ethel Spinney held to her promise, though Postmaster Spinney would have liked to shirk his, given in the days of the suitor's prosperity. Mr. Thomas Phipps, the adopted son and presumably one of the heirs of Deacon Daniel Whipple, and Tom Phipps, the house-painter (when he could get any houses to paint), were two distinct individuals. The second had obliterated the first; but the first might suddenly come back and obliterate the second. The chances of this happening greatly unsettled Mr. Spinney, who at last gave a reluctant consent to Ethel's marriage. The modest wedding took place in the bride's home, and was unattended by any of the West-side people. Deacon Whipple never recognized Thomas Phipps on the street, and the girls only nodded to him furtively when they met. Of late they had ceased to do that.

Whether or not young Phipps's defection interfered with any matrimonial plan of his uncle was guess-work. The offence need not have been so deep as that in order permanently to anger the deacon. In his dealings with mankind he was not tolerant of even slight opposition, though it was understood that the two Whipple girls could lead him with a hair. If this were so, they evidently did not exert their influence in making the deacon forgive his nephew. Was that through pique or indifference? Hampton was divided on the question.



"ARE YOU CRAZY, THOMAS? WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT?"

The flush times had set Thomas Phipps on his feet, in a way. He had bought and furnished a cottage, not much bigger than a bird-cage, in the part of the town to which fashion seemed to be wending her capricious steps. But before fashion reached his door, if she ever seriously intended to reach there, the building mania spent itself. Architectural zebras ceased to propagate in Hampton. Every kind of trade slackened, and Thomas Phipps would soon have acquired the hand of little employment had he not added carriage and sign painting to his preferred occupation.

As it was, domestic economy had to sail very close to the wind in Willow Street, the site of the bird-cage. Mrs. Phipps was an ingenious little housewife, and could make a palatable stew out of almost nothing; but she could not make a stew out of nothing at all, and that was the chief ingredient in prospect. She had the pluck that is hereditary in unspoiled New England country girls; but now and then she broke down when alone, —never in Thomas Phipps's presence. There was always a bright face when he came home from his work or no work. One evening, however, she sounded a desponding note in spite of herself.

"Tom," she said, "sometimes I think that you haven't been quite wise. You haven't looked out for yourself as sharply as other folks do who aren't really half so clever. If you had stayed up at West-side, you'd have been a rich man some day."

"Well," said Thomas Phipps, with an introspective air, "I wasn't adapted to farming, I hadn't any especial call on Uncle Dan'el's property, and I didn't want to marry Mary or Martha Jane. What I wanted, principally, was to marry Ethel Spinney."

"You did it, Tom."

"And I'm not regretting it a minute," said Thomas Phipps. "Just pin that to your sun-bonnet."

If Thomas Phipps had spells of depression, he was never caught in the act, at home or abroad. Frequently he could be observed standing in the doorway of his paint-shop and smiling like a multimillionaire on the passers in the street. If Deacon Whipple chanced to drive by in his gig, Thomas would make him a

friendly and respectful salutation, which was not returned. Then Thomas would indulge in one of his mute laughs.

"I'm going to bow to Uncle Dan'el just as long as there's anything left of both of us. I know I disappointed him, but I don't see why he takes it so hard. With his gray-colored sense of fun, I should think he'd be amused. I had to do what I did, or I wouldn't ever have been happy."

Fortunately, the idea that he wasn't happy never once occurred to Thomas Phipps. It might have depressed him.

III

One morning, about eighteen months after his marriage, Thomas Phipps said to himself: "I begin to believe that true art isn't appreciated in Hampton. There's a lack of inside and outside taste. Some things I can't and won't do. Timmins is the man for this locality. He'd paint a building dead black if they told him to. A sky-blue hearse with pink dots would just suit him. Perhaps there'd be a chance for me in a city like Portland or Portsmouth, if I could once find a footing."

The situation had become embarrassing. He was too poor to remain in Hampton, and too poor to get away. This was possible: Ethel might visit her mother for a week or ten days while he was prospecting elsewhere. Phipps involuntarily made a wry face as the thing suggested itself to him. "I've never been separated from Ethel," he reflected, forgetting that he had been separated from her about nineteen years the day he married her.

Thomas Phipps had just taken down the shutters of the single window that lighted his shop, and was now sitting on an empty turpentine-barrel near the open door, facing the street. His mood was one of unwonted abstraction, for reverie was not in his line. Suddenly a chaise drew up at the curbstone, a man descended from the vehicle and mounted the three wooden steps leading from the sidewalk up to the narrow platform in front of the building. Phipps lifted his head and nodded pleasantly, wondering what brought Lawyer Dunn to the shop. As the gentleman was a bachelor, and boarded with the Odells, it wasn't a job of painting.

"Mr. Phipps," said Mr. Dunn, speaking

hurriedly, "Deacon Whipple has just been found dead in his carriage."

"Why—why, it wasn't half an hour ago I saw him drive past!"

"What has happened must have happened as he reached the gate of his own house, or very shortly before. The horse was discovered standing quietly beside the hitching-post."

"Isn't there a mistake? Are you sure it isn't a faint, or something he'll come out of?"

"Quite sure. It was a heart-stroke. He is dead."

Thomas Phipps leaned against the door-jamb and remained silent. Mr. Dunn turned to go, then lingered a moment, hesitating, and said: "Perhaps I ought to inform you that the Will is to be examined this afternoon."

"This afternoon! Isn't that rather quick?"

"It is rather unusual. Mr. Whipple had some unconventional notions, and this is one which we are constrained to respect. About a year ago he gave me written as well as oral commands to have the Will opened immediately upon his demise—within three or four hours afterward, if practicable, and in any event it was to be done previous to the interment. You will naturally desire to be present. I shall send word to the Fishleys."

"Well, I don't know," replied Thomas Phipps, slowly. "I don't much care to go up to the house yet awhile. I guess I'll wait for the funeral, unless I can be of any help. Perhaps they'll send for me."

"Of course your attendance at the reading is not obligatory or any way necessary."

"I expect not. But I'd half like to see the disappointment of the Fishleys."

"That is at your option."

As Mr. Dunn stepped into the chaise, Thomas Phipps began to put up his shutters.

"I guess I'll let the Fishleys enjoy it by themselves."

That afternoon the Will was read to a silent group assembled in the half-darkened sitting-room at Westside, and an hour later every detail of the document was known to the town of Hampton. Nobody had suspected how rich he was—

not even the tax-assessors. There were several public bequests, which excited only passing comment: as a matter of course, Deacon Whipple would remember the Baptist Church and the Infirmary. But the seventh clause of the will caused a sensation. In clause VII. a sum of \$4000 was bequeathed to each of the Fishleys, and the sum of \$1000 to Thomas Phipps. The astonishing feature was the condition attached to these legacies—*i. e.*, that none of the five named legatees should attend the testator's funeral services, either at the house, the church, or the cemetery. In case this condition was not complied with by one or several of the above-named legatees, the executors of the Will were empowered to carry out the sealed instructions left in the hands of the testator's lawyer, Silas Dunn.

In view of so remarkable a provision the correlative circumstance of Deacon Whipple's death was almost lost sight of. On the post-office steps, at the street corner, by the fireside, and in Warner's drug-store—a centre of incandescent gossip—nothing was spoken of but the odd combination of generosity and malice embodied in that seventh clause.

"It's the first time I ever heard of folks being hired to stay away from a funeral," observed Mr. Millet, the sexton of St. John's. He felt that a slight had been cast upon him professionally.

"I wish somebody'd hire me to stay away from mine," put in the local humorist.

"If you could, I don't know any man in town who would hire you," replied the branch-telegraph operator.

"Mebby some creditor," suggested a voice on the edge of the crowd.

Postmaster Spinney ventured to express the opinion that the parties interested in section VII. wouldn't be likely to flock to the obsequies.

"I should smile," said the Hon. James Boodle.

"It's a windfall for Tom Phipps," remarked Selectman Devons; "not much of a one, considering; but a windfall's a windfall."

A slight thrill ran through the township of Hampton when it was reported that Thomas Phipps had no intention whatever of conforming to his late uncle's



ETHEL SAT MUTELY WATCHING EVERY MOVEMENT

wishes in the matter. The report was instantly credited. It was so like Tom Phipps to kick over his own pail of milk. It had been his chief occupation ever since he was five years old, and dazzling success had crowned his efforts. After blighting all his prospects by quitting Westside, no act of short-sightedness on his part was likely to amaze Hampton. Of course he would go to that funeral, with his eyes wide open, and lose what little the old gentleman had designed to leave him. If the world had been populated exclusively by human beings like Tom Phipps, the whole concern would have been wound up long before the Deluge. Somebody ought to get hold of the idiot, and sit on his head for an

hour or two while they were burying the Deacon.

"Such stupidity," declared Mr. Manners, the preceptor of the Boys' High School, "could not have been acquired; it must have existed in Mr. Phipps anterior to his birth."

"It seems to me," said Parson Hackett, "that at times he has the air of acting quite independently of his own volition, impelled, as it were, by some unexplained outside influence. I think myself it was foreordained that he should attend the deacon's funeral. It's not a question of free will with him."

Phipps had said nothing to Ethel on the subject, and she had not questioned him. The rumor came to her from outside; but

she believed it, and knew herself to be powerless. If he had made up his mind, it was no use talking. Ethel watched him nervously. Either because he scorned so small a legacy, or because he couldn't resist the temptation to do an unwise thing, Tom was going to that funeral. And they were so poor!

Deacon Whipple had died on a Monday, and the services were appointed for Wednesday. On that morning Thomas Phipps dressed himself in his Sunday suit and carefully knotted a black silk neck-tie, an article which had not hitherto figured as an item in his limited wardrobe. By what piece of Jay-Gouldish financiering this neck-tie and a pair of sombre gloves were accumulated remains a buried secret. On the day of his marriage he had not arrayed himself with more pains.

Ethel sat on the side of the bed, mutely watching every movement. When his toilet was completed and he turned towards the door, she slowly rose to her feet.

"Tom, do you really mean to—to—"

"I must, Ethel. If I'm built lop-sided, I must go as I'm built—crooked. I've thought the whole miserable business over till my head aches, and I don't see any two ways of acting. Uncle Dan'el had his faults; at times he was a hard man; but he was good to me when I was a boy, and not ten thousand dollars, let alone ten hundred, could keep me from going to his funeral. Uncle Dan'el didn't mean I should have a cent. He knew me down to the ground, and he knew I wasn't going to swallow any such bitter pill as he'd put up for me. Self-respect comes high, but I've got to have it. It's about the only thing that's worth what it costs—that and first-class linseed oil."

"You're not like other people, Tom, and perhaps that's why I love you. You seem to do the foolishhest things, but somehow there's always a kind of right at the bottom of the foolishness, even when it doesn't turn out well. At first I thought differently from you about this matter, but now I haven't a word to say. I don't care for that money if you don't. I just want you to be yourself," and as Ethel stood on tiptoe to straighten the black neck-tie there was only a suspicion

of moisture in her eyes, and nothing of reproach.

She did not accompany Phipps to West-side, and was waiting for him at the street door when he returned home shortly after noontime.

"Were the Fishleys there?" was Ethel's first question.

"They weren't there in great numbers," replied her husband, smiling; "but all the rest of the population was on hand. I never saw such a crowd; it stretched out to the front gate. I'm glad I went."

"Did anybody say anything to you, Tom?"

"Parson Hackett shook hands with me, and Mr. Devons said he expected I'd turn up. Everybody turned up, even Li Fang. You know the old man helped him to start his laundry. It was funny to see the heathen Chineese standing round outside, dressed to kill, like an idol in a wax-work show. Li Fang looked kind of sad. They said he wanted to let off some fire-crackers as the coffin was brought out. He was blowing on a piece of lighted punk when they stopped him."

"Poor Li Fang! Perhaps he was the only sincere mourner in the whole lot, leaving out Mary and Martha Jane, of course."

Nothing short of the fullest particulars would satisfy Ethel, and these Thomas Phipps gave her, suppressing the fact that his presence at the ceremonies had overshadowed the principal actor on the scene. The general interest had riveted itself on the droll spectacle of Thomas Phipps forfeiting his legacy. The young man's incomprehensible conduct was viewed in only one light. As he entered the room and quietly seated himself, his father-in-law leaned over and whispered to a neighbor:

"'Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him.'"

That evening after supper Thomas Phipps broached his plan of going to Portland, or some other wider field, in search of an opening. He would of course be obliged to make the venture alone, Ethel to join him immediately in case of his success. Meanwhile Mrs. Spinney would not object to having her daughter back again for a week. Ethel at once



"MR. PHIPPS," SAID MR. DUNN, SPEAKING HURRIEDLY, "DEACON WHIPPLE HAS JUST BEEN FOUND DEAD IN HIS CARRIAGE"

assented to the arrangement. The project admitted of no delay.

"I'll put on my things now, and run over and tell mother," said Ethel.

"I'll go along with you. If they shouldn't happen to be pleased with the idea—"

"Oh, but they'll be pleased!"

"I'll go along, anyway. I'd like to try to make your father understand how I feel about Uncle Dan'el. I doubt if I can."

He failed in that; neither of the Spinneys could understand it; but the proposition to have Ethel stay with them during Phipps's absence met their views. Though the young man wore a propitiatory smile, there was something about the thin compressed lips that prevented the Spinneys from fully expressing their minds on the burning subject of the Will. They consoled themselves with the thought that no such diplomacy would be needed in the case of poor Ethel later on. They would leave her in no doubt as to their opinion of the imbecile she had got upon her hands. It would be a blessing if he were to take himself off for good. There was no longer any chance of his ever being anything but just Tom Phipps, the painter. Even if he hadn't followed the old deacon's coffin to the cemetery, it wouldn't have greatly mended the matter. What did ten hundred dollars amount to, when it might have been as many thousands?

The next day Phipps began preparing for his departure. Late in the afternoon, as he was setting the shop to rights, Mr. Dunn drove up to the door and alighted.

"I hope nobody else is dead," was Thomas Phipps's swift reflection. He dusted off the seat of the only chair on the premises, and offered it to Mr. Dunn, who did not speak for a few seconds. Then he said:

"Mr. Phipps, in disregarding your late uncle's injunction you debarred yourself from receiving the legacy left to you conditionally in the seventh clause of his Will."

"I understood that to be about the size of it. I've been told so forty or fifty times since yesterday."

"You are not alone concerned. Your surprising procedure, if you will allow me so to characterize it, has resulted in

rendering null and void that whole clause in the testament."

"No! I don't see how any act of mine could upset the bequests to the Fishleys. *They* didn't go to the funeral. Every one of 'em stuck to orders like a little man."

"They complied with the conditions of the testament," said the lawyer, with a touch of asperity in his voice.

"That's what I'm saying. They sat right up and took their medicine."

"That's the point. It was through no fault of theirs that they got debarred."

"It was my fault, then? I suppose it's wicked in me, Mr. Dunn, but I'm glad if the Fishleys aren't going to get the money. They don't deserve it, and don't especially need it."

"Fortunately, they do not need it."

"They'll put up a fight all the same."

"I should not like to hold a brief for them. But this is a side issue of no interest."

"It's all as interesting as can be."

"You were not at the reading of the Will last Monday afternoon, and are perhaps unaware that in the seventh clause mention was made of supplementary instructions, consigned to my charge, for the executors to act upon in the not probable contingency of one or more of the beneficiaries named failing to respect the testator's wishes on a certain point."

"I knew of that."

"Well, Mr. Phipps, the astonishing step you took made the immediate examination of that paper imperative. It cancels the whole of section VII., and directs the executors to pay over the various sums therein specified to such person or persons (of the five legatees named) as should be present at the testator's funeral in spite of his prohibition—the aggregate sum to be divided share and share alike in case there should be two or more such persons. It is hardly necessary for me to say, Mr. Phipps, that the sum of seventeen thousand dollars falls to you."

The young man leaned back on the turpentine-barrel, upon the head of which he had seated himself, and broke into one of those peculiar laughs of his—a laugh that could be seen but not heard.

"I always thought there was a heap of concealed fun in Uncle Dan'el," said Thomas Phipps.



WASHINGTON STOPPING AT AN INN ON HIS WAY TO CAMBRIDGE

Colonies and Nation

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

BY WOODROW WILSON

THE APPROACH OF THE REVOLUTION

THE ministers did persist, and there was revolution. Within less than a year from those memorable autumn days of 1773 when the East India Company's ships came into port, north and south, with their cargoes of tea, the colonies had set up a Congress at Philadelphia, which looked from the first as if it meant to do things for which there was no law; and which did, in fact, within less than two years after its first assembling, cut the bonds of allegiance which bound America to England. The colonists did not themselves speak or think of it as a body set up to govern them, or to determine their relations with the government at home, but only as a body organized for consultation and guidance, a general meeting of the Committees of Correspondence. But it was significant how rapidly, and upon how consistent and executive a plan, the arrangements for "correspondence" had developed, and how naturally, almost spontaneously, they had come to a head in this "Congress of Committees." There were men in the colonies who were as quick to act upon their instinct of leadership, and as apt and masterful at organization, as the English on the other side of the water who had checkmated Charles I.; and no doubt the thought of independent action, and even of aggressive resistance, came more readily to the minds of men of initiative in America, where all things were making and to be made, than in old England, where every rule of action seemed antique and venerable. Mr. Samuel Adams had been deliberately planning revolution in Massachusetts ever since 1768, the year the troops came to Boston to hold the town quiet while Mr. Townshend's Acts strangled its trade;

and he had gone the straight way to work to bring it about. He knew very well how to cloak his purpose and sedulously keep it hid from all whom it might shock or dismay or alienate. But the means he used were none the less efficacious because those who acted with him could not see how far they led.

It was he who had stood at the front of the opposition of the Massachusetts assembly to the Stamp Act; he who had drafted the circular letter of Massachusetts to the other colonies in 1768 suggesting concert of action against the Townshend Acts; he who had gone from the town meeting in Faneuil Hall to demand of Hutchinson the immediate removal of the troops, after the unhappy "massacre" of March, 1770; he who had led the town meeting which took effectual measures to prevent the landing of the tea from the East India Company's ships. No man doubted that his hand had been in the plan to throw the tea into the harbor. It was he who, last of all, as the troubles thickened, had bound the other towns of Massachusetts to Boston in a common organization for making and propagating opinion by means of committees of correspondence. It was late in 1772 when he proposed to the town meeting in Boston that the other towns of the colony be invited to co-operate with it in establishing committees of correspondence, by means of which they could exchange views, and, if need were, concert action. The end of November had come before he could make Boston's initiative complete in the matter; and yet the few scant weeks that remained of the year were not gone before more than eighty towns had responded.

It turned out that he had invented a tremendously powerful engine of propaganda for such opinions and suggestions of action as he chose to put upon the wind or set afloat in his private correspondence,—as he had, no doubt, foreseen, with his keen appreciation of the most effectual means of agitation. Here was, in effect, a league of towns to watch and to control the course of affairs. There was nothing absolutely novel in the plan, except its formal completeness and its appearance of permanence, as if of a standing political arrangement made out of hand. In the year 1765, which was now seven years gone by, Richard Henry Lee had taken an active part among his neighbors in Virginia in forming the "Westmoreland Association," which drew many of the leading spirits of the great county of Westmoreland together in concerted resistance to the Stamp Act. Four years later (1769) the Burgesses of Virginia, cut short in their regular session as a legislature by a sudden dissolution proclaimed by their royal governor, met in Mr. Anthony Hay's house in Williamsburg and adopted the resolutions for a general non-importation association which George Mason had drawn up, and which George Washington, Mr. Mason's neighbor and confidant, read and moved. There followed the immediate organization of local associations throughout the little commonwealth to see to the keeping of the pledge there taken. Virginia had no town meetings; each colony took its measures of non-importation and resistance to parliamentary taxation after its own fashion; but wherever there were Englishmen accustomed to political action there was always this thought of free association and quick and organized co-operation in the air, which no one was surprised at any time to see acted upon and made an instrument of agitation.

What made the Massachusetts committees of correspondence especially significant and especially telling in their effect upon affairs was that they were not used, like the "Westmoreland Association," or the non-importation associations of 1769, merely as a means of keeping neighbors steadfast in the observance of a simple resolution of passive resistance, but were employed to develop opinion and originate action from month to month,—

dilatory, defensive, or aggressive as occasion or a change of circumstances might demand. The non-importation associations had been powerful enough, as some men had reason to know. The determination not to import or use any of the things upon which Parliament had laid a tax to be taken of the colonies,—wine, oil, glass, paper, tea, or any of the rest of the list,—was not a thing all men had thought of or spontaneously agreed to. Certain leading gentlemen, like Mr. Mason and Colonel Washington, deemed it a serviceable means of constitutional resistance to the mistaken course of the ministry, induced influential members of the House of Burgesses to endorse it, and formed associations to put it into effect,—to see to it that no one drank wine or tea which had been brought in under Mr. Townshend's taxes. There was here no command of law—only a moral compulsion, the "pressure of opinion"; but it was no light matter to be censured and talked about by the leading people in your county as a person who defied the better sort of opinion and preferred wine and tea to the liberties of the colony. Associated opinion, spoken by influential men, proved a tremendous engine of quiet duress, and the unwilling found it prudent to conform. It was harder yet for the timid where committees of correspondence looked into and suggested opinion. Men could give up their wine, or women their tea, and still keep what opinions they pleased; but committees of correspondence sought out opinion, provoked discussion, forced men to take sides or seem indifferent; more than all, saw to it that Mr. Samuel Adams's opinions were duly promulgated and established by argument.

Men thought for themselves in Massachusetts, and Mr. Adams was too astute a leader to seem to force opinions upon them. He knew a better and more certain way. He drew Mr. Hutchinson, the governor, into controversy, and provoked him to unguarded heat in the expression of his views as to the paramount authority of Parliament and the bounden duty of the colonists to submit if they would not be accounted veritable rebels. He let heat in the governor generate heat in those who loved the liberty of the colony; supplied patriots with arguments, phrases,



GENERAL THOMAS GAGE

resolutions of right and privilege; watchfully kept the fire alive; forced those who were strong openly to take sides and declare themselves, and those who were weak to think with their neighbors; infused agitation, disquiet, discontent, dissonance of opinion into the very air; and let everything that was being said or done run at once from town to town through the ever-talkative committees of correspondence. He sincerely loved the liberty to which America had been bred; loved affairs, and wanted nothing for himself, except the ears of his neighbors; loved the air of strife and the day of debate, and the busy concert of endless agitation; was statesman and demagogue in one, and had now a cause which even slow and thoughtful men were constrained to deem just.

The ministers supplied fuel enough and to spare to keep alive the fires he

kindled; and presently the system of committees which he had devised for the towns of a single colony had been put into use to bring the several colonies themselves together. Opinion began to be made and moved and augmented upon a great scale. Spontaneous, no doubt, at first, at heart spontaneous always, it was elaborately, skilfully, persistently assisted, added to, made definite, vocal, universal,—now under the lead of men in one colony, again under the lead of those in another. Massachusetts, with her busy port and her noisy town meetings, drew the centre of the storm to herself; but the other colonies were not different in temper. Virginia, in particular, was as forward as Massachusetts. Virginia had got a new governor out of England early in 1772. John Murray, Earl of Dunmore, who let more than a year go by from his first brief meeting with the Burgesses

before he summoned them again, because he liked their lack of submission as little as they liked his dark brow and masterful temper; but he suffered them to convene at last, in March, 1773, and they forthwith gave him a taste of their quality, as little to his palate as he could have expected.

His majesty's revenue-cutter *Gaspee* had been deliberately boarded and burned by Rhode Islanders in June, 1772, while the Virginian Burgesses waited for their tardy summons to Williamsburg. The autumn had brought them news of great excitement in official circles in England over so daring an act of defiant lawlessness, and of the determination of the ministers to have the offenders haled over sea for trial. In the winter they heard of the royal commission sent over to look sharply into the matter, and see to the arrest and deportation of all chiefly concerned. They had but just assembled when this ominous news reached Virginia. Dabney Carr, Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, and Thomas Jefferson, young men all, and radicals, members of the House, privately associated themselves for the concert of measures to be taken in the common cause of the colonies. Upon their initiative the Burgesses resolved, when the news from Rhode Island came, to appoint at once a permanent Committee of Correspondence; instruct it to inquire very particularly into the facts about this royal commission; and ask the other colonies to set up similar committees, for the exchange of information concerning public affairs and the maintenance of a common understanding and concert in action. By the end of the year Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and South Carolina had adopted the suggestion and set their committees to work.

Massachusetts, of course. This was Mr. Samuel Adams's new machinery of agitation upon a larger scale. Adams himself had long cherished the wish that there might be such a connection established between the colonies. In the autumn of 1770 he had induced the Massachusetts assembly to appoint a committee of correspondence, to communicate with Mr. Arthur Lee, of Virginia, the colony's agent in London, and with the Speakers of the several colonial assem-

blies; and though the committee had accomplished little or nothing, he had not been discouraged, but had written the next year to Mr. Lee expressing the wish that "societies" of "the most respectable inhabitants" might be formed in the colonies to maintain a correspondence with friends in England in the interest of colonial privilege. "This is a sudden thought," he said, "and drops undigested from my pen;" but it must have seemed a natural enough thought to Mr. Lee, whose own vast correspondence,—with America, with Englishmen at home, with acquaintances on the Continent,—had itself, unaided, made many a friend for the colonies oversea at the same time that it kept the leading men of the colonies informed of the opinions and the dangers breeding in England. But Mr. Adams's town committees came first. It was left for the little group of self-constituted leaders in the Virginian assembly, of whom Richard Henry Lee, Mr. Arthur Lee's elder brother, was one, to take the step which actually drew the colonies into active co-operation, when the time was ripe. It was, in part, through the systematic correspondence set afoot by the Virginian Burgesses that something like a common understanding was arrived at as to what should be done when the tea came in; and the lawless defiance of the colonists in that matter brought the ministers in England to such a temper that there were presently new and very exciting subjects of correspondence between the committees, and affairs ran fast toward a crisis.

Teas to the value of no less than eighteen thousand pounds sterling had been thrown into the harbor at Boston on that memorable night of the sixteenth of December, 1773, when "Captain Mackintosh," the redoubtable leader of the South End toughs of the lively little town, was permitted for the nonce to lead his betters; but what aroused the ministers and put Parliament in a heat was not so much the loss incurred by the East India Company or the outcry of the merchants involved as the startling significance of the act, and the unpleasant evidence which every day came to hand that all the colonies alike were ready to resist. After the tea had been sent away, or stored in damp cellars, or thrown into the harbor,

at Philadelphia, Charleston, New York, and Boston, as the leaders of the mobs at each place preferred, there was an instant spread of Virginia's method of union. Six more colonies hastened to appoint Committees of Correspondence, and put themselves in direct communication with the men at Boston and at Williamsburg who were forming opinion and planning modes of redress. Only Pennsylvania held off. The tea had been shut out at Philadelphia, as elsewhere, but the leaders of the colony were not ready yet to follow so fast in the paths of agitation and resistance. Members of Parliament, however, hardly noticed the exception. It was Boston they thought of and chiefly condemned as a hot-bed of lawlessness. Not every one was ready to speak quite so plainly or so intemperately as Mr. Venn. "The town of Boston ought to be knocked about their ears and destroyed," he said. "You will never meet with proper obedience to the laws of this country until you have destroyed that nest of locusts." But though few were so outspoken, no doubt many found such a view nearly to their taste, and pleasantly enough suited to their temper.

At any rate, the ministers went a certain way towards acting upon it. In March, 1774, after communicating to the House the despatches from America, the leaders of the government, now under Lord North, proposed and carried very drastic measures. By one bill they closed the port of Boston, transferring its trade after the first of June to the older port of Salem. Since the headstrong town would not have the tea, it should have no trade at all. By another bill they suspended the charter of the colony. By a third

THE HISTORY OF THE COLONY OF MASSACHUSETTS-BAY,

FROM THE
FIRST SETTLEMENT THEREOF
IN 1628.
UNTIL ITS INCORPORATION
WITH THE
Colony of PLIMOUTH, Province of MAIN, &c.
BY THE
Charter of King WILLIAM and Queen MARY,
IN 1691.

Historia, non ostentationi, sed fidei, veritatisque componitur.

" Plin. Epist. L. 7. E. 33.

Vol. I.st (only)

By MR. HUTCHINSON,
Lieutenant-Governor of the MASSACHUSETTS Province.

BOSTON, NEW-ENGLAND:
Printed by THOMAS & JOHN FLEET, at the Heart and Crown
in Cornhill, MDCCCLXIV.

FAC-SIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE OF HUTCHINSON'S "HISTORY OF
THE COLONY OF MASSACHUSETTS-BAY"

they made provision for the quartering of troops within the province; and by a fourth they legalized the transfer to England of trials growing out of attempts to quell riots in the colony. News lingered on the seas, waiting for the wind, in those days, and the critical news of what had been done in Parliament moved no faster than the rest. It was the second of June before the text of the new statutes was known in Boston. That same month, almost upon that very day,

Thomas Hutchinson, the constant-minded governor whom Samuel Adams had tricked, hated, and beaten in the game of politics, left his perplexing post and took ship to England, never to return. Born and bred in Massachusetts, of the stock of the colony itself, he had nevertheless stood steadfastly to his duty as an officer of the crown, deeming Massachusetts best served by the law. He had suffered more than most men would have endured, but his sufferings had not blinded him with passion. He knew as well as any man the real state of affairs in the colony,—though he looked at them as governor, not as the people's advocate,—and now went to England to make them clear to the ministers. "The prevalence of a spirit of opposition to government in the plantation," he had already written them, "is the natural consequence of the great growth of colonies so remote from the parent state, and not the effect of oppression in the king or his servants, as the promoters of this spirit would have the world to believe." It would be of good omen for the settlement of difficulties if he could make the ministers see that the spirit which so angered them was natural, and not born of mere rebellion.

Mr. Hutchinson left General Gage governor in his stead,—at once governor and military commander. Gage was to face a season of infinite trouble, and, as men soon learned, did not know how to face it either with patience or with tact and judgment. The news of Boston's punishment and of the suspension of the Massachusetts charter, of the arrangement for troops, and of the legal establishment of methods of trial against which all had protested,—and, in the case of the *Gaspee* affair, successfully protested,—had an instant and most disturbing effect upon the other colonies, as well as upon those who were most directly affected. The ministers could not isolate Massachusetts. They were dealing with men more statesman-like than themselves, who did not need to see their own liberties directly struck at to recognize danger, though it was not yet their danger. They had protested in the time of the Stamp Act, which affected them all; this time they protested even more emphatically against measures

aimed at Massachusetts alone. What was more significant, they had now means at hand for taking action in common.

Virginia no doubt seemed to the ministers in England far enough away from Massachusetts, but her Burgesses acted upon the first news of what Parliament was doing,—a month before the text of the obnoxious Acts had reached Boston. In May, 1774, they ordered that June first, the day the Boston Port Bill was to go into effect, be set apart as a day of fasting and prayer,—prayer that civil war might be averted and that the people of America might be united in a common cause. Dunmore promptly dissolved them for their pains; but they quietly assembled again in the long room of the Raleigh Tavern; issued a call thence to the other colonies for a general Congress; and directed that a convention, freely chosen by the voters of the colony as they themselves had been, should assemble there, in that same room of the Raleigh, on the first day of August following, to take final measures with regard to Virginia's part in the common action hoped for in the autumn. The next evening they gave a ball in honor of Lady Dunmore and her daughters, in all good temper, as they had previously arranged to do,—as if nothing had happened, and as if to show how little what they had done was with them a matter of personal feeling or private intrigue, how much a matter of dispassionate duty. They had not acted singularly or alone. Rhode Island, New York, and Massachusetts herself had also asked for a general "Congress of Committees." The Massachusetts assembly had locked its doors against the governor's messenger, sent to dissolve it, until it had completed its choice of a committee "to meet the committees appointed by the several colonies to consult together upon the present state of the colonies." It was chiefly because Massachusetts called that the other colonies responded, but the movement seemed general, almost spontaneous. Virginia and Massachusetts sent their real leaders, as the other colonies did; and September saw a notable gathering at Philadelphia,—a gathering from which conservatives as well as radicals hoped to see come forth some counsel of wisdom and accommodation.

Every colony but Georgia sent delegates to the Congress. Not all who attended had been regularly elected by the colonial assemblies. The Virginian delegates had been elected by Virginia's August convention, a body unknown to the law; in some of the colonies there had been no timely sessions of the assemblies at which a choice could be made, and representatives had accordingly come from them who had been appointed by their Committees of Correspondence, or elected directly by the voters at the town and county voting-places. But no one doubted any group of delegates real representatives,—at any rate of the predominant political party in their colony. In New York and Pennsylvania the conservatives had had the upper hand, and had chosen men who were expected to speak for measures of accommodation and for obedience to law. In the other colonies, if only for the nonce, the more radical party had prevailed, and had sent representatives who were counted on to speak unequivocally for the liberties of the colonies, even at the hazard of uttering words and urging action which might seem revolutionary and defiant.

It was noteworthy and significant how careful a selection had been made of delegates. No doubt the most notable group was the group of Virginians: Colonel Washington; that "masterly man," Richard Henry Lee, as Mr. John Adams called him, as effective in Philadelphia as he had been in the House of Burgesses; Patrick Henry, whose speech was so singularly compounded of thought and fire; Edmund Pendleton, who had read nothing but law-books and knew nothing but business, and yet showed such winning grace and convincing frankness withal in debate; Colonel Harrison, brusque country gentleman, without art or subterfuge, downright and emphatic; Mr. Bland, alert and formidable at sixty-four, with the steady insight of the life-long student; and Mr. Peyton Randolph, their official leader and spokesman, whom the Congress chose its President, a man full of address, and seeming to carry privilege with him as a right inherited. Samuel Adams and John Adams had come from Massachusetts, with Mr. Cushing and Mr. Paine. South Carolina had sent two members of the Stamp Act Con-

gress of 1765, Mr. Christopher Gadsden and Mr. John Rutledge, with Mr. Edward Rutledge also, a youth of twenty-five, and plain Mr. Lynch, clad in homespun, as direct and sensible and above ceremony as Colonel Harrison. Connecticut's chief spokesman was Roger Sherman, rough as a peasant without, but in counsel very like a statesman, and in all things a hard-headed man of affairs. New York was represented by Mr. John Jay, not yet thirty, but of the quick parts of the scholar and the principles of a man of honor. Joseph Galloway, the well-poised Speaker and leader of her House of Assembly; John Dickinson, the thoughtful author of the famous "Farmer's Letters" of 1768, a quiet master of statement, and Mr. Thomas Mifflin, the well-to-do merchant, represented Pennsylvania. It was, take it all in all, an assembly of picked men, fit for critical business.

Not that there was any talk of actual revolution in the air. The seven weeks' conference of the Congress disclosed a nice balance of parties, its members acting, for the most part, with admirable candor and individual independence. A good deal was said and conjectured about the "brace of Adamses" who led the Massachusetts delegation,—Samuel Adams, now past fifty-two, and settled long ago, with subtle art, to his life-long business, and pleasure, of popular leadership, which no man understood better; and John Adams, his cousin, a younger man by thirteen years, at once less simple and easier to read, vain and transparent,—transparently honest, irregularly gifted. It was said they were for independence, and meant to take the leadership of the Congress into their own hands. But it turned out differently. If they were for independence, they shrewdly cloaked their purpose; if they were ambitious to lead, they were prudent enough to forego their wish and to yield leadership, at any rate on the floor of the Congress, to the interesting men who represented Virginia, and who seemed of their own spirit in the affair.

There was a marked difference between what the Congress said aloud, for the hearing of the world, and what it did, in order quietly to make its purpose of defeating the designs of the ministers effective. At the outset of its sessions it

came near to yielding itself to the initiative and leadership of its more conservative members, headed by Joseph Gallo-way, the trusted leader of the Pennsylvanians, a stout loyalist, but for all that a sincere patriot and thorough-going advocate of the legal rights of the colonies. He proposed a memorial to the crown asking for a confederate government for the colonies, under a legislature of their own choosing, very like the government Mr. Franklin had made a plan for twenty years ago in the Congress at Albany; and his suggestion failed of acceptance by only a very narrow margin when put to the vote. Even Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, who spoke more hotly than most men for the liberties of the colonies, declared it an "almost perfect plan"; and the Congress, rejecting it, substituted no other. It turned, rather, to the writing of state papers, and a closer organization of the colonies for concert of action. Its committees drew up an address to the king, memorials to the people of Great Britain and to the people of British North America, their fellow-subjects, and a solemn declaration of rights, so earnest, so moderate in tone, reasoned and urged with so evident and so admirable a quiet passion of conviction, as to win the deep and outspoken admiration of their friends in Parliament and stir the pulses of liberal-minded men everywhere on both sides of the sea.

So much was for the world. For themselves, they ordered a closer and more effective association throughout the colonies to carry out the policy of a rigorous non-importation and non-consumption of certain classes of British goods as a measure of trade against the English government's policy of colonial taxation. It recommended, in terms which rang very imperative, that in each colony a committee should be formed in every town or county, according to the colony's local administrative organization, which should be charged with seeing to it that every one within its area of oversight actually kept, and did not evade, the non-importation agreement; that these committees should act under the direction of the central Committee of Correspondence in each colony; and that the several colonial Committees of Correspondence

should in their turn report to and put into effect the suggestions of the general Congress of Committees at Philadelphia. For the Congress, upon breaking up at the conclusion of its business in October, resolved to meet again in May of the next year, should the government in England not sooner accede to its prayers for a radical change of policy towards the colonies. Its machinery of surveillance was meanwhile complete. No man could escape the eyes of the local committees. Disregard of the non-importation policy meant that his name would be published, and that he would be diligently talked about as one who was no patriot. The Congress ordered that any colony which declined to enter into the new Association should be regarded as hostile to "the liberties of this country." Samuel Adams himself had not had a more complete system of surveillance or of inquisitorial pressure upon individual conduct and opinion at hand in his township committees of correspondence. In the colonies where sentiment ran warm, no man could escape the subtle coercion.

Such action was the more worthy of remark because taken very quietly, and as if the Congress had of course the right to lead, to speak for the majority and command the minority in the colonies, united and acting like a single body politic. There was no haste, no unusual excitement, no fearful looking for trouble in the proceedings of this new and quite unexampled assembly. On the contrary, its members had minds sufficiently at ease to enjoy throughout all their business the entertainments and the attractive social ways of the busy, well-appointed, cheerful, gracious town, the chief city of the colonies, in which there was so much to interest and engage. Dinings were as frequent almost as debates, calls as committee meetings. Evening after evening was beguiled with wine and tobacco and easy wit and chat. The delegates learned to know and understand each other as men do who are upon terms of intimacy; made happy and lasting friendships among the people of the hospitable place; drank in impressions which broadened and bettered their thinking, as if they had seen the several colonies with whose representatives they were dealing from day to day; and went home

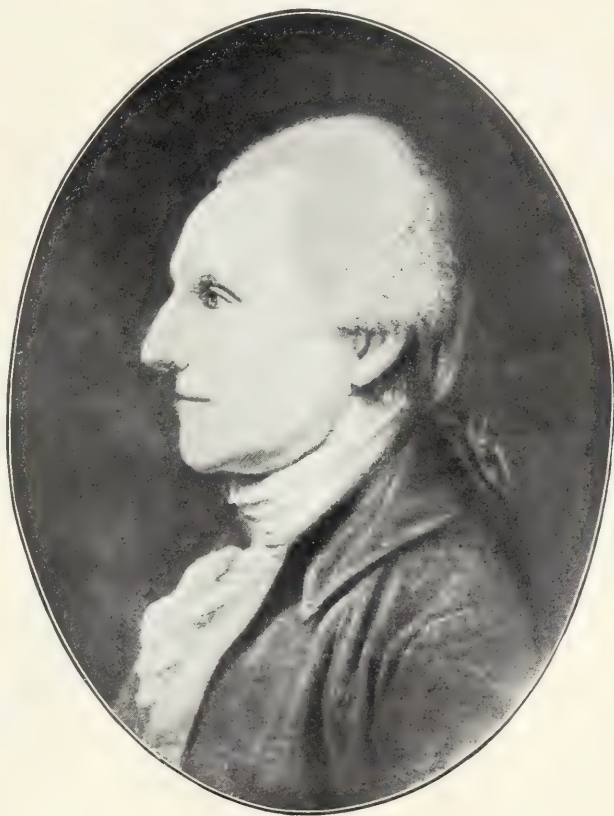
with a cleared and sobered and withal hopeful vision of affairs.

It was well to have their views so steadied. Events moved fast, and with all but sinister portent. Massachusetts could not be still, and quickly forced affairs to an issue of actual revolution. Before the Congress met again her leaders had irrevocably committed themselves to an open breach with the government; the people of the province had shown themselves ready to support them with extraordinary boldness; and all who meant to stand with the distressed and stubborn little commonwealth found themselves likewise inevitably committed to extreme measures. The Massachusetts men not only deeply resented the suspension of their charter, they denied the legal right of Parliament to suspend it. On the ninth of September, 1774, four days after the assembling of the Congress at Philadelphia, delegates from Boston and the other towns in Suffolk County in Massachusetts had met in

convention and flatly declared that the Acts complained of, being unconstitutional, ought not to be obeyed; that the new judges appointed under the Act of Suspension ought not to be regarded or suffered to act; that the collectors of taxes ought to be advised to retain the moneys collected, rather than turn them into General Gage's treasury; and that, in view of the extraordinary crisis which seemed at hand, the people ought to be counselled to prepare for war,—not, indeed, with any purpose of provoking hostilities, but in order, if necessary, to resist aggression. They declared also for a provincial congress, to take the place of the legislative council of their suspended charter, and resolved to regard the action of the Congress at Philadelphia as law for the common action of the colonies.

What gave these resolutions grave sig-

nificance was that the Congress at Philadelphia unhesitatingly declared, upon their receipt, that the whole continent ought to support Massachusetts in her resistance to the unconstitutional changes in her government, and that any person



RICHARD HENRY LEE

who should accept office within the province under the new order of things ought to be considered a public enemy. Moreover, the Suffolk towns did not stand alone. Their temper, it seemed, was the temper of the whole colony. Other towns took action of the same kind; and before the Congress at Philadelphia had adjourned, Massachusetts actually had set up a virtually independent provincial congress. General Gage had summoned the regular assembly of the province to meet at Salem, the new capital under the parliamentary changes, on the fifth of October, but had withdrawn the summons as he saw signs of disaffection multiply and his authority dwindle to a mere shadow outside his military lines at Boston. The members of the assembly convened nevertheless, and finding no governor to meet them, resolved themselves into a provincial congress and appointed

a Committee of Safety to act as the provisional executive of the colony. The old government was virtually dissolved, a revolutionary government substituted.

The substitution involved every hazard of license and disorder. A people schooled and habituated to civil order and to the daily practice of self-government, as the people of Massachusetts had been, could not suffer utter demoralization or lose wholly and of a sudden its sobriety and conscience in matters of public business. But it was a perilous thing that there was for a time no law outside of the fortifications which General Gage had thrown across Boston Neck, to defend the town against possible attack from its own neighbors. Town meetings and irregular committees took the place of officers of government in every locality. The committees were often self-constituted, the meetings too often disorderly and irregularly summoned. Everything fell into the hands of those who acted first; and inasmuch as the more hot-headed and violent are always at such times the first to act, many sober men who would fain have counselled restraint and prudence, and the maintenance so far as might be of the old order, were silenced or overridden. The gatherings at which concerted action was determined upon were too often like mere organized mobs. Men too often obtained ascendancy for the time being who had no claim but audacity and violence of passion upon the confidence of their followers; and many things happened under their leadership which it was afterwards pleasant to forget. No man of consequence who would not openly and actively put himself upon the popular side was treated with so much as toleration. General Gage presently found Boston and all the narrow area within his lines filling up, accordingly, with a great body of refugees from the neighboring towns and countryside.

Not only those who sided with the English power because of fear or interest,—place-holders, sycophants, merchants who hoped to get their trade back through favor, weak men who knew not which side to take and thought the side of government in the long-run the safer,—but many a man of dignity and substance also, and many a man of scrupu-

lous principle who revered the ancient English power to which he had always been obedient with sincere and loyal affection, left his home and sought the protection of Gage's troops. The vigilance of the local committees effectually purged the population outside Boston, as the weeks went by, of those who were not ready to countenance a revolution. There was, besides, something very like military rule outside Boston as well as within it. The provincial congress met, while necessary, from month to month, upon its own adjournment, and, prominent amongst other matters of business, diligently devoted itself to the enrolment and organization of a numerous and efficient militia. Local as well as general commanders were chosen; there was constant drilling on village greens; fire-arms and ammunition were not difficult to get; and an active militia constituted a very effective auxiliary in the consolidation of local opinion concerning colonial rights and the proper means of vindicating them.

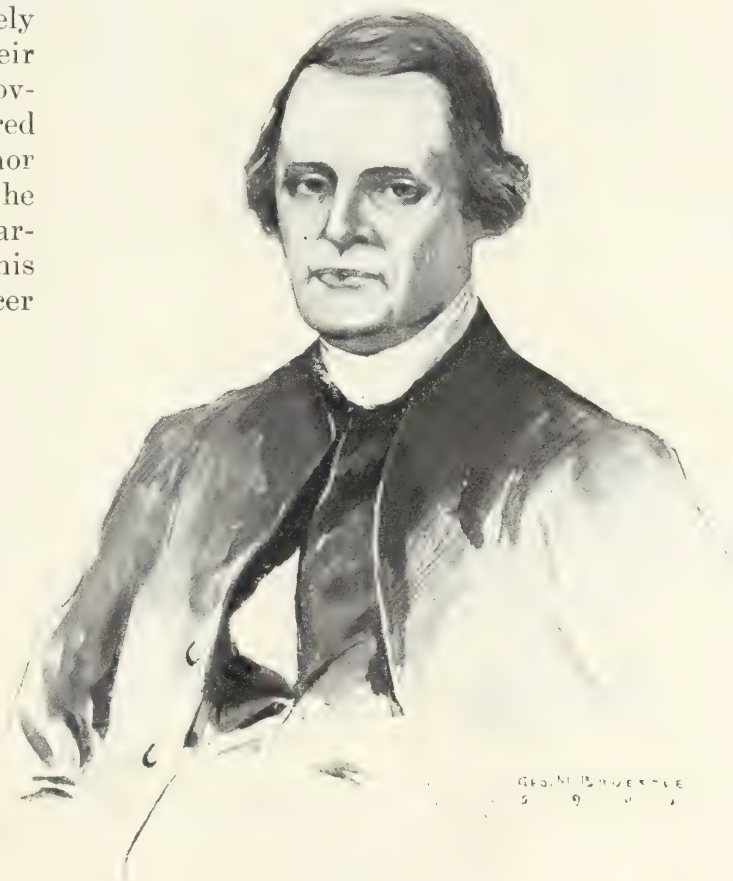
It is the familiar story of revolution: the active and efficient concert of a comparatively small number controlling the action of whole communities at a moment of doubt and crisis. There was not much difference of opinion among thoughtful men in the colonies with regard to the policy which the ministers in England had recently pursued respecting America. It was agreed on all hands that it was unprecedented, unwise, and in plain derogation of what the colonists had time out of mind been permitted to regard as their unquestioned privileges in matters of local self-government. Some men engaged in trade at the colonial ports had, it is true, found the new policy of taxation and enforced restrictions very much to their own interest. The Sugar Act of 1732, which cut at the heart of the New England trade with the French West Indies, and which Grenville and Townshend had, in these last disturbing years, tried to enforce, had been passed in the first instance at the suggestion of a Boston merchant who was interested in sugar-growing in the British islands from whence the Act bade the colonial importers take all their sugar, molasses, and rum; and no doubt there were many in all the American

ports who would have profited handsomely by the enforcement of the Navigation Acts. But, however numerous these may have been, they were at most but a small minority. For a vast majority of the merchants the enforcement of the Acts meant financial ruin. Merchants as well as farmers, too, were hotly against taxes put upon them in their own ports by an act of Parliament. They were infinitely jealous of any invasion of their accustomed rights of self-government under their revered and ancient charter. Governor Hutchinson himself, though he deemed the commands of Parliament law, and thought it his own bounden duty as an officer of the crown to execute them, declared in the frankest fashion to the ministers themselves that their policy was unjust and mistaken.

But, while men's sentiments concurred in a sense of wrong, their judgments parted company at the choice of what should be done. Men of a conservative and sober way of thinking; men of large fortune or business, who knew what they had at stake should disorders arise or law be set aside; men who believed that there were pacific ways of bringing the government to another temper and method in dealing with the colonies, and who passionately preferred the ways of peace to ways of violence and threatened revolution, arrayed themselves instinctively and at once against every plan that meant lawlessness and rebellion. They mustered very strong indeed, both in numbers and in influence. They bore, many of them, the oldest and most honored names of the colony, in Massachusetts, where the storm first broke, and were men of substance and training and schooled integrity of life besides. Their counsels of prudence were ignored, nevertheless,—as was inevitable. Opinion formed itself with quick and heated im-

pulse in the brief space of those first critical months of irritation and excitement; and these men, though the natural leaders of the colony, were despised, rejected, proscribed, as men craven, and lacking the essential spirit either of liberty or of patriotism.

It was no doubt a time when it was



ROGER SHERMAN

necessary that something should be done,—as well as something said. It was intolerable to the spirit of most of the people, when once they were roused, to sit still under a suspension of their charter, a closing of their chief port, the appointment of judges and governors restrained by none of the accustomed rules of public authority amongst them, and tamely utter written protests only, carrying obedience to what seemed to them the length of sheer servility. It happened that there had gone along with the hateful and extraordinary parliamentary measures of 1774 an Act extending the boundaries of the province of Quebec to the Ohio River and establishing an arbitrary form of government within the extended province.

It was a measure long ago planned. Its passage at that time had nothing to do with the ministers' quarrel with the self-governing colonies to the south. But it was instantly interpreted in America as an attempt to limit the westward expansion of the unmanageable colonies which, like Massachusetts, arrogated the right to govern themselves; and it of course added its quota of exasperation to the irritations of the moment. It seemed worse than idle to treat ministers who sent such a body of revolutionary statutes over sea to be executed as reasonable constitutional rulers who could be brought to a more lawful and moderate course by pamphlets and despatches and public meetings, and all the rest of the slow machinery of ordinary agitation. Of course, too, Samuel Adams and those who acted with him very carefully saw to it that agitation should not lose its zest or decline to the humdrum levels of ordinary excitement. They kept their alarm-bells pealing night and day, and were vigilant that feeling should not subside or fall tame. And they worked upon gen-

uine matter. They knew the temper of average men in the colony much better than their conservative opponents did, and touched it with a much truer instinct in their appeals. Their utterances went to the quick with most plain men,—and they spoke to a community of plain men. They spoke to conviction as well as to sentiment, and the minds they touched were thoroughly awakened. Their doctrine of liberty was the ancient tradition of the colony. The principles they urged had been urged again and again by every champion of the chartered liberties of the colonies, and seemed native to their very air.

If not constitutional statesmen, they were at least the veritable spokesmen of all men of action, and of the real rank and file of the colonists about them,—as Patrick Henry was in Virginia. John Adams had read to Henry, while the first Congress was sitting in Philadelphia, Joseph Hawley's opinion that what the ministers had done made it necessary to fight. "I am of that man's opinion," cried the high-spirited Virginian. That

was what men said everywhere, unless imperatively held back from action by temperament, or interest, or an unusual, indomitable conviction of law-abiding duty, upon whatever exigency or provocation. It is not certain that there could be counted in Massachusetts so much as a majority for resistance in those first days of the struggle for right; but it is certain that those who favored extreme measures had the more effective spirit of initiative amongst them, the best concert of action, the more definite purpose, the surest instinct of leadership, and stood with true interpretative insight for the latent conviction of right which underlay and supported every colonial charter in America.

And not only every colonial charter, but the

The true Sons of Liberty

And Supporters of the Non-Importation Agreement,

ARE determined to resent any the least Insult or Menace offer'd to any one or more of the several Committees appointed by the Body at Faneuil-Hall, and chastise any one or more of them as they deserve; and will also support the Printers in any Thing the Committees shall desire them to print.

AS a Warning to any one that shall affront as aforesaid, upon sure Information given, one of these Advertisements will be posted up at the Door or Dwelling-House of the Offender.

The foregoing association being determined upon by the Congress, was ordered to be subscribed by those members thereof and thereupon we have hereunto set our respective names accordingly.

In Congress Philadelphia October 20th 1774

<p> <i>Tryon Randolph</i> <i>Geo Sullivan</i> <i>Nathl. Fishburne</i> <i>Thomas Cushing</i> <i>Isaac Adams</i> <i>John Adams</i> <i>Robt. Treat Paine</i> <i>Eleph. Hopkins</i> <i>Sam. Ward</i> <i>Elipha Dyer</i> <i>Roger Sherman</i> <i>Wm. Deane</i> <i>Isaac Low</i> <i>John Alsup</i> <i>John Jay</i> <i>John Duane</i> <i>Wm. Livingston</i> <i>Henry Winthrop</i> <i>Wm. B. Smith</i> <i>Wm. Livingston</i> <i>Isaac Crane</i> <i>Isaac Smith</i> <i>John Deane</i> </p>	<p> <i>John Dickinson</i> <i>Thomas Mifflin</i> <i>Edw. Biddle</i> <i>John Morton</i> <i>Geo. Ross</i> <i>Basar. Rodney</i> <i>Thos. Mifflin</i> <i>Gov. Neale</i> <i>Wm. Tilghman</i> <i>Wm. Bradford</i> <i>Gov. Paine</i> <i>Samuel Chase</i> <i>Richard Henry Lee</i> <i>Geo. Washington</i> <i>Henry Lee</i> <i>Richard Bland</i> <i>Wm. Harrison</i> <i>Edm. Pendleton</i> </p>	<p> <i>Will. Hooper</i> <i>Joseph Hewes</i> <i>Reuben</i> <i>Henry Middleton</i> <i>Thos. Mifflin</i> <i>Christ. Gadsden</i> <i>J. Rutledge</i> <i>Edw. Rutledge</i> </p>
---	--	--

Signatures Of Members Of Congress Of Committees

constitution of England itself. The question now raised, to be once for all settled, was, in reality, the question of constitutional as against personal government; and that question had of late forced itself upon men's thoughts in England no less than in America. It was the burden of every quiet as well as of every impassioned page in Burke's *Thoughts on the Present Discontents*, published in 1770. The Parliament of 1774 did not represent England any more than it represented the colonies in America, either in purpose or principle. So ill distributed was the suffrage and the right of representation that great centres of population had scarcely a spokesman in the Com-

mons, while little hamlets, once populous but now deserted, still returned members who assumed to speak for the country. So many voters were directly under the influence of members of the House of Lords, as tenants and dependants; so many members of the House of Lords were willing to put themselves and the seats which they controlled in the Commons at the service of the king, in return for honors and favors received or hoped for; so many elections to the Lower House were corruptly controlled by the court—so full was Parliament, in short, of placemen and of men who counted upon the crown's benefactions, that the nation seemed excluded from its own

councils, and the king acted as its master without serious let or hinderance.

The Whig party, which stood for constitutional privilege, was utterly disorganized. Some Whigs had followed Chatham to the end, despite his uncertain temper, his failing health, his perverse treatment of his friends; some had followed, rather, the Marquis of Rockingham, whose brief tenure of power, in 1766, had been but long enough to effect the repeal of the odious Stamp Act; but nothing could hold the divergent personal elements of the party together, and there was no place for a party of principle and independence in an unrepresentative Parliament packed with the "king's friends." Ministries rose or fell according to the king's pleasure, and were Whig or Tory as he directed, without change of majority in the Commons. "Not only did he direct the minister" whom the House nominally obeyed "in all matters of foreign and domestic policy, but he instructed him as to the management of debates in Parliament, suggested what motions should be made or opposed, and how measures should be carried." The Houses were his to command; and when Chatham was gone, no man could withstand him. Persons not of the ministry at all, but the private and irresponsible advisers of the king, became the real rulers of the country. The Duke of Grafton, who became the nominal head of the government in 1768, was not his own master in what he did or proposed; and Lord North, who succeeded him in 1770, was nothing more than the king's mouth-piece.

Thoughtful men in England saw what all this meant, and deemed the liberties of England as much jeopardized as the liberties of America. And the very men who saw to the heart of the ominous situation in England were, significantly enough, the men who spoke most fearlessly and passionately in Parliament in defence of America,—statesmen like Chatham and Burke, frank soldiers like Colonel Barré, political free lances like the reckless John Wilkes, and all the growing company of agitators in London and elsewhere whom the government busied itself to crush. It was the group gathered about Wilkes in London who formed, under Horne Tooke's leadership, the fa-

mous "Society for supporting the Bill of Rights," with which Samuel Adams proposed, in his letter to Arthur Lee in 1771, that similar societies, to be formed in the several colonies in America, should put themselves in active co-operation by correspondence. Those who attacked the prerogative in England were as roundly denounced as traitors as those who resisted Parliament in America. Wilkes was expelled from the House of Commons; the choice of the Westminster electors who had chosen him was arbitrarily set aside and annulled; those who protested with too much hardihood were thrown into prison or fined; but every arbitrary step taken only increased the rising sense of uneasiness in the country. The London mob was raised; rioting spread through the country till there seemed to be chronic disorder; writers like "Junius" sprang up to tease the government with stinging letters which no one could successfully answer, because no one could match their wit or point; an independent press came almost suddenly into existence; and because there was no opinion expressed in the House of Commons worthy of being called the opinion of the nation, public opinion formed and asserted itself outside the Houses, and began to clamor uncomfortably for radical constitutional reforms. Mr. Wilkes was expelled the House in 1769, just as the trouble in America was thickening towards storm; and long before that trouble was over it had become plain to every man of enlightened principle that agitation in England and resistance in America had one and the same object,—the rectification of the whole spirit and method of the English government.

George III. had too small a mind to rule an empire, and the fifteen years of his personal supremacy in affairs (1768-1783) were years which bred a revolution in England no less inevitably than in America. His stubborn instinct of mastery made him dub the colonists "rebels" upon their first show of resistance; he deemed the repeal of the Stamp Act a fatal act of weak compliance, which had only "increased the pretensions of the Americans to absolute independence." Chatham he called a "trumpet of sedition" because he praised the colonists



GENERAL HORATIO GATES

for their spirited assertion of their rights. The nature of the man was not sinister. Neither he nor his ministers had any purpose of making "slaves" of the colonists. Their measures for the regulation of the colonial trade were incontestably conceived upon a model long ago made familiar in practice, and followed precedents long ago accepted in the colonies. Their financial measures were moderate and sensible enough in themselves, and were conceived in the ordinary temper of law-making. What they did not understand or allow for was American opinion. What the Americans, on their part, did not understand or allow for was the spirit in which Parliament had in fact acted. They did not dream with how little comment or reckoning upon consequences, or how absolutely without any conscious theory as to power or authority, such statutes as those which had angered them

were passed; how members stared in the Commons at Mr. Burke's passionate protests and high-pitched arguments of constitutional privilege; how unaffectedly astonished they were at the rebellious outbreak which followed in the colonies. And, because they were surprised and had intended no tyranny, but simply the proper government of trade and the adequate support of administration throughout the dominions of the crown, as the ministers had represented these things to them, members of course thought the disturbances at Boston a tempest in a teapot, the reiterated protests of the colonial assemblies a petty piece of much ado about nothing. The radical trouble was that the Parliament really represented nobody but the king and his "friends," and was both ignorant and unreflective upon the larger matters it dealt with.

It was the more certain that the prom-

ises of accommodation and peaceful constitutional reform which the loyalists in America so freely and earnestly made would be falsified, and that exasperation would follow exasperation. The loyal supporters of the government in the colonies understood as little as did the radical patriotic party the real attitude and disposition of the king and his ministers. The men with whom they were dealing over sea had not conceived and could not conceive the American point of view with regard to the matters in dispute. They did not know whereof Mr. Burke spoke when he told them that the colonial assemblies had been suffered to grow into a virtual independence of Parliament, and had become in fact, whatever lawyers might say, coordinated with it in every matter which concerned the internal administration of the colonies; and that it was now too late to ask or expect the colonists to accept any other view of the law than that which accorded with long-established fact. Mr. Burke admitted that his theory was not a theory for the strict lawyer: it was a theory for statesmen, for whom fact must often take precedence of law. But the men he addressed were strict legists and not statesmen. There could be no understanding between the two sides of the water; and the loyalists who counselled submission, if only for a time, to the authority of the ministers were certain to be rejected among their own people. The spirit of American affairs was with the patriots, and would be with them more and more as the quarrel thickened.

It thickened fast enough, and the storm broke before men were aware how near it was. While winter held (1774-5), affairs everywhere grew dark and uneasy, not only in Massachusetts, where Gage's troops waited at Boston, but in every colony from Maine to the Gulf. Before the end of 1774 the Earl of Dunmore reported to the government, from Virginia, that every county was "arming a company of men for the avowed purpose of protecting their committees," and that his own power of control was gone. "There is not a justice of peace in Virginia," he declared, "that acts except as a committee-man;" and it gave him the graver concern to see the turn affairs were taking because "men of fortune and

pre-eminence joined equally with the lowest and meanest" in the measures resorted to to rob him of authority.

To the south and north of Virginia, counsels were divided. Those who led against the government in North Carolina had good reason to doubt whether they had even a bare majority of the people of their colony at their back. Every country-side in South Carolina, for all Charleston was as hot as Boston against the ministers, was full of warm, aggressive, outspoken supporters of the king's prerogative. The rural districts of Pennsylvania, every one knew, were peopled with quiet Quakers whose very religion bade them offer no resistance even to oppressive power, and of phlegmatic Germans who cared a vast deal for peace but very little for noisy principles that brought mischief. Many a wealthy and fashionable family of Philadelphia, moreover, was much too comfortable and much too pleasantly connected with influential people on the other side of the water to relish thoughts of breach or rebellion. Virginians, it might have seemed, were themselves remote enough from the trouble which had arisen in Massachusetts to keep them in the cool air of those who wait and will not lead. But they were more in accord than the men of Massachusetts itself, and as quick to act. By the close of June, 1775, Charles Lee could write from Williamsburg, "Never was such vigor and concord heard of, not a single traitor, scarcely a silent dissident." As the men of the several counties armed themselves, as if by a common impulse, all turned as of course to Colonel Washington, of Fairfax, as their natural commander; and no one was surprised to learn his response. "It is my full intention," he said, "to devote my life and fortune to the cause we are engaged in." On the 20th of March, 1775, the second revolutionary convention of Virginia met, at Richmond, not at Williamsburg; and in it Mr. Henry made his individual declaration of war against Great Britain. Older and more prudent men protested against his words; but they served on the committee on the military organization of the colony for which his resolutions called, and Virginia was made ready.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE gift horse, which it was once thought not quite civil to look in the mouth, has been having its teeth rather unsparingly examined of late, so far as it has taken the shape of free public libraries. In fact, a general largess, of more than royal, of more than imperial munificence, to the Scotch universities from the same lavish hand which has scattered its peculiar benefactions broadcast over our own land, was critically studied by the authorities before a grateful acceptance closed the incident. The acceptance was not indecently delayed, however, and the gratitude was of much more apparent reality than the misgiving, so that we might well believe the Scotch universities had never the serious question which seems to have beset some American thinkers respecting our gift horse, or horses, at a somewhat later stage of events. They may have been more used to gift horses in Scotland; at any rate, they know how more gracefully to manage them, and they at least do not continue the inspection of their mouths after they have got them in the stable. To be sure, the Scotch beneficiaries were not pledged to such terms relating to the care and keep of the gift horses as the American communities, which, in the process of time, may find them eating their heads off.

I

Apart from all questions of politeness, there were some things suggested by the eminent gentlemen who have recently spoken their minds on the surplusage of free libraries among us well worthy the consideration of the friend of books. One of them went so far as to ask whether we were not in danger of reading too much and thinking too little; and he alleged the existence of such overwhelming facilities for reading in his own city as seemed to imply the submergence of thinking. Not only does a public library, with its local branches, freely offer five hundred thousand volumes to his fellow-citizens, but a sub-

scription enterprise, with a system of delivery-carts, leaves books for a trifling sum at people's doors, like milk; and literature is all but laid on in pipes, like water.

The thing, it must be owned, has its grotesque side, and it may have its immoral, its dangerous side. The President of Johns Hopkins University thought the present excess of reading something in the nature of a craze, a vice; and people may be really eating literature as they eat opium, and may be as effectively drugged to stupidity with the one as with the other; but the parallel need not be pushed so far as this to be deplorable, with any one who loves books for their refining and edifying companionship. Whether the victims of the craze, the vice, would be thinking if they were not reading is another matter, and demands reflection. In the light of reflection it is not very certain what thinking is. It is a process so very obscure that many of us are apt to think we are thinking when we are merely musing, or, to phrase it more modernly, mooning. The mind often supposes itself to be "orbing about" interests of high import when it is simply "bobulating in a vacuum," as Charles Lamb said he liked to let his mind do; or was it Leigh Hunt? The art of thinking is not likely to go far unless it goes hand in hand with the art of talking, which has more and more fallen into disuse since the mania for reading seized the world; and it seems to us it is this which we can profitably study anew. The trouble with people now reading the sort of books which no one ought to read is that they would not be thinking, unless they were talking, when they were not reading. These weaker brethren and sisters read because they do not like to think by themselves—that is, to muse, or moon, or let their minds bobulate in a vacuum. But hardly any one dislikes talking, which with such people is really the only way to thinking; and if they were encouraged to cultivate the habit of talk-

ing, they would be in a fairer way to stop reading than if they tried to cultivate the habit of thinking.

II

If one were fairly to take his honesty in both hands, he would probably be able to confess that the influence of any powerful story on his mind was stupefying. What must be the narcotic effect of a feeble story only those now devouring weak stories by the hundred thousand can say. It is not perhaps so bad as that of morphine; but it may be something like that of cocaine, and far worse than that of cigarettes. In this sense the habit of reading inferior fiction (for out of a hundred readers ninety-nine read nothing else) is certainly a vice, without the picturesqueness of a craze. Yet if its victims propose to leave it off, to close the greatest selling book of the year, the week, the day, and take to talk, there are distinct difficulties in their way to reform. What shall they talk about, and eventually think about? Until very lately, until the popular novels began to be so tremendously popular, people who were averse to thinking before they spoke, or liked to do their thinking afterwards, usually talked of the theatre. The new play was an easy and inviting theme, especially with young people who sought the joy of each other's presence in the pretence of caring to know whether one or the other had seen it. But it is said that now they have changed all that, and people not only read the greatest selling books, but when they talk they talk about them instead of the plays. It is said that they often read them in the fear of being found out not to have read them, and are ashamed to be ignorant of what it is, in most cases, an intellectual dishonor to know. The case is hard to imagine, but with a strenuous effort it may be imagined, and after one has succeeded one may realize the vicious circle in which the victims of the reading habit revolve, with little or no hope of escape. If they leave off reading for the purpose of talking, as a preliminary to thinking, they have nothing to talk of except the books they have left off reading; and when they have talked these over they must begin reading again in order to be able to talk of something.

In earlier times people used to talk largely of religion, and in times not quite so early, of politics; but these were always probably the topics of the elder rather than the younger people, whose reform we have primarily in mind; for if the vice of reading is to be cured, we must strike at its roots in the tender mind of youth. They no longer talk of plays, and they may not talk of books, for the reasons given. It remains for them, then, to talk of themselves; and this they will naturally do if they are of the ages and sexes which satisfy their interest in one another under the mask of autobiography. But autobiography can be carried so far as to become itself a vice, or if not quite that, a bore; and the sole refuge from autobiography, in the hard conditions we are fancying, is gossip.

III

Gossip must really have formed a large part of the culture of the free peoples of antiquity, who are supposed to have been talking philosophy and art when they were not discussing the affairs of state. They could not have been readers in anything like the modern measure; their education was not merely literary; their enlightenment was accomplished by many intellectual means neglected in our book-ridden civilization; and so was that of the mediæval Italians.

The Southern races were always fond of talking—that is, of thinking; and they cultivated the cheerful habit of it, rather than the churlish and unsocial vice of reading. This was probably fostered by the life of the cloister, to which in the Dark Ages it was mainly confined; and it would naturally impart itself to the whole life of the North, shut up to the long nights of the long winter. But wherever the sun can get fairly at the heart, it unseals the fountains of talk, and the gay stream babbles in its beam. It has been the belief, possibly the superstition, of the Easy Chair that in our own time and country the Southerners talk better than the Northerners, because they talk more, and are therefore the true heirs of the oldest civilizations. They have their defects, which it is not to the point here to specify; but they have not our foible of over-reading. They talk more

easily, and (we venture the opinion) they think more originally.

Do they talk gossip? Very likely; and very likely the free peoples of antiquity and the mediæval Italians talked gossip. If you will go into an Italian café, even of the present day, and outstay the hush which follows the coming of a stranger, you will overhear gossip, as you may on the veranda of a Southern house. The gossip is in neither case necessarily offensive or mischievous. It is often the dexterous analysis of human character, the proper study of mankind, and even of womankind, in which the connoisseur of his species finds the highest delight, if not instruction.

Good fiction is only an exquisite distillation of human facts, which biography and history more or less attractively embody; and all three are gossip depersonalized by remoteness of time and place. There is no reason why the gossip which people must fall back upon in default of other interests when they reform their vicious habit of reading should not be depersonalized to the effect of all that is charming and edifying in those forms of literature. It is perfectly feasible for the gossipier to refine upon the earlier methods, to reject crude incident and cheap inference, and devote himself or herself to the more psychological moments in the experience, or the reputed experience, of his or her neighbors. It may be urged that every the most intimate fact of life is now exploited in the newspapers, and that the modern extension of journalism includes things formerly left to private comment; but it is precisely here that we wish to distinguish, and entreat the reformed reader, in turning to talk as a means of thought, to save himself by the conscientious avoidance of those things which the press makes its indiscriminate prey. In fact he must do so if he would not lay himself open to the suspicion of having read the newspapers, which would be almost as bad as reading books.

We do not wish to imply that reading the newspapers is altogether deleterious, and we do not understand that President Gilman regards free libraries as an unmixed evil. Probably he would strike a balance between the Caliph Omar and Mr. Carnegie, or would regard an

era of Omarism as little less disastrous than what he calls an era of Carnegieism. But in this we necessarily speak without his authority, and for ourselves we can only urge a point against free libraries which we think can be fairly made. It seems to us that there is small use or sense in purveying gratis all the new books, as the libraries appear to do, without apparent criticism, or with worse than none. The best criticism, the criticism of time, they quite reject. But why might not the libraries beneficially make it a rule not to supply any book less than a year old? Time would sift the vast mass of literature so that only the finer and more precious particles would pass, and would give a just protection to the authors and publishers whose industry is most injured by the libraries. These buy a few copies of a good book, which by very reason of its goodness must have a scanty sale, and still further restrict its meagre profits by offering it free to those who, if they love it, might make a struggle to get together money enough to buy it. In our generous indignation at the present wrong we are not sure but the free library is standing between such book-lovers and the plain duty of owning the books they love. A book bought is a "book honestly come by," as Mr. Lowell said in speaking of the books we used to steal; and why should the author and publisher have their slender chance of living by a good book lessened through the pernicious bounty of the free library?

The free libraries cannot hurt the overwhelmingly popular books; the mania for these is so great that no library can supply the demand; but it can easily supply the demand for a good book. It might paradoxically, therefore, justify itself in offering only the popular rubbish to its readers, and the standard literature which has passed out of copyright. A book which is by way of being standard, or classic, may well be excluded, at least till people of taste have had time to consider whether they cannot afford to buy it and put it on their shelves, with their own book-plate in it. But if it is hastily thrust, an unsolicited alms, into a man's hand, he will read it, but he will think twice before he buys it; and

we have been warned how difficult it is for the habitual reader to think even once.

If we must be specific as to the new books which the free libraries should delay at least a year in supplying, so that the reader shall be obliged to buy them for himself, we should say, first of all, travel and biography, or their synthesis, history. Poetry is a good sort of literature to buy, especially good poetry. Essays of the delightful quality which we still, though decreasingly, receive from the press, and now and then a volume of literary criticism, should be bought rather than begged or borrowed. The higher order of fiction ought to be withheld from the free libraries, in order that the reader can enjoy it with due self-respect. But the lower order of fiction, the variety that sells by the half-million, may be unsparingly lavished by the free libraries. Dictionaries, directories, catalogues, metaphysics, theology, government reports, and political speeches may be free as air; for, as it is so hard to read them, the reader may be driven to talking or thinking in sheer desperation. If he is a devourer of the greatest selling books of the year, he may as well continue to read, for upon no condition, probably, could he think.

IV

The objection to the gift horses urged by the eminent divine who spoke against them in a baccalaureate sermon is rather more sentimental than President Gilman's. The notion of the president, so far as it may be gathered into the present figure, seems to be that in our habitual reliance upon gift horses we shall lose the use of our legs. But Dr. Grant feels it unseemly that we should accept a gift horse upon the condition that it shall bear the name of the giver so boldly inscribed upon its barrel that the way-faring man cannot err therein; or, in less metaphorical terms, that the giver's name shall figure upon each free library founded by him.

The objection is not merely sentimental, or at least it may be supported by the argument that with a Hall of Fame already provided for housing the memories of eminent citizens intending immortality, it is superfluous to carve the name

of one upon a public building, even though he may have given the building. What is a Hall of Fame for? With the decentralization of the Hall of Fame, as the Easy Chair imagined it last month, and its indefinite reproduction at the State capitals and county-seats, a measure of celebrity must result which should satisfy the ambition of the most avid giver of labelled libraries.

Dr. Grant, being promptly interviewed as to what he meant by his sermon, is reported to have said that he believed free libraries should be founded at the public expense out of the taxes paid by all the citizens. He believed, if we may trust the interviewer, that "the men in overalls" who read the books in the Boston Public Library take a just pride in the fact that it was built partly out of their overalls pockets; and there is a great deal of probability in this. For much the same reason the authors and publishers whose books are supplied gratis to people who might otherwise buy them may fitly share the just pride of the men in overalls; when their books are excluded from the Boston Public Library by the Comic Committee on Selections, they may rejoice upon selfish grounds.

It should not be forgotten, however, that the great giver of gift horses has provided for some such pride in the overalls men, whose representatives so freely accept his bounty. This is conditioned upon their agreeing to furnish provender from the public funds indefinitely. He does not give feed with the gift horse; he does not, in fact, so much give the gift horse as give its stable: the rest must be supplied by its recipients, and there have not been wanting published estimates to show that eventually a public library is a public debt.

That is ungracious, but if a gift horse, or his stable, comes coupled with conditions, it is not so ungracious as if he, or it, came with none. Dr. Grant apparently disables the giver's taste; but about tastes there can be no profitable disputing. The question is whether free public libraries do more good or harm, and this brings us back to President Gilman and his thesis that we perhaps read too much and think too little. It might

very well be, though here the fact intrudes that those who do not read seem not to think much either. Lowell fancied that "the talk was meatier" in the days before men's eyes were "blinded poring over miserable books," though he would hardly have had us go back for the meatier talk as far as to the time when they could not read at all. We are to decide how much and what we shall read rather than abjure reading altogether. The worthlessness of most of the books that most people are now reading is no proof of the supposition that there are not as many good books as ever. Of good old books there are more than ever, for the century lately closed was richer in good literature, upon the whole, than any other century, or almost all the other centuries. The free-library reader could not go wrong if he went to the nineteenth century classics, and he would come from them not wholly disabled from thinking. The same might be hoped for him if among recent books he trusted himself to such as were in great demand after a single year. There are, in fact, books now actually in press, or issuing from it, which he might read with profit as well as pleasure, though these are comparatively few; and after what we have said we trust the managers of the free libraries will leave him to become their proud and happy possessor before he reads them.

V

There can be, after all, few finer delights in life than the companionship of a great mind at its best, and this is what one gets in a good book. One may give one's self unreservedly up to it, and always be the better for it. Among the joys of life it is one of the very few which you shall not come from "high sorrowful and cloyed," but always strengthened and refreshed. We would therefore have it as pure and full as possible, and secure from all slight and haste. Slight and haste are almost the necessary conditions of reading a book taken out of a library, whether bond

or free. You cannot lie down and rise up with it, sipping it slowly before you sleep, or sweetly when you wake; or lull yourself with it after noon or after midnight. You cannot keep it for those moments of golden leisure in which mood and tense meet to form the perfect temper for its enjoyment. You cannot richly linger over it and delay, and return again and yet again to the feast; but you must poorly make it a surfeit, and gorge yourself upon it within a given time, under penalty of a fine.

You must do that or you must slight it; and was not it superficial reading, rather than reading absolute, which President Gilman meant to accuse of mischief? The free libraries tempt us to read too much, and oblige us to read too hastily; and herein the harm lies. We are in danger through them of spoiling our literary digestion, and of becoming a nation of mental dyspeptics. Our excessive reading may be a vice, or a mania; it is certainly a disease.

The way to health is through the ownership of the books we read, and books are now so cheap that hardly any one who really loves them need deny himself the fine rapture of feeling them his. A book borrowed, whether from a public or a private source, is always a burden. You must think about returning it, under penalty of money or remorse. But a book bought is a liberation of the soul from all sordid anxieties concerning it, and an enlargement of mind such as a borrowed book can never be. If you borrow books you are in danger of borrowing more than you can read; but you are never in danger of buying more books than you can read, unless you buy them for show, in which case you cannot really own them; for there is this peculiarity in the ownership of books, that the purchase is not completed till you have read them. Then, when you have them in your heart and your head, you may put them on your shelf, secure that whatever misfortune befalls you, your property in them cannot be wholly alienated.



Editor's Study.

I

FROM Mr. Frederic Harrison's *Reminiscences of George Eliot*, published in this number, we obtain an interesting view of that illustrious woman's attitude toward philosophy and art, and toward her own work.

Mr. Harrison shows how intimately George Eliot came to be associated with the Positivist movement in England through her acquaintance with Richard Congreve and Mr. Lewes; and he notes that much of her correspondence with himself turned upon her interest in the views of Comte, of whose works she was a careful reader. At that time—in the late fifties—the Religion of Humanity began to be a phrase to conjure with. In the religious world the Unitarians had, in their belief, divested Christ of any divinity save that which belonged to all men, but had so exalted Him as Man that humanity in its ideal possibilities fell little short of the divine. The “gospel of divine humanity” began to prevail. It inspired Professor Seeley's *Ecce Homo*, and has had a steady expansion in the minds and hearts of liberal Christian thinkers ever since. To those standing outside the pale of Christian theology, Comte offered the basis of a faith upon which might be raised a superstructure in which a new philosophy blended with a most exalted sentiment.

But in England the followers of Comte were not all such absolute adherents as Dr. Congreve. Cross, in his *Life and Letters of George Eliot*, had already told us that her relation toward Comte's ideal was that of a “limited adherence.” This statement Mr. Harrison now confirms. As to his own attitude, he says that in 1869 he did not at all accept Comte's idea of a Religion of Humanity, and that although he has since come to adopt it, he has not received it as have some followers of Comte, who wish to treat his writings as having a sort of verbal inspiration.

Even at the earlier period (1869) George Eliot seems to have been far behind Mr. Harrison in devotion to this ideal. While in her poetry, as in “O may I

join the choir invisible,” there was sometimes shown an ardent sympathy with it, she resisted any domination by it over her fiction; and in this resistance is shown how fully she was master of her art. Her reply to Mr. Harrison's suggestion that she should use her great power of imagination to depict in a novel an ideal state of industrial life is an important contribution to the philosophy of art. She shrank instinctively from any Utopia in which there was danger that “the picture might lapse into the diagram.”

The artist's appeal is to the imagination, and through that to the sensibility. Primarily, indeed, the artistic *motif* has its ground in human sensibility, just as it has there its ultimate response. There may be, wholly outside the limitations of art, this ground and this ultimate response; the excellence of *form* is to all art essential and indispensable; but, whatever the formal excellence, the poem, the painting, the statue, the musical composition, the novel, which has not ground and lodgement in human sensibility is lifeless and insignificant; and as sensibility begins in irritation and disturbance, so its highest satisfaction in a work of art is through an appeal involving other than purely ideal conditions, proceeding through pathos and unrest, and often, in the final impression, being—as in the Niobe and Laocoon groups—but an arrest of this procedure, while in other cases the discord has full resolution.

As we pass in review George Eliot's fiction, from *Scenes of Clerical Life* to *Daniel Deronda*, we see how instinctively she avoids not only the “problem novel,” but also the purely mental appeal. She was too vital ever to “let the picture lapse into the diagram.”

II

The comparison of American with European culture in President Schurman's recent Commencement address was not less flattering to Americans than was to be expected. The only novel thing in connection with it was his making a point of frankly and publicly stating a

very obvious fact. Even to the comparatively immature mind of the average college graduate the conclusion that in some fields of intellectual development Europe is far in advance of America could not have been a surprise; nor was it one likely to challenge contradiction from even a moderately intelligent publicist. The unflattering comparison is forced upon us in the secret sessions of our thought so inexpugnably that we keep silence in the forum. No more by speech than by thought can we add one cubit to our stature.

Our progress, marvellous as it has been during the nineteenth century, has not placed us alongside of Europe in literature and art. In these fields we have few great names to present. Scientific investigation, as conducted by Professor Dewar of the British Royal Society, requires great endowment, public or private, and abundant leisure; and we cannot expect the ripest scholarship where there is no scholastic atmosphere; but in creative work there is no geographical limitation of ideals or of imaginative power to conceive and embody them in literary and artistic forms. Our shortcoming must be explained by the circumstances of our development, by necessary limitations; and such excellence as we have attained is not only in degree what these conditions have permitted, but in kind what they would indicate, its very characteristics being marked by its limitations.

We are here concerned mainly with these circumstances as affecting our literature, and from a consideration of these we see how characteristically that literature has been American, from Cotton Mather to John Fiske.

Our writers of fiction who have confined themselves to the portrayal of American life have had a large field for interesting construction and striking characterization; but the world they move in is not so complex or so picturesque as that which offers itself to a European novelist. It is, indeed, comparatively barren. Compare, for instance, the material which Miss Wilkins has at hand in New England with that which Italy presented to Madame Serao. Writers and artists are themselves affected not less than their work by their environment.

Consider the situation of George Eliot at the beginning of her literary career, as presented by Mr. Frederic Harrison in this number. To be associated with the Congreves, with Lewes and Spencer and Huxley—what a stimulating atmosphere! This kind of circumstance is still more evident in the case of Mrs. Humphry Ward, who at the outset had a better equipment than ever had any American literary woman. Compare Hawthorne's situation at Salem with Goethe's at Weimar as to intellectual stimulation, and as to the impressiveness of social surroundings and historical associations as appealing to sense and imagination. Make a like comparison of Carlyle's or De Quincey's surroundings and contacts with those of Emerson. Both Hawthorne and Emerson illustrated in their circumstances their distinctive qualities, and probably for their greatest values owed as much to what they lacked as to what they had, externally.

Indeed, it may be said that the very barrenness of our American life has given intensity to many presentations of our literary genius in prose and poetry. Poe's work is an illustration of this kind of strength—such as we see also in the elder Dana's poem, "The Buccaneer," and in such striking characters in fiction as Natty Bumppo, Colonel Sellers, Silas Lap- ham, David Harum, and Deacon Bradbury. It is shown also in the distinctive traits of American humor. Mother-wit counts for much in all our best literature.

Our Southern types of gentlemen and gentlewomen, products of the old plantation system, offered temptations to the novelist that were never fully met. Bret Harte's Colonel Starbottle and some of the finest characterizations in Constance Fenimore Woolson's fiction indicate the possibilities in this field. New Orleans more than any other American city—especially the older Spanish and French life—offered picturesque *motifs*, and since the war Cable and Grace King, M. E. M. Davis and other Southern writers, have availed of these. Southern writers before the war made very little of their exceptional opportunities. The old plantation system, while it developed wealth, promoted neither popular education nor literature. It continued the con-

ditions and atmosphere of our colonial life, which produced orators and statesmen rather than writers.

Our colonial period was longer than has been that of our national existence thus far, and it had greater social stability. With an unhampered industrial and commercial development, with complete independence politically, and with a strong bond of community in sentiment and purpose uniting them, the colonies would have shown a more positive and vigorous intellectual movement; but, even so, the conquest of a new continent and the building up of new commonwealths would have in great measure absorbed the mental energies of the people.

Our growth since the Revolution has proceeded under conditions unfavorable to the development, in the highest degree of excellence, of scholarship, science, literature, and art. The government itself has in no way directly fostered such development. The temptations to our strenuous youth have been mainly commercial and political. The momentum of our rapid and extensive material progress has drawn irresistibly into its current the mind as well as the muscle of our country. Our nomadic habit, with the waste and restlessness incident thereto, our monstrous urban development, betraying discontent with the simpler and more healthful conditions of country life, have interrupted the physiological and psychological continuity of growth so essential to deep and stable culture.

We have that eminence in skill, adaptation, organization, and intellectual attainment which might naturally be expected from such conditions. In literature and art and in moral tone we hold a better position than could be expected.

It is easy to understand why, while education has been more widely diffused in this country than in any other, its object has been the immediate application of the knowledge acquired to material ends or to the needs of professional life; why we have had a Morse, a Fulton, and an Edison rather than such scientific investigators as Hertz and Lord Kelvin; why we have had a line of the best practical statesmen in the world, from Hamilton to Lincoln, and no Kant or John Stuart Mill; and why, while we have achieved that industrial and commercial

pre-eminence which is at present the main prize of all international conflicts, we are not first in literature and art.

III

We have just received the following communication from a correspondent in Melbourne, Australia:

Editor Harper's Magazine:

DEAR SIR,—An article in your Magazine, No. CLXIII., December, 1863, Vol. XXVIII., entitled "The War on the Coast," has just been brought under the notice of my family.

In the article Captain Hanchett, of the *Diadem*, who commanded the naval attack on Craney Island, is described as a natural son of George III., and half-brother of the Prince Regent. This statement is distinctly untrue. Captain John Hanchett, of his Majesty's army, was married to Frances Pryde at Chelmsford, England, on July 7, 1779. On June 15, 1780, at Low Layton, Essex, England, John Martin Hanchett, issue of above marriage, was born, and it was he who, as captain of the *Diadem*, is referred to as the natural son of George III. It is to remove the stigma of illegitimacy that I ask you to be kind and fair enough to publish these facts in your Magazine, which has a large circulation in Australia.

I have the honor to be

Yours obediently,

JUSTINIAN MARTIN HANCHETTE,
Grandson of Captain Hanchett, R.N.

It gives us pleasure to print Mr. Hanchette's communication, and we are surprised to find that the veteran historian who, forty years ago, was telling the story of the war of 1812 in these pages, should have fallen into such an error, though he undoubtedly was only repeating a statement previously published, and which he accepted on what he believed to be sufficient authority. It is important that all statements of this character should be accompanied by a distinct mention of the authorities on which they are based. In the present case by such mention the writer would have fixed the responsibility of error where it belonged. In general, it has become too much the fashion of writers in newspapers and periodicals to make statements most important in their relation to science, literature, or history without definite reference to authorities. The reader's convenience is ignored by this habit no less than it is by the lack of an index to a book of reference not alphabetically arranged.

Love Laughs at Locksmiths

BY HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON

I DISMISSED the carriage; and as we went slowly up the stairs together I made a last effort to patch up a reconciliation. "Won't you believe," I pleaded, "that I didn't mean to cut the dance? And as for what you say about Mrs. Van Buren, I give you my word—"

"Surely we have discussed that enough," said Miss Trecartin. "You have the keys?"

Obviously there was no use trying to reason with her in that humor. I fished the keys from the depths of my trousers pocket, a little out of temper. There were two of them on a bit of pink string, and their eccentricities and native tendencies had been explained to me at some length by Mr. Trecartin, who appeared to be a connoisseur in the lore of the locksmith.

"The little one is generally docile and amenable to reason," he had said in summing up; "but the large one is crafty, and may give you trouble. If it balks, don't fuss or worry it, but coax, and you may hope for the best."

The memory of this conversation seemed to haunt my brain, and it was with a somewhat sinking heart that I now began to fit the crafty key into the outer lock. One must keep up appearances, however, and to Miss Trecartin I said, coldly: "I am sorry that you insist on our parting in this way. However, of course it shall be as you wish. It was good of you to go with me this evening, and it has given me pleasure." And just then, to my unending astonishment, the lock suddenly yielded. I pulled out the key in a hurry, and in some way the pair slipped from my hand, and jangled down upon the brownstone just at Miss Trecartin's feet. She stooped and picked them up.

"If you will allow me," I said, with a bow, "I will enter first and move the doormat, which seems to be blocking things."

"Thank you," said she.

I slipped into the vestibule, giving the door a little swing out of the way, and proceeded to kick the mat into a corner. It seems, however, that the door was extraordinarily easy on its hinges, and in addition rivalled the large key in point of craftiness, and it now contrived to go shut behind me with a sharp click.

"Hello!" I said, and I passed my hand over a large part of the area of the door, vainly hunting for the knob.

"Well, you *have* done it now," came faintly from the outside.

"Where is the knob?" I asked.

"What?"

"Knob—knob. The door-knob. Where is it?"

"There is no door-knob," said Miss Trecartin. "It opens by a key."

"Where is the key, then?" I demanded, a little impatiently.

"If you wish me to hear you," said she, "you must not mutter in that way. The door is six inches thick."

I repeated the question in a tone the audibility of which left nothing to be desired.

"On the other hand," she continued, inexorably, "you need not endeavor to arouse my father, who is a healthy but not an unwakable sleeper. The key is here in my hand."

"I am afraid that I cannot help you, then," I said. "Will you open the door?"

I heard the key grate in the lock, and knew that there was a battle on. A story of Mr. Trecartin's of how he had once struggled there for thirty-five minutes, and then been forced to ring up the cook, now flashed before my mind with unpleasant vividness. I determined that in the presence of our common danger petty differences should be buried.

"Miss Trecartin?" I said.

"Well?" she answered, sternly. And I heard her withdraw the key for a new attack.

"Can you hear me?"

"Yes."

"This is what I want to say: About this unfortunate matter to-night, I shall write you a letter in the morning, which I hope will make everything all right. In the mean time our present situation makes it both unseemly and unprofitable for us to bandy words. The difficulty is that you are fussing the key too much. Don't try to hurry it along, but take things slowly, and coax it as far as possible."

"Coax it!" she exclaimed. "I have coaxed it; I have begged—implored—without result. You behaved abominably," she added.

"I hunted everywhere for you. Indeed I did. Will you tell me now, for curiosity's sake, where you were?" Then, "You are jabbing too hard."

"I strolled into the conservatory to wait

for you, and we—and sat down just inside for a minute or two. I was in plain sight from the dancing-room. You couldn't have helped seeing me. The key is stuck now, and won't turn either way."

"The conservatory! Ah! that quite explains it. You see, I had no idea—it never occurred to me to look for you there. I can only congratulate myself on not having been so obtuse as to interrupt you."

"You are absurd," she said. "Besides, that has nothing to do with your sitting out three dances with Mrs. Van Buren."

"It was only two," I urged. "We only sat out because she is getting too stout to dance. She was a great friend of my sister's. I hate her. It is a matter of brotherly duty."

"There was some duty that you owed to me," she said. "I am getting tired of working at this key. I can't forgive you for locking me out in this stupid way."

"It is the punishment of a just Heaven for your misdeeds of the evening," I answered, severely. "What you can see in that beetle-browed lieutenant I cannot conceive. Which way are you turning it?"

"I can't turn it either way, I tell you. It is stuck fast. I don't remember saying anything about any beetle-browed lieutenant."

"I met you after my dance had been played through," I returned, "including the encore. You may remember. You weren't pleasant enough with the key, or you never would have got its back up in that way. Now take it out and make a fresh start."

After a pause she responded, "I can't get it out."

My heart sank. "There is nothing for it now," I said, "but to ring up your father."

"He would make it so unpleasant for you," was the calm reply, "that you could never respect yourself very much again, I am sure."

"That can make no difference to you," I said, cunningly, trying her; for I had studied the door, and had just got a great idea. "Ring the bell."

"Perhaps there is some other way," said Miss Trecartin.

I smiled. "There is," I said.

"What is it?"

"It is very simple," I replied. "There has just occurred to me something you said about my not coming here any more. Were you serious about that?"

"I suppose so," said she. Then there was a pause, during which no doubt she heard me moving about inside the vestibule. "What are you doing in there?" she asked at last.

"Merely making a few simple preparations," I said. "With the mat rolled up for a pillow. I think I can pass the night quite comfortably."

"I see," said Miss Trecartin. Then, after a minute, she added, "I do not think I should be insensible to proper contrition."

I said nothing to this, and she was then

silent for so long a time that I was beginning to believe I should have to give in and weakly yield my great stratagem. At last she said, with her lips close to the key-hole: "There is a man across the street who has stopped and is looking over here. I am a little afraid."

I had selfishly overlooked the fact that she was alone in the street, and now perhaps she was in danger. Clearly my place was by her side.

"I shall be with you in an instant," I said, eagerly. "Slip the small key under the door, and I will go down stairs and let you in at the basement. Be quick."

"There it comes," she said, coolly; and I almost thought that I heard the faint echo of a laugh. "Please do not lose a minute."

I did not. Thirty seconds later I flung wide the basement gate and stepped into the open air, half fearing to find Miss Trecartin locked in a death-struggle with the unknown villain. Rather to my surprise, she was standing just inside the area, calmly awaiting me, and smiling a little curiously.

"Where is he?" I said, breathlessly.

"Gone," she answered, still smiling. "You were so slow that I had to handle him myself. I routed him with my umbrella."

Then I saw that I had been tricked. I struggled to conceal the panting that is consequent on going down stairs four at a time.

"That was a fib," I said, boldly.

"One can't spend the night on the stoop," she retorted, with some show of truth. "And you were so disagreeable about letting me in. I got the key out at last, though. Look." She held up a piece of hopelessly bent metal.

"At least, we are quits," I returned. "Give me the key and I will attend to having a new one made. I shall mail it to you to-morrow, as I am not to see you again." I looked, I suppose, expectant.

Miss Trecartin did not observe this, as she was at that moment engaged in going down the three stone steps that led to the basement hall. At the bottom, however, she turned and smiled slightly through a not very wide crack in the gate.

"Do you think it is quite safe to mail it?" she asked.

There was an electric light two doors below, and this now threw a kindly light on the face which I have long considered the most beautiful in New York. I noticed—and not for the first time—the wonderfully frank look of a pair of eyes that seemed to feel their own superiority.

"You are right," I said. "The postal service is altogether untrustworthy."

The crack in the gate had meanwhile been steadily growing narrower. This seemed a pity, as I felt vaguely that there were several things that I wanted to tell her.

"Elsie," I said.

It was precisely at this juncture that Miss Trecartin shut the gate.



Sympathetic Willie

THE doggie barked at Willie Gough,
And Willie said: "Oh, my!
I b'lieve he has the hoopin' cough
Almost as bad as I!"

POULTRY-RAISING IN THE SOUTH

"WE are doing a very great deal for the negro," mused the Southern visitor, as he lit his cigar after dinner—"perhaps too much. For instance, a few years ago I was somewhat interested in poultry. I had a fine flock of fowls, but, try as I might, it seemed impossible to get ahead on it in numbers. We never had any of our own poultry on the table, and seldom an egg, since I ordered all the eggs set. In fact, I suppose my hens led the most sedentary life of any fowls ever in captivity. We used to steal the chickens away from them as soon as hatched and raise them by hand; as for the hens, we set 'em again. My hens got so they could scarcely walk, they sat so much. I think in time that I might have developed a breed of hens without any legs at all, and low and flat like a door-mat. I invented what I called the Atkinson Waffle-iron Sitting Hen's Nest, consisting of the ordinary nest, and over the back of the hen a receptacle like a thick soup-tureen cover, the under side of fine gauze and the top of thick, non-conductive material. In this I put thirteen eggs, and lowered it over the back of the hen, where it fitted perfectly, and the eggs above got as much warmth as those below. It was a great success, but still my flock of fowls barely held its own. I finally suspected my African fellow-citizens.

"I will say that we have a very good class of colored people in our city. They have

been much improved morally, and are, I believe, generally honest. Their taste for fried chicken remains, however. My fowls were peculiarly marked as to their feathers, and one day I took a quiet turn through the neighborhood inhabited by the dusky brethren. I was pained to see large quantities of the plumage which had unmistakably once adorned my fowls in their back yards. I went home and ordered my man to lock up the coop at night. He did so, but the evaporation of poultry continued. I bought a watch-dog, but the chicken-collectors beat him, and stripped him of his collar, and left him for dead, though he still had life enough when I went out to see what the row was about to leap up and grab me by the leg. I had my man set a spring-gun. On the next bill from my family physician was this item: 'To picking 114 bird-shot out of hired man—\$25.' I broke up the sitting industry among my hens, closed the coop, and forced them to roost at night in a tall tree; but a few of them were missing every morning. I finally determined on the boldest plan ever conceived south of Mason and Dixon's line.

"This was nothing more or less than to send my chickens up every night in a balloon. I accordingly purchased a medium-sized balloon, and had it inflated from the gas-main. In the place of the basket I attached a wide rope-ladder, let the balloon up so this just cleared the ground, and my chickens readily went to roost on the rungs. I then paid out twelve hundred feet of line and fastened it to a post. In the morning we drew the balloon down and found the flock intact. I congratulated myself on having outwitted the colored man and brother at last. We repeated the operation every night for a week. I had taken the precaution to have my retaining line a small wire cable, so that it could not be cut. The second night we found an African trying to climb it. He had got up about seventy-five feet, but came down rapidly on my man appearing with a weapon. After this we greased the cable, and had no more trouble in that way. Still, I keep no chickens now."

"Colonel," said the host, solemnly, "you won't mind, I hope, if I ask you why?"

"Certainly not. Everything went well for a week, and my hopes were high. I subscribed for another poultry paper and bought a dozen hand-painted china egg-cups. But at the end of that time a young son of Ham, just home from some sort of school for the higher education of his race, put on a pair of rubber gloves at two o'clock in the morning, cut an arc-light wire in the street, dragged one end into my back yard, attached it to the wire cable of the balloon, and sent up a current of two thousand volts, which paralyzed every last fowl, and brought them fluttering down like autumn leaves, with two hundred niggers, sir, waiting for them! Now what business has a darky, I'd like to know, to understand anything about electricity?"

HARRY V. MARR.

THE WISE BABEE

"WE'LL go for a walk," said the Wise Babee,

"A nice little walk at four o'clock—
And at five o'clock we'll come back for tea."

"Now Babee, Babee, tell to me—

How do you know when it's four o'clock,
How do you know when it's time for tea?"

"I'll tell you how," said the Wise Babee.
"I know where the four-o'clocks grow,"
said he.

"And as soon as I see the pretty flower
Then I'll know it's time to go," said he;

"And then when it's five o'clock," said he,
"There's a dear little bird sits up in a
tree,

That always sings upon the hour.

'Tea, tea—tea—tea—tea,'

That's what the Hour-bird whistles to me—
That's how I know," said the Wise Babee.

ALICE REID.

THE WAKEFUL BEAUTY

ONCE upon a time there was a beautiful Princess who lived in a castle in a wood. The wood was dark and dangerous, the castle almost inaccessible, and the Princess herself lay under a strange spell. A wicked fairy, whom the Queen had offended by not inviting to the christening, had decreed that the Princess should never wed until some one should catch her napping and kiss her in her sleep. When the Queen heard the curse she only tossed her royal head and said: "Oh, that can be very easily arranged."

Nothing more was thought about the matter until twenty years had slipped away, and the Princess was getting on, for a princess. Then the King, worried by the lack of applicants for the hand of his only child, bethought himself of the baleful prophecy and began to throw the blame on the Queen.

"Why, my dear," she replied, "to be sure! It was very clever of you to remember it. That can all be arranged, only you should have thought of it sooner. Nothing advertises like a prize contest."

Acting on this theory, the Queen sent messengers far and wide to inform the most distant kingdoms that a Princess, under a spell, might be found at Castle Dare, Enchanted Wood; hours, from two to four.

In less time than it takes to tell, the Enchanted Wood was swarming with eligible princes, and the court-yard of the castle was a surging mass of suitors.

Now the Princess was very beautiful, only she had become a little anxious as time went on, and lines of care had stolen upon her lovely cheek and alabaster brow. The sleeping scheme was a good one. On the state dais, beneath the royal canopy, they placed a high couch, draped with cloth of gold embroidered with the royal arms. As the Princess lay upon it, the wrinkles

smoothed away by the healing touch of unconsciousness, nothing could be fairer.

The Queen was jubilant and the King began to feel some pangs at the prospect of parting with his daughter. At first it took some time for her to fall asleep, as she was not accustomed to a nap after luncheon, and also because she insisted on lying in an uncomfortable position, so that her profile only could be seen, that being her strong point. After a few days, however, the habit became established and the first trial was made.

At a signal from the Queen, a suitor was admitted. He paused in rapture, but at the first step he made into the room the Princess's eyes flew open, she raised herself on her elbow, clutching the edge of the couch, and would have sprung to meet her wooer had he not beat a hasty retreat. The Queen followed, assuring him that it would be all right—he was perfectly acceptable and everything could be arranged; but he only repeated that he shouldn't think of interfering with a prophecy, and, mounting his nimble steed, was off and away.

With a court-yard full of princes this was no great misfortune. The Princess promised to do better next time, and they all agreed that he could not have been the right man. But the second trial resulted like the first, and so did each succeeding one until the ranks of suitors were perceptibly thinned. The Queen tried everything—padded carpets, compulsory tennis shoes, practice with the dancing-master—but in spite of every drug known to the chemist's art the Princess would start up tense and anxious at the first step of a possible suitor, and no one got within kissing distance. At last the court-yard was empty, the wood silent, the King, the Queen, the Princess in despair, the nap a mere habit.

Suddenly a bugle rang. A battle-axe thundered on the castle gate and the clatter of hoofs rang in the court.

"Somebody to see papa," the Princess murmured in her sleep, and turned over for another forty winks. She had abandoned the profile idea.

But the Queen had looked out and flew to the castle door with wild cries of, "Hush! hush! She's so unconscious!"

"Conscious or unconscious, your Highness, I want to see the Princess."

"'Sh! 'sh! You know the conditions. She must be asleep."

"Asleep or awake," stormed the suitor, "I must kiss the Princess, and all the rest can be arranged afterward."

With spurs jingling and sword clanking, he strode into the room of state and delivered a hearty smack upon the alabaster brow, and had lifted the Princess from the divan before she fairly knew she was awake.

The bells of the castle rang, the King drank deep for joy, the Queen ordered gowns and plumes and tiaras, but the Princess, pink and pretty, just gave back the kiss and whispered: "Why, I never dreamed of your being a suitor." KATHERINE L. MEAD.



THE GIRAFFE—AN ATTEMPT



THE EDUCATIONAL JERSEY

*From swishing tail to soft dewlap
On either side she wears a map.*

*And there's another on her back
Particularly big and black.*

*And so our Jersey is to me
A lesson in geography.—FULLERTON L. WALDO.*

THE AUTOMATIC BREAKFAST

My friend Jones, a lawyer of reputation in the retired New England city where he lives, combines with a philosophic mind a mechanical genius. Hence, when his wife suggested that it was about time for their annual pilgrimage to her home in Maine, it was an easy thing for Jones to solve the all-important question which at once arose in the mind of his wife, "What's to be done with Thomas?"

Thomas, it is scarcely necessary to say, was a feline, and of pronounced pugilistic leanings, which led him as a result of sundry contests called off in the small hours of the morning to return to his home more or less disfigured. But however altered he might be, Mrs. Jones took him to her heart and petted him back to life, or, as Jones expressed it, trained him for the next match. From this it is easy to see the place that Tommy held in the household, and that the question of his welfare during the vacation was a most important one.

When Thomas was younger he had frequently made the trip, boxed, and consigned to the mercy of the express company, while Mrs. Jones haunted the office of the company and kept the wires warm until he was delivered. But the time had come in Thomas's life when he was no longer able to stand the journey. The neighbors with unanimity declined the charge, and Mrs. Jones had about decided to postpone the trip, when

her husband, one night on his return from the office, said, "Well, I have a plan that will take care of Thomas while we are away, or, at least, while I am away, so write to your mother to expect us at the end of the week."

During the next forenoon Jones was busy in the cellar, and at intervals the silence was broken by the harsh ringing of alarm-bells, from the depths of the coal-bins, as it seemed to Mrs. Jones.

At last Jones came up the stairs, wiping his brow, but with the light of victory in his eyes, and asked his wife to come down while he explained his plan for keeping Thomas on earth for six consecutive days without human assistance. "There," he said, as his wife seated herself on the cellar steps, "are six baskets, each with a cover secured by a catch. Those baskets represent Thomas's meals for the six days that I shall be away. Beside each basket, as you see, is an alarm-clock set at the hour that he will have the meal. One good substantial meal each day will be enough for him. I have left the tap to the set tub running, so that he can always get water, and in each basket I shall place one pound of steak, each piece except the first surrounded by ice sufficient in quantity to keep the meat in a good state of preservation for the period elapsing before its consumption. The clocks will be wound and set for the hour of his meals: when that time comes, off goes the alarm; this at once releases this weight, which runs back of the

furnace; the weight falling opens the catch, and the cover, which is arranged on springs, flies up, and leaves the meal at his disposal."

"Hiram!" cried the delighted Mrs. Jones, "if it were not for a corrupt Legislature you would be Chief Justice."

Jones smiled and they went up stairs, and the former spent the afternoon packing the baskets, and the following morning, Thomas having been placed in the cellar, the baskets closed, and the five clocks wound, they left the city.

Jones put in five days fishing, and the sixth found him on the train, and at eleven that evening he drove up to the house, dropped his luggage in the hall, and according to the instructions of his wife, repeated as the train had pulled out of the station that morning, sought the forsaken Thomas.

As he opened the cellar door he had a vague feeling that all was not well. The gas flamed up, and a sight met his eyes that caused him to drop upon the lower stair and gasp. There was the row of baskets, every cover open. The clocks had evidently worked according to his intention, but while the meat in the first three baskets was gone, that in the remainder was untouched except by time, while Thomas lay stretched out in front of the baskets lifeless.

Jones looked at him and pondered. The baskets and catches were in working order. He examined the weights; there was no break. At last a thought struck him, the full significance of which staggered him.

"By the shades of Lord Eldon!" cried Jones, "those were one-day clocks!"

Jones went up stairs and retired, but as he turned out the light, he remarked, a slight smile unseen in the darkness touching his features, "I guess Thomas had one good meal when those clocks went off."

PHILIP BESSOM.

THE MISTAKES OF OUR FRIENDS

VENERABLE Dr. Thurston, who is much more at home in the mazes of theology than in the amenities of social life, not long ago was introducing to a younger clergyman, a handsome widower, a former parishioner of his own, no longer young, and extremely sensitive to the fact. "My brother," said Dr. Thurston, leading the lady forward while his face beamed with genuine affection, "this is Miss Almeda Jennings, one of my old sheep."

M. A. B.

THE BLIND LEADING THE BLIND

LITTLE Ina had always lived in the country until her parents moved to the seat of the State Normal College. Ina was sent to the "Practice School" of that institution, where during one hour of each day she was taught by members of the senior training-class. When asked how she liked the school, she replied, "I love my regular teacher dearly, but I don't much like it when those false teachers come in."



THE OTHER SIDE

The beach as it looks to the bathers.



Tommy paints the details into his shadow --



And then with the true instincts of an artist steps back to note the effect.

Puss in Boots

A POET had a cat. There is nothing odd in that!

(*I might slip in a pun about the Mews!*)
But what is really more remarkable, she wore
A pair of pointed patent-leather shoes.
And I doubt me greatly whether
E'er you heard the like of that—
Pointed shoes of patent-leather
On a cat!

His time he used to pass writing poems,
on the grass
(*I might say something good on pen and
sword!*)—
While the cat sat near at hand, trying hard
to understand
The poems he occasionally roared.
I myself possess a feline,
But when verses I outpour
He is sure to make a bee-line
For the door!

The poet, cent by cent, all his patrimony
spent
(*I might describe his course from verse to
verse!*),
Till the cat was sure she could, by advising,
do him good,
So addressed him in a manner that was
terse:
"We are bound toward the scuppers,
And the time has come to act.
Or we'll both be on our uppers
For a fact!"

On her boot she fixed her eye, but the boot
made no reply
(*I might say, "It couldn't speak to save
its sole!"*);
And the foolish bard, instead of responding,
merely read
A verse that wasn't bad, upon the whole.

And it pleased the cat so greatly,
Though she knew not what it
meant,
That I'll quote approximately
How it went.

"If I should live to be the last leaf upon
the tree"
(He missed a point about, "I'd just as
leaf!"),
"Let them smile as I do now at the old for-
saken bough—"
(You see that he had plagiarized, in
brief.)
But that cat of simple breeding
Couldn't read the lines between,
So she took them to a leading
Magazine.

She was jarred and very sore when they
showed her to the door.
(*I might hit off the door that was a
jar!*)
To the spot she swift returned where the
poet sighed and yearned.
And she told him: "You have gone a lit-
tle far!
Your performance with this rhyme
has
Made me absolutely sick,
And I'm quite convinced the time has
Come to kick!"

The Moral of the plot (though I say it, as
should not)
Is, editors are often hard to suit.
But also there are times when the man who
fashions rhymes
Is a rascal, and a bully one to boot!
GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

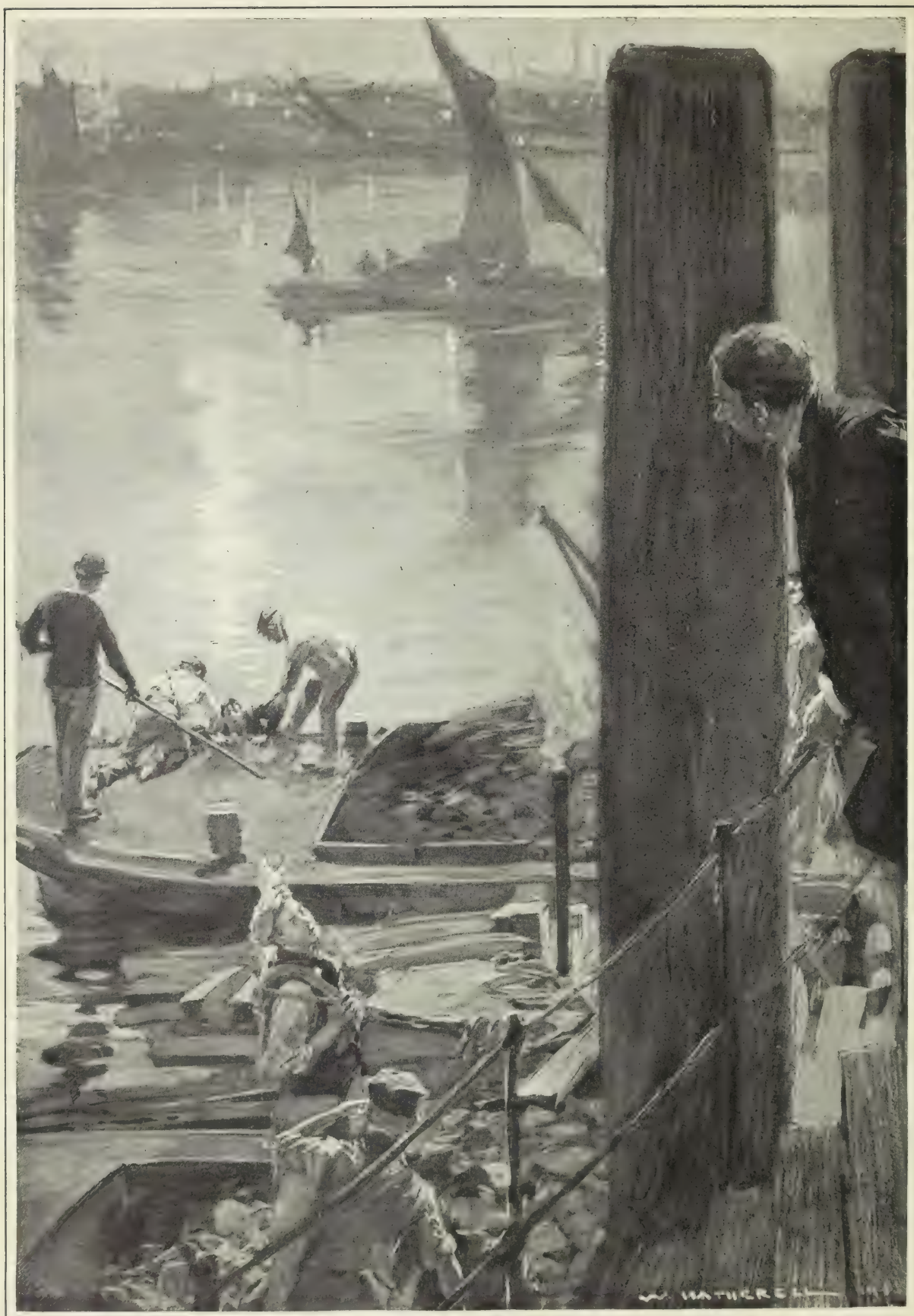


Illustration for "The Hotel of the Beautiful Star"

MEANWHILE THE BUSH-SLEEPER HAD BEEN DRAGGED OUT OF THE WATER

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CIII

OCTOBER, 1901

NO. DCXVII

The Hotel of the Beautiful Star

BY WILLIAM SHARP

"WHERE do you live?" is a question habitually asked by companionable tramps, chance vagrants, and other homeless folk, blown like drifting leaves through the thoroughfares, the myriad streets, along the wide suburban roads, by the bridges, into the parks of the Great City.

The answer is, in effect, "At the Sign of the Moon," "Gas-lamp Lodging," "Bridge Hotel," "The Star Inn," or—for among the homeless there are poets (as well as adapters of the phrase of their Parisian kindred)—"The Hotel of the Beautiful Star." These frequenters are often themselves called "stars." A "star" is a man who "lodges free."

No one knows how many homeless folk seek such shelter as is to be had o' nights in London. I have asked at Scotland Yard and of good authorities, but every estimate is guess-work, for no one man can tell what is happening each night throughout this vast nation of London. I am inclined to accept as approximately near the facts the opinion of a police inspector of my acquaintance who has had altogether exceptional experience, not only as a metropolitan constable, but as a member of the separate force known as the river police. After much consideration, he said he would reckon on an average of from fifteen to twenty thousand homeless folk nightly in London during the months from May till September; about five or six thousand in the late autumn and the early spring; and anywhere between two and five thousand in the winter, the average falling to its

lowest—a thousand, more or less, according to the weather—in January.

"Some time ago," he said, "I heard this very question mooted at a kind of slum congress. A gentleman declared that the common estimate of homeless London was grossly exaggerated. He said that, except in the hot midsummer nights, there were never more than a few groups of people in the parks, a score waifs and strays on certain thoroughfares where seats are to be had here and there—as in the Bayswater Road, under the shadow of the trees, close alongside the iron railings of Kensington Gardens; another score, perhaps, along the Embankment and at the different bridges—at most, a hundred or so in all. I was about to speak, when a Salvation Major got up and read some notes. He took the breath away from some of the good folk there. When he had done, he said that it was only Whitechapel and the east of London he was speaking of, and that he could double or treble his figures by including central and southern London, leaving aside the bridges and parks and the whole mass of squares and gardens and quiet roads from the Marble Arch to Hampstead Heath—which itself, in summer, he added, was never without a large contingent of bush-sleepers. He wound up by suggesting that the gentleman who had discredited a large estimate should come with him on his night rounds for a week. So at that I got up too, and told what I knew about the swarm of folk—a mongrel lot, I'm bound to say, what with the Portugee mix-

ture [*a generalism for a mixed foreign population*] and Malays and Chinese and them slippery coolies—along the river-banks from London Bridge or above it, all the way down to near Tilbury. In some of the old warehouses and sheds they lie like rats, many of them below beams. I couldn't give notes like the Salvation-Army Major, but I could see that even what I could tell was an amazing surprise to all there."

In summer, of course, and especially in early summer, one can best study the idiosyncrasies of this wandering and uncertain tribe of the unfortunate, the wretched, the idle, and the merely migratory. It is surprising how large a number is comprised in the last class. It was not till I understood this that the great discrepancy between August and July, the two hottest months, became explicable. Why the migrants in August should be far fewer than those in May and June and July is because of the great and ever-growing demand in the home counties for orchard-work and all manner of farm-labor. In scores of ways, indeed, there is employment for more laborers than there are applicants, and in August there is, in every class, a far greater exodus from London than in any other season. Thousands of tramps, wicker-workers, tinkers, an immense motley of indiscriminate trades and no trades,* pour from the city in all directions. It is said there is not a gypsy, habitual tramp, or "Walker Esquire" in London in August. Again, as a result, there is the relief in the congestion of lodging-houses, and in consequent lowered terms.

At one time it was a great delight to the present writer to wander about nocturnal London, and in all regions, from Eel-Pie Island up Richmond way, as far down-Thames as Rosherville and Gravesend; from the great commons of Wimbledon and Blackheath to those of Parliament Hill and Hampstead Heath; from these, alas! grewsome deceptive names

in the east and northeast, Cambridge Heath, London Fields, Hackney Downs, and Green Lanes, to Brook Green in the west (where there is not much green and no brook), and to a drear locality rejoicing now in a new name, St. Quintin Park, hitherto known as Wormwood Scrubbs. These were the outlying gardens of that vast hostelry "The Hotel of the Beautiful Star." Little need to wander there, however, except for variety and curiosity; for the inner purlieus include the many parks, and, above all, Hyde Park, and the multitude of squares and "places," with a host of equally forbidden yet surreptitiously attainable public, private, conspicuous, secret, possible, and "impossible" havens for the shelterless.

At all times, too, the river and the river-side had an extraordinary fascination. By its banks many "stars" set and rise in another than the scientific or poetic sense.

The Thames below Richmond is not beautiful in the conventional meaning of the word, but the artist delights in its aspects at all seasons. By night it has a subtle and potent effect on the imagination, and under the influence of moonlight it can take on a beauty or a mysterious strangeness which, once realized, is irresistible. The nights of May and June are the loveliest. It is then the hay-boats come down—great bargelike sloops, laden close to the water with their fragrant burdens—and with brick-red sails shining like dull bronze in the after-glow or in the dazzle of the moonshine. I remember the fascination these summer visitors used to have for Rossetti, the front rooms of whose fine old house in Cheyne Walk looked on the river. It was a sight of which he never tired. One night he told me a delightful story, though whether exaggerated by one of his sudden whimsical extravaganzas or literally true I was at first doubtful. It appeared that he had been watching a great "hoy" coming down stream, and was admiring the magnificent effect of the full moon on the curves of the river and on the hay-laden boat, when to his horror he saw the skipper and mate of the craft run forward, drag a man from under the thatch of hay, and fling him into the water. It took a good deal to

* Some of these "lines" are peculiar—such as "the white-mice line," "the parakeet or paroquet line," "the false-hair line," "artificial teeth," "spectacles," "Persian and tailless kittens," "bull-pups," and in fact almost every imaginable commodity, from the "real lace" and the as "real ostrich feathers" lines to stomach cordials and (awful thought) the "black-pudding line."



"WHERE DO YOU LIVE?"

make the famous painter-poet leave what was practically his hermitage, but what had just happened was too much for him, so he rushed from his house and across the broad roadway to Cheyne Embankment. A little crowd had already collected and was watching curiously—as Rossetti thought, with callous indifference—the sturdy approach of the unfortunate swimmer against tide or current, or both. In reply to Rossetti's indignant exclamations, a bystander remarked, "Oh, you needn't worry yourself, guv'nor; it's only a bush-sleeper comin' in to Lunnion by way of a free bed o' hay. When they're found out they're allus chucked like that—that is, arter they makes their choice." "What choice?" Rossetti asked. "It's like this, guv'nor. Says skipper to you like, 'You take your choice an' have a thorough beltin' an' a run-in at the end o't, or over you go out o' this'—an' in nine cases out o' ten, arter a bit of scuffle fust, per'aps, the cove has a free bath gratis for nothin'."

Meanwhile the bush-sleeper had been dragged out of the water, and stood dripping and disconsolate as a half-drowned rat. Rossetti was moved to compassion, and told the man to follow him, which he did, and soon had warmth again both within and without. Afterwards he was shown up into the dim studio, and it must have seemed a strange, uncanny place to this waif from a world more remote from that in which Rossetti lived than from the every-day life of five hundred years ago. The painter-poet was amused by his disreputable guest, for here there was no question of virtue struggling with adversity. The man was a ne'er-do-well, and frankly admitted it. No, he said, he could not reconcile himself to sleeping in-doors, particularly in summer. Where did he sleep, then? Oh, anywhere: sometimes in a yard, sometimes under the trees in a square, to reach which he had surreptitiously and unseen to climb the railings; sometimes in an empty or new house, or in unfinished buildings; sometimes on the Embankment seats, on river-side craft, on moored steamboats, on wharves. "An' you don't pay nuthin' at the Sign of the Bunch o' Stars, neither," he added, "an' that suits me down to the ground, not havin' too much o' the shiny to waste on sich like things as boardin'-

houses, to say nuthin' o' the sharks as keeps them."

On a recent occasion Rossetti had been told about the "Hotel of the Beautiful Star," and he was delighted with the name and what he heard of its associations, and of its Paris equivalent, "L'Hôtel de la Belle Etoile."

But if the midsummer nights are loveliest, the nocturnal midwinter Thames is often more wonderful. Mention of Rossetti recalls to me a wonderful sight in January (I think in 1880, but possibly in 1881), when the Thames opposite his house at Chelsea was more like the Neva in spring than our sedate London stream. Great masses and bowlders of ice came crashing down the river, grinding at the piers and bridges, and sometimes huddling and leaping and falling back like a herd of stampeded cattle. The papers had a very strange story at that time about a "bush-sleeper." The man had crept on board a straw-laden barge, but during the night the extreme cold had wakened him, and he had apparently realized that it was better to tramp homeless ashore than lie where he was and be frozen. In trying to slink along a narrow gangway, slippery with the frost, he must have lost his footing, and as he fell his head struck a mass of ice rearing above-stream like a buffalo in a flying herd, and from this he rolled back on a huge slab that went sailing down stream. About this time it had begun to snow. Next morning, far below the Pool, though I forget exactly where, the great slab grounded. Some men noticed a strange moulding on the surface, and when they swept away the snow they found a man frozen hard to the ice-block, lying as though asleep, or rather as though a carven monument on a tomb, face upwards, and on his back, with the hands and arms lying listlessly idle by his side.

But it is not all tragic—I mean the fate of those who have to lodge for a night or two, or for many nights, at the Hotel of the Beautiful Star. Let me tell a story I know at first hand, though I must not only withhold the name but slightly alter the details, yet in nothing essential. One mild March night, some years ago—for even March does sometimes give us a spell of mild hours, though this may



IN SOME OF THE OLD WAREHOUSES AND SHEDS THEY LIE LIKE RATS

be mocked as a fantastical glorification of our English spring—I was on Primrose Hill about midnight. This eminence—it is no more, and to call it a hill is but a cockney flattery—overlooks Regent's Park on the north side. I was given to mounting its grassy slope occasionally o' nights, partly for the sake of the scintillating view on fine evenings and the sealike mass of the foliage of Regent's Park and the Zoological Gardens, and partly for the free play of air at that relatively high and uncontaminated spot of smoky London. It used to be a favorite resort on warm June and July nights for those who preferred a couch on the soft grass to a weary tramp of the pavements or the hard mercies of a stone seat or iron-clamped wooden bench. I have seen more than a score of sleepers, apart from the many couples who lingered long and late on that rather bare and prosaic *Mons Amoris*. There was a

phrase among the many medical students and other budding youth of all sorts and conditions who lodged in Albert Street and Park Street and the neighborhood, the significance of which none mistook. When one remarked that he "was not having his letters regular" at the moment, as he was putting up at the Primrose, we all knew just where that inn was, and understood why the postman did not call of a morning.

Well, on that March night, after I had sat at the summit for a bit, and had my fill of what I had come to see, I was slowly making my way downward, when abruptly I went headlong over a recumbent figure. The blasphemy which ensued was peculiar; it was that of a bargee in the refined voice of a girl. An apology put matters right, and a hearty laugh induced a sudden camaraderie. My companion sat up, and asked me if I too were "on the green."

On hearing that I was not, in his sense, he said "Lucky you," and asked if perchance I had cigarettes on me. I had a pipe and some tobacco; but this would not do, it seemed. "A low taste," he observed, with a wave of his hand. "When you come to see me, you must either bring cigarettes with you or smoke mine."

"So," I answered, "after all, you're no more putting up at the Primrose than I am!"

"Excuse me. I am not a liar. I have already said, or implied, that I am putting up, as you have it, in these very quarters."

"What about your house and cigarettes?"

"First, let me tell you one thing. You may not be inclined to believe it, but I have genius. In the next, I have prospects. In the third, I know the pangs, but I may add also the blessed sureties, of love. Fourthly, the rest follows: that in due course I shall have a fit habitation *and* cigarettes; and fifthly, if you will permit me to say so, it will be a pleasure to me, when I know your name, to welcome you at that house, to introduce you to my wife, and to offer you my cigarettes."

I was delighted and amused with my companion, whom I took to be a genial and harmless crank. I had occasion, however, to change my mind before long: my acquaintance was in no sense a crank, but a remarkably true critic and prophet.

Having compared notes, we fraternized further, and I proposed an adjournment to my "diggings." On the way thither my new friend informed me, to my surprise—for he seemed neat and clean in his dress and person, though obviously his clothes, and those telltale articles the boots, were beyond the stage of barter "at the sign of the Three Golden Balls"—that he had been homeless and shelterless for more than a week—for nine days, he declared, after some calculation. He had put up at the Hotel of the Beautiful Star in Hyde Park till the east wind had set in. Then he had tried the sheltered havens at Bridge Hotel, but only on one night succeeded in securing a seat on the wind side. He had tried Regent's Park, but had to walk to and fro till dawn to keep his circulation going. For two

nights he had managed to creep behind a large stack of hay in some open stables in Albany Street. Then the weather had become milder. He had been promised a walking-on part at the small Park Theatre in Camden Town, but one cannot get a room on the head of a promise.

"So I thought of the 'Star Inn' once more," he added, "and ultimately decided to try my luck at the Primrose."

To make a long story short, my friend remained all night with me, contentedly and indeed gladly exchanging the grassy sods of the Star Inn for my hardly luxurious but relatively comfortable sofa.

I had imagined from his allusion to the Park Theatre that the handsome youth was an actor or would-be actor. I was mistaken, for I learned that he was a clever writer and a painter of excellent promise. I do not mean that he told me this, though some of it was vaguely hinted and some I inferred from his talk. I ascertained it in a few days. An extraordinary series of mischances and ill luck had pursued him. However, in less than a month from the date of our meeting he was making from five to ten pounds a week by his admirable drawings for a popular periodical and by his various journalistic contributions. Soon after that I went abroad. On my return from Italy, some six months later, I found that my friend had gone to Paris. Hearing that he had relinquished his paying artistic and literary connections, I feared that some strain of irreconcilable bohemianism had broken out in him again, and I was only half reassured when I learned that he was painting very hard but in absolute isolation. Well, to come to the point, he sold a picture at the Salon the ensuing May; had a bigger success in Munich, and then in London, and finally an "arrived" success at the next Salon again. My work took me there on the *jour de vernissage*, and to my great pleasure, just as I was about to leave, I came suddenly upon my friend. I had already been admiring his two beautiful pictures, one of them a portrait of great loveliness, but he would hear of nothing about these, but only of myself. In a few minutes I found myself in the usual little "voiture à deux places," and being driven rapidly in a northerly direction. Within half an hour thereafter I had seen



NEXT MORNING . . . THE GREAT SLAB GROUNDED

"the fit habitation," smoked the first of many later cigarettes provided by my host, and been introduced to his charming wife, the beautiful original of the portrait. I had already had convincing proof of the genius.

"All too charming to be true," doubtless many will exclaim, or to the like effect. Only, it happens to be true.

But this, all the same, is the "Prince Charming" side of the tragi-comedy of the Hotel of the Beautiful Star. It is very rare that one of the sons of fortune finds himself a lodger in that barren accommodation; still rarer that so dramatically swift a change occurs between starvation and homelessness on the one hand, and affluence and fame on the other; and rarest of all that "a real genius" (and particularly one who candidly admits it!) is of this sad company.

Yet it is not to be wondered at—rather contrariwise, indeed, were the record all one-sided, all of sadness and misfortune or of idleness and folly—that in the course of many years' nocturnal peregrinations in a great city like London one should meet the brilliant exception once in a

way. Even the Star Inn has its occasional princes.

In these wanderings I have encountered many unusual as well as interesting types, heard many strange tellings as well as far too many narratives of a sad uniformity in misfortune, a dull monotony of wreckage. There I have found life much the same as I have found it in other circles in London, or in Rome, New York, the South Seas, the Australian desert, among the boulevardiers of Paris or the Arabs of the Sahara. Moreover, it is easy in London, as in New York, to get into a specific region at will. One can pursue the French outlander in Soho; the Italian, Hatton Garden way; the Russian Jew, beyond Houndsditch; the Chinaman, the Malay, the coolie, each in his own habitat.

The real unexpected in London is what we do not readily associate with a great metropolis: serenity, quietude, silence, space, beauty—a beauty as of the remote country, a spaciousness as of the desert, a silence as of ocean in calm. Here, perhaps, is wherein lies the deepest fascination of nocturnal London.



The Grave's Compass.

BY SUSIE M. BEST

THOU who art gone will never come again,
Not tho' I wait till Time shall be no more;
All my impassioned pleadings are in vain;
No echoes penetrate that far-off shore
With its phantasmal haze
Where thou art anchored, lo, these many days.

My woe perchance might reach the utmost star,
Circling an orbit that defies the eye;
But thy new bourne is set so far! so far!
I may not hope thine ear will catch my cry,
Nor that thy voice will be
Borne over space immeasurable to me.

Oh, strange and sad to think the grave's compass,
Seeming so narrow, should so boundless be;
So vast, so vague, not even love (alas!)
May hope to span the gap and haply see,
Fair as of old and fond,
The bosom's idol in the Bright Beyond.



THE GRAVE'S COMPASS

The Royal Tombs at Abydos

AN ACCOUNT OF RECENT DISCOVERIES

BY W. M. FLINDERS-PETRIE, D.C.L., LL.D.,

Professor of Egyptology, University College, London

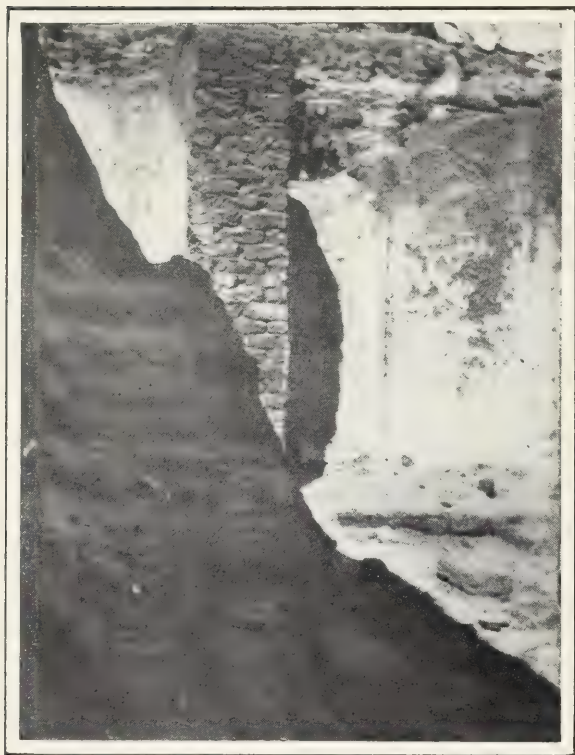


FIG. 1.—TOMB OF KING ZER

WHEN we turn to Egypt, we meet with a consecutive record of man covering some seven thousand years. The scribes of the times of the pyramids looked back as far to the beginning of the kingdom as we look back to Charlemagne, the founder of modern Europe.

Although recent Babylonian discoveries have challenged the primacy of Egyptian civilization, yet there is not by any means the same continuity of record in Mesopotamia as there is in Egypt. But the Egyptian record by no means passed unchallenged. A couple of generations ago it was the fashion to deny that anything could be certain before the Greek historians. Then, when the mass of contemporary records of the earlier times compelled attention, it was grudgingly

allowed that the older history might be followed just as far as we could prove it. But nothing was much believed in before the pyramid-builders, about 4000 B.C., and writers put down the first three dynasties as a tissue of fables of a semi-barbarous time, for which no reality or exactitude could be claimed.

To the surprise of the sceptical world, the last two years have brought to light the actual possessions of these earliest kings. Name after name has been proved to be founded on fact, the successive order of the whole of the first dynasty has been proved, and of other kings before and after that. We now familiarly handle the royal drinking-bowls of these sovereigns, once so shadowy and unreal;

we know precisely all their changes of taste and of work, and deal with Mena, Zer, or Den as fluently as we do with Louis Quinze or Louis Seize furniture. We even know what was going on in every generation for some two thousand years before that time, far more than the later Egyptians themselves knew.

It is the cemetery of the royal tombs at Abydos, and the treasures of gold and ivory and beautiful stones which were left there, that have placed us face to face with the beginning of history.

The oldest record of human history is the statement that ten kings reigned at Abydos in Upper Egypt during 350 years, before Mena, who founded the united kingdom of the whole land, and is counted as the first king of the first dynasty. Even of these earli-

est kings we now have four of the tombs and the objects which belonged to them, nearly 5000 years B.C., and their names are given as Ka, Zeser, Narmer, and Sam. Of two of these kings monuments were found three years ago at Hierakonpolis, in Upper Egypt; but it is only now that we can appreciate their historical position.

The most distinctive of these earliest scenes (Fig. 2) is that of King Narmer smiting his enemy; this is carved in high relief on a large slab of slate, together with other scenes on each side. The labors of these early kings were both in the subjugation of the various tribes to regular government, and in the subjugation of the land to regular cultivation. Thousands of captives are recorded side by side with irrigation-works in which the king took part.

These kings were the real founders of the great state which was to head the Western world for three or four thousand years; yet the figure-head of history has been Mena, their successor, who founded the new capital, Memphis—practically the present Cairo—and is credited as starting the first dynasty. His tomb was found some four years ago in Upper Egypt, though not understood at the time; and now from the tombs of his age at Abydos found this spring an abundance of small objects with his name is brought to light.

One of the most complete is an ebony tablet (Fig. 3), which is one of a large class of such records which were buried in the royal tombs. The exact purport of them is not yet settled. In the top line are the royal name, "born of Osiris," two sacred boats, and a shrine of the goddess Neit in a sacred enclosure. In the second line, a man making an offering, a bull running in open country with



FIG. 2.—KING NARMER SMITING HIS ENEMY

a net in front to catch him, and a shrine with a crane on the top of it. In the third line are three boats on a river, and some fortified islands. At the base is a line of inscription, which is not yet understood. As all these tablets have a hole in one corner, it appears that they were tied on to offerings placed in the tomb; and they probably record the amount offered for the benefit of the king's *ka*, or ghost, from various sources.

Another strange object (Fig. 4) was a bar of gold with the name of King Mena engraved on one end. The bar is curved, and roughened with regular cross-hatching on two parts. The use of it is still quite unexplained. But it seems to have been made with great care, and of exactly one unit of gold in weight—216 grains, or nearly half an ounce.

But the most surprising discovery of all was that of the gold jewelry of the next reign, that of King Zer. While we were clearing out this royal tomb (Fig. 1) a workman noticed a piece of the arm of a mummy lying in a broken hole in the wall, seen in the upper part of the view; he did not pass it by as worthless, but

or palace. This bracelet has a history in itself. The turquoise plaques bear a much more archaic and lumpy form of hawk than the gold pieces, and they show signs of having been worn alternately with large beads. From the style, like that of Mena, they were made probably at the accession of King Zer. Later the



FIG. 3.—EBONY TABLET FROM TOMB AT ABYDOS

looked in at one end and saw a lump of gold. Now ordinary human nature, and still more Arab nature, puts in a finger and hooks out a lump of gold when it can. But our workmen are far too well trained to do that, and so the arm was laid down again till we could see it. After reporting it the piece was brought intact to our huts, and that evening an hour or two was spent in opening it up carefully, and recording how everything was placed; lastly weighing the gold, and giving the finder more than its intrinsic value. Thus we safely recovered the oldest group of jewelry known in the world (Fig. 5), the four bracelets of the queen of King Zer, about 4700 B.C., some 2000 years earlier than any other jewelry thus far identified.

The finest bracelet (Fig. 6) is formed of alternate plaques of gold and turquoise, each surmounted with the royal hawk, and panelled to imitate the front of the tomb

hawks in gold were made in the more advanced style, to form a bracelet with the turquoise. All the pieces were numbered, with lines on the bases, sloping for one half, straight for the other half, of the bracelet. Four turquoise and five gold pieces were lost, and so the eighteen of each were reduced to the present numbers.

The next bracelet (Fig. 7) is curiously built up. The centre-piece of gold appears to be copied from the seed-vessel of a desert plant. On either side are beads of turquoise and gold, and lastly a large amethyst ball of deep color. The back half is of the same materials. The two sides are braids of gold wire and thick hair plaited together, here seen on edge; and the fastening of this, as of all the other bracelets, was by a ball and loop. The other two bracelets are perhaps sufficiently seen on the arm shown in Fig. 5. One has various beads in the form of an

hour-glass, alternate gold and amethyst, with larger rhombs of turquoise in gold caps. The other bracelet is of spiral beads of gold and lapis lazuli, with small turquoises between.

The most astonishing point about these is the perfection of the soldering of the gold. In no case can the joint be detected with a magnifier, either by color or excess. And the only proof that soldering was used is in the inside of the ball buttons, where a wire shank is joined in, and evidently not hammered in one piece. The wire is of course all hammered out, and not drawn, as modern wire is.

The chances against this jewelry having been preserved seem almost numberless. The king's tomb was first plundered in early times, and holes broken in the walls in search of hidden treasure. After that the queen's body was found, and broken up, and one plunderer thrust this fragment of the mummy into the hole in the wall, while probably returning to secure more in the scramble. Then the tomb was cleaned out, and a shrine of Osiris built in it about 1400 B.C., which was frequented constantly for a thousand years, every visitor passing within a few feet of the treasure. About 500 A.D. the Copts utterly destroyed the shrine, and the other royal tombs; yet the arm lay untouched. Again, three years ago, a French explorer turned out the whole place in search of valuable objects, but his workmen neglected the arm, which they must have seen. Time after time it would have seemed impossible that such valuables could escape, lying openly in the wall; yet our thorough



FIG. 5.—THE OLDEST GROUP OF JEWELRY KNOWN IN THE WORLD

search was thus most unexpectedly rewarded.

We have now laid hands on the turning-point in the development of Egyptian art. Till the time of King Zer it was archaic and tentative; even the earlier work of his reign is of the old character. But during the fifty-seven years that are assigned to him a rapid crystallization took place, and at the end of his reign the forms are practically identical with what continued for more than 4000 years later. This sudden fixation of the final forms is what is also seen in Greek art, where the interval of forty years between the Persian war and the Parthenon sufficed for the step from archaic work to the highest perfection, after which all else was but a gradual decay.

The vigor of this early carving is seen in the cutting of the name of the next king—Zet—on a beautiful stone drinking-bowl. The abundance of vases cut in hard stones is astonishing in these royal tombs. Some five hundred different forms have been drawn from the fragments remaining, besides hundreds of other bowls that are duplicates. The materials are of all kinds; many cups and bowls of rock-crystal occur; some are of obsidian, others of diorite, gneiss, syenite, granite, porphyry, metamorphic rocks, basalt, serpentine, slate, fine colored marbles, alabaster, etc.

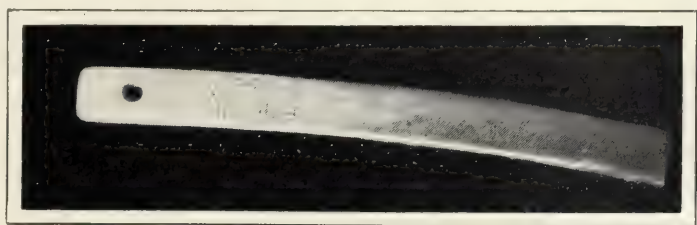


FIG. 4.—BAR OF GOLD. NAME OF KING MENA ENGRAVED ON ONE END



FIG. 7.—BRACELET OF TURQUOISE AND GOLD
AND AMETHYST

Of the next king one of the great tombstones yet remains perfect. Although about five feet high, it was strangely overlooked in the search made here by the French four years ago. It is cut in hard white limestone, and bears the king's name, Merneptah, "beloved of the goddess Neit." Each of the royal tombs had two large tombstones bearing the king's name, set up at the place of offerings, on the east side of the tomb. And the private tombs of all the court and domestics, which were placed around the royal tomb, were each marked with a lesser tombstone about a foot in height, showing the name and often the titles of the deceased.

The fifth king of the dynasty was perhaps the most splendid. His tomb was larger than all before it, and paved with slabs of pink and gray granite, the oldest such use of stone. No stone building is known for some two centuries after this time, all the early structures being of brick and wood; and in general there is a decadent touch in the latter part of this dynasty. But of Den we have the finest piece of carving of that age, in high relief on the side of a large jar of alabaster.

The three remaining kings of the first dynasty have left abundant fragments of inscribed stone vases and clay sealings of great wine-jars. Altogether the impressions of two hundred different seals of officials are known, each giving names, titles, and some insight into the organization of that time.

On reaching the second dynasty we find a blank of three reigns of which the

tombs are yet unknown; but pieces of stone bowls of each of these kings were found in the tomb of their successor, King Perabsen, of about 4370 B.C. By the side of his tomb lay two great tombstones of syenite bearing his name, surmounted by the figure of the god Set, was afterwards hammered out by worshippers of Horus. The tomb is different in form from those of the older dynasty, and has no graves of the domestics around it.

Probably next after this is the first stone-built chamber, that of King Khasekhemui, around which were long series of brick chambers for funeral furniture and offerings. Here, most unexpectedly, a few relics of the former richness yet remained. In one place lay seven stone vases, with gold covers tied down with twisted gold wire. One vase is cut in bright red carnelian, the others in hard white marble. Near these were two gold bracelets, formed of a plain band of the metal beaten hollow. Bowls of diorite, of syenite, and of copper also remained, with axes of copper and large knives of flint. In one place a whole dinner service in thin beaten copper lay all together—a dozen dishes—and over a hundred models of tools, etc. One prize (Fig. 8) also lay yet unnoticed, the royal sceptre, nearly complete. It is formed of cylinders of rich red sard, held together by a copper rod in the centre, and bound round with seven gold bands at intervals in the length of twenty-nine inches. The handle end is lost; but this is the only ancient sceptre known before that of Tarentum, four thousand years later. The two ends of this sceptre are shown together in our illustration, the slenderness in proportion to the length making it impossible to exhibit the whole.

Later than this, to the beginning of the third dynasty, belong the royal tombs of King Neter-khet and Sekhem-nekht, which were discovered this year a few miles to the north of Abydos. The former tomb had eighteen chambers in it, sixty feet underground; it contained hundreds of pieces of alabaster vases.

Much of these things will also pass over to America. The work of excavation by the Egyptian Exploration Fund and the Egyptian Research Account is supported on both sides of the Atlantic, and those who receive the volumes on the royal tombs of Abydos and on Hierakonpolis will see more fully the details of all the discoveries.

A few notes may be added for those who may wish for more precise information. The royal tombs are nearly all built of brick, in most cases with a timber lining to the chamber, sunk in the ground, and originally roofed over with beams, matting, and sand. They lie about a mile behind the celebrated temple of Abydos, just below the desert hills. Plundered anciently, they were next elaborately destroyed by the fanaticism of the Copts, and were again ransacked for saleable antiquities about four years ago. Yet the great mass of fragments of ancient work and inscription had been thrown aside by ignorant workmen, and on my searching it with a carefully trained staff of natives we succeeded in unravelling the whole history of the period, and restoring the entire view of the civilization of five centuries in order.

The historic results are as follow:

PRE-DYNASTIC KINGS.

	B.C.
KA	about 4900
ZESER	4870
NARMER	4840
SAM	4800

FIRST DYNASTY.

AHA—MEN	4777
ZER—TA	4715
ZET—ATH	4658
MERNEIT	4627
DEN—SETUI	4604

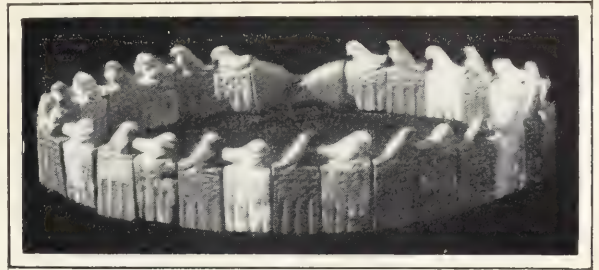


FIG. 6.—BRACELET OF PLAQUES OF GOLD AND TURQUOISE

	B.C.
AZAB—MERPABA	4584
MERSEKHA—SHEMSU	4553
QA—SEN	4540

SECOND DYNASTY.

HOTEPAHAUI	4514
RANEB	4476
NETEREN	4437
PERABSEN	4390
KHASEKHEMUI	about 4373

Of the names in the first dynasty all but one can be identified in the same order in the list drawn up more than three thousand years later by King Sety I. on the walls of his temple at Abydos, and most of them show in Manetho's Greek list. The second names—those after the dash—are in all cases those which were copied and corrupted into the forms in which we find them so long after. This history, we must remember, was as old in the days of the Exodus as the Exodus is in our time. Hence the only wonder is that the Egyptians had kept alive their history in this manner through so many changes and convulsions of the government, age after age. The solid reality of the very earliest parts of the history is now placed beyond question by these discoveries, and we know far more about the civilization of these oldest known kings than we do about our own Saxon kings of England.

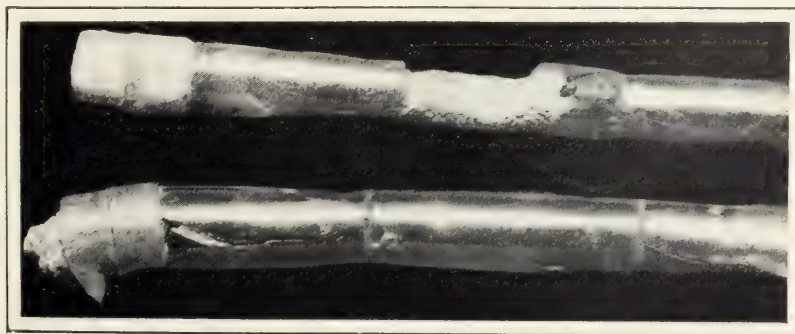


FIG. 8.—ENDS OF ROYAL SCEPTRE

The Hills of Habersham

BY MARY APPLEWHITE BACON

I

THE young girl moved with a light step between the ironing-table and the deep rough fireplace, where her irons were heating before a bed of hickory coals. She wore a cheap calico waist and skirt, but the lines of her figure were pleasing, her thick yellow hair curled a little around her forehead, and her face was serene and sweet. A little white-haired boy in a homespun slip dragged at her skirts and fretted for her to take him, but she went on with her work, showing him now and then the steadily growing pile of coarse clothes, and soothing him with a voice full of tender intonations.

At last she began on a faded pink mus-

lin, a new expression coming into her face as she pressed the ruffles carefully and pulled the gathers into shape. When it was finished she carried it out into the sun, spreading it over the back of a home-made chair, a strip of cheap lace with it, and a handkerchief with a border of drawn-work. Then she came back into the kitchen, took up the heavy child in her arms—he was crying now—and pushing a low rocking-chair with a hide bottom into the doorway, sat down to sing him to sleep. Just outside, a cedar-tree, very old and tall, softened the glare of the August sun. Beyond its shadow was a growth of weeds; beyond them the scrubby bushes that covered the steep slope to the spring.

The rockers of the old chair, worn flat long ago, moved with a dull thud over the wide rough boards of the floor, and caused a jar in her voice as she sang. She was singing "Amazing grace, how sweet the sound," to a tune not printed in any hymn-book, but full of sweet cadences, as the prolonged sliding of her voice on almost every other note drew out the lines to thrice their length.

"I'm gonter stay 'wake dish time, Milly, an' hear it all," the child said, as he had often said before, his blue eyes fixed determinedly on her face. But the lids drooped more and more, and he was asleep before she had finished the second stanza. Yet she sang on to the end of the hymn, her eyes toward the open doorway, and her thoughts on neither the words she was singing nor the child in her lap.

Presently she looked down, and seeing the tiny beads of



SHE CARRIED IT OUT INTO THE SUN

sweat thick on the side of his face next to her breast, shifted his weight deftly to her right arm, and let the breeze blow on his warm, pink cheek.

"I wisht I had the ballad of that song the preacher sung this mornin' at Ebenezer," she said to herself. "I believe I know the tune." Beginning a little uncertainly with the chorus, she soon had it in full swing:

"Meet me there, me—et me there,
Where the tree of life is bloom-
ing, meet me there."

Unconsciously she was singing herself into the same mood that the song had produced in her that morning. Andrew Gary's eyes were not on her now; she might indulge her emotion to the full. She recalled the words that had made her want to cry that morning at church:

"Here our fondest hopes are
vain,
Brightest links are rent in
twain."

Tune and words suggested some dim, far-off sorrow not her own, with which it was sweet to lament, and she sang the lines again, wiping her eyes now and then on Walter's little homespun slip. Her tears were a relief to the joy that seemed almost too great for her heart to contain. She had sat in church that morning and loved every person in it for very pity that none of them could feel as she felt, and when she came back home she had longed to do some special kindness to the family with whom she lived, baffled that nothing outside her regular duties presented itself. It had even given her pleasure to iron the coarse homespun clothes with exceeding care.

After a time her emotion spent itself through the song. Her eyes fell on the pink muslin dress, and her lips parted in a smile. To-morrow she would wear the dress, and Andrew would be with her. She stooped suddenly and lovingly kissed the child resting on her lap,



SHE SANG ON TO THE END

"Did Milly wake you?" she cried, her voice half mirthful and half tender, as he stirred. But his eyes closed, and he only sighed a little, and then she stooped and kissed him again and more tenderly, half waking and soothing him thus over and over.

In the two-room dwelling-house, Viney Hopper was growing tired of the long afternoon. Her mother grumbled a little at intervals; her father lay dozing on the front porch, his head against the back of a chair with its legs up. Seeing Milly's profile in the back door of the kitchen, Viney crossed the yard, walked around by the rough stone chimney, and seated herself on the decaying log that served for a step, almost at Milly's feet. She stretched her own bare feet and bony legs the length of the log, and let her

eyes wander dully through the kitchen and back again to the two figures in the rocking-chair.

"You're ruinin' that chile, Milly Burns," she said, "nussin' him so much. Whyn't you let him lay on the flo'?"

Milly did not answer; she looked down into the child's face and drew him a little closer to her breast.

Viney's eyes sought entertainment out in the open air, resting at last on the pink muslin dress. "You gonter wear it to-morrer?" she asked.

Milly nodded. She was kind, but in the long intervals between Viney's remarks her thoughts returned to their former height, and she found it hard to descend.

"You gonter marry him?" The pronoun was definite enough for the purpose.

"Some of these days, maybe."

"Did you know maw told him paw wa'n't goin' to give you none of our land?"

Milly colored a little. "I didn't know it, but it's all right."

"Mrs. Murray's folks told Ailie White that Andrew's uncle Joshuy Means was a-gonter give him some land, maybe had already give it."

Milly did not answer.

"Do you know anything about it?"

"I heard a little something about it."

Another long pause. "Do you think paw oughter give you any land?" Viney's small black eyes tried desperately to see beyond the abstraction that was like a veil over Milly's gray orbs.

"Do you think he ought?"

"No."

"Maw says we've done enough for you."

There was no reply.

"Do you think we have?"

"I reckon you have." Milly's voice was even and sweet.

Viney interpreted the answer as an affirmative. She got up, moved to the other end of the log, and stretched her feet in the opposite direction, this time interesting herself in an effort to make her short, narrow skirt reach down to her ankles, but it would only do so when she leaned forward. She looked again at the chair with the pink muslin over it.

"You reckon Andrew'll take you to church in his buggy to-morrer?"

"I don't know."

"If he does, can I ride with you?"

"If you want to."

"I'm fifteen, but I ain't much big."

Viney stretched out her thin, sunburnt hands and looked at them critically. "You're two years older'n me, an' my hands is as wide as yours, an' a heap blacker." It was the first time the thought of her own looks had ever come to her, and her small black eyes grew wistful.

Milly noted the expression. "You'll be all right by-and-by," she said.

The shadow of the cedar was no longer on the ground, but on the logs of the house, and the rays of the sun shone level through the tall weeds. There was a sound of wheels along the road. Viney ran beyond the house to see who was coming, but darted back swiftly with red cheeks.

"It's Andrew Gary," she cried, "an' I do believe he saw me. How can you get in the house to fix? He'll be sho' to see you when you go through maw's room."

"I can't fix," Milly said, calmly; the blush on her face was wholly one of joy.

Walter was already half awake. She put him down in the door, petted him a little, and got him a piece of bread and a little tin plate of sorghum. On the back porch of the dwelling-house she stopped a moment, ran the comb that lay for family use on the shelf by the wash-pan a few times through the front of her yellow hair, tried to shake some of the wrinkles from the front of her calico skirt, and then went out to meet her lover. The blush on her cheeks would have been deeper if she had known what happiness shone in her eyes.

Andrew was more embarrassed than she. It seemed to him a very bold thing to come and ask her to ride with him at this time of the week. They had never been alone together. In the winter when he had come to see her they had sat with the Hopper family by the one fireplace in the house; in the summer there was always some one else on the little porch. He had taken her to church several times, but little Walter always begged to ride with them, and Milly had let him go. This time he meant to have her quite to himself.

As he helped her into the buggy she

looked down with something of a pang at her coarse, worn shoes; but she need not have been troubled; the brief touch of her hand on his made him oblivious to everything else.

The road was narrow, for it ran among the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge; the mountains themselves were in full view, royal with the approach of sunset. They drove through the creek bottoms where the air was chill and sweet with the odor of grass and rushes, and then through the green hush of woods, until they had passed Ebenezer Church, small, and shut, and lonely, in its grove of ancient oak and chestnut. A mile or two beyond they came to a small clearing, into which Andrew turned, driving carefully so as to avoid the stumps.

"Uncle Joshuy thinks the house ought to stand right where you see that little persimmon-bush," he said. "That 'll be near enough the road an' not too near. I heard you say you liked trees, an' I left them three hick'ries to shade the back yard, and that big white oak for the front."

He waited for her to speak, but she was silent. Perhaps he understood her as well as if she had spoken.

"I know I can get the house up and everything ready by December," he continued. "There's a fine spring down in the holler, but I'm going to have a well dug. I don't want you to be bringin' water up that hill."

The swift blush in her cheek spread to her neck and ears. He did not know it, but his voice was like a caress.

"I reckon I wouldn't mind that," she said.

His tension and hers relaxed during the drive home in the long moonlit dusk. He even ventured to tease her a little.

"What made you look so much like you wanted to cry this mornin'," he asked, "while Mr. Smith was singin' that new song?"

She turned away her head. "Because I was so happy."

He laughed joyously. "What made you happy?"

But this she did not answer. "It seems a long time since this mornin'," she said.

He moved a little that he might look into her face without seeming to do so.

She never talked much, and he had grown to study her face as his satisfaction for what he lost through her silence. Her eyelids drooped a little, and her sensitive lips were full of an expression that he could not read. A sudden remorse lest he had wounded her shot through him. His eyes fell to her hands lying passive in her lap; they were sunburnt and hard with toil, but he thought them beautiful. He had never dared to hold her hand, but now he longed to take them both in his and cover them with kisses.

When they drove up to the gate, the family were at supper in the kitchen, and the yard and porch were still. The two sat for a while in the buggy after Andrew had drawn the reins. The full moon shone against the two tall white oaks by the fence and threw their shadows far westward. The air was scented with the faint odor of the pretty-by-nights, the only flowers in the yard.

"I'll be so glad when I'll never have to say good-by to you any more," the young man said, wistfully. The night, which was so beautiful, seemed suddenly to become full of separation and loneliness.

She laughed at his depression. "You'll be here again in just a few hours to tell me good-mornin'," she said, her happiness betraying itself, as it always did, in her voice, "so you needn't mind saying good-by to-night."

She made a slight movement, and he stepped from the buggy and came to the other side to help her out. As he did so a whippoorwill, that had left its mate in the pine thicket beyond the moonlit clearing, gave forth a sudden piercing cry from one of the white oaks near the gate. Andrew felt the cold shiver that ran through the girl's body; her hands were already in his, and with a swift impulse to protect and comfort her, he drew her to his breast. And then he kissed her over and over, as she had kissed the child, without fear, and with the sweetness of earth in his heart.

In three weeks from that night he lay white and still in his uncle's house. The terrible typhoid fever, which at times so mysteriously haunts hill and valley in these northern counties, had vanquished, in a bitter conflict, the strength of youth and the passionate yearning of love.



ANDREW WAS MORE EMBARRASSED THAN SHE

II

There was not a tombstone in the little graveyard. Some of the graves were covered with quartz crystals, some enclosed in high unpainted pickets; one had over it a slanting roof of shingles; the rest, sunken flat, were marked only by a rough piece of granite at head and foot. Marvin Ware, leaning against a red-oak tree large enough to shadow them all, thought he was thinking of the people

buried there. In reality he was only sensitive to the vague pathos of the spot as it took more definite form in the prevailing beauty of the April morning.

The sky was without a cloud, and the landscape, though not extensive, was rich in the curving lines of hill and valley and in the varied tints of early spring. Fields of young wheat contrasted with the reddish-brown of slopes newly ploughed. The peach-trees of a small homestead, masses of pink and white blossoms, were each a separate challenge to the eye. Against a background of bare trunks and branches were pale mists of green, the foliage of poplars and willows. Veiling the landscape and its boundary of low mountains, a haze of silvery blue; enfolding all, the stillness of a thinly settled country.

As the minister yielded to the luring, impersonal loveliness of the morning, a protest rose within him against the purpose that had brought him hither; and as his congregation began to

gather, he looked upon the handful of poorly clad women and toil-hardened men with a feeling akin to repulsion. He was nineteen, and this was his first year in the ministry. Ebenezer was one of the eight churches in his charge.

The young man followed his people into the house, and took his seat back of the rough pine table inside the small railing. The light and beauty that he saw through the open doors opposite him

seemed to mock at the little assembly within these pitiful, unceiled walls; the very odor that had been gathering here for years—for the small glass windows were closed and dusty—after the glorious mountain air outside, depressed him, and made human life and its aims seem contemptible.

"There is absolutely nothing in common between us," he said to himself, looking upon the dull faces before him. One he distinguished as susceptible and almost beautiful, a young woman's face framed in yellow hair, a suggestion of melancholy about the sensitive lips and in the gray eyes. His sermon was a mere after-glow of his first reading of Emerson's "Oversoul." As he preached, the eyes of Milly Burns were first eager, then puzzled, and then they seemed withdrawn from all external things. The young man was even more baffled by their blank abstraction than by the unresponsive faces turned fixedly towards his own.

A sudden temptation assailed him. Dropping his own theme, he began to reproduce a sermon that he had listened to at a camp-meeting the summer before, reproducing also, perhaps unconsciously, the preacher's fervent manner and tender voice. He saw the immediate change in his audience, and, partly from the stimulus of success, partly because by nature he responded swiftly to the moods of others, he became as much affected as his hearers by what he was saying.

The conclusion was his own: "I stood out there in the little graveyard this beautiful morning, and looked down at those lowly graves. The men and women lying there now used to sit on these very benches and listen to the glorious message of the gospel. But they have gone to sit in the heavenly places. Maybe in life they had as hard a time as we are having now; but their toils are over. Oh, my brethren, it makes no difference whether we are rich or poor, whether we are wise or ignorant. Nobody will ask us about that at the pearly gates."

He paused a moment. The men looked humble; the women were weeping. "Maybe some of you, like some out in the graveyard there, never learned to read a sentence in a book, but, thank God, you can read your title clear to mansions in the skies."

The unpremeditated antithesis filled his eyes with tears; some of the women began to sob aloud. A woman's voice started the hymn from which he had just quoted, and, when others joined in, changed to high, triumphant treble.

The young man motioned to the people to rise. "Let everybody here that wants to meet me in heaven come and give me their hand," he said.

An old man with thin white hair and a woman with stooping shoulders went up first, and the rest followed, singing as they crowded along over the rough, uneven floor.

Something seemed necessary to bring back the tide of feeling to an ordinary level. The minister took his seat, was silent a few minutes, and then began to sing alone, "Meet me there." His naturally sweet voice was tender with emotion, but as he sang the first words he saw a spasm of pain pass over the countenance of Milly Burns, and then he noticed that hers was the only woman's face in the house that showed no signs of tears. By contrast it seemed almost hard.

He went home with the Hoppers to dinner. In the afternoon the old man carried him over his farm.

"It's hardly to say whut you'd call a farm," he said. "I 'ain't got but about ten acres left, except whut's in woods. I give off a sheer apiece to my two boys an' my oldes' girl when they wus married; an' they all took a notion a year ago or better to sell out an' go to Arkansas. Their maw hated it powerful, but she couldn' he'p herself. Then Viney she married las' Christmas, an' her husban' jes' rented out her sheer, an' took her down the country,—down about where you come from, I reckon, sorter on the border uv Clark an' Madison.

"We're all po' folks up here," he added abruptly, looking, as if for the first time, at the young preacher's cloth suit and slim hands.

"I am poor myself," Ware might have answered with perfect truth, but at the moment the words would not have seemed to him true. "Do you raise any cotton?" he asked.

"I 'ain't never got into the way uv it myself," Hopper answered. "Ever'body useter think it was too cold fur it. But

some o' the young men's raisin' it powerful. It's the only thing 'll bring any money. I useter carry apples down the country in the winter-time, but I'm a-gittin' too ol' fur that now."

Ware did not wonder that their dinner had consisted of fried meat and corn-bread with weak coffee without milk or sugar. But he was growing accustomed to such conditions. When they returned to the house he sat on the little porch with Milly and Mrs. Hopper.

The latter adopted a tone and manner that she considered suitable for the occasion. "That wus a mighty feelin' sermon uv yourn this mornin'," she said. "I 'ain't got no child'n in the good world, but I've got three in Arkansas, an' that's mighty nigh as bad. An' Viney off down in Madison County."

Ware was too inexperienced to take up the clew of the married children, and the woman began again. "It's powerful po' doin's to raise a fam'ly to be grown,—though Viney wa'n't to say grown, jus' barely sixteen,—an' then have 'em marry and go off, an' none o' your own with you but one little boy." Her voice had dropped back to its habitual fretfulness.

"Did you like the sermon this mornin'?" the young man inquired of Milly, finding conversation difficult.

She looked down at her rusty black skirt, a part of her poor and undiscovered attempt at mourning.

"No, I didn't like it," she said, with crimson face, not knowing how to escape an honest reply. "I wus in hopes you'd take some piece in the Bible an' explain it," she added. "But I liked it a little better'n I did your other two."

"Did anybody ever hear the beat uv that?" Mrs. Hopper was as angry as she was astonished. Milly expressed her opinions but seldom, because she was not often asked for them, except by little Walter.

"She's just a girl that Billy taken an' raised," the old woman said, in explanation of Milly's conduct. "Her paw an' maw died soon after they come here. He was a-seein' about the railroad that goes by Clarksville. They wus from some furrin parts, southwes' Georgy maybe, or maybe 'twus Alabama. Po' business, I thought, takin' other folks' child'n to raise, an' I think so now."

Ware glanced at the girl, and as quickly turned away his eyes. There was no resentment in her face, only a slight deepening of the melancholy lines around her mouth. The sick depression that had come to him so often in the past few weeks returned. "If she had any independence she'd get away from here," he said to himself. He could not guess how impossible to her would have been the impulse to change her poor habitat.

When Mrs. Hopper left the porch to get supper, Milly turned to their visitor with something almost stern in her expression. "I wasn't trying to tell you how to preach," she said, looking at him steadily with her clear gray eyes. "You ast me a question, and I answered it. But if I had book-learnin' like you preachers have, I'd try to tell the people just what is in the Bible more'n you've been doin'. And I know it does matter whether we've got learning or whether we haven't. Maybe it don't about bein' rich or poor."

He made no reply, and she began again, but more gently: "School don't keep up here but three months in the year, an' I never got to go much when it did. An' I always thought I oughtn't to take time to learn here at home." Her pale face colored a little, and he drew a different conclusion as to her sense of independence.

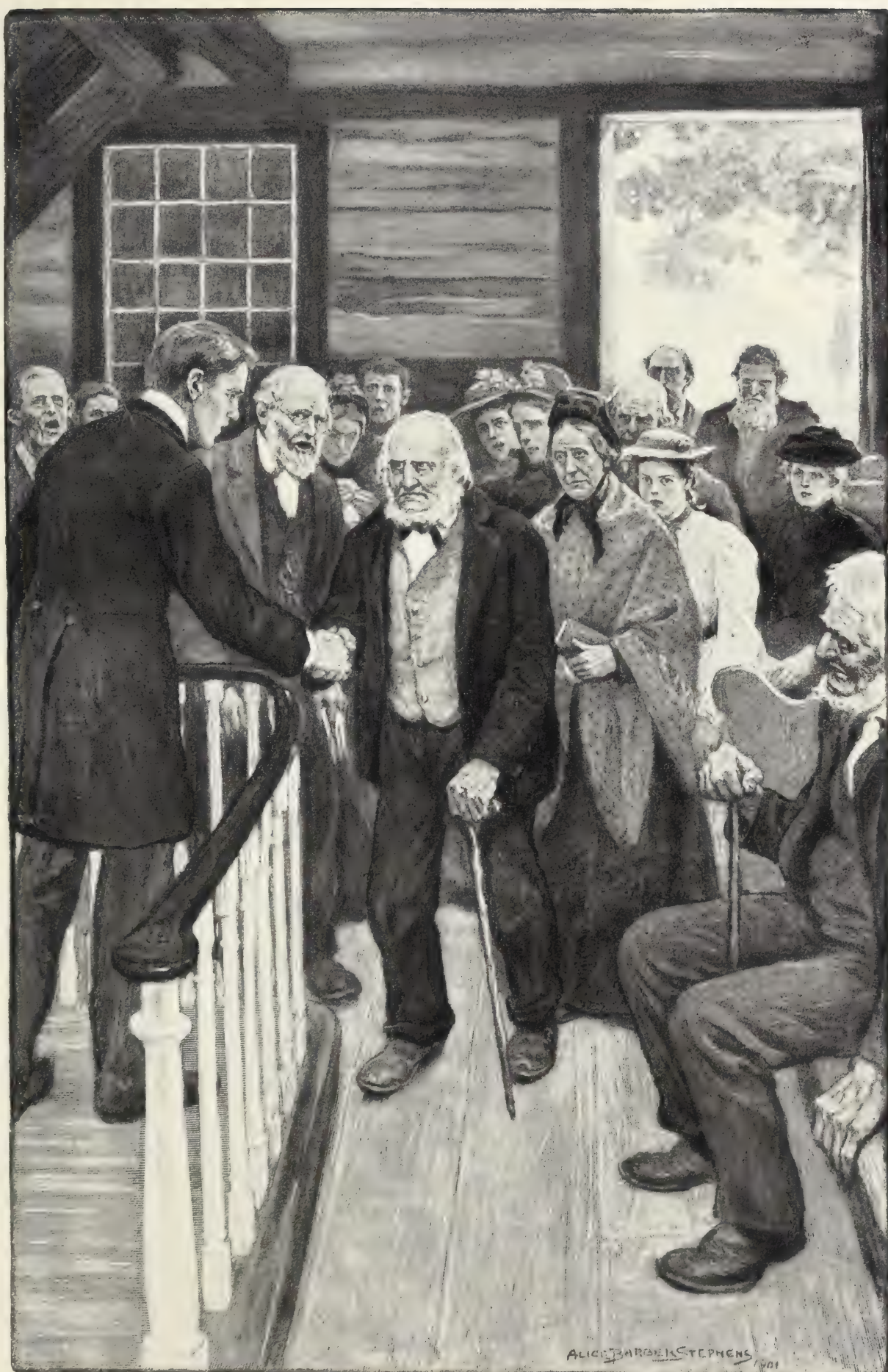
"Right lately I've been tryin' to learn by myself. Viney an' them took whut spellin'-books an' readers there wus, an' I 'ain't got nothin' to learn out uv but the Bible, an' the first uv it is hard readin'. But I'd give anything to know whut's in it."

He seemed to himself to have the first worthy emotion that he had felt that day. "Will you bring me your Bible and let me help you a little now?" he asked, humbly.

She brought out a very old book cheaply bound in musty leather; the paper was rough and the print dim and brown. He handed it back to her opened at the Thirty-fourth Psalm, and then found the same place in his own new Oxford Bible, at that time almost a badge of his profession.

"Will you read?" he asked.

She shook her head, and he began, pausing every little while that she might read to herself the verses he had been over



Half-tone plate engraved by C. Hart

AN OLD MAN WITH THIN WHITE HAIR . . .

aloud. A thrill passed through him; he seemed to be reading the psalm for the first time. The narcissus blooms in the hard, bare yard shone white and sweet. In the distance were the mountains, their deepening purple suffused with the slant light of the setting sun. The shadow on his spirit grew luminous, a tender sorrow. He was not measuring others in their connection with himself; he was looking at the Divine fulness in its relation to the needs of Milly Burns.

"O fear the Lord, ye His saints; for there is no want to them that fear Him. . . .

"The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger; but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing. . . .

"The Lord redeemeth the soul of His servants; and none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate."

An awe came upon the young man's spirit. His past conception of his office seemed poor and mean. The narrow mountain clearing around him knew the mysterious processes of life; its outlook was towards the apocalyptic mountains, where the glory of the heavens assumed forms visible to man.

"None of them that trust in Him shall be desolate."

He read the words again. The tears fell from Milly's eyes.

"In Lovers' Land"

BY AGNES REPPLIER

THE literature, like the art of a nation, is rooted in national characteristics. Foreign influences may dominate it supremely for a time; but that which is born of the soil is imperishable, and must, by virtue of tenacity, conquer in the end. England, after the Restoration, tried very hard to be French, and the "happy and unreflecting wantonness" of her earlier song was chilled into sobriety by the measured cadences of Gallic verse; yet the painful and perverse effort to adjust herself to strange conditions left her more triumphantly English than before. We are tethered to our kind, and the wisest of all wise limitations is that which holds us well within the sphere of natural and harmonious development.

It is true, however, that nationality betrays itself less in lyrics, and, above all, less in love-lyrics, than in any other form of literature. Love is a malady, the common symptoms of which are the same in all patients; and though love-songs—like battle-songs and drinking-songs—are seldom legitimate offsprings of experience, they are efforts to express in words that sweet and transient pain. "Les âmes bien née"—without regard to birth-place—sing clearly of their passion, and seek their "petit coin de bonheur" under

Southern and Northern skies. The Latin races have, indeed, depths of reserve underlying their apparent frankness, and the Saxons a genius for self-revelation underlying their apparent reticence; but these traits count for little in the refined duplicity of the love-song.

Garde bien ta belle folie!

has been its burden ever since it was first chanted by minstrel lips.

M. Brunetière frankly admits the inferiority of the French lyric, an inferiority which he attributes to the predominance of social characteristics in the literature as in the life of France. When poetry is compelled to fulfil a social function, to express social conditions and social truths, to emphasize fundamental principles and balance contrasted forces, the founts of lyrical inspiration are early dried. Individualism is their source,—the sharp clear striking of the personal note; and the English, says M. Brunetière, excel in this regard. "To Lucasta, on going to the Wars," has no perfect counterpart in the love-songs of other lands.

Even the eager desire of the Frenchman to be always intelligible ("That which is not lucid is not French") militates against the perfection of the lyric.

So too does his exquisite and inborn sense of proportion. "Measure," says M. Brownell, "is a French passion;" but it is a passion that refuses to lend itself to rapturous sentiment.

Et veut que l'on soit sage avec sobriété,
is hardly a maxim to which the genius of the love-song gives willing ear. Rather is she the La Belle Dame sans Merci, or the Elfin Lady who rode through the forests of ancient France.

My sire is the nightingale,
That sings, making his wail,
In the wild wood, clear;
The mermaid is mother to me,
That sings in the salt sea,
In the ocean mere.

"What," asks Mr. Brownell, hopelessly, "has become of this Celtic strain in the French nature?"—a strain which found vent in the "poésie courtoise," playful, amorous, laden with delicate subtleties and fond conceits. This poésie—once the delight of Christendom—echoes still in Petrarch's sonnets and Shakspeare's madrigals; but it is difficult to link its sweet extravagances with the chiselled verse of later days, and critics forget the past in their careful contemplation of the present. "French poetry," says Mr. Zangwill, "has always leant to the frigid, the academic, the rhetorical,—in a word, to the prosaic. The spirit of Boileau has ruled it from his cold marble urn."

But long before Boileau lay in his urn—or in his cradle—the poets of France, like the poets of Albion, sang with facile grace of love, and dalliance, and the glory of youth and spring. The fact that Boileau ignored and despised their song, and taught his obedient followers to ignore and despise it also, cannot silence those early notes. When he descended frigidly to his grave, Euterpe tucked up her loosened hair, and sandalled her bare white feet, and girdled her disordered robes into decent folds. Perhaps it was high time for these reforms. Nothing is less seductive in middle age than the careless gayety of youth. But once France was young, and Euterpe a slip of a girl, and no grim shadow of that classic urn rested on the golden days when Aucassin—model of defiant and conquering

lovers—followed Nicolette into the deep mysterious woods.

Jeunesse sur moy a puissance,
Mais Vieillesse fait son effort
De m'avoir en sa gouvernance,

sang Charles d'Orléans, embodying in three lines the whole history of man and song. Youth was lusty and folly riotous when Ronsard's mistress woke in the morning, and found Apollo waiting patiently to fill his quiver with arrows from her eyes; or when Jacques Tahureau watched the stars of heaven grow dim before his lady's brightness; or when Vauquelin de la Fresnaye saw Phillis sleeping in a bed of lilies, regardless of discomfort, and surrounded by infant Loves.

J'admirois toutes ces beautez
Egales à mes loyautez,
Quand l'esprit me dist en l'oreille:
Fol, que fais-tu? Le temps perdu,
Souvent est chèrement vendu;
S'on le recouvre, c'est merveille.

Alors, je m'abbaissai tout bas,
Sans bruit je marchai pas à pas,
Et basai ses lèvres pourprines:
Savourant un tel bien, je dis
Que tel est dans le Paradis
Le plaisir des âmes divines.

With just such sweet absurdities, such pardonable insincerities, the poets of Elizabeth's England fill their amorous verse. George Gascoigne "swims in heaven" if his mistress smiles upon him; John Lyly unhesitatingly asserts that Daphne's voice

. . . . tunes all the spheres;

and Lodge exhausts the resources of the vegetable and mineral kingdoms in searching for comparisons by which to set forth the beauties of Rosalind. The philosophy of love is alike on both sides of the Channel, and expressed in much the same terms of soft insistence. *Carpe diem* is, and has always been, the lover's maxim; and the irresistible eloquence of the lyric resolves itself finally into these two words of warning, whether urged by Celt or Saxon. Herrick is well aware of their supreme significance when he sings:

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying:
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying. . . .

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

Ronsard strikes the same relentless note when he pleads with Cassandra:

Hear me, mignonne, speaking truth.
Gather the fleet flowers of your youth,
Take your pleasure at the best;
Be happy ere your beauty flit,
For length of days will tarnish it,
Like roses that were loveliest.*

May-day comes alike in England and in France. Herrick and Jean Passerat, poets of Devonshire and of Champagne, are equally determined that two fair sluggards, who love their pillows better than the dewy grass, shall rise from bed, and share with them the sparkling rapture of the early dawn. Herrick's verse, laden with the freshness of the spring, rings imperatively in Corinna's sleepy ears:

Get up, get up, for shame! The blooming
Morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air.
Get up, sweet Slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.

And then—across the gayety of the song—the deepening note of persuasion strikes a familiar chord:

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime;
And take the harmless folly of the time!
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.

Passerat is no less insistent. The suitors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries seem to have dedicated the chill hours of early morning to their courtship. Nor was the custom purely pastoral and poetic. When Lovelace makes his appointments with Clarissa Harlowe at five A.M., the modern reader—if Richardson has a modern reader—is wont to think the hour an unpropitious one; but to Herrick and to the Pléiade it would have seemed rational enough.

Off with sleep, love, up from bed,
This fair morn;
See, for our eyes the rosy red
New day is born,

sings the French poet beneath his lady's

window; adding, to overcome her coyness—or her sleepiness—the old dominant argument:

Time, that loves not lovers, wears
Wings swift in flight;
All our happy life he bears
Far in the night.
Old and wrinkled on a day,
Sad and weary, shall you say,
"Ah, fool was I,
That took no pleasure in the grace
Of the flower that from my face
Time has seen die."*

Less striking is the similarity between the musical reproaches with which the singers of England and of France delight in denouncing their unfaithful fair ones, or in confessing, with harmonious sighs, the transient nature of their own emotions. Inconstancy is the breath of love's nostrils, and the inspiration of love's songs, which enchant us because they express an exquisite sentiment in its brief moment of ascendancy. The tell-tale past, the dubious future, are alike discreetly ignored. Love in the drama and in the romance plays rather a heavy part. It is too obtrusively omniscient. It is far too self-assertive. Yet the average tax-payer, as has been well remarked, is no more capable of a grand passion than of a grand opera. The utmost he can achieve is some fair, fleeting hour, and with the imperative gladness of such an hour the love-song thrills sympathetically. It is not *its* business to

recapture
That first fine careless rapture.

It does not essay the impossible.

Now the old and nameless French poet who wrote

Femme, plaisir de demye heure,
Et ennuy qui sans fins demeure

was perhaps too ungraciously candid. Such things, when said at all, should be said prettily.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,—
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.

Gay voices come bubbling with laughter from the happy days that are dead. Sir

* Mr. Andrew Lang's translation.

* Mr. Andrew Lang's translation.

John Suckling, whose admirable advice to an over-faithful young suitor has been the most invigorating of tonics to suitors ever since, vaunts with pardonable pride his own singleness of heart:

Out upon it! I have loved
Three whole days together,
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

Sir John Sedley epitomizes the situation in his praises of that jade, Phillis, whose smiles win easy pardon for her perfidy:

Which though I see,
I can't get free!
She deceiving,
I believing,—
What need lovers wish for more?

And Lovelace, reversing the medal, pleads musically—and not in vain—for the same gracious indulgence:

Why should you sweare I am forsworn,
Since thine I vowed to be?
Lady, it is already Morn,
And 'twas last night I swore to thee
That fond impossibility.

Mr. Lang is of the opinion that no Gallic verse has equalled in audacity this confession of limitations, this *Apologia pro Vita Sua*; and perhaps its light-heartedness is well out of general reach. But the French lover, like the English, was made of threats and promises alike fruitless of fulfilment, and Phillis had many a fair foreign sister no whit more worthy of regard. Only, amid the laughter and raillery of a Latin people there rings ever an undertone of regret,—not passionate and heart-breaking, as in Drayton's bitter cry,

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part,

but vague and subtle, linking itself tenderly to some long-ignored and half-forgotten sentiment, buried deep in the reader's heart.

Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?

A little sob breaks the smooth sweetness of Belleau's verse; and Ronsard's beauti-

ful lines to his careless young mistress are heavy with the burden of sighs:

Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir, à la chandelle,
Assise auprès du feu, devisant et filant,
Direz, chantant mes vers, en vous esmerveillant:
"Ronsard me célébroit du temps que j'étois belle."

The note deepens as we pass into the more conscious art of later years, but it is always French in its grace and moderation. How musical and how endurable is the pathos with which de Musset sings of Juana, who loved him for a whole year; how enchanting his farewell to Suzon, whose briefer passion lasted eight summer hours:

Que notre amour, si tu m'oublies,
Suzon, dure encore un moment;
Comme un bouquet de fleurs pâlies,
Cache-le dans ton sein charmant!
Adieu! le bonheur reste au gîte;
Le souvenir part avec moi:
Je l'emporterai, ma petite,
Bien loin, bien vite,
Toujours à toi.

In Murger's familiar verses, so pretty and gay and heart-sick, in the finer art of Gautier, in the cloudy lyrics of Verlaine, we catch again and again this murmur of poignant but subdued regret, this sigh for the light love that has so swiftly fled. The delicacy of the sentiment is unmatched in English song. The Saxon can be profoundly sad, and he can—or at least he could—be ringingly and recklessly gay; but the mood which is neither sad nor gay, which is fed by refined emotions, and tranquillized by time's subduing touch, has been expressed oftener and better in France. Four hundred years ago François Villon touched this exquisite chord in his "Ballade des Dames du Temps Jadis," and it has vibrated gently ever since. We hear it echoing with melancholy grace in these simple lines of Gérard de Nerval:

Où sont les amoureuses?
Elles sont au tombeau!
Elles sont plus heureuses,
Dans un séjour plus beau.

Nerval, like Villon, had drunk deep of the bitterness of life, but he never permitted its dregs to pollute the clearness of his song:

Et veut que l'on soit *triste* avec sobriété.

In the opinion of many critics, the lyric was not silenced, only chilled, by the development of the classical spirit in France, and the corresponding conversion of England. Its flute notes were heard now and then amid the decorous couplets that delighted well-bred ears. Waller undertook the reformation of English verse, and accomplished it to his own and his readers' radiant satisfaction; yet Waller's seven-year suit of Lady Dorothy Sidney is the perfection of that poetic love-making which does not lead, and is not expected to lead, to anything definite and tangible. Never were more charming tributes laid at the feet of indifferent beauty; never was indifference received with less concern. Sacharissa listened and smiled. The world—the august little world of rank and distinction—listened and smiled with her, knowing the poems were written as much for its edification as for hers; and Waller, well pleased with the audience, nursed his passion tenderly until it flowered into another delicate blossom of verse. The situation was full of enjoyment while it lasted; and when the seven years were over, Lady Dorothy married Henry, Lord Spenser, who never wrote any poetry at all; while her lover said his last good-by in the most sparkling and heart-whole letter ever penned

by inconstant man. What would the author of "The Girdle," and "Go, Lovely Rose," have thought of Browning's uneasy rapture?

O lyric love, half angel and half bird,
And all a wonder and a wild desire.

He would probably have pointed out the exaggeration of the sentiment, and the corresponding looseness of the lines. He would certainly have agreed with the verdict of M. Sévelinges, had that sensible critic uttered it in his day. "It is well," says M. Sévelinges, "that passionate love is rare. Its principal effect is to detach men from all their surroundings, to isolate them, to render them independent of the relations which they have not formed for themselves; and a civilized society composed of lovers would return infallibly to misery and barbarism."

Here is the French point of view, expressed with that lucidity which the nation so highly esteems. Who shall gainsay its correctness? But the Saxon, like the Teuton, is sentimental to his heart's core, and finds some illusions better worth cherishing than truth. It was an Englishman, and one to whom the epithet "cynical" has been applied oftenest, and with less exactitude, who wrote,

When he was young as you are young,
When he was young, and lutes were strung,
And love-lamps in the casement hung.

Life

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

GIVE me the strength and height
Of glorious life,—
The dazzling light,
The straining and the strife,
Love, passion, hope,
In their divinest scope.

High winds on mighty seas,
Not sheltered bay;
The storm that frees
Wild torrents, great and gay
With sudden power,
Not the soft spring-time shower.

And if the storm should kill,
The torrent drown—
So be it still.
Still let me snatch the crown
Life has to give,
And cry, but once, I live!

His Wife

A STORY IN THREE PARTS

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD

PART II

AT the claim of his voice she responded; smiling, she stirred. He could not help remembering how she had once said, "If I were dead, I should answer you, if you called me, Marshall." And, for the moment, she had looked— But it was not death.

She opened her wide eyes and regarded him—strangely, he thought, for the instant; then with the lambent look which belonged to Jean, and quite steadily. He knelt by her, and drew the blanket up, and buttoned the night-dress at her throat with clumsy fingers.

"I have come back to say—" he began. But he could not say it. "Have you had an ill turn?" he temporized.

"I don't know," said Jean.

"How did you happen to be on the lounge?"

"I don't know," repeated Jean.

"Are you suffering, dear?"

"I fell asleep," said Jean, after some thought.

"Don't you remember when you got out of bed?"

"I have had a wonderful sleep," said Jean. "I never had anything of the kind before. It was like heaven."

"Are you suffering now?"

"No—I think not—no. I feel pretty weak. But I am not suffering."

"Shall I call the doctor?"

"I sha'n't need the doctor. I don't want . . . I don't need anybody but you."

She turned, and put her hand to his cheek. Her long hair fell away from her face and revealed its expression; he turned his own away at sight of it.

"How early you are dressed!" she said, in a different tone.

"I was going out," he stammered. "I was—going away."

"Oh! *Going?* Where are you going?"

"I won't, if you don't want me to."

"You didn't say where you were going."

"Well, you see—Romer asked me to take a little trip with him. He thought I looked fagged out. He starts in—Jove! He starts in twenty minutes."

"And you haven't had any breakfast!" said Jean; her divine self-oblivion pushed to the front,—a trained soldier. But her chin trembled in a touching fashion that she had when she was too much grieved to say so, or too weak to admit that she was grieved.

He had risen from his knees and stood beside her, looking down. Her weakness and her loveliness seemed to lift themselves towards him like pleading things which he thrust off. He felt uncomfortable and irresolute. He was conscious of trying not to look annoyed.

"You are going in a boat?" she asked, very faintly now.

"Well—yes—a sort of boat." Avery fumbled fatuously. "It's quite a safe one," he added. "And Romer says—" He began to tell her what Romer said.

"And guns?" she whispered. "There will be guns?"

"Oh, I presume Tom has a gun," replied the husband, with what he felt to be an ingenious veracity. "You know I'm no shot. I don't like guns much better than you do, dear. . . . I'm getting late," he observed abruptly. "But I won't go, Jean, if you don't want me to. I thought it might set me up a little," he added, before she could reply.

In fact, she did not seem to incline to reply, or did not feel able to do so; he could not tell which. She lay looking up at him quite steadily. Molly had

taken both the children into the nursery, and the two were alone. A clock ticked on the mantel in a loud, irritating tone. The white silk Spanish shawl which had fallen from the lounge hung to his coat sleeve; it was a delicate thing, and the fringe clung like tendrils; he had to tear it off roughly.

He bethought him to wrap the shawl about her when he had done this, for she seemed to be cold. As he bent to perform for her this little service—which was offered with an obtrusive tenderness—he stooped and kissed her throat. The soft, sweet flesh quivered at his touch. Jean raised her weak arms and clasped them about his neck. But they fell back instantly, as if the action had hurt her.

"Come, dear," he resumed, hurriedly. "Shall I go—or not?"

"I don't feel *quite* well," faltered Jean. "I think—I slept too long—that heavenly sleep . . . last night. . ."

"I'll go and tell Romer I can't go," said Avery, shortly. He started, and went half across the room, then paused. "Well, Jean?" he suggested. Jean did not reply. She was lying just as he had left her, with her arms fallen at her sides, her bright hair brushed back from her face, which looked strangely prominent and large. There was that in her eyes which a man would not have refused in a dog. The husband returned impetuously to her side.

"Poor Jean! I won't go. Really I won't. I'll do just as you say—truly I will. Won't you *say*, Jean? Won't you express a wish?"

But Jean shook her head. The time had come when she had no wish to express; and she seemed not to have the strength to express even the fact that she had none.

"If you think it best . . . for you. . ." The words were inarticulate.

"I really do," urged Avery, uncomfortably. "At least, I did—that is, unless you are actually too ill to spare me. . . . How is a man to know?" he muttered, not thinking she would hear.

"Good-by," breathed Jean. She did not try to lift her arms this time. He stooped and kissed her affectionately. Her lips clung to his. But her eyes clung longer than her lips. They clasped him until he felt that if he did not

throw them off, he could not get away. Across the room he paused. "I'll send Thorne," he said. "I'll send the doctor. I can't go unless I feel quite safe about you. And I'll call Molly as I go down."

He tried to add something about telegrams, and how short a trip it was, and so on. But Jean's eyes silenced him. Solemn, mute, distant, they looked upon him like the eyes of an alien being moving through the experiences of an unknown world. For a moment their expression appalled him; it was not reproach; it was scarcely to be called anguish; rather a fine and tragic astonishment, for which speech would have been too coarse a medium. But he shut the door; caught Pink, who was crying for her breakfast; kissed the child, and went.

As he stepped out into the street, the morning air struck him a slap in the face. The wind was rising, and it hit him hard in the breast, as if it had the mind to push him back. He forced his way against it, and reached the club out of breath and with suffused face, as if he were blushing. He flung an order at the desk:

"Telephone for Dr. Thorne. Tell him Mrs. Avery isn't feeling quite as well as usual, and I am unfortunately called away. He'd better go right over to the house."

He dashed into the dining-room, poured down a cup of coffee, and hurried to the river-wall. The *Dream* lay off in mid-stream—a white seventy-footer, schooner-rigged, with a new suit of sails, that presented an almost startling brightness in the early morning light. The tender was already manned, and rowed in impatiently at his signal. He was fifteen minutes late. He said nothing to the crew, assuming the ready lordliness of a poor man who had never owned and would never own a yacht, but apologized rather unnecessarily to Romer when he got aboard, explaining the circumstances with more minuteness than was necessary.

"Why, great Scott, man!" said Romer. "I'd have waited for you another day—any number of them—if Mrs. Avery lifted an eyelash. Put you ashore now, if you say so."

But Avery shook his head magnanimously. The yacht slipped her mooring

and swung slowly into the channel, careened under the strong westerly, and slid away. It was uncommon for pleasure-boats of the *Dream's* class to anchor in the river, but it had been Romer's whim; if he did not value playing *le beau prince* at the club, he liked to do the uncommon with his yacht; he amused himself and his guest with the laggard process of getting out into the bay, pointing out the picturesqueness gained at the expense of time and trouble, and making himself entertaining—as Romer could—with the vivacity of a sportsman and the ingenuity of an accomplished host. Marshall Avery was not talkative, and replied with effort.

"We'll have breakfast as soon as we're through the draw," said Romer. It occurred to Avery that it would be impossible to eat. He sat with his eyes fixed on the house-tops of the West End. In the early air and color this decorous section had a misty and gracious effect, half mysterious, wholly uncharacteristic of that architectural commonplace. There was the tower of the Church of the Happy Saints. And three blocks beyond—Molly would be just about bringing up the tray, and setting it on the invalid-table beside the blue lounge.

"Somebody's driving up back of the club," observed Tom Romer. "It's a buggy—looks a little like Thorne's, doesn't it? Has those top wings. It's stopped at the river-wall." He handed the marine glass to his guest.

"All those doctors' buggies are alike," replied Avery. "I can't see very well," he added. In fact, the glass shook in his hand.

The yacht slipped through the draw comfortably, and headed to the harbor. The club, the river-wall, the buggy, vanished from the glass. The two gentlemen went below to breakfast. When they came on deck again, the *Dream* was easily clearing the harbor and making out to sea.

The wind was fair, and the yacht fled under full canvas.

"She walks right along!" cried Romer. He was exhilarated by the speed of his boat, which was, in fact, a racer, and built in all her lines to get over a triangular course in the least possible time.

He talked about her safe points to the landsman (who responded with the satisfaction of ignorance), but the final end of the *Dream's* being was speed, unqualified by inferior considerations. To this American idol, boats, like men, are sacrificed as matters of course. One scarcely makes conversation on so obvious a topic.

To tell the truth, Avery was not especially fond of yachting, and the careening of the *Dream* under the pleasant westerly did not arouse in him that enthusiasm which, somehow, he had expected to experience on this trip. When the water ran over the rail, he changed his seat to windward. When it rushed over, he held on to something. Tom Romer chaffed him amiably.

"Why, this is only a fair sailing day!" he cried. "Wait till it breezes up."

"Oh, I shall enjoy it if it comes," replied the lawyer. In fact, he was enjoying nothing. His thoughts surged like the water through which the yacht was driving. Their depth was enveloped and disguised in foam. When Romer said, proudly, "She's making twelve knots!" his guest reflected, "I'm so much farther away from her."

The same personal pronoun answered for the sportsman and the husband. Before the *Dream* was off Plymouth, the little cruise had assumed the proportions of an Atlantic voyage to the landsman's imagination.

By noon he remembered that in his hurry to get off he had made no definite provision with Jean about telegrams from, but only for messages to her. All that was arranged in the note, but he had torn up the note. With that leisurely appreciation of unpleasant facts which is so natural to the sanguine, and so incomprehensible by the anxious temperament, it occurred to him in the course of the afternoon that his wife had seemed much less well than usual when he bade her good-by; in fact, that he had never seen her look precisely as she did that morning. He began to acknowledge distinctly to himself that he wished he knew how she was.

He grew definitely uneasy as the early autumn twilight dulled the color of the water and the horizon of the distant

shore. They were well on the Shoals now, for the breeze was stiff, and the yacht ran at a spanking pace. The wind was not going down with the sun, but rose strongly. The landsman began to be a little seasick, which somehow added to his moral discomfort.

"How can I get a telegram off?" he asked abruptly, much in the tone in which he would have called for a district messenger in the court-house.

"Oh, I might tap a cable for you, I suppose," returned his host, with twitching mustache. "Look here," added Romer. "What is it—*mal de mer*? or nostalgia? Do you want to be put ashore?"

"Not at all," replied Avery, with the pugnacity which men are accustomed to mistake for high ethical obligations to their own sex. "I only want to get a message to my wife. You see, I promised her."

"We'll run into Wood's Hole in the morning, by all means," said Romer, cordially. "It's a great place for ducks, anyhow, off there."

"Oh—ducks?" repeated Avery, stupidly. He had forgotten that they came to kill ducks.

"We're goin' to have a breeze o' wind," observed one of the crew, who was lowering the jib-topsail.

"I'd like to take the despatch myself, when we get there, if I may," the seasick lawyer hazarded, somewhat timidly. But next morning, when the *Dream* dropped anchor off Wood's Hole, and the tender was lowered, he was flat in his berth. He could not take the despatch, and a detail of two from the crew bounced off with it, pounding over the choppy sea. The frail and fashionable tender looked like one of the little Florida shells that are sold by the quart; there was now a considerable sea; the yacht herself was pretty wet. Romer was in excellent spirits.

"We might get a duck or two before breakfast, if it isn't too rough," he suggested. "Sorry you're laid up."

"Oh—ducks?" repeated Avery again. He wished he could have a chance to forget that he had left his wife too ill to lift her head, and had come wallowing out here to kill ducks.

"I can't remember that a duck ever did me any harm," he said savagely, aloud.

He heard the occasional report of guns over his head with a sense of personal injury. Nobody hit any ducks, and he was glad of it. The *Dream* cruised about, he did not know where. He had ceased to feel any interest in her movements. He did not even ask where they had anchored for the night. The wind rose steadily throughout the day. As the force of the blow increased, his physical miseries ascended and his moral consciousness declined. His anxiety for his wife blurred away in a befuddled sense of his own condition.

"I don't believe she's any worse off than I am," he thought. This reflection gave him some comfort. He slept again that night the shattered sleep of the seasick and unhappy, and woke with a cry.

A port-hole of gray dawn darkened by green waters was in the state-room, which seemed to be standing on its experienced and seaworthy head. The yacht was keeling and pitching weakly. Tom Romer stood beside the berth, looking at his guest; he did not smile. It was an uncommon thing to see Tom Romer without a smile. The yachtsman wore oilskins and a sou'wester, and dripped with salt water like a Grand-Banker.

"God! Romer, what's the matter?" Avery got to his feet at once. He forgot that he was seasick. His bodily distresses fled before the swift, strong lash of fright.

"The fact is," replied Romer, slowly, "we've struck a confounded gale—a *November* gale," he added. "It's turned easterly. She's been dragging her anchor since two. Now—"

"Now what?" demanded Avery, sharply. He staggered into his clothes without waiting for an answer.

"Well—we've snapped our road."

"Road?" The landsman struggled to recall his limited stock of nautical phrases. "That's the rope you tie your anchor to? Oh! What are you going to do?" he asked, with unnatural humility. The fatal helplessness of ignorance overwhelmed him. If he ever lived to get back, he would turn the tables, and conduct Romer through a complicated lawsuit.

"Run into the Sound, if I can," returned Romer. "It won't do to get



"SHE'S BEEN DRAGGING HER ANCHOR SINCE TWO"

caught on some of these shoals round here."

"Of course not," replied Avery, who did not know a shoal from a siren. "Say, Romer, what's the amount of danger? Out with it!"

"Oh, she's good for it," said the yachtman, lightly. Then his voice and manner changed. His insouciant black eyes peered suddenly at his guest as if from a small, keen, marine lens.

"Say, old fellow," he said, slowly, "I hope there wasn't any sort of a quarrel—you know—any domestic unpleasantness, before you came on this trip? I wish to blank I'd left you ashore."

"Quarrel? A demon couldn't quarrel with my wife!" exploded Avery.

"That was my impression," returned his host. "Beg pardon, Avery. You see—to be honest, I can't say exactly how we're coming out of this. There are several things which might happen. I thought—" the sportsman stammered, and stopped.

"If you should pull through and I shouldn't," said Avery, lifting a gray face—"I'm not a swimmer, and you are—tell her I'd give my immortal soul if I hadn't left her. Tell her—I— God! Romer, she was very sick! She didn't want me to go."

"I've always thought," said the bachelor, "that if I had a wife—a woman like that—" His face hardened perceptibly, dripping under his sou'wester. "You fellows don't know what you've got," he added, abruptly. He scrambled up the companionway without looking back. Avery followed him abjectly.

At this moment the yacht groaned, grated, and keeled suddenly. Water poured over the rail. The deck rang with cries. Avery got up, and held on to something. It proved to be the mainsheet. It ran through his fingers like a saw, and escaped. Confusedly he heard the mate crying:

"We've struck, sir! She's stove in!"

"Well," replied the owner, coolly, "get the boats over, then."

He did not look at his guest. Avery looked at the water. It seemed to leap up after him, like a beast amused with a ghastly play. Oddly, he recalled at that moment coming in one day—it was after she knew what ailed her—and finding

Jean with a book face down on her lap. He picked it up and read, "*The vision of sudden death.*" He had laughed at her, and scolded her for filling her mind with such things.

"You don't *quite* understand, dear," she had answered.

"Come," said Romer, whose remarkable self-possession somehow increased rather than diminished Avery's alarm. "We haven't as much time to spare as I would like. Hold hard there while Mr. Avery gets aboard!"

The tender was prancing like a mustang on a prairie, for there was really a swamping sea. The landsman was clumsy and nervous, missed his footing, and fell.

As he went under he cried, in a piercing voice, "Tell my wife—" When the water drove into his throat and lungs, he thought how he had seen her fight for her breath, patiently, hours at a time. She had told him once that it was like drowning.

It was two days after this that a man who attracted some attention among the passengers got off the Shore train at the old station in the city.

Marshall Avery seemed to himself to see this man as if he saw another person, and felt a curious interest in his appearance and movements. The man was dressed in borrowed clothes that did not fit; his face was haggard and heavily lined; he had no baggage, and showed some excitement of manner, calling several hackmen at once, and berating the one he selected for being too slow. A kind of maniacal hurry possessed him.

"Drive for your life!" he said. He did not lean back in the carriage, but sat up straight, as if he could not spare time to be comfortable. When the hack door slammed, Avery saw the man no more, but seemed to crouch and crawl so far within his personality that it was impossible to observe the traveller from the outside.

Avery had never in his life before been in the throat of death, and been spewed out, like a creature unwelcome, unfit to die. The rage of the gale was in his ears yet; the crash of the waves seemed to crush his chest in. Occasionally he

wiped his face or throat, as if salt water dashed on it still. He had made up his mind definitely—he would never tell Jean the details. She would not be able to bear them. It might do her a harm. He would simply say that the yacht got caught in a blow, and struck, and that the tender brought him ashore. She would not understand what this meant. Why should she know that he went overboard in the process? Or what a blank of a time they had to fish him out? Or even to bring him to, for that matter? Why tell her how long the tender had tossed about like a chip in that whirlpool? It was unnecessary to explain hell to her. To say, "We snapped an oar; we had to scull in a hurricane," would convey little idea to her. And she would be so distressed that one of the crew was lost. The *Dream* was sunk. Romer had remained on the Cape to try to recover the body of his mate. He, Marshall Avery, her husband, had been saved alive, and had come back to her. What else concerned, or, indeed, what else could interest her? In ten minutes nothing would interest either of them, except that he had her in his arms again. . . . Jean! He thrust his face out of the hack window and cried:

"Drive faster, man! I'm not going to a funeral."

The driver laid the whip on and put the horse to a gallop. The passenger leaned back on the cushions now for the first time and drew a full breath.

"Jean!" he repeated, "Jean! *Jean!*"

The tower of the Church of the Happy Saints rose before his straining eyes against the cold November sky. It was clear and sunny after the storm; bleak, though. He shivered a little as he came in sight of the club. A sick distaste for the very building overcame him. A flash of the river where the *Dream* had anchored glittered between the houses. He turned away his face.

"I wonder when she got the telegrams?" The first one must have reached her by noon of the second day out. This last, sent by night delivery from the little Cape village where the shipwrecked party had landed (he had routed out the operator from his bed to do it)—this last telegram ought to have found her by breakfast-time. She would know by

now that he was safe. She might have had—well, admit that she must have had some black hours. Possibly the papers—But he had seen no papers. It had been a pity about the telephone. He had searched everywhere for the Blue Bell. He had found one in a grocery, but the tempest had gnawed the long-distance wire through. He would tell her all about it now in six minutes—in five—poor Jean!

No—stop. He would carry her some flowers. It would take but a minute. She thought so much of such little attentions. The driver reined up sharply at the corner florist's; it was Avery's own florist, but the salesman was a stranger, a new-comer. He brought a dozen inferior tea-roses out with an apology.

"Sorry, sir, but they are all we have left. We've been sending everything to Mr. Avery's."

Avery stared at the man stupidly. Was Jean entertaining? Some ladies' lunch? Then she was much better. Or was she so ill that people were sending flowers, as people do, for lack of any better way of expressing a useless sympathy? He felt his hands and feet turn as cold as the seas of Cape Cod.

"Drive slower," he said. But the fellow did not hear him, and the hack rushed on. At the passenger's door it stopped with a lurch. Avery got out slowly. The house looked much as usual, except that a shade in Jean's bed-room was drawn. It was just the hour when she sometimes tried to sleep after an ill night. The husband trod softly up the long steps. He felt for his latch-key, but remembered that he had never seen it since he went overboard. He turned to ring the bell.

As he did so something touched his hand disagreeably; a gust of November wind twisted it around and around his wrist. Avery threw the thing off with a cry of horror.

He had leaned up heavily against the door, and when Molly opened it suddenly, he wellnigh fell into the house.

"Oh, sir!" said Molly. She had been crying, and looked worn. He stood with his tea-roses in his hand staring at her; he did not speak. He heard the baby crying in the nursery, and Pink's little

feet trotting about somewhere. The house was heavy with flowers—roses, violets, tuberoses—a sickening mixture of scents. He tried several times to speak, but his dry throat refused.

"What's happened?" he managed to demand at last, fiercely, as if that would help anything.

"The doctor's here. He'll tell you, sir," said Molly. She did not look him in the eye, but went softly and knocked at the library door. Avery started to go up stairs.

"Oh, Mr. Avery," cried Molly, "don't you do that; don't you, sir!"

Then Dr. Thorne stepped out of the library. "Wait a minute, Avery," he said, in a quiet, matter-of-fact tone, which at once restored Avery's composure. "Just come in here before you go up, will you?"

Marshall Avery obeyed. He stepped into the library. And Dr. Thorne shut the door.

The two men regarded each other for a moment in surcharged silence. The husband stood trembling pitifully. He passed his left hand over his eyes, then pushed it over his right wrist several times, as if he was pushing away an obstruction.

"I don't seem to be quite right in the head, Thorne," he pleaded. "I thought there was—something on the door-bell. . . . I've been shipwrecked. I'm not—just myself. . . . Why don't you speak to me? *Doctor! Doctor!*"

"I find it—difficult," replied the experienced physician, with embarrassment. "The case is—unusual. Mrs. Avery—"

"Give me the worst!" cried the tortured man.

"That is impossible," said Esmerald Thorne, in a deep voice. He turned away and went to the window, where he stood looking out into the back yard. Kate was hanging out some sheets and other bedding. Avery noticed this circumstance—he had got up and stood behind the doctor—as people notice the pettiest items in the largest crises of their lives. A small fluttering white thing on the line arrested his attention. It was the silk Spanish shawl which he had given his wife.

He put out his hand—groped, as a seeing man suddenly smitten blind will

groped—and, fumbling, found the doctor's arm and clutched it. Then he toppled; his weight came heavily, and the physician caught him before he struck the floor.

He pushed the brandy away from his lips and struggled up. Even at that moment it occurred to him that Esmerald Thorne looked at him with something like aversion.

"When did she die?"

"Yesterday."

"What time?"

"At the ebb of the tide. It was eleven o'clock in the morning."

"Who was with her?"

"The servants."

"Oh, my God, Thorne! Nobody else? Weren't *you* there?"

"I got there. . . . I doubt if she knew it. . . . It was only twenty minutes before the end. Hush! Avery, hush! Don't groan like that, man. Nobody is to blame. If *only—you—*" Dr. Thorne checked himself savagely, as he did when he was moved beyond endurance.

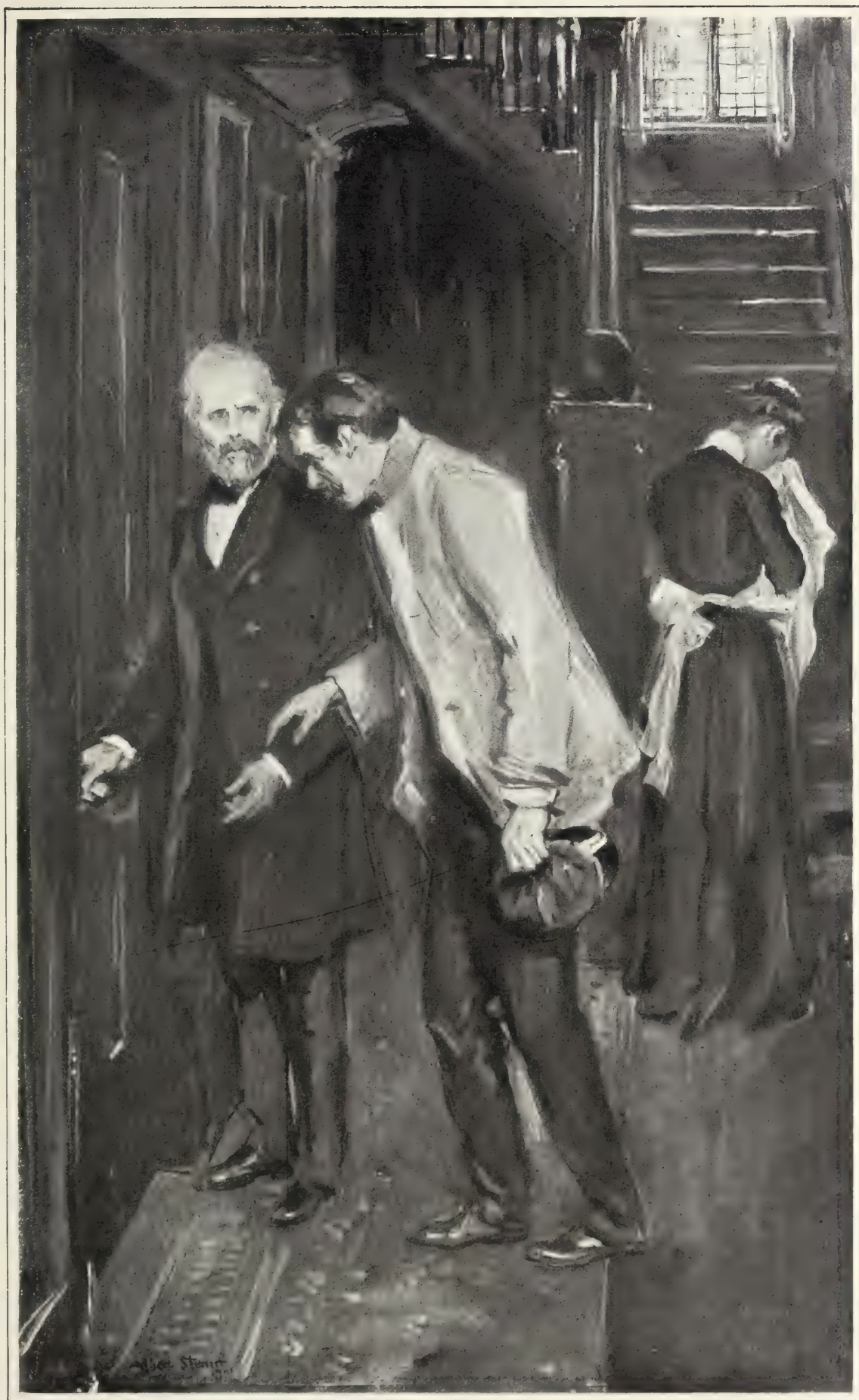
"Oh, I take it all!" cried Avery. He stooped as if he bent his broad shoulders to receive some mighty burden. "I shall carry it *all* . . . forever. Men have gone mad," he added, more calmly, "for much less than I have got to face."

"If you find yourself strong enough," said the physician, "I shall try to put you in possession of the facts." Again, as before, Avery thought he noticed an expression of aversion on the countenance of his old friend. Cowering, he bowed before it. It was part of his punishment; and he had already begun to feel that nothing but a consciousness of punishment could give him any comfort now.

"Will you go up and see her first?" asked Dr. Thorne, as if to gain time. "She looks very lovely," he added, with quivering lip.

But the room rang to such a cry as the man of mercy—used to human emergency, and old before his time in the assuagement of human anguish—had never heard.

It softened Dr. Thorne a little, and he tried to be more gentle. He did not succeed altogether. Iron and fire were in



HE STEPPED INTO THE LIBRARY

the doctor's nature, and the metal did not melt for Marshall Avery.

He began quietly, with a marked reserve. Mrs. Avery, he said, had been very ill on the morning that her husband started. He had hurried to the house, as requested; her condition was so alarming that, after doing what he could to relieve her, he had driven rapidly to the river-wall back of the club, hoping to signal the yacht before it was out of reach; he had even despatched some one in a row-boat, and some one else on a bicycle, hoping to overtake the *Dream* at the draw. The patient must have been low enough all night; and being subject to such attacks—

"I had warned you," said the physician, coldly. "I explained to you the true nature of her condition. I have done my best for a year to prevent just this catastrophe. . . . No. I don't mean to be a brute. I don't want to dwell on that view of it. You don't need my reproaches. Of course you know how she took that trip of yours. When the storm came up, she—well, she suffered," said the doctor, grimly. "And the wreck got into the papers. We did our best to keep them from her. But you know she was a reading woman. And then her anxiety. . . . And you hadn't given us any address to telegraph to. When she began to sink, we could not notify you. I should have sent a tug after you if it hadn't been for the gale.—What do you take me for? *Of course* I provided a nurse. And my wife would have been here, but she was out of town. She only returned last night. Helen didn't get here in time, either. It was most unfortunate. I sent the best woman I could command. My regular staff were all on duty somewhere. That was the infernal part of it. I had to take this stranger. I gave her every order. But Mrs. Avery seemed to rally that morning. She deceived us all. She deceived me; I admit it. The woman must needs take her two hours off just then—and Mrs. Avery got hold of the paper. That's the worst of it. She read the account of the wreck all through. You see, the reporters gave the party up. She was unconscious when I got here. Once she seemed to know me. But I cannot honestly say that I believe she did. I don't think I have anything more

to say. Not just now, anyhow." Esmerald Thorne turned away and looked out of the window again, tapping on the sill with his fingers—scornfully, one might have said.

"We made the best arrangements we could. Some relatives telegraphed. And the interment—"

"Oh, have some mercy, Thorne! I have borne all I can—from *you*." . . .

"Esmerald?" As if a spirit had stirred it, the library door opened inwards slowly. A womanly voice embodied in a fair and stately presence melted into the room.

"Oh, my dear! my dear!" said Helen Thorne. "Leave him to *me*."

As the stricken man lifted his face from the lash of his fellow-man, the woman put out her hands and gathered his, as if he had been a broken child.

"Oh," she said, "don't take it so! Don't think of it *that* way. It would break Jean's heart. . . . She loved you so! . . . And she knew you didn't know how sick she was. Any wife would know that—if her husband loved her, and if she loved him. And you did love her. And she knew you did. She used to tell me how sure she was of your true love—and how precious it was to her, and how much she . . . cared for you."

Helen's voice faltered on these last three words; she pronounced them with infinite tenderness; it was the pathos of woman pleading for womanhood, or love defending love.

"And she wouldn't want you to be tortured so—*now*. Oh, *she* would be the first of us all to forgive you for any mistake you made, or any wrong you did. She would understand just how it all came about, better than any of us can—better than you do yourself. Jean always understood. She wanted nothing, nothing in this world, but for you to be happy. She was so grieved because she was sick, and could not go about with you, and make it as cheerful for you at home, as she used to do. She used to tell me—oh, she used to tell me so many things about how she felt, and every feeling she ever had was purer and tenderer and truer than the feeling of any other woman that I ever knew! She was the noblest woman—the loveliest, . . . and she loved *you*. . . . Why, she couldn't

bear it—she couldn't *bear* it, dead up there as she is, if we let you suffer like this, and did not try . . . if I did not try to comfort you."

Helen's own tears broke her choking words. But the heart-break of the man's sobs came now at last; and they had such a sound that the doctor covered his eyes, and stood with bowed head, as if he had been the culprit, not the judge, before the awful courts of human error, remorse, and love, in which no man may doom his fellow, since God's verdict awaits.

"Come, Mr. Avery," said Helen. She stooped and picked up the tea-roses, which had fallen and were scattered on the floor, put them into his cold hand—and then drew away. "She'd rather you would go up alone," said Helen Thorne.

He passed out through the open door. His two friends fell back. The children could be heard in the dining-room; Molly was trying to keep them quiet there. It seemed to him as if he waded through hot-house flowers, the air was so thick with their repugnant scent. He crawled up

stairs, steadying himself by the banister. The hall below looked small and dark, like a pit. His head swam, and it occurred to him that if he fell he would fall to a great depth. He clung to the wretched tea-roses that he had brought her. He remembered that this was the last thing he could ever do for her.

Outside the door of her room he stopped. His lips stirred. He found himself repeating the old, commonplace words wrung from the despair of mourners since grief was young in the story of the world:

"It is all over. This is the end."

"No," said a distinct voice near him, "it is not the end."

Starting, he stared about him. The hall was quite empty, above and below. The nursery door was closed. The children and Molly could be heard in the dining-room. No person was within the radius of speech with him. The door of Jean's chamber was shut.

The roses shook in his hand.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Child Eternal

BY IRENE FOWLER BROWN

I HEARD their prayers and kissed their sleepy eyes,
And tucked them in all warm from feet to head,
To wake again with morning's glad sunrise,—
Then came where he lay dead.
On cold still mouth I laid my lips. Asleep
He lay, to wake the other side God's door,
My other children mine to love and keep,
But this one mine no more.

Those other children long to men have grown,—
Strange hurried men who give me passing thought,
Then go their ways. No longer now my own,
Without me they have wrought.
So when night comes, and seeking mother's knee,
Tired childish feet turn home at eventide,
I fold him close—the child that's left to me,
My little lad who died.



From "Alice in Wonderland," Chapter II

THE RABBIT STARTED VIOLENTLY, DROPPED THE WHITE KID GLOVES AND THE FAN, AND SKURRIED AWAY INTO THE DARKNESS AS FAST AS HE COULD GO



Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

FROM AN ARTIST'S STAND-POINT

BY PETER NEWELL

THE dominant note in the character of Alice is childish purity and sweetness, and this characteristic Sir John Tenniel has caught and fixed in a way none may rival. His appreciation of the many grotesque personages peopling this wonderland is broad and sympathetic, and his work will live as long as Alice. It may appear presumptuous therefore on my part to attempt to portray what Alice means to me. But the kindness with which the public has received my other work, together with the encouragement of certain friends (to whom the inception of this undertaking is due), has inspired the hope in me that this more serious effort will not be altogether unwelcome.

To me, Alice has a very distinct personality, so that my conception of her is



From "Alice in Wonderland," Chapter X

THE GRYPHON AND THE MOCK TURTLE SHOWING ALICE A FIGURE IN THE LOBSTER QUADRILLE

almost as convincing as would have been a personal acquaintance with her in real life. Alice in Wonderland, and yet not wonderstruck!

A sweet, childish spirit at home in the midst of mystery! An exile of that far-away Stork Country—the prenatal wonderland—with its atmosphere still clinging to her and coloring her fancy. And yet a little girl is she, with lessons to learn and duties to perform—a demure, quaint little girl, with a strict regard for the proprieties of life, and a delicate sense of consideration for the feelings of others, even when her companions happen to be Mice, Dodos, Gryphons, and various other strange and awe-inspiring things. And underlying all this is that simple, sincere faith which seems to be the peculiar property of childhood, and which upon all occasions induces in her a respectful attitude, however absurd may be the situation. Such is my impression of Alice as she lies asleep on the green bank of a vagrant brook on a pleasant summer afternoon; and if dreams are but projections of our waking thoughts, like this must she be when her gray eyes are open in wakefulness. Gray eyes, did I say? Yes, surely she must have gray eyes, and large, through which her soul

looks out flutteringly, like a white butterfly just issued from its cocoon into the air and sunshine.

And yet there is a self-reliance about her as pronounced as the confidence of the palpitating insect when it spreads its untried wings to soar above the roses or the flowers of the field. Her face, wreathed in a wealth of brown hair, is delicately modelled, with the roundness and dimples of babyhood still modifying its contour and shaping the outlines of her petite figure. And as other summers come and go I think I can see her develop into a woman, with delicately chiselled features and a form of modest grace, and the concern of life gradually creeping into her eyes. And the same tenderness of the little Alice of long ago will abide in her heart, happily adjusting her to home and the ever-widening circle about her. And in the quiet evening hours she will again wander through the mystic world of a more mature fancy, until in the twilight of life she will enter into that Wonderland the glorious vistas of which lead the traveller on and on in a never-ending pilgrimage.

Quite as delightful, though in a different way, are the companions of Alice in her remarkable adventures. The per-



From "Alice in Wonderland," Chapter VIII

"IT'S A FRIEND OF MINE—A CHESHIRE CAT," SAID ALICE: "ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE IT"

sonification of the dumb animals and the inanimate things is so skilfully done as to appear quite natural and appropriate. One would not be greatly surprised to hear a Rabbit or a Gryphon speak, if their words produced an impression similar to that created by their inarticulate or immobile expression.

And so, in the mind of the reader, there is no classification of her friends into

their various orders, but all are real characters on a common plane of human action and interest. What an excellent idea we obtain of that extinct specimen of the pigeon tribe, the Dodo, after witnessing its extraordinary exhibition of liberality in awarding prizes (from the pocket of another) to all the participants in the Caucus Race, and Alice in particular! And how well does the contra-

dictory, crusty manner of the Caterpillar seem to be adapted to that singular worm as it sits, wreathed in a cloud of smoke from its hookah, on the top of a toadstool, where Alice chances to encounter it! And what a droll scene is that where the Fish Footman ceremoniously delivers the Queen's invitation to the Duchess to play croquet to the equally pompous Frog Footman! How well suited to each other do the Hatter and the March Hare appear to be as they sip their tea and wrangle over the half-recumbent form of their comfortable friend, the drowsy Door Mouse!

The Cheshire Cat, the Queen, the Gryphon, the Mock Turtle—all are bits of realism from the world of fancy, to use terms apparently contradictory, but which seem to me to be peculiarly appropriate to a description of these creatures, so admirable in every respect. *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* is a play in which the subordinate actors are quite as excellent in their way as the leading character. They are differentiated from each other by a variation in their per-

sonalities, rather than by an inequality in their ability to entertain. Creatures are they of a vagrant fancy, which, like a rushing mountain stream, oftentimes reflects distorted images, but is ever pure, with the sunlight glancing from its bosom. But, like the rapid-flowing brook, there are placid pools in its course, and in one crystal, reposeful spot is the face of Alice. *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* is a book which appeals alike to young and old. It is an object-lesson that tends to make us realize the truth of the adage, "Men are but boys grown tall."

And what more healthy influence can be at work in the world than that which inclines busy, careworn men to identify themselves with an eternal youth? Genial, kind-hearted, loving Lewis Carroll! What better tribute can be paid to his excellence than to say that it was his mission in life not only to popularize purity in child literature, but to incite an emulation in other writers, productive of results the extent of the beneficent effects of which it is impossible to estimate.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—For the illustrations of this article we are indebted to the new holiday edition of "Alice in Wonderland," illustrated by Mr. Newell.]



From "Alice in Wonderland," Chapter VII

ALICE HAD BEEN LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER WITH SOME CURIOSITY. "WHAT A FUNNY WATCH!" SHE REMARKED



From "Alice in Wonderland," Chapter VI

THE FISH FOOTMAN TO THE FROG FOOTMAN: "FOR THE DUCHESS; AN INVITATION FROM
THE QUEEN TO PLAY CROQUET"

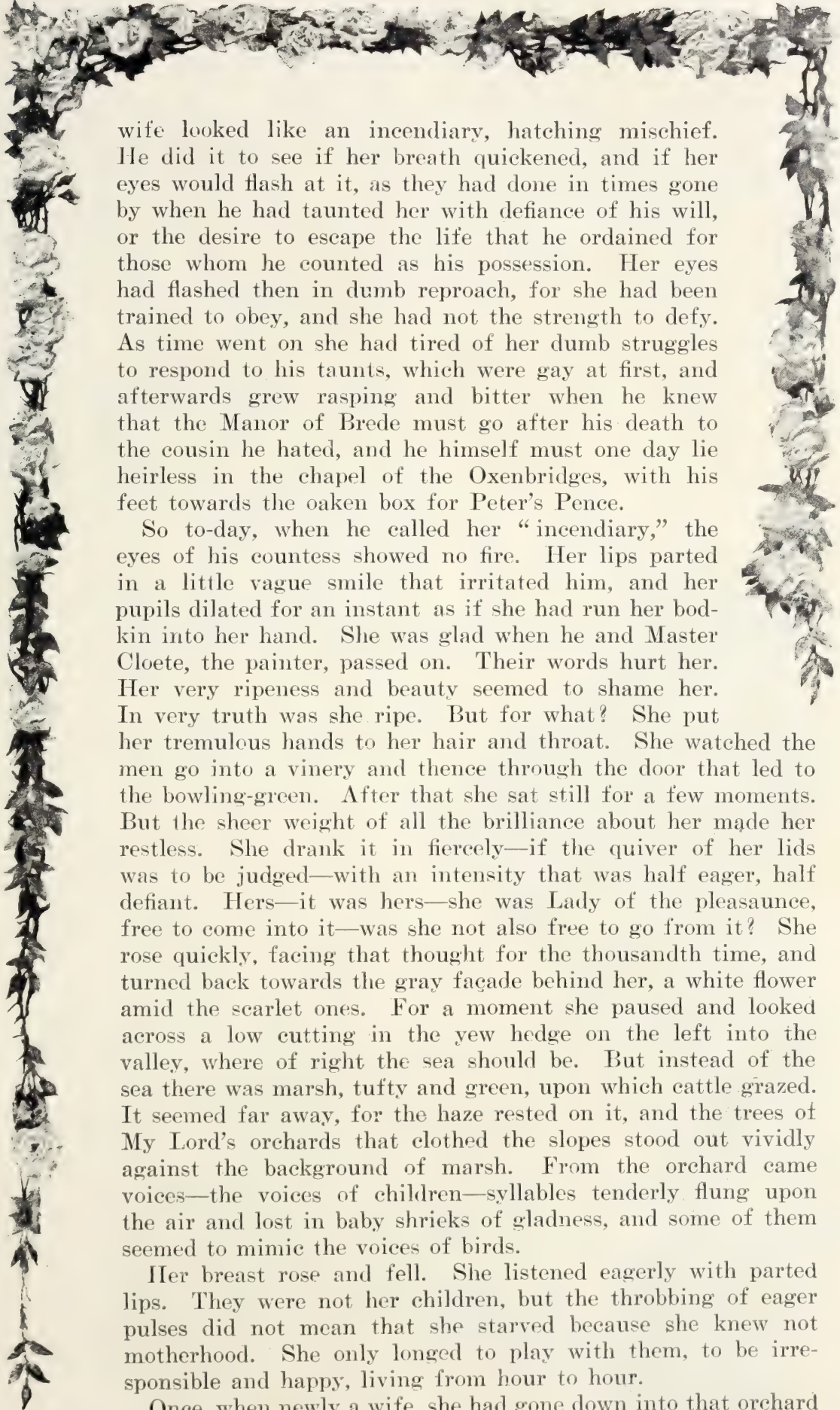


KING CUSTOM

BY MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON

MY Lady of Brede sat under a wine-colored beech, her plumed hat drooping over her eyes. Her hands were folded, and she leant forward, gazing from under the brim, which cast a luminous veil of shadow over her brows and seemed to lengthen her very eyelashes. Behind the tree, many paces away, beyond the green garden carpet, stood her home, the gray Manor of Brede. So cold and white was the gabled façade that it seemed as if it were built of stone many hundred years petrified, all cold as it was in the summer sun. But against it and on either side of the flight of steps at the entrance blazed tall crimson flowers, besprinkled with others snow-white. From afar they made the house show pale gray in contrast. When you came close to the walls you could see that the great squares that built them held the most delicate colors—ethereal cobalts, hues of dove and rose—all of them as faint as if they had been brushed on with the wing of a butterfly. Nevertheless, with the thirsty sun upon it drinking in its colors, the house seemed blanched, but the white peonies against it caught the sun's warmth and were touched with yellow.

So the Lady sat in her pleasure, looking straight from under her shadowy beaver like a single flame, with crimson and white flames about her against that façade of ashy gray. The wine-colored beech overhead deepened the slight glow on her cheeks, her dark eyes and hair were full of the same richness of color, and the reflection spilt itself in stains on the folds of her white dress. The heat that smouldered everywhere, and leapt out in the scarlet flowers far behind her, seemed to be concentrated in the rose in her hand. It was a ruby of fire. The guest of My Lord—a princely painter who had come from Holland to immortalize his host on canvas—while passing through the garden to look at My Lord's deer feeding in the hollow, had stopped short on his way, with an exclamation of delight at the harmony of white and crimson, of luminous shadow and white light. And My Lord had roared out that his



wife looked like an incendiary, hatching mischief. He did it to see if her breath quickened, and if her eyes would flash at it, as they had done in times gone by when he had taunted her with defiance of his will, or the desire to escape the life that he ordained for those whom he counted as his possession. Her eyes had flashed then in dumb reproach, for she had been trained to obey, and she had not the strength to defy. As time went on she had tired of her dumb struggles to respond to his taunts, which were gay at first, and afterwards grew rasping and bitter when he knew that the Manor of Brede must go after his death to the cousin he hated, and he himself must one day lie heirless in the chapel of the Oxenbridges, with his feet towards the oaken box for Peter's Pence.

So to-day, when he called her "incendiary," the eyes of his countess showed no fire. Her lips parted in a little vague smile that irritated him, and her pupils dilated for an instant as if she had run her bodkin into her hand. She was glad when he and Master Cloete, the painter, passed on. Their words hurt her. Her very ripeness and beauty seemed to shame her. In very truth was she ripe. But for what? She put her tremulous hands to her hair and throat. She watched the men go into a vinery and thence through the door that led to the bowling-green. After that she sat still for a few moments. But the sheer weight of all the brilliance about her made her restless. She drank it in fiercely—if the quiver of her lids was to be judged—with an intensity that was half eager, half defiant. Hers—it was hers—she was Lady of the pleasure, free to come into it—was she not also free to go from it? She rose quickly, facing that thought for the thousandth time, and turned back towards the gray façade behind her, a white flower amid the scarlet ones. For a moment she paused and looked across a low cutting in the yew hedge on the left into the valley, where of right the sea should be. But instead of the sea there was marsh, tufty and green, upon which cattle grazed. It seemed far away, for the haze rested on it, and the trees of My Lord's orchards that clothed the slopes stood out vividly against the background of marsh. From the orchard came voices—the voices of children—syllables tenderly flung upon the air and lost in baby shrieks of gladness, and some of them seemed to mimic the voices of birds.

Her breast rose and fell. She listened eagerly with parted lips. They were not her children, but the throbbing of eager pulses did not mean that she starved because she knew not motherhood. She only longed to play with them, to be irresponsible and happy, living from hour to hour.

Once, when newly a wife, she had gone down into that orchard with her skirts caught up, and had tossed the tufts of blossoms back to the gardener's children who flung them in her lap. My Lord had found her there with her hair loose and strewn with apple petals, and said she looked

like a woman of the street in Rye Town on a May-day. And then the orchard gate had opened to admit a gentleman, and My Lord had made a half-swearing apology to his friend, the young squire of Playden, who had ridden over to Udymer to see how Sir John Oxenbridge comported himself as bridegroom. Sir Frank Guldeford of Playden had stood embarrassed and silent in the midst of this tragi-comedy of the scolding of the young wife, from whose sunny brown head and long lashes he could not take his eyes. How quickly she had recovered herself, had drawn her smiling mouth into passivity; how, with her hat hanging over her arm, she had led the way—her hair all full as it was of the glory of the

blossoms—back to the house with the step of a Queen—all this was ancient history. She had never a word for the stranger, but turned to her husband coldly, and asked him in French to give her his arm up the winding orchard path. So she remained victor of the moment.

It was full three years since. And Frank Guldeford himself had reminded her of it a hundred times since the day that a year ago their fingers had touched by accident under the Latin book he was translating to her.

Now her fingers were burning, her palm dry and feverish; the oak of the balustrade in the hall felt as cold as marble. She went into the dining-hall and looked round it, enjoying the stillness. There were the silver cups, bright and deep; there was the gallery, where flageolets and strings scraped loudly when the neighboring squires came to dine, and where the Lutheran prayers upon which King George insisted were droned from a lofty desk by the chaplain, upon whom the owner of Brede looked with the contempt that a man has for a lapdog. She too loathed the chaplain, and when the lump rose in her throat because she knew her husband was watching her lips to see





MY LADY OF BREDE

if they were repeating the Protestant prayers as he had commanded, she always slipped her fingers under her fichu till they found the rosary that was hidden in her bodice.

The great bell outside in the court-yard clanged the half-hour; within an hour from that time she would be free to wear the rosary outside her laces. She left the hall and turned away once more to mount the steps to her room. It was the only place that was hers in all this magnificence. Here, for at least a year, My Lord had scarcely penetrated. He told her he could not bear the sight of fallals, or the flowers and miniatures which she loved. Once, indeed, he frightened her. He had come upon her as she stood barefoot drinking in the midsummer night, leaning far out of the window while she sang a French song, a child's song, to the clouds. And she had seen the look in his face as she turned at his step—the rage battling with the scorn, the pride with the impotence of a man who possesses an instrument upon which he cannot play. The song died in her throat and she froze. He had shaken her roughly by the shoulder and asked her if she kept a lover in a cage in the garden, and she had answered that she would not have the moonlight beauty marred by any man's footsteps, and had asked him to close the window. Upon that for full five minutes he had laughed at her, called her an icicle, and then, when she could stand it no more, she had risen, shaking, and passed into the alcove where her bed-chamber was, to draw the curtains close. When he flung away she crept out and barred the door—and night after night the door was barred—for here at least she would have peace from him.

But in sunlight the door stood open. There was no fear of invasion. She took a seat now by the lattice, and her hands plunged into the dewy roses that framed it. From this window she could see across the angle of the wing into the flagged court-yard below, that stood like a well in the middle of the manor. The coach entrance that broke the square was open. Through it from the stables there came the jingling of bits and the voices of the grooms. She could hear the great coach in which she drove daily being dragged out of its place, and the

horses slipping nervously on the cobbles of the stable-yard as the men backed them into the traces. She knew the sound so well. She had listened to it year in, year out, through the long five summers since she left her French home and her French folk because her brother, the last of the ruined Sieurs de Berquin, ordained her marriage. She knew every inch of the accustomed road along which My Lord's shining grays bore her day by day at the same hour, for the same space of time, for an airing. At first she had been secretly eager to discover new roads. But the slumberous spirit of the Marshes seized her at last. She was content to pass always by Rolvenden and Playden—that she might look upon the sea and think of France, and thence turn her eyes to red Rye upon its hill, rising from the tender green of the Marsh. And so, with her back to the sea, she would drive home again. But there was one spot at Playden at which she halted always—the spot at which Sir Frank Guldeford had made a cutting in a thicket that hid the sea. And no one knew that he had used the axe himself for love of her, and had hewn down his finest elms at dawn that she might look through the gap across Guldeford, and so pierce the mists that hid the cliffs of her beloved France.

He told it all to her a year ago, and now she knew why so often he had leaped with his boar-hound the fence between the thicket and the road at that spot to greet her when she passed, till at last it had grown into a point of the day's routine, a glowing moment in the deadly round of the hours, for the old coachman, John, always slackened speed as a matter of course so soon as the lane was turned and the cutting came in sight. To-day it would be just the same—the same round, the same halt; and the carriage would go on again. But there would be two in it, and ere it rolled in once more through the gray stone gates of Brede it would have left its freight at the edge of the Rother, that sang its way to the sea.

She looked across to the stone dial above the quarterings that hung on the gray archway over the gate of the court-yard. The deep shadow of the dial fell in a purple bar across the scutcheon. Over the dial, on a strong bracket, stood a

weather-worn stone image of Time; the scythe in his hand served to lengthen the purple streak. She shivered a little as the bar fell upon the Etchynghame shield. The warmth of the shadow struck her fantastic mood as a sign from Heaven of her guilt. Then she remembered that by no act of hers could the Etchynghame scutcheon legally be blotted. The color—half of shame, half of anger—flooded her face and neck again as she reminded herself of it. She was as powerless to shield herself from the world's blame as she was powerless to revenge herself for the harshness of five years. The doves that had nested under the wings of the figure of Time on the bracket flew in and out from the stone clefts under his plumes. She watched them idly. Doves—stone—Time! She and her lover—the world—and then the long years in which they should weigh their act! Would Time protect them as he harbored these silly doves that cooed with such effrontery?

She made the tour of her room for the sixth time, touching all her trinkets curiously. At a sound in the court below she crept to the window again. The voices were distinct—those of her lord and his guest. The Belgian painter seemed to urge something upon his host. He spoke in French. She sat as in a trance, and not a word missed her.

"Is it wise, is it well, to leave her so lonely?"

"She is never alone," said the host, laughing roughly. "She is always within ear-shot. By night her servants are close, if she needs them. By day she is within the manor grounds."

"And what does she do, monsieur, when you go hunting or sailing?"

"She has her woman's fiddle-de-dees to see to, Mynheer Cloete."

"Or else she is under the tutorship of your young friend the Squire of Guldeford?"

"That lad? Why, I could twist him in two, if I chose, with one hand. He is too old a friend to tamper with my treasure-chests. Besides, we have talked her over many times, and he has advised me to leave her alone in her moods. 'You can't force a filly to obey you'—those were his words—'you can't flog her like a colt. She will dash herself to pieces over

a precipice sooner than listen to force.' Frank is right; it's a true word, mynheer. I have trained many colts for Canterbury fairs, and I know it. If she will only give an Oxenbridge the tips of her fingers, do you think that she is going to let a Guldeford take her by the wrist?"

"I have suggested nothing so pointed, My Lord," said the suave voice of Mynheer Cloete, the Belgian. His accent was delicate. The lady at the window drank it in with pleasure, then shrunk back as My Lord answered with a Sussex burr in his stumbling French:

"I married her for her devilish pride. And now her pride is between us." The Lord of Brede laughed. "But it has at least this one safeguard, it keeps her from folly, and so her pride serves me—whom she hates."

Mynheer Cloete laid his hand on his friend's arm.

"Monsieur, I knew your father. He was a hard man. But you are harder still. Because you are no politician and do not love your German King or his ministers, you make of yourself a little solitary god among your hills and forests, and you rule by fear. Go out into the world. Give your wife at least as long a leash as you give to your hounds. Go to the Court and uphold your name and take the place that is yours."

The other laughed loudly. "I'll have no dealings with the Court. I would as soon fight for the Little Corporal. The one would be as trustworthy as the other. No, my friend—it is late, too late, for you to reform a thing of centuries. I will stay where my will rules, and where stratagems and counterplots are not my daily food."

"Then look to it that the stratagems are not brewed under your own hand," answered the Belgian as he paced by his host.

The lady above clasped and unclasped her hands. The shadow-streak on the scutcheon grew longer and more vivid. The doves flew in and out till their whiteness dazzled her. In a quarter of an hour the green chariot would come round to the door in the gray façade, the chariot that took her every day. It was all so open, so fearless. Till this very moment she had not realized how finely this candor would tell against her husband.

He would be the butt of every hamlet and township on Romney Marsh. Every ale-house and fish-market would reek of his blindness. Five years ago her Norman blood would have revolted at the flinging of such shame even upon an enemy, but the sluggishness of the Romney land was upon her. She cherished nothing now but an idle contempt for all that lay outside the romance of her own heart.

Suddenly, coupled with it, there came an audacity born of desperation. She would snatch at the last chance of putting a barrier between herself and that which she contemplated. She ran swiftly down the stairs and slipped into the court-yard; but before she opened the door that led into it she glanced for one moment into a mirror, and gave the hair over her temples a touch here and there. She snatched a flower from a bowl and put it in her dress. Then she opened the door and met the gentlemen as they came towards her.

"Will you drive with me to-day?" she asked her husband.

Her voice trembled. She was conscious of her audacity in asking at all. Only once had she proffered such a request, and she had been told with a laugh that no man worthy of the name would go trundling about in a chariot along the roads of Sussex and Kent with a woman. The sight would set all the Marsh in a roar. She asked the question now with eagerness—but also with defiance. Her heart cried out in a fierce hope that he would assent, and so put temptation—at least for to-day—far from her. She threw her head a little back and to one side. Her lips budded into petulance. She saw the eyes of their guest flash, and he looked at My Lord as if to say:

"You know that I was right. There is blood in her."

But My Lord laughed, and said that he was not a French poodle to be dandled in a lady's chariot, and she swept back to her room again, though she paused on the threshold of the outer door to arrange the flower in her bodice before his eyes. She lowered her lids to hide her triumph over him. He knew that her coaxing was forced. She knew that he thought her an icicle in a sheath of fire, which only scorched a man to freeze him later.

She lay back presently in her chariot, and looked at him as she drove away with half-closed eyes and a little patient smile.

Outside the gates she altered the course of her carriage more than once. She was no longer undecided, but she wished to gain time. She reflected that there was a third person to consider. She gazed at the oast-houses and the thickets and the hills above her to the left. She halted the coach twice to gather from the hedge some thornless wild white roses with gold calyxes.

II

The man who waited at the turn of the white road above Rye was not impatient. He leant against the paling in his long buff driving-coat and pearl-gray beaver hat. Once a drove of sheep made it necessary for him to plunge into a wood on the skirts of the clearing he had made. He did not think it necessary that a chance shepherd of the hills should find a squire of Playden too early at a tryst; and besides, a flock of sheep in August will cover a gentleman from head to foot with dust. He took out his gloves and drew them on, then feared they would be smirched. Yet he had a nice fancy to keep them on, to touch her hand, and then draw off his right-hand glove grandly, as a gentleman should.

"My hand is clean," he would say to her when he took hers in the great coach—"my hand is clean; my debts are paid. I do no man an injustice this day. I steal nothing, for you come to me of your own will, without a jewel, without a token. The pledges that have passed between us, even these I have flung into the sea; for they are an old reckoning, belonging to the days ere you were free, ere you went out of daily bondage." He thought luxuriously of this regal flight, this splendid capture. The white sails of the vessel that lay in the Rother were the wings of his flight; every touch of the breeze brought their picture before him, and he drank in the lazy and delicious dream of the morrow. There stole over him a new awe. He was conscious of a strange reverence towards fate—as towards God. He was reverent, even as the robber is reverent for his sheer luck when no man is on the track of his treasure. He was

astounded at his fortune. It humbled him, for even a highwayman acknowledges the beneficence of a Deity when his risk is past.

There came wheels. They were not hers. He vaulted the fence once again and took the shelter of the wood till they were past. If she changed? It would be far more likely that she would be hindered unduly on the very day out of all the dull days on which it was most needful that her clock-work routine should take its usual course. These things happened often. Surely she would not change—*she*, whom it had taken so long to move?

The day on which he had read to her first an English story of two peasant lovers, and of their simple toil and golden joys—that was a day! It was the unsealing of a fount, a miracle.

The wheels came. He saw the flash of green and gold round the bend. It was she! He ran into the road in his haste. The coachman and grooms touched their hats as they drove up. He doffed his beaver joyously.

"Whither away so fast?" he cried, roguishly, flinging out his arm.

She bowed to him. Her eyes looked into his blankly, as they had looked in the days before he opened that story of the peasant lovers. His head swam for a moment. The coachman seemed to be a long time preparing to pull up. The footman turned as if to bend down and receive his mistress's orders. The gentleman in the beaver hat had often met his mistress in her rides abroad just so, and had tied his horse to a gate, and exchanged words with her, while the men in their mulberry and gold liveries had stood like mutes holding on to the straps of the chariot behind. So the flunky on the driving-seat bent down, then drew back shyly, seeing the haughty, blank stare on his mistress's face.

"Drive on," she breathed. He bent down again to hear better.

"Drive on," she said.

How stupid of the groom! The man in the road knew there must be room to turn here if the horses were backed ever so little. But the whip danced lightly

over the backs of the grooms. They trotted faster.

He ran forward, calling. For an instant the footman turned his head with a jerk, from an irresistible impulse to peer into the heart of the episode. He saw enveloped in dust a tall man, with his beaver in his hand and his mouth open. It might have been a curse or an entreaty that he hurled. There was no one to decide, for the wind carried the words the other way. The man on the box stooped once more.

"Which way, My Lady?" he asked, nervously. He was young and self-conscious.

"The usual way," said the lady, opening her heavy-lidded eyes upon him so that he blushed. After that he sat like a ramrod. The green wheels flashed on, and seemed to whirl her moods with them. She knew that her master would be waiting, after his wont, on the steps, to hand her out at the usual time with his smile and his biting jest, but he would not know that a far greater autocrat than himself or Love had won the day for the salvation of the Oxenbridge name. Her breath came more slowly, her pulse slackened. She had not known till now how dear were the trammels of her life, how precious the usage of every day!

And the man in the roadway? She knew full well that he would no more be a danger to her. For the chance had come and gone. He was not one who would brook timidity in a woman. He would not break her pride twice. Her face was pinched, but she told herself that she was glad. She sat up, looking with a new eagerness for the dip in the road which would show her the gables of her manor in the hills.

The gold fringes of the straps of the coach danced in the sun. For the thousandth time the dust flew up and powdered the white polls of the mulberry-clad footmen till they were whiter than ever. The buckles on their shoes were dim as with frost when the grays swept in between the crumbling stone festoons of fruit and flowers on the gray gates at which My Lord stood, hat in hand, smiling, sardonic, as always.

The New Psychology

BY G. STANLEY HALL, Ph.D., LL.D.,

President and Professor of Psychology, Clark University.

SOME seventy years ago one of the ablest scientific men of his age, E. H. Weber, began to experiment in his laboratory upon the human skin. He found that on the tip of the forefinger and lips two fine compass points could be felt as two when they were less than one-twentieth of an inch apart, but if they were nearer they seemed to be one. On the shoulder-blades these points had to be more than an inch, and occasionally nearly two inches, apart before they were recognized as two, and the other parts of the body were between these in sensibility. He also determined by tedious experiments how heavy a bit of pith must be in order to be just felt when it was very gently laid on the skin with forceps, and here too found great differences in different parts of the body. He repeated these experiments at intervals for more than twenty years on many people of different ages, and at last, after writing and rewriting it in Latin and German, published his epoch-making article on the sense of touch in 1846. This perhaps best marks the beginning of the new psychology, which experiments on the soul, and which has made former knowledge of it definite, and added vastly to it.

The skin is the boundary between the self and the external world. The retina, the

ear, and all the other senses are infolded skin, and thus touch is the mother-sense of all the rest. We have now applied electricity, heat, and cold, and have an elaborate method of studying the many dermal senses. The following cut shows a device for touching two or more parts of the body simultaneously. (Fig. 1.)

The apparatus can be adjusted so that sooted cork pencils touch anywhere when the man blows the bellows. The man in the frame, whose eyes are closed, must touch with a red pencil the points he thinks hit, and the errors show how impossible it is to distribute the attention at the same time all over the body, and very many other instructive facts. In a sense these studies, called haptics, are the natural beginnings of psychology. The skin of the child is only a fraction as extended as that of the adult, but has all the tactile organs, and hence is very sensitive.

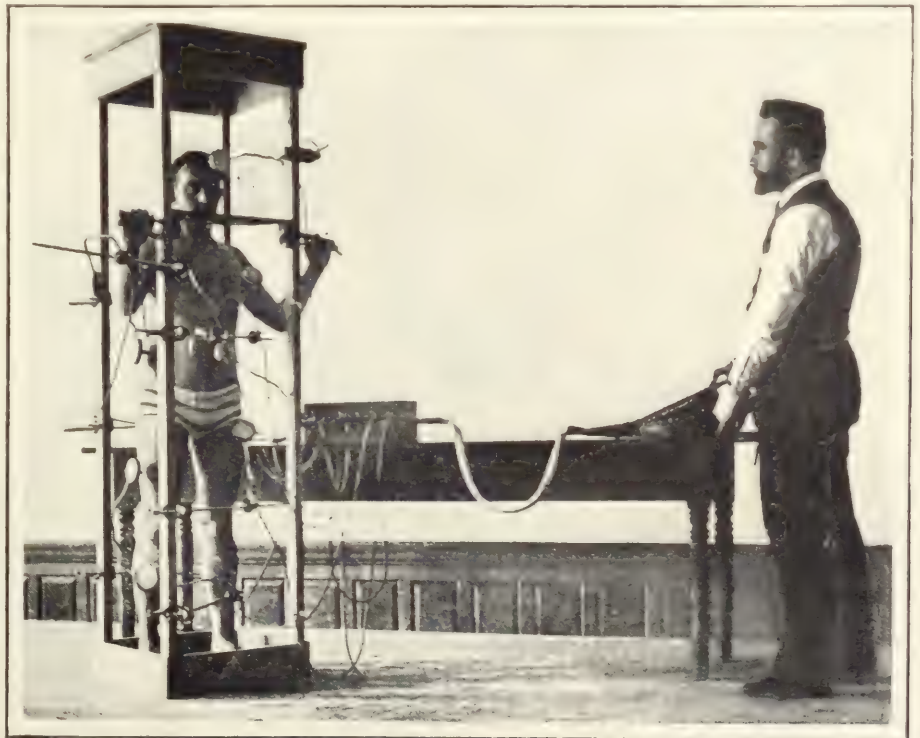


FIG. 1.—TOUCHING TWO OR MORE PARTS OF THE BODY SIMULTANEOUSLY

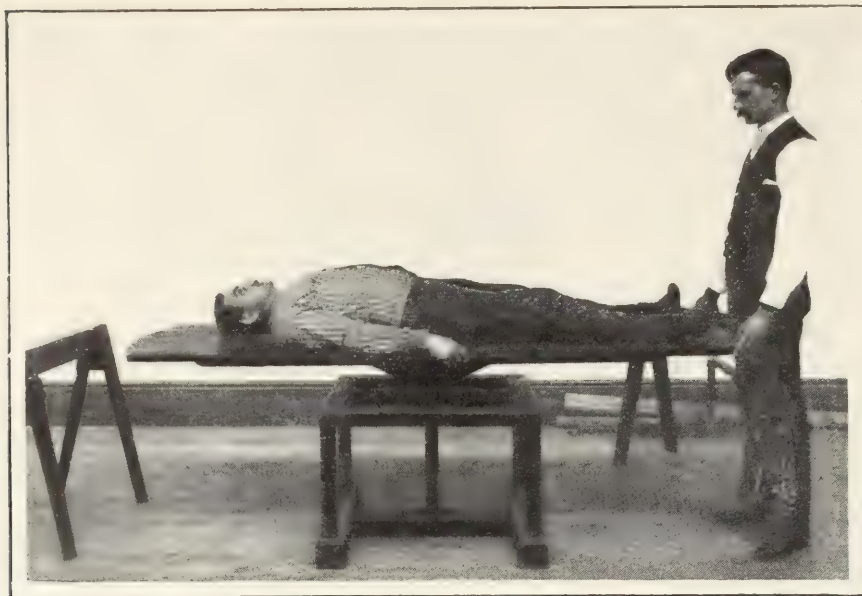


FIG. 2.—SUBJECT BEING ROTATED HORIZONTALLY

different possible sensations, which Külpe estimates, are no less complex. This, too, helped on the idea that the unconscious processes are far more than those that are conscious. A good ear easily distinguishes a fifth, or even far less, of a note in the middle of the scale. Some hear high notes up to perhaps 50,000 vibrations per second, as I found Blind Tom did, whom I once tested in my

laboratory at the Johns Hopkins. Adults and children differ vastly in the acuteness of hearing, and many children, thought dull in mind, are only a little deaf.

It requires a volume to describe what has been discovered here. Taste and smell, the doorkeepers of the body, are experimented on in very many ways in the laboratory. Of all the senses, taste is the only one that grows acute with age. It has many instructive diseases and perversions. Smell is the most delicate of all senses, although it is degenerating in man because sight has largely taken its place. Both these senses require extremely fine manipulation, and have their own intricate apparatus and voluminous literature.

The ear was made a centre of psychological interest when Helmholtz discovered that tones could be analyzed and re-composed in the laboratory. This suggested a hitherto unknown complexity of even the simplest sensation, from which a dozen or more over-tones, which could be dissected out, and re-composed, and suggested infinite complications for all the other factors of the human soul. Perhaps all the 14,000

laboratory at the Johns Hopkins. Adults and children differ vastly in the acuteness of hearing, and many children, thought dull in mind, are only a little deaf.

The ear contains also the organs of equilibrium, which give us our sense of giddiness. These are tested by rotations in all planes to measure the amount of disturbed orientation. The following cuts show the experiments needful for making these determinations. In the first (Fig. 2) the subject is rotated horizontally, and in the second (Fig. 3) ver-

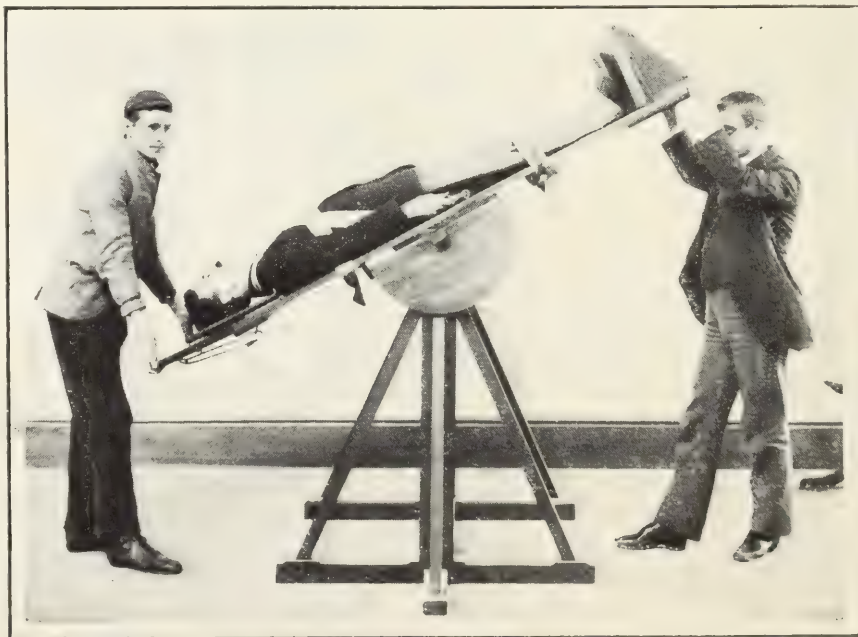


FIG. 3.—SUBJECT BEING ROTATED VERTICALLY

tically, and indicates by holding a stick in what direction he thinks his body points.

Sight is in part a study of the retina, which might roughly be called the only part of the brain that can be seen in function. Each eye nerve has several hundred thousand fibres, and very many curious laws, which cannot be explained in brief space, have been found. The following (Fig. 4) is a purely empirical but reduced map of the retina and blind spot of my own right eye at a distance represented by the line at the left. When the eye was constantly fixed at the point of intersection of two straight lines, all the squares seemed the same size and equilateral. The blood-vessels can be seen diverging and branching from the blind spot.

There are some phenomena as yet not entirely explained—*e. g.*, when we gaze for some time at a waterfall, both sides of the bank near it seem to move slowly up. The following simple apparatus (Fig. 5) gives this effect. By turning the crank, the middle portion moves downward, and when it is suddenly stopped, the sides seem to rise.

Another phenomenon hard to explain is seen when any of the following figures are given a rinsing motion, when they all seem to slowly rotate, or the horizontal lines move in opposite directions. (Fig. 6.)

Optical illusions would make another long chapter. The fluid of the eye sometimes contains floating matter which can be seen, but is usually projected against the sky or some other object. Two straight horizontal lines seem slightly curved upward at the ends, and the wondrous eye of the Greeks compensated for this by making the architrave of the Parthenon curve slightly downward. Color and color-blindness open up a field by themselves, as does the study of contrasts, after-images, etc.

But the new psychology, which thus began with the senses and insists on an education that opens the eye-gate, ear-gate, etc., to their fullest extent, has gone far deeper. Some years ago I had to pay nearly eight dollars for a two-leaf paper of Helmholtz, printed in 1852, measuring the time rate at which an impression moved along a nerve. Three years

before, Du Bois-Reymond had pronounced this impossible, and yet now every laboratory measures with great accuracy the time required for a sensation to move from a finger up the arm to the brain, the time to transform it into a

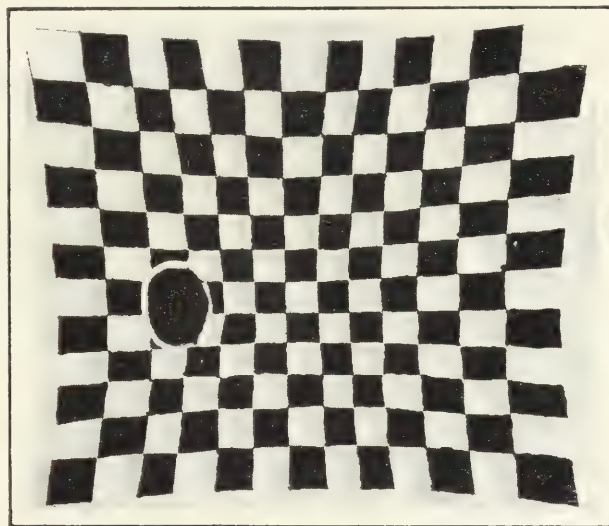


FIG. 4.—MAP OF RETINA AND BLIND SPOT

motor impulse, and the rate of the latter down the arm, etc. These "reaction-times" lay bare even the structure of the soul, and show the thoughts we think oftenest. In a public lecture I was giving this demonstration, and said "dog" with a lip-key, and the attendant said the first word that this suggested, which was always "cat," to another lip-key; and by eliminating the time of sense and motion we could measure the time required for thought to pass from the idea of dog to that of cat. I said "boy," and his first and most immediate reaction was "girl"; but when I said "glass," instead of "window," as I expected, his reaction, to my surprise, was "beer." I doubt if one could or would honestly react to a set of normal words I have, which would lay bare the most worn plexus of things he thinks oftenest.

Memory has been studied in very many ways and for all ages. This field has its own technique, its own laws of fatigue, and varies with the different senses; for some are found chiefly ear-minded, others eye-minded, and yet others motor-minded. The early teens seem to be the age when most memory-pictures that abide with us are first impressed.

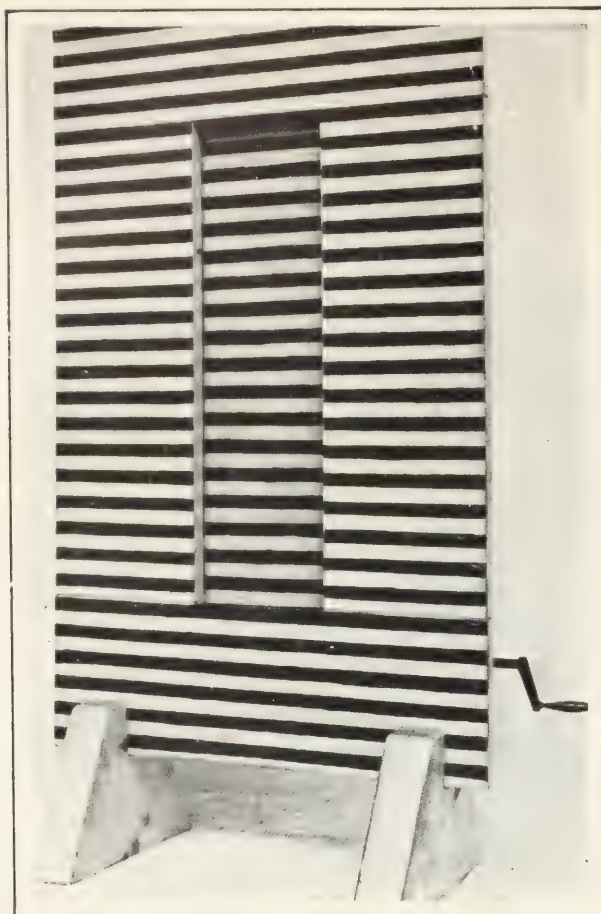


FIG. 5.—APPARATUS GIVING WATERFALL EFFECT

The study of attention slowly pivoted psychology over to the study of the will, of which the muscles are the organ, and now we are passing to the study of the feelings and instincts, which are so much deeper and larger than the intellect, or even the will. A group of interesting facts now attracting great attention is connected with the changes of blood-pressure which accompany effort and all emotional states. A man lies exactly balanced on knife edges, so that he oscillates freely or in equilibrium. He is then given some problem requiring mental effort, when the blood is so drawn to the brain that it tips the end of the balance on which his head rests downward and lifts his feet in the air just in proportion to the effort he makes. Strong emotion or strain even causes the blood to leave the arm or even the finger in a measurable way. The following cut (Fig. 7) shows how we measure the amount of blood called in from two fingers of each hand by intense mental activity. As the fingers shrink, the pen on the rotating drum sinks. The blood is thus being

called hither and thither in the body where it is most needed to irrigate cells and tissues, and wash away products of decomposition.

Studies of rhythm are now made with a pendulum with various time and other apparatus like the following. (Fig. 8.)

The sentence sense, or the strange carrying power of the mind by which after we begin a sentence like "of man's first disobedience," we sustain the tension started by the word "of" through several lines to the word "sing, heavenly muse," is studied, and found to be very important for cadencing the soul. Love, war, and religion seem largely dependent upon rhythm, which is the mother of music and of poetry, as the latter is of prose.

Thus beginning with touch, the experimental method has slowly come to include almost every kind of psychic activity. Imagination, sentiment, reason, volition, and all the rest are taken into

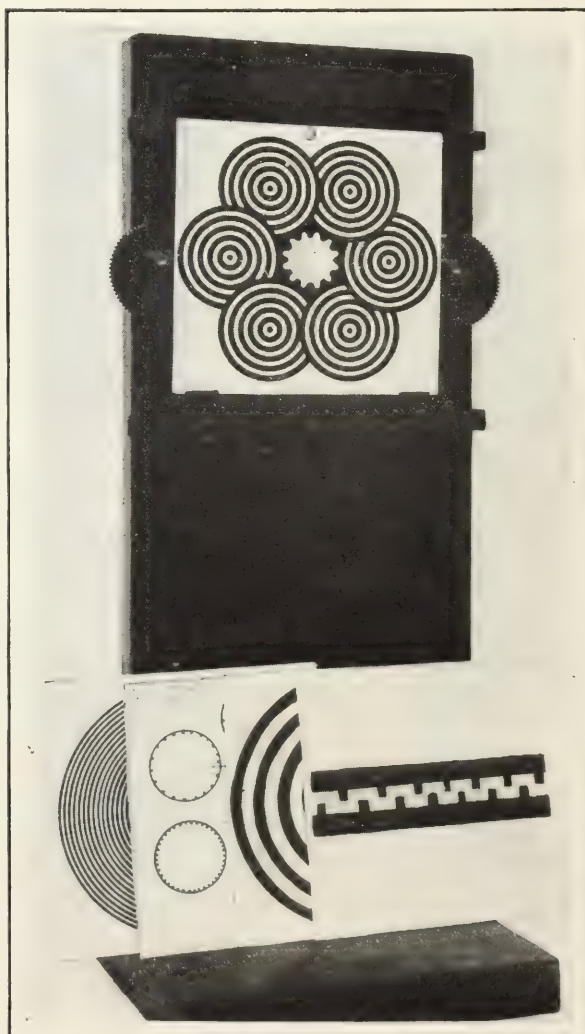


FIG. 6.—SHOWING DEVICE FOR EXPERIMENTING WITH SIGHT

the laboratory, and its instruments and methods have taught us a sharpness and refinement of introspection and self-knowledge which make these methods almost comparable with a microscope for the soul. Thus the so-called old psychology, which taught self-knowledge, is compelled to these methods to reach its own goal, and the forty or fifty laboratories of this country have an ever-widening field and an increasing influence upon our conceptions of the soul.

But the new methods are expanding to new fields and making new affiliations. The study of nerve and brain makes a neurological laboratory an almost indispensable adjunct, where all who are to teach these or related topics must learn something of the wondrous new knowledge of localization of brain function, where the speech, eye, ear, and motor

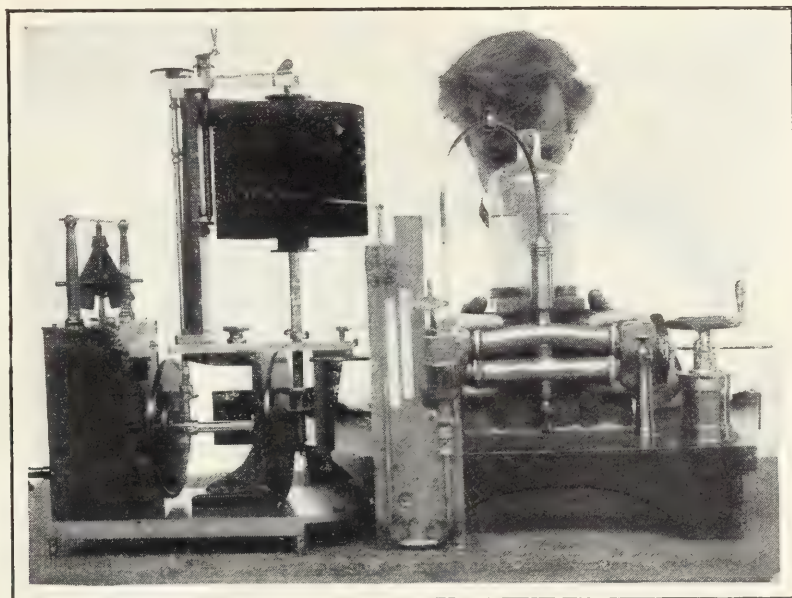


FIG. 7.—MEASURING BLOOD CALLED IN FROM FINGERS

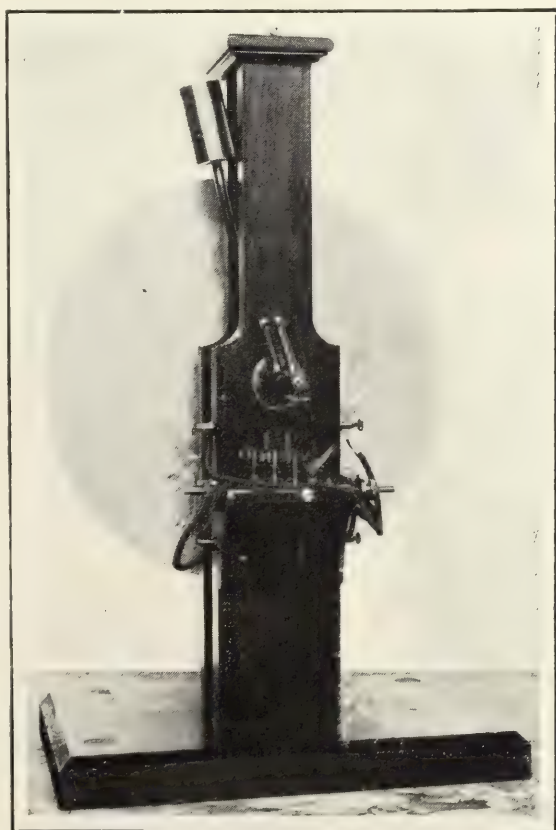


FIG. 8.—PENDULUM FOR STUDIES OF RHYTHM

centres are, and what is the structure of the neurons and dendrites, more closely connected with thought than any other material in the universe. The brain is the mouth-piece of God, or the absolute in the world, and is perhaps the most highly organized of all substances, anatomical or chemical, and the changes which take place in cells are perhaps most rapid here. The fatigued brain cell—*e. g.*, at night—is dark with a ragged nucleus, cloudy with products of decomposition, and always on the way toward neurasthenia and collapse; but in the normal brain it is cleared out, refreshed, and, as it were, wound up by sleep each night in a way clearly seen under the microscope. Thus sleep is our safeguard against fatigue, in which so many nervous diseases have their origin.

Every good course in psychology must now include some acquaintance with the insane, the blind, the idiots, where Nature has made her sad experiments, of which, however, the expert must carefully study the lesson. Hence we lecture on the chief forms of mental alienation, and demonstrate them in the asylum. Especially suggestive are the border-line phenomena, slightly abnormal, but not yet morbid, with which perhaps every one has some experience in his own person. And to this we must now add hypnotism, which has its own literature and journals.

The newest and perhaps richest field

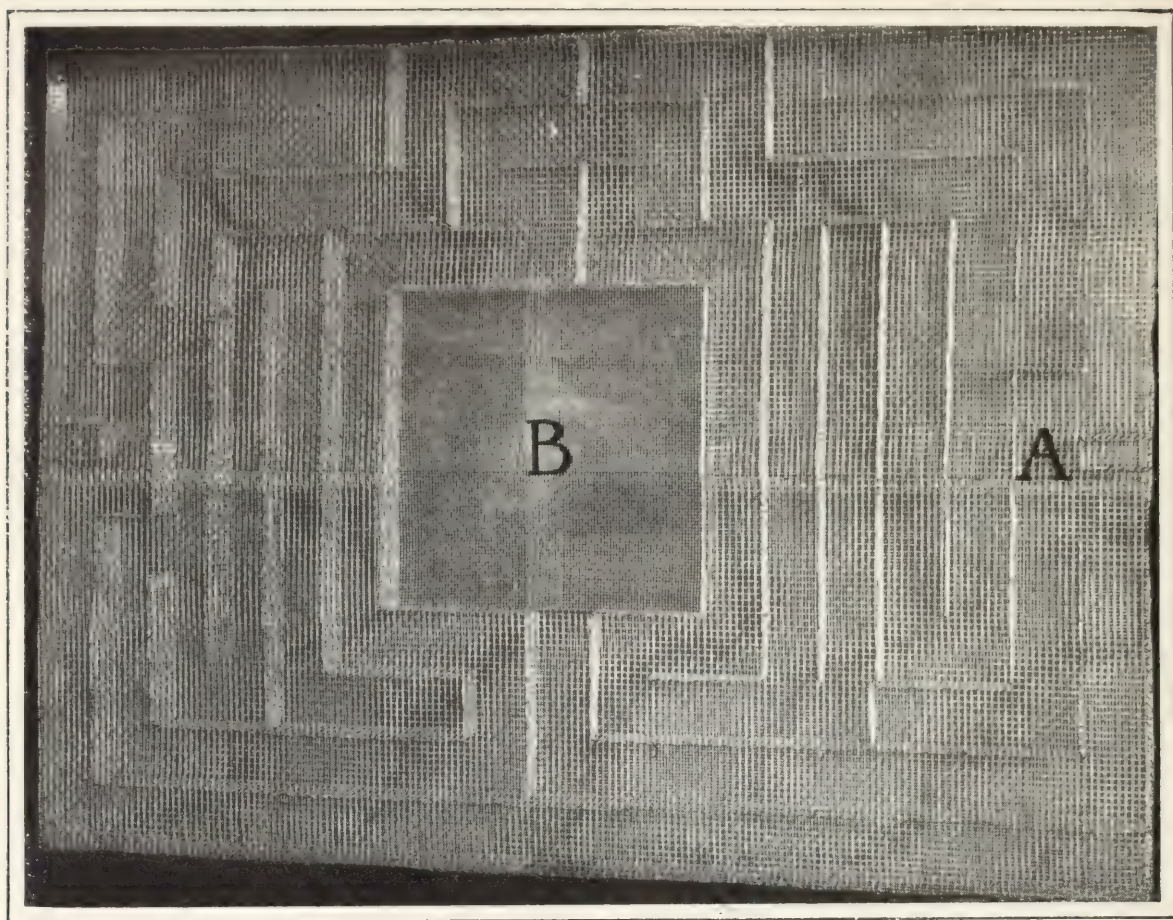


FIG. 9.—GREEK WIRE MAZE USED WITH RATS

for psychology is now opening in the studies of evolution, which are just beginning to be applied to the human soul. Already such progress has been made that the phrases of Herbert Spencer seem almost platitudes, and we are pushing on to know the history of the soul from the dawn of sense in the amœba up through the rich fields of the study of instincts in the higher animals, the studies of childhood and of primitive or savage man, which reveal the stages of psychic evolution. The study of special instincts in single species and perhaps individual animals is now in order. The following (Fig. 9), *e. g.*, is a rough cut of a Greek wire maze into which rats were let at A to find food at B, and it was found with each successive day that they avoided the blind alleys and reduced their time until, when their education was well advanced, they found their way into a small fraction of the time to the food at the centre.

A fish that fed on minnows, when placed in a long trough with a glass separating it from its food in such a way

that whenever it darted toward a minnow it received a bunt from an invisible object, slowly came to so associate the minnows and the bunt that when the glass was removed it would never touch its natural food. The instinct of migration in fish and birds, which seems to date back to the glacial period, the nesting, toilet-making, food-getting, young-rearing instincts, show a world of mind beneath man vaster than the human soul, and in some respects superior to it. All this raises the question whether our minds, as we know them, are finalities, or are only stages toward the development of minds as superior to ours as ours are to the animals.

Finally, the literature of the new child-study is very slowly but surely giving us a new and more solid basis for education, both as to matter and to method.

The child is a very different creature from the adult, and we are only now discovering what childhood really means, and are recognizing its rights in a new way.

Distinctly a Plight

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD

THERE are certain of Mrs. Baxter's friends who keep themselves fairly occupied in striving to prevent that estimable lady from making mistakes, or in endeavoring to mitigate their consequences once they are committed. I never do either. In these days of witless society and farcical stage there is too little true humor for me ever to interfere with her natural forte; instead I take a spectator's seat, and let each little comedy play itself out, grateful that there is one woman in this world who can err so often and so delightfully. Let those who no doubt have considered my conduct most blameable draw a moral from one example of my policy of non-intervention.

In this particular instance the narrative must begin at a point anterior to my knowledge that Mrs. Baxter was one of the *dramatis personæ* of the comedietta, because by chance I was especially favored with a seat behind the scenes, and so saw, or I should say heard, a little prologue, unknown to the rest of the audience. It had for its *mise en scène* the end of a Pullman car on the Berkshire express one warm summer day, and began, as so many other things have, with the advent of a really attractive girl—such a notable success, in truth, both as a product of nature's tire-woman and her of the French variety, that I have to confess that I forgot my manners and stole repeated glances over my newspaper at her while she disposed herself and her impedimenta. Nor was I the only one who was an interested observer, for no sooner was she well settled than a man—one of those pink-shirted, high-collared beings who somehow manage to look fresh and cool regardless of the thermometer—swung his seat so as to face the one she occupied, much as if he were the needle and she the pole, and rising, said to her, with a pleasantly diffident manner, such as the masculine needle is

apt to use quite unconsciously when the attraction of the magnet is really potent:

"You'll hardly remember me, I fear, Miss Remson, but I had the pleasure of meeting you two years ago on the Wallaces' boat at the international yacht-race."

The girl colored slightly. "I recall your face," she said, "but I'm ashamed to say that I can't remember your name." As if to make up for this confession, she held out her hand, and had I been in the man's place I shouldn't have regretted the lapse, in view of the atonement—and I don't think he did.

"My recollection is that our hostess never named me in our introduction," he hastened to say, in an evident attempt to spare her embarrassment. "You see, I was an eleventh-hour guest of Mr. Wallace's, and as it was the first time we had ever met, I presume she didn't know herself that my name was Herbert Denslow."

"It isn't surprising that she was confused, with such a big party of people."

"One would pity the modern hostess were it not that, like the criminal, she originates her own troubles."

"And enjoys them," laughed the girl.

"Presumptively. I can't help hoping, Miss Remson, that you are on your way to Steepside now?"

"Yes. Are you?"

"Mrs. Wallace was good enough to ask me, much to my surprise, I confess, for I've not seen her in over a year, and I thought myself completely forgotten—if, indeed, I was ever remembered."

Despite the girl's being charming to look upon, all this was so ordinary that it would never have held my attention, save for the fact that I too was on my way to spend a ten days with the Wallaces. This led me to vacillate whether or no I would make this circumstance known to them; but having, as will be

shown later, a faculty for holding my tongue, and another for never spoiling a tête-à-tête, I did what was the only other alternative, I retired to the smoking-compartment; and thus ended the prologue.

The curtain rose on the comedy at dinner that evening. Mr. Denslow had the good fortune to take Miss Remson in, and I had the good luck—mark the distinction—to perform that *devoir* for Mrs. Baxter. We had not been long seated when my partner called my attention to the other two, by the remark that they “were made for each other.”

There could be no doubt, from the way they were talking, that they had availed themselves to the utmost of the opportunity I had given them, and on the supposition that it was to this that Mrs. Baxter referred, I replied that they seemed to be getting rapidly acquainted.

“Getting acquainted!” exclaimed Mrs. Baxter. “Why, they are engaged!”

“How engaged?” I questioned.

“How? To be married, of course.”

First I looked at my wine-glass, then I felt of my head; one was full, and the other was cool, though which was which is not for me to say. Driven to seek a third explanation, I suddenly recalled that I was talking to Mrs. Baxter. Very much relieved, I said,

“You are sure?”

“Certain. Her sister told Mrs. Mills in confidence about it, and she told me.”

“Then it isn’t announced yet?”

“No, and won’t be for some weeks. Mrs. Wallace was in complete ignorance of it, and hadn’t asked Mr. Denslow; but when I told her, under a pledge of secrecy, she at once wrote, inviting him for the time Miss Remson was to be here.”

Here it was that every other friend of Mrs. Baxter’s would have interfered; I only remarked,

“He ought to be very grateful to you.”

“But he doesn’t know.”

“Why not tell him?”

“I shall, some day, but at present it’s an absolute secret, you see.”

“Oh yes; I forgot!” said I, glancing across at the two. “How innocent they look!”

“They do it very well indeed,” assented the good lady; “but one can see they

are conscious that people may be watching them.”

I let my eyes travel around the table.

“People are watching them,” I asserted.

“Certainly. Doesn’t every one like to watch engaged couples?”

“But you told me this was a secret.”

“And so it is; only I was forced to tell the rest of the house party, or the poor things wouldn’t have had a moment to themselves. Now what are you laughing at?” she continued.

“I was thinking how surprised they would be if they knew,” I explained.

“I’ve told every one we must be careful not to make them feel awkward.”

“That is so like you!” said I, admiringly.

How absolutely the other guests were prepared to heed Mrs. Baxter’s bidding was shown when we adjourned to the veranda for coffee and cigars. Miss Remson placed herself in the centre of a divan quite capable of holding five, yet, though unquestionably the best-looking girl of our party, not a man ventured to seat himself beside her, every one of them promptly pairing off with some other petticoat. Some, no doubt, will think my duty to have been a clear one, but without hesitation I took possession of a chair next my hostess, upon whose other side Mr. Denslow was already seated.

So good-looking a girl is not used to this kind of an experience, and though Miss Remson let no surprise show itself, her eyes went from couple to couple curiously, and it did not take much intuition to conceive of her bewilderment at being so avoided. The situation was not unbearable, however, until the little confusion of the coffee-passing was done with and the servants had withdrawn; then the spectacle of the girl sipping her cup in such solitude was one to make everybody feel uncomfortable, regardless of how well she might conceal her consciousness of it. Conversation became fitful, and meaning glances began to be exchanged. Mr. Denslow in particular looked at me, and then tried to get me to follow his eyes as they travelled towards the divan; but I was blandly impervious to what he strove to suggest, and went on talking to Mrs. Wallace.

Disappointed in this attempt to relieve



Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"I RECALL YOUR FACE," SHE SAID

Miss Remson from her predicament, Denslow did what we all expected and wanted him to do: he deserted us, and went and sat down by Miss Remson. Though no sigh of relief was heard, I could feel its equivalent in the way people settled themselves more comfortably into their chairs, and let their tongues run with a glibness a moment before quite lacking. The girl, a little flushed over her previous embarrassment, or perhaps at the circumstance of her dinner partner being virtually compelled to resume his place at her side, none the less welcomed him with a pleasant smile, which had a delicate tinge of gratitude in it; and very quickly the two were engrossed in whatever they found to talk about, the little *contretemps* seemingly forgotten.

Symbolically, while the cigars burned, all was harmonious, but once they were turned to ashes, trouble, phoenix-like, was born anew. A suggestion of bottle-pool drafted away four of the party, and two more, of opposite sex—it should be needless to say—took advantage of the movement to disappear into the darkness which veiled the other end of the veranda. This left six of us; and no sooner did Mrs. Wallace grasp this fact than she asked Mrs. Baxter, Mr. Boerum, and myself to join her in a game of hearts. Under the circumstances we accepted, and at once adjourned to the library, leaving our couple on the divan to their supposed two-handed variation of the same game. I wonder what each thought of a hostess who asked neither one of them if they cared to play? I have always noted that society treats engaged people both absurdly and discourteously, and this incident but confirms me in my opinion.

As can easily be imagined, Miss Remson did not relish her position, and we had played but a hand or two when she and Mr. Denslow passed through the room, on their way, as she told us, to watch the pool-players, and in the billiard-room we found them when the hour came for whiskey and water and parting. The original players had had the grace to ask them to join in the sport, so presumptively the latter part of the evening was more agreeable. It is worth remarking, however, that they had been

made to play partners by their over-thoughtful adversaries. Let this be a warning to over-eager young men not to boldly speak to every good-looking girl they may have the opportunity to, for that same Dame Fortune—or Mrs. Baxter—may spin a web which will enmesh them from two forty-five in the afternoon until eleven-thirty at night. With such an example before my eyes, who can blame me for holding my tongue?

The next day was Sunday, and beyond the fact that our putative fiancés sat next each other at breakfast, nothing untoward developed till church-time; then, as our hostess explained to us, since the station wagon would only hold ten, two of the party must go in the phaeton; and at once the ten knew who the two would be. First Mrs. Wallace told Miss Remson to get into it, and next surprised us all by hesitating while she glanced at each of her bachelors in turn; it was, however, only a fine piece of *finesse* to make her naming of the foreordained man appear less premeditated. Miss Remson's face was a study as she heard the fiat, and if she had not already taken her seat, I think there might have been a revolt. As it was, the two drove off without a suggestion of protest, and I've often tried to imagine just what that two-mile drive to the church was like. Yet our own vehicle, I venture to assert, contained nine people who experienced a distinct glow of self-approval over the thought of those two, plus the phaeton. My own conclusion was somewhat influenced by the fact that when we came out from the service, Miss Remson forestalled all possibility of a repetition of the drive by saying that the sun troubled her head, and that she would like to return in the covered wagon.

"I'm afraid they have had a lovers' tiff," Mrs. Baxter whispered to me.

"I'm sure you are wrong," I responded, which is always a safe reply to make to anything Mrs. Baxter may say.

In spite of my assurance, her theory obtained considerable currency that afternoon by a most ordinary occurrence. After luncheon we all once more went to the veranda, Miss Remson avoiding the divan this time as if it were a plague-infected article. Ere long the units began to melt away, some to walk, some to

read, and others still to take a nap. Just as these depletions threatened a repetition of the incident of the previous evening, of a *solitude à deux*, Miss Remson hastily rose, and with the explanation that she must write some letters, retired from public view. So nine people, including Mrs. Baxter herself, were convinced that her conclusion was correct. Inevitably this made the conduct of the twain at dinner that evening very interesting, and each observer formed his or her own opinion: "They didn't want us to suspect it;" "I don't think they could have;" and "It was a fine piece of acting, but a little overdone," were the three I heard expressed; my own was that they behaved themselves as any two well-bred and thoroughly likeable individuals should. After the meal we sat in the library, and as all the men avoided Miss Remson's neighborhood, she and Mrs. Wallace talked together. This was fresh proof that the visible entertainment each had afforded the other at table was only to cheat the rest of us.

"I really wish they'd make it up," was Mrs. Baxter's parting word to me in the upper hall.

"Don't you think there has been too much making up already?" I inquired, and escaped the inevitable question in reply by dodging into my bed-room.

Monday morning was spent at the golf club. Miss Remson challenged me to a twosome on the way over, but I promptly invented a prior engagement with Miss Maniss, and she was good enough to bolster up the tarrididdle instanter. No other man venturing to offer himself in my place, after a pause long enough to prove this, Mr. Denslow asked if he would not do as well. He certainly deserved to have his request granted, and it goes without saying that they played together. I question if the experience of having men hold off was not a good one for so handsome and popular a girl; and though I should have enjoyed playing with her, I considered my sacrifice a good one, the more when Miss Maniss said to me, once we were paired off,

"I was delighted that you knew you could depend upon me, and it was so considerate of you to give him a chance to make it up."

"Why him more than her?"

"Don't you know that the man always makes it up before, and the woman after, marriage?"

"I never knew a woman who wasn't always making something up," I retorted, looking at Mrs. Baxter instead of at my ball, as I should. Consequence, a vile fizzle.

In the judgment of those interested, Mr. Denslow made his atonement and won his pardon; for when luncheon-time turned us homeward it needed but half an eye to see that our nice couple were in the pleasantest concord and the highest of spirits. What was even more significant, they dropped behind the rest of us, and strolled so leisurely that they arrived after the butler had made his announcement. Every one was delighted at this, and glances and nods of congratulation were numerous, most of which were directed at me, as the *deus ex machinâ*, and all of which I acknowledged with due humility.

All this airy castle-building—or perhaps I should say, all this love in an airy cottage—was threatened with an untimely dissolution that afternoon, not by another quarrel, but by the advent of an interloper. Two of the house party left us that day, and two new-comers arrived. They were a brother and sister of the name of Higginson, who were introduced to and into our circle while we were having afternoon tea; and when the inevitable dislocation of the previous arrangement had subsided, it was found that Mr. Higginson was sitting next Miss Remson. There was nothing extraordinary in this, and no anxiety was caused by the circumstance that here he remained during the social half-hour; when, however, he asked Miss Remson to show him the gardens and greenhouses and the two walked away, a tendency to furtively watch Mr. Denslow developed. It is to be noted that he behaved exactly as every one expected him to do—that is, he went on talking to Miss Kreamer with his eyes on the retreating figures; and once our group broke up, he retired to the smoking-room and sat there by himself, reading, which every one else construed into a mere device to conceal his irritation.

"You'll put Mr. Higginson at our end of the table?" Mrs. Baxter suggestively

questioned of Mrs. Wallace, as the three of us happened to meet on the stairs after the ringing of the dressing-gong, and she accompanied the inquiry with a meaning glance back into the lower hall, which the ramblers had just entered.

"It's all been arranged," replied our hostess, with a nod of assurance.

"Some one must tell him the truth," observed Mrs. Baxter to me.

"That is easier said than done," I quoted, with wisdom worthy of a sage.

Owing to this, the dinner hour was unruffled, and only upon the withdrawing to the veranda did clouds once more appear on the horizon: to drop metaphor, Mr. Higginson boldly took possession of Miss Remson, and to the discomfort of every other mortal held his place unflinchingly. In vain was assault after assault made upon it: "Would he play cards?" "Not this evening, thank you." "How about a game of billiards?" "I really don't play." "Did he care to bowl?" "The journey has left me rather tired." Front, flank, or rear, every piece of strategy failed to draw him from his position. Worst of all, he presently asked Mrs. Wallace if they might have horses for a ride before breakfast—a request so upsetting to that good lady that she had said "yes" before she had recovered from her surprise.

Such conduct compelled drastic measures, and after most of the guests had retired there was a council of war, into which I was dragged.

"Something must be done to prevent his making such a fool of himself," declared Miss Maniss.

"That may not be easy," I suggested; but they were all too much in earnest to see the joke.

"You men can go to each other's rooms; do look in on him this evening and put him right," urged Mrs. Baxter.

This was directed at me, and called forth a shake of my head.

"You would be the first to tell me I had made a mess of it if I told him the facts."

"I don't see why."

"You shouldn't blame me for that," I asserted.

"You are quite the most irritating man I ever knew."

"In that case I'll go to bed," said I, only too glad to escape.

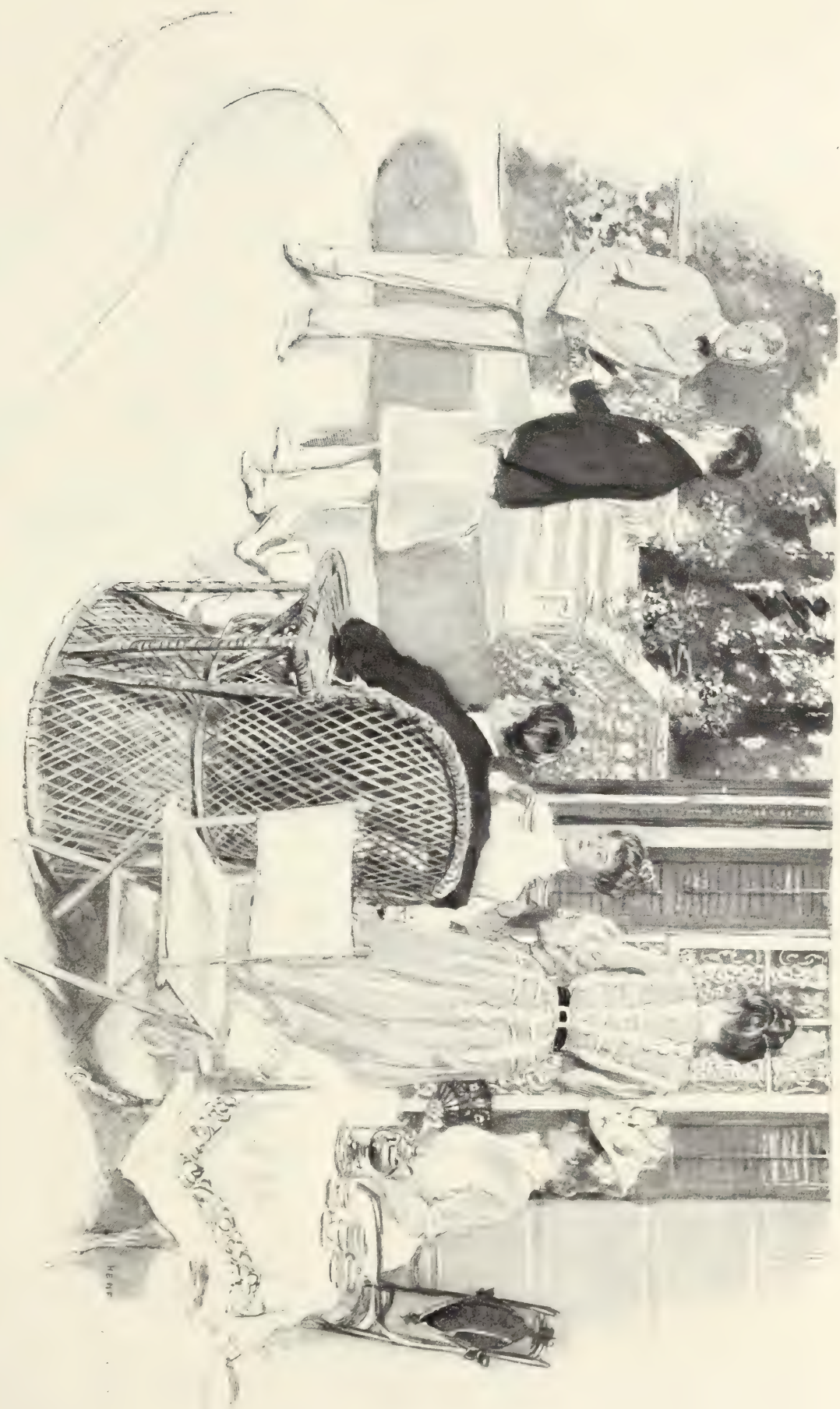
In Mr. Boerum, as I afterwards learned, they found a more willing instrument, and by his help Mrs. Baxter's secret was communicated to Mr. Higginson. The news did not prevent the pre-prandial ride, though I think it probably meant a spoiling of its pleasure to him; and from its termination he, like the rest of the men, eschewed the society of the girl,—to her puzzlement, doubtless, but to the infinite relief of the rest of the house party.

After this defection Miss Remson seemed to resign herself to her fate, and it must be said that for a girl surfeited with men's attention she took it all very nicely. It is true that owing to Mr. Denslow being in much the same situation through every woman avoiding as far as possible any appropriation or encouragement of his society, she was very far from being solitary; and this narrative has been in vain if it has not already made plain how easy it was made for them to see just as much of each other as they chose. Actually I think they had a very good time of it—so good as to lead them to quite overlook the conduct in the rest of us which once had placed them in quandaries. And as there is a microbe of joy, and an extremely contagious one at that, every one became happy and cheerful in their presumed felicity.

A finish came to our peace on Saturday afternoon. All of us, saving and excepting "our lovers," as they were now usually termed, who had gone for a walk, were idling about after tea, when a pleasant occupation was furnished by the advent of a footman with the afternoon mail. I myself was just getting interested in a newspaper when I heard Miss Kreamer announce:

"Evidently love is catching. Elsie Talcott writes me that 'Phil Bigelow is engaged to that handsome Miss Remson's younger sister.'"

"Gracious!" was all Mrs. Baxter said, but a dozen exclamation marks would not convey the surprise and consternation she put into the one word. Then, after a silence quite as speaking, if one may put it in an Irish way, she exclaimed, "But that's the engagement I was told of, and of course I thought it was our Miss Rem-



"I UNDERSTAND THAT AT LAST WE MAY OFFER YOU OUR CONGRATULATIONS," I SAID

Half-tone plate engraved by A. Lockhardt

son. Why, her sister doesn't seem old enough!"

"What *do* you mean?" demanded some one.

"Mrs. Mills told me it was a Mr. Bigelow who was engaged to Miss Remson."

"And you mean to say that you weren't told that our Miss Remson was engaged to Mr. Denslow?" cried our hostess.

"No. Bigelow was the name, now I remember, and naturally I took it for granted that it was the elder Miss Remson."

The eloquence of the ten-second pause that ensued, and of the eyes as they sought each other, was truly dramatic, and I witnessed the scene with keener pleasure than I have had at any theatrical performance in twenty years.

"What have I done?" wailed Mrs. Wallace at last.

"What have we all done?" gasped Miss Maniss.

"What is to be done?" groaned Boerum.

"Mercy! here comes one of them!" exclaimed Mrs. Baxter, as Denslow was seen coming down the hall. Then she turned to me. "Can't *you* help us?" she appealed.

"Do you give me *carte blanche*?" I demanded.

"Yes," came a despairing chorus.

"Then we must be bold, and cheek it through. Back me up in everything the moment you see what I'm at," I whispered. I rose, took a step towards Denslow as he emerged on to the veranda, and held out my hand. "I understand that at last we may offer you our congratulations," I said.

I expected to see him somewhat taken aback, and I was not disappointed. He faltered, grew red, took my hand and wrung it warmly, then said,

"For what?"

"On your engagement to Miss Remson," I went on, boldly, though bracing myself for what was to come, as I suppose all the rest did.

He gave my hand another shake and squeeze which wellnigh crippled it for life.

"I'm the happiest man in the world," he vowed; "but how—how the deuce did you know it?"

Yes. Those two people had settled it during their walk, and that was why Miss Remson had preferred to go to her room to joining us on the veranda, little dreaming that her secret was to be so quickly discovered. Of course she was forthwith made to come down stairs, and it seemed as if the apologies and explanations and congratulations and laughter would never end. In fact, it was only the dressing-gong which reminded us of the passage of time, and we all went trooping up stairs, as merry and excited as a pack of children. At the top Mrs. Baxter turned, and taking Miss Remson by both her hands, said,

"My dear, you make the nicest couple I have seen in an age, and I can truly say that this is my most successful mistake."

"It gave me the chance of my life," declared Denslow, looking down at the girl proudly.

"Thank you so much for making it, Mrs. Baxter," said Miss Remson, her eyes shining with something worth looking at.

I thought of putting in a word in my own behalf, but remembering that it was all due to my holding my tongue, I drew a moral, and let Mrs. Baxter take the thanks which really belonged to me.

Still, it is a little hard, sometimes, to remain silent when I hear her speak of the Denslows as "One of my matches."



The Trial Path

BY ZITKALA-SA

IT was an autumn night on the plain. The smoke-lapels of the cone-shaped tepee flapped gently in the breeze. From the low night sky, with its myriad fire points, a large bright star peeped in at the smoke-hole of the wigwam between its fluttering lapels, down upon two Dakotas talking in the dark. The mellow stream from the star above, a maid of twenty summers, on a bed of sweet-grass, drank in with her wakeful eyes. On the opposite side of the tepee, beyond the centre fireplace, the grandmother spread her rug. Though once she had lain down, the telling of a story has aroused her to a sitting posture.

Her eyes are tight closed. With a thin palm she strokes her wind-shorn hair.

"Yes, my grandchild, the legend says the large bright stars are wise old warriors, and the small dim ones are handsome young braves," she reiterates, in a high, tremulous voice.

"Then this one peeping in at the smoke-hole yonder is my dear old grandfather," muses the young woman, in long-drawn-out words.

Her soft rich voice floats through the darkness within the tepee, over the cold ashes heaped on the centre fire, and passes into the ear of the toothless old woman, who sits dumb in silent reverie. Thence it flies on swifter wing over many winter snows, till at last it cleaves the warm light atmosphere of her grandfather's youth. From there her grandmother made answer:

"Listen! I am young again. It is the day of your grandfather's death. The elder one, I mean, for there were two of them. They were like twins, though they were not brothers. They were friends, inseparable! All things, good and bad, they shared together, save one, which made them mad. In that heated frenzy the younger man slew his most intimate friend. He killed his elder brother, for long had their affection made them kin."

The voice of the old woman broke. Swaying her stooped shoulders to and fro as she sat upon her feet, she muttered vain exclamations beneath her breath. Her eyes, closed tight against the night, beheld behind them the light of bygone days. They saw again a rolling black cloud spread itself over the land. Her ear heard the deep rumbling of a tempest in the west. She bent low a cowering head, while angry thunder-birds shrieked across the sky. "Heyä! heyä!" (No! no!) groaned the toothless grandmother at the fury she had awakened. But the glorious peace afterward, when yellow sunshine made the people glad, now lured her memory onward through the storm.

"How fast, how loud my heart beats as I listen to the messenger's horrible tale!" she ejaculates. "From the fresh grave of the murdered man he hurried to our wigwam. Deliberately crossing his bare shins, he sat down unbidden beside my father, smoking a long-stemmed pipe. He had scarce caught his breath when, panting, he began:

"'He was an only son, and a much-adored brother.'

"With wild, suspecting eyes he glanced at me as if I were in league with the man-killer, my lover. My father, exhaling sweet-scented smoke, assented—'How.' Then interrupting the 'Eya' on the lips of the round-eyed tale-bearer, he asked, 'My friend, will you smoke?' He took the pipe by its red-stone bowl, and pointed the long slender stem toward the man. 'Yes, yes, my friend,' replied he, and reached out a long brown arm.

"For many heart-throbs he puffed out the blue smoke, which hung like a cloud between us. But even through the smoke-mist I saw his sharp black eyes glittering toward me. I longed to ask what doom awaited the young murderer, but dared not open my lips, lest I burst forth into screams instead. My father plied the question. Returning the pipe, the

man replied: 'Oh, the chieftain and his chosen men have had counsel together. They have agreed it is not safe to allow a man-killer loose in our midst. He who kills one of our tribe is an enemy, and must suffer the fate of a foe.'

"My temples throbbed like a pair of hearts!

"While I listened, a crier passed by my father's tepee. Mounted, and swaying with his pony's steps, he proclaimed in a loud voice these words (hark! I hear them now!): 'Ho-po! Give ear, all you people. A terrible deed is done. Two friends—ay, brothers in heart—have quarrelled together. Now one lies buried on the hill, while the other sits, a dreaded man-killer, within his dwelling. Says our chieftain: "He who kills one of our tribe commits the offence of an enemy. As such he must be tried. Let the father of the dead man choose the mode of torture or taking of life. He has suffered livid pain, and he alone can judge how great the punishment must be to avenge his wrong." It is done.

"Come, every one, to witness the judgment of a father upon him who was once his son's best friend. A wild pony is now lassoed. The man-killer must mount and ride the ranting beast. Stand you all in two parallel lines from the centre tepee of the bereaved family to the wigwam opposite in the great outer ring. Between you, in the wide space, is the given trialway. From the outer circle the rider must mount and guide his pony toward the centre tepee. If, having gone the entire distance, the man-killer gains the centre tepee still sitting on the pony's back, his life is spared and pardon given. But should he fall, then he himself has chosen death.'

"The crier's words now cease. A lull holds the village breathless. Then hurrying feet tear along, swish, swish, through the tall grass. Sobbing women hasten toward the trialway. The muffled groan of the round camp-ground is unbearable. With my face hid in the folds of my blanket, I run with the crowd toward the open place in the outer circle of our village. In a moment the two long files of solemn-faced people mark the path of the public trial. Ah! I see strong men trying to lead the lassoed pony, pitching and rearing, with white foam

flying from his mouth. I choke with pain as I recognize my handsome lover desolately alone, striding with set face toward the lassoed pony. 'Do not fall! Choose life and me!' I cry in my breast, but over my lips I hold my thick blanket.

"In an instant he has leaped astride the frightened beast, and the men have let go their hold. Like an arrow sprung from a strong bow, the pony, with extended nostrils, plunges half-way to the centre tepee. With all his might the rider draws the strong reins in. The pony halts with wooden legs. The rider is thrown forward by force, but does not fall. Now the maddened creature pitches, with flying heels. The line of men and women sways outward. Now it is back in place, safe from the kicking, snorting thing.

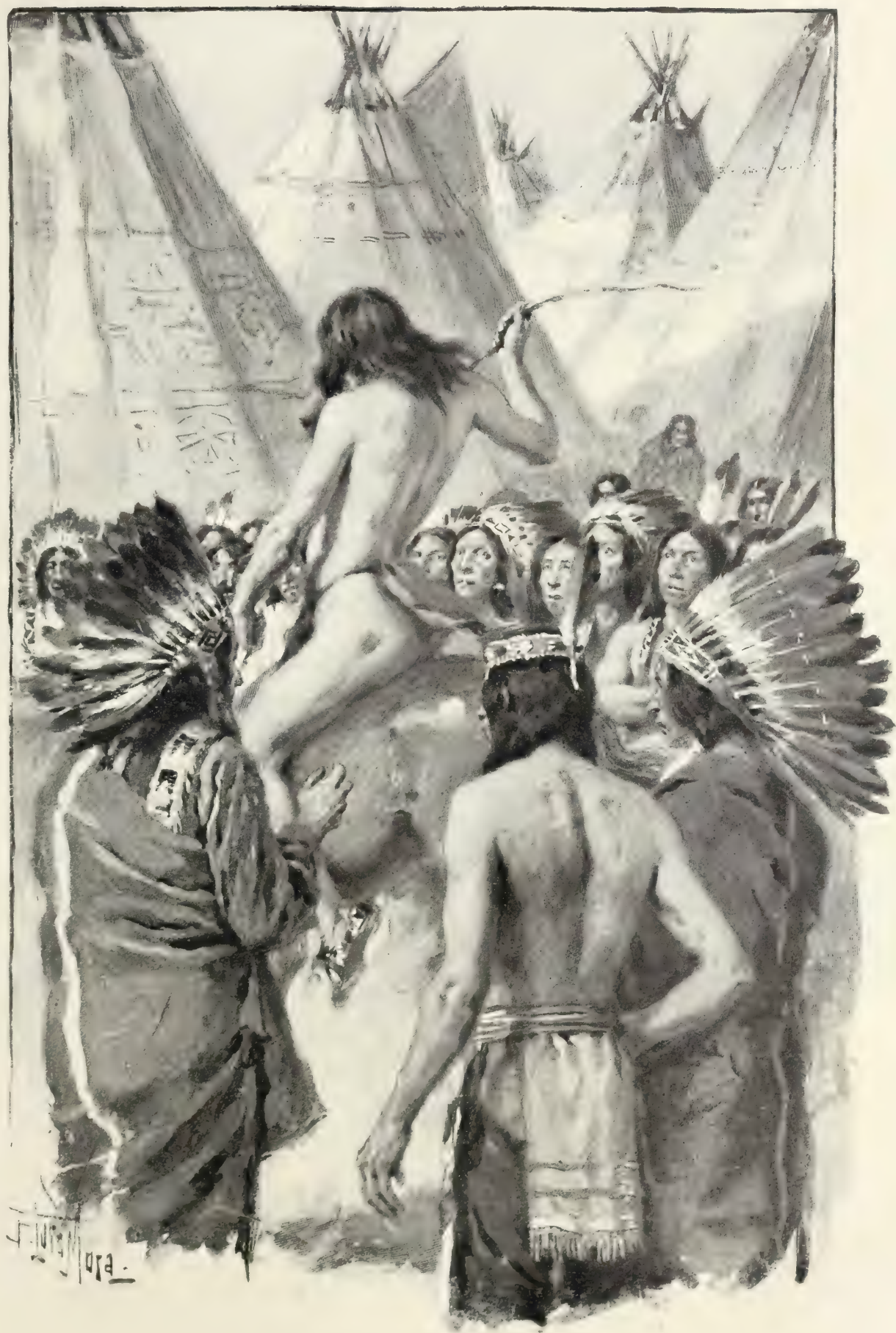
"The pony is fierce, with its large black eyes bulging out of their sockets. With humped back and nose to the ground, it leaps into the air. I shut my eyes. I cannot see him fall.

"A loud shout goes up from the hoarse throats of men and women. I look. So! The wild horse is conquered. My lover dismounts at the doorway of the centre wigwam. The pony, wet with sweat and shaking with exhaustion, stands like a guilty dog at his master's side. Here at the entranceway of the tepee sit the bereaved father, mother, and sister. The old warrior father rises. Stepping forward two long strides, he grasps the hand of the murderer of his only son. Holding it so the people can see, he cries, with compassionate voice, 'My son!' A murmur of surprise sweeps like a puff of sudden wind along the lines.

"The mother, with swollen eyes, with her hair cut square with her shoulders, now rises. Hurrying to the young man, she takes his right hand. 'My son!' she greets him. But on the second word her voice shook, and she turned away in sobs.

"The young people rivet their eyes upon the young woman. She does not stir. With bowed head, she sits motionless. The old warrior speaks to her. 'Shake hands with the young brave, my little daughter. He was your brother's friend for many years. Now he must be both friend and brother to you.'

"Hereupon the girl rises. Slowly reaching out her slender hand, she cries,



THE PONY HALTS

with twitching lips, "My brother!" The trial ends."

"Grandmother!" exploded the girl on the bed of sweet-grass. "Is this true?"

"Tosh!" answered the grandmother, with a warmth in her voice. "It is all true. During the fifteen winters of our wedded life many ponies passed from our hands, but this little winner, Ohiyesa, was a constant member of our family. At length, on that sad day your grandfather died, Ohiyesa was killed at the grave."

Though the various groups of stars which move across the sky, marking the passing of time, told how the night was in its zenith, the old Dakota woman ventured an explanation of the burial ceremony.

"My grandchild, I have scarce ever breathed the sacred knowledge in my heart. To-night I must tell you one of them. Surely you are old enough to understand.

"Our wise medicine-man said I did well to hasten Ohiyesa after his master. Perchance on the journey along the ghost-path your grandfather will weary, and in his heart wish for his pony. The creature, already bound on the spirit-trail, will be drawn by that subtle wish. Together master and beast will enter the next camp-ground."

The woman ceased her talking. But only the deep breathing of the girl broke the quiet, for now the night wind had lulled itself to sleep.

"Hinnu! hinnu! Asleep! I have been talking in the dark, unheard. I did wish the girl would plant in her heart this sacred tale," muttered she, in a querulous voice.

Nestling into her bed of sweet-scented grass, she dozed away into another dream. Still the guardian star in the night sky beamed compassionately down upon the little tepee on the plain.



Dream and a Day

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

How many happy summers yet,

How many times the bird, the rose,
Ere 'tis to sleep and to forget?

There's never a heart that knows.

How oft shall come the summer weather

Along the field, the greenwood way,
And lover and loved one be together?

There's never a heart can say.

And ever a heart why should it say?

What would love have of joy or sorrow?

Love, with its dream, its dream and a day,

Has never a thought for the morrow.

Glimpses of the Great Plateau

BY T. MITCHELL PRUDDEN

THE story of the Great Plateau west of the Rocky Mountains is long and varied. It tells of ages in which the world was slowly moulded by fire and flood, and carved by wind and sand and rain. Dry land was conjured from the sea and lifted into vast plateaus; then torn and tilted and gullied. Life came and traced its record here and there on the pages of the great stone book.

The vast table-land is dumb anent the coming of man, but you find the ruins of his abandoned homes all over its southern reaches and straggling out upon its eastern and its western fringes. Cliff-dwellers and cave-dwellers, dwellers upon lofty mesas and in snug valleys at their feet, all are gone, and their crumbling homes are desolate.

It was not until the Spaniards came prying up over the plateau that the Pueblos and other still living types of Indians were dragged, very much against their will, out of the languid prehistoric silences. Then came the conquests by the Spaniards and their domination of the land for three hundred years, followed by a quarter of a century of Mexican rule.

At last the Great Plateau, austere as ever, was gathered to the fold of the United States. Its way-side stories, wild, quaint, pathetic, it tells to the wanderer in tune with its spirit along its ancient pathways. It has received the hunter, the trapper, the explorer, into its capacious bosom—to return or not, as fortune and the Indian willed. The cowboy has spied out its fastnesses; the railway engineer has marked in toil and hardship the routes along which in later time the tides of life and industry and trade surge to and fro; the surveyor has projected his lines over its arid one hundred and thirty thousand square miles. But the Great Plateau yields grudgingly to the touch of civilization. It grants some meagre green oases beside the waterways. It opens here and there a narrow path for the hurrying trains, closing its great silences behind them as they vanish; then rolls away

their polluting trails of smoke into its vast aerial spaces, and falls asleep again.

The part of the plateau which, on the whole, is most attractive to the traveller in the land of wide horizons is that which lies between the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad on the north, and the Santa Fe Railroad and its adjacent country on the south. The Santa Fe crosses the heart of the plateau, over a region austere and forbidding enough, it is true, from the car window, for all its miles of gorgeous cliffs and noble forests, but so lavish in stories of the world's fashioning, so rich in fading glimpses of strange old barbarians who are gone, so quaintly peopled with kindly children of the earth and the sun, who bid you welcome to homes and firesides where for centuries they have forgathered, a land withal so attractive for its absolute freedom from fret and fume, where you are the unchallenged owner of the day, that when once you have broken the link which bound you to the rails, and head away into the dreamy shimmering mazes which lure you on and on, it will be strange indeed if you do not for some lucid hours care least of all things whether the fortunes of the way are ever to lead you back.

Perhaps the best place, accessible by rail, from which to get a first glimpse of the plateau country and its ruins is the little town of Mancos, in southwestern Colorado, on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad.

An excursion from Mancos to the Mesa Verde will not only introduce you to the prehistoric ruins of America in their most impressive phases, but will give you a taste of life with a pack-train, and some glimpses of the plateau which will be memorable, wherever and however you have journeyed before, and may entice you to wider ranges in remoter corners of this wonderland.

The key to the cliff-dwellers is to be sought in the Pueblo Indians, who may be conveniently visited from points along the line of the Santa Fe Railroad. For

the Pueblos are the descendants of the cliff folk; and if you seek them out in the Rio Grande Valley above Santa Fe, or at Acoma, or Zuñi, or, better still, at the Moqui villages in Arizona, you will be able to create for yourself a conception of the old barbarian, his ways and habits, his play and his religion, his utensils and his homes, as the wondering Spaniards saw him three hundred years ago.

So when time or whim bid you leave Mancos for fresh fields, you may be impelled to go in quest of the Pueblos. The way leads east and south by rail into the valley of the Rio Grande.

The little old Mexican town of Española is the best place for the tourist to stop, for here he may find simple but wholesome accommodation at the section-house hard by the station, where teams and competent guidance can be secured. The Pueblo Indians of the Rio Grande Valley hereabouts are farmers, clinging to their traditional mode of life in quaint adobe houses. On feast and dance days fantastic dress and strange ceremonial reveal the lingering strain of barbarism. A ramble about San Juan, Santa Clara, and San Ildefonso affords rare glimpses of Pueblo life, and the ruins of the towns in the valley are worth a visit.

As you look west from Española you see a series of long tonguelike mesas, ending in the valley and sloping back to a line of mountain-peaks. These are the Vallée Mountains, and between the long mesas at their feet are many lonesome canyons. Some low green trees, a few struggling pines, grass and cactus, and in the season jaunty flowers, do what they can to hide the sandy reaches of the narrow bottoms, and to lower the glare of the yellow cliffs, which shimmer and scorch in the sun at mid-day. These vivid cliffs are very soft, for they are mostly formed of pumice-stone—the plaything of some volcanic outburst.

If you secure a team and a driver who knows these foot-hills, and climb for a few miles up into one of the canyons above Santa Clara, you will presently stand face to face with some of the most primitive and fascinating deserted homes which are to be found in America—the homes of the cave-dwellers. In the fronts of these winding cliffs, looking out upon the little valleys at their feet, are holes of various shapes, big enough for a man stooping to crowd through, which

lead into little chambers, and often into a connecting series of these clustered around the opening, all pecked out of the soft rock. Many of them are smoke-begrimed still; in some, mud plaster is yet clinging to the walls. The vivid picture framed by the rude doorway of these rock chambers is most attractive as you look out from their cool recesses upon the hot green and yellow reaches of the valley bottom and the pine-clad slopes beyond, or, if the cave be high, far over the mesa-top to the great hills beyond the Rio Grande. In front of many of the caves piles of hewn stone and timber holes in the cliff show that small buildings were once standing there. Jars and bowls have been found in the recesses of some of the caves; stone axes and arrowheads and pottery fragments are still plenty along the foot of the cliffs; while picture-writing on the faces of the rocks is plain and frequent.

These curious old cave ruins lend themselves so complacently to the dreamy speculation which a noonday rest in the shadow of a pine invites, or to the vagrant fancies which the silence of a night beside them under the stars inspires, that it seems almost a pity to be told that the swarthy fellows down there in the valley of the Rio Grande unfold to-day the tradition that it was their people, long ago, who in the stress of conflict with alien tribes were forced again and again to seek these fastnesses and make shift to carve a shelter in the cliffs. The pottery, the utensils, the masonry, and the pictographs upon the rocks confirm the story.

By this easy excursion from Española to the cave-dwellings of the Puyé you gain a vivid conception of this curious phase of aboriginal life. There are larger groups of similar dwellings and other strange structures farther south, between the Great White Rock Canyon of the Rio Grande and the mountains, the Painted Cave, the ruins of the Tyú-on-yi, and the Stone Lions of the Cochiti. But the country is wild and rarely visited, except by old Cochiti veterans, who now and then slip away on mysterious errands to these ancestral haunts. When you get home, read that curious archæologic novel by Bandelier, *The Delight-Makers*, whose plot is set in the recesses of this gashed mountain-slope, and deals with the loves and lives and customs of the old people who are gone.



CLIFF-DWELLING ON BEAVER CREEK (MONTEZUMA CASTLE)

From these upper reaches of the Rio Grande Valley everything gravitates toward quaint old Santa Fe, whence the road fares westward to the valley of the Rio Grande. At Thornton one so minded may leave the train for the pueblo of Cochiti, a few miles away. On down the valley the train passes close to the pueblo villages of San Domingo, San Felipe, and Sandia. From Bernalillo one may drive up the Jemez Valley and visit the pueblos of Santa Ana, Sia, and Jemez, and the interesting old ruins on the hills about them—the wreckage of Spanish conquests in the seventeenth century. Down the river, the level edges of the plateau, here lava-capped, build the western horizon-line. The Sandia Mountains cut short the vision toward the east.

At Albuquerque, the last town of considerable size this side the Pacific, one might outfit a pack-train—a stout buckboard would answer if one were to return along the same route—for a journey of several days up the valley of the Rio Puerco of the East into the heart of the plateau to the Chaco Canyon. Here, prehistoric ruins of great communal houses tell of thriving times, of skilful builders, of excellent farmers, in the old days when all the folks were brown and the brown folks owned the earth. Some of these Chaco ruins were explored by the Hyde expedition, whose invaluable collections are deposited in the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

A few miles below Albuquerque the railroad crosses the Rio Grande and the Rio Puerco, entering the plateau country, and winds up the valley of the San José. To the north rises the crest of the San Mateo Mountain—renamed Mount Taylor by Simpson in 1849.

The San Mateo Mountain is one of the sacred mountains of the Navajos; and to its summit they, as well as the Pueblo Indians, resort for secret ceremonies, and especially to propitiate and to tell their needs to the Powers which manage rain. I gather from hints, particularly of the Navajos, that the night has veiled many weird ceremonials on this narrow mountain-top, which, as they tell me, are none of the white man's business.

Just at the edge of one of the lava-clad tongues which the San Mateo Mountain sends into the San José Valley, the railroad cuts through the corner of the Pueblo village Laguna.

The one little journey from Laguna which above all others will be memorable ends in that fascinating old "City in the Sky," Acoma. It is about sixteen miles away, the road winding along a wide cliff-girt valley. It is the same old town, perched upon a great sheer-walled mesa standing high out of the valley bottom, which the Spaniards found in 1540, as they came floundering through the sand and scrambling over the rocks from Cibola eager for gold.

Now at your left the country rises over long timber-clad slopes, which for many miles shut the railroad in against the northern mesas. This is the Zuñi Mountain or Plateau.

The Zuñi pueblo is in a broad brown valley, not so picturesque as Acoma, with a type of face and form, a style of pottery and architecture, and hosts of superstitions all its own. Zuñi is the famous Cibola of early Spanish days, but the old site is now in ruins.

The Navajo country may be entered from any of the railroad towns upon the south, or from the Mancos region on the north.

The Navajos are pastoral folk, herding sheep and goats and horses over their great ranges, raising corn and a little grain in the moister bottoms; living in low earth-covered huts, called hogans, in the winter, while in the summer they build bough shelters, or wickieups, near their fields and stock-ranges. They are self-supporting, and while nominally confined to their great reservation, are scattered out beyond its borders in all directions. They have always been raiders and plunderers of the Pueblo and Mexican settlements, and are still often aggressive and domineering to their neighbors.

The most interesting excursion of all those which may be made is to the far-away Moqui villages—the ancient Tusayan—about one hundred miles north, over an arid upland with few watering-places, and at best, in summer, a hot, hard ride.

While traces of the Roman Catholic Church are interwoven in very complex fashion with the religious conceptions, and even in some degree with the primitive ceremonials of all the other Pueblo Indians, the Church has from the first secured but a fitful and superficial foothold among the Moquis.



NAVAJOS OF THE PLATEAU

The Moqui man is a genial, hospitable farmer, fun-loving in his way, loyal to his family, and closely linked in act, purpose, and aspiration with potent beings in earth and water and sky, which he consults, worships, placates, holding them in close communion through quaint and weird ceremonials which age by age have been handed down at last to him. His women folk are comely, the youngsters just playing, shouting, laughing youngsters, in aspect much like others who are

white, save for the accident of color and of garb.

While the relatively unalloyed traditions of the Moquis offer a field for the student of folk-lore among the Pueblo Indians of exceptional extent and value, the ordinary visitor touches but superficially upon the inner life of the people. But certain of the Moqui ceremonials, especially the so-called snake-dance, which is really an elaborate prayer for rain, are so weird and striking that for



A CORNER IN ZUNI

several years white men have gathered in considerable numbers to witness them.

There are seven of the Moqui villages, and at some of these the snake-dance is held each year between the middle and the end of August. But the dance at Walpi, on the East Mesa, which is the most elaborate, most serious, and

altogether most interesting, takes place every other year, in the odd years, at the season above mentioned.

Almost all these routes follow the lines of old Indian trails, and lead by the ancient watering-places, which, until fifty years or so ago, only the red man and the Spaniard knew.

The Portion of Labor

BY MARY E. WILKINS

PART VIII

CHAPTER XXVII

ELLEN'S deepest emotion was pity for her father, so intense that it was actual physical pain.

"Poor father! Poor father! He had to borrow the money to buy me my watch and chain," she kept repeating to herself. "Poor father!"

To her New England mind, borrowing seemed almost like robbing. She actually felt as if her father had committed a crime for love of her, but all she looked at was the love, not the guilt. Suddenly a conviction which fairly benumbed her came over her—the money in the savings-bank; that little hoard, which had been to the imagination of herself and her mother a sheet-anchor against poverty, must be gone. "Father must have used it for something unbeknown to mother," she said to herself—"he must, else he would not have told Mr. Evarts that he could not pay him." It was a hot night, but the girl shivered as she realized for the first time the meaning of the wolf at the door, and perhaps realized it more because she had never been, and was not now, in actual destitution. "All we've got left is this house—this house and—and—our hands," thought Ellen. She saw before her her father's poor worn hands, her mother's thin, tired hands, jerking the thread in and out of those shameful wrappers, then she looked at her own, as yet untouched by toil, as white and small and fair as flowers. She thought of the four years before her at college, four years before she could earn anything—and in the mean time? She looked at the pile of her school-books on the table. She had been studying hard all summer. The thirst for knowledge was as intense in her as the thirst for stimulants in a drunkard. "I ought to give up going to college, and go to work in the shop," Ellen said to herself,

and she said it as one might drive a probing-knife into a sore. "I ought to," she repeated. And yet she was far from resolving to give up college. She began to argue with herself the expediency, supposing that the money in the bank was gone, of putting a mortgage on the house. If her father continued to have work, they might get along and pay for her aunt, who might, as the doctor had said, not be obliged to remain long in the asylum if properly cared for. Would it not, after all, be better, since by a course at college she would be fitted to command a larger salary than she could in any other way? "I can support them all," reflected Ellen. At that time the thought of Robert Lloyd, and that awakening of heart which he had brought to pass, were in abeyance. Old powers had asserted themselves. This love for her own blood and their need came between her and this new love, half of the senses, half of the spirit.

Amabel waked up in the early sultry dawn of the summer day with the bewilderment of one in a new world. She stared at the walls of the room, at the shaft of sunlight streaming in the window, then at Ellen.

"Where am I?" she inquired, in a loud, querulous plaint. Then she remembered. But she did not cry; instead, her little face took on a painfully old look.

"You are here with Cousin Ellen, darling, don't you know?" Ellen replied, leaning over her and kissing her.

Amabel wriggled impatiently away and faced to the wall. "Yes, I know," said she.

That morning Amabel would not eat any breakfast, and Fanny suggested that Ellen take her for a ride on the street cars. "We can get along without you for an hour," she whispered, "and I am afraid that child will be sick."

So Ellen and Amabel set out, leaving

Fanny and the dressmaker at work, and when they were returning past the factories the noon whistles were blowing and the operatives were streaming forth.

Ellen was surprised to see her father among them as the car swept past. He walked down the street toward home, his dinner-bag dangling at his side, his back more bent than ever.

She wondered uneasily if her father was ill, for he never went home to dinner. She looked back at him as the car swept past, but he did not seem to see her. He walked with an air of seeing nothing, covering the ground like an old dog with some patient dumb end in view, heeding nothing by the way. It puzzled Ellen also that her father had come out of Lloyd's instead of McGuire's, where he had been employed all summer. She reached home, of course, before he did, and something—she did not know what—prevented her from saying to her mother that she had seen her father coming home, and that she wondered if he were sick. Ellen watched anxiously for her father to come into the yard, but she did not see him. She assisted about the dinner, which was a little extra on account of the dressmaker, and all the time she glanced with covert anxiety at the window, but her father did not pass it. Finally, when she went out to the pump for a pitcher of water, she set the pitcher down, and she sped to the orchard like a wild thing. A suspicion had seized her that her father was there, that he had crossed the neighbor's yard, and gotten there without being espied from his own house.

Sure enough, there he was, but instead of lying face down on the grass as he had done before, he was sitting back against a tree. He had the air of having settled into such a long lease of despair that he had sought the most comfortable position for it. His face was ghastly. He looked at Ellen as she drew near, and opened his mouth as if to speak, but instead he only caught his breath. He stared hard at her, then he closed his eyes as if not to see her, and motioned her away with one hand with an inarticulate noise in his throat.

But Ellen sat down beside him. She caught his two hands and looked at him. "Father, look at me," said she, and Andrew opened his eyes. The expression in

them was dreadful, compounded of shame and despair and dread, but the girl's met them with a sort of glad triumph and strength of love. "Now look here, father," she said, "you tell me all about it. I didn't want to know last night. Now I want to know. What is the matter?"

Andrew continued to look at her, then all at once he spoke with a kind of hoarse shout. "I'm discharged! I'm discharged!" he said, "from McGuire's; they've got a boy who can move faster in my place—a boy for less pay, who can move faster. I hurried over to Lloyd's to see if they would take me on again—I've always thought I should get back into Lloyd's—and I saw the foreman, and he told me to my face that I was too old, that they wanted younger men. And I went into the office to see Lloyd, pushed past the foreman, with him damning me, and I saw Lloyd."

"Was young Mr. Lloyd there?" asked Ellen, with white lips.

"No. I guess he had gone to dinner. And Lloyd looked at me, and I believe he counted every gray hair in my head, and he saw my back, and he saw my hands, and he said—he said I was too old."

Andrew snatched his hands from Ellen's grasp, pressed them to his face, and broke into weeping. "Oh, my God, I'm too old, I'm too old!" he sobbed. "I'm out of it. I'm too old!"

Ellen regarded him, and her face had developed lines of strength hitherto unrevealed. There was no pity in it, hardly love; she looked angry and powerful. "Father, stop doing so, and look at me," she said. She dragged her father's hands from his face, and he stared at her with his inflamed eyes, half terrified, half sustained. At that moment he realized a strength of support as from his own lost youth, a strength as of eternal progress which was more to be relied upon than other human strength. For the first time he leaned on his child, and realized with wonder the surety of the stay.

"Now, father, you stop doing so," said Ellen. "You can get work somewhere; you are not old. McGuire's and Lloyd's are not the only factories in the country."

"That ain't all," said Andrew, with eyes like a beseeching dog's on her face.



"OH, MY GOD, I'M TOO OLD, I'M TOO OLD!" HE SOBBED

"I know that isn't all," said Ellen. "You needn't be afraid to tell me, father. You have taken the money out of the savings-bank for something."

Again Andrew would have snatched his hands from the girl's and hidden his face, but she held them fast. "Yes, I have," he admitted, in a croaking voice.

"Well, what if you have?" asked Ellen. "You had a right to take it out, didn't you? You put it in. I don't know of anybody who had a better right to take it out than you, if you wanted to."

Andrew stared at her, as if he did not hear rightly. "You don't know what I did with it, Ellen," he stammered. "I put it in a worthless gold-mine out in Colorado—the same one your Uncle Jim lost his money in," groaned Andrew.

"Well, it was your money, and you had a perfect right to," said Ellen. "Of course you thought the mine was all right or you wouldn't have put the money into it."

"God knows I did."

"Well, the best business men in the world make mistakes. It is nobody's business whether you took the money out or not, or what you used it for, father."

"I don't see how the bills are going to

be paid; and there's your poor aunt," said Andrew. He was leaning more and more heavily upon this new tower of strength, this tender little girl whom he had hitherto shielded and supported.

Ellen set her mouth firmly. "Don't you worry, father," said she. "We will think of some way out of it. There's a little money to pay for Aunt Eva, and maybe she won't be sick long. Does mother know, father?"

"She don't know about anything, Ellen," replied Andrew, wretchedly.

"I know she doesn't know about you getting thrown out of work—but about the bank?"

"No, Ellen."

Ellen rose. "You stay here where it is cool, till I ring the dinner-bell, father," she said.

"I don't want any dinner, child."

"Yes, you do, father. If you don't eat your dinner, you will be sick. You come when the bell rings."

Andrew knew that he should obey, as he saw the girl's light dress disappear among the trees.

Ellen went back to the pump, and carried her pitcher of water into the house. Her mother met her at the door. "Where

have you been all this time, Ellen Brewster?" she asked, in a high voice. "Everything is getting as cold as a stone."

Ellen caught her mother's arm, and drew her into the kitchen, and closed the door. Fanny turned pale as death and looked at her. "Well, what has happened now?" she said. "Is your father killed?"

"No," said Ellen, "but he is out of work, and he can't get a job at Lloyd's, and he took all that money out of the savings-bank a long time ago and put it into that gold-mine that Uncle Jim lost in." Fanny clutched the girl's arm in a grasp so hard that it left a blue mark on the tender flesh. She looked at her, but did not speak one word.

"Now, mother," said Ellen, "you must not say one word to father to scold him. He's got enough to bear as it is."

Fanny pushed her away with sudden fierceness. "I guess I don't need to have my own daughter teach me my duty to my husband," said she. "Where is he?"

"Down in the orchard."

"Well, ring the bell for dinner—loud, so he can hear it."

When Andrew came shuffling wearily up from the orchard, Fanny met him at the corner of the house out of sight from the windows. She was flushed and perspiring, clad in a coarse cotton wrapper, revealing all her unkempt curves. She went close to him, and thrust one large arm through his. "Look here, Andrew," said she, in the tenderest voice he had ever heard from her—a voice so tender that it was furious—"you needn't say one word. What's done's done. We shall get along somehow. I ain't afraid. Come in and eat your dinner!"

The dress-making work went on as usual after dinner. Andrew had disappeared, going down the road toward the shop. He tried for a job at Briggs's, with no success, then drifted to the corner grocery.

Ellen sat until nearly three o'clock sewing. Then she went up stairs and got her hat, and went secretly out of the back door, through the west yard, that her mother should not see her. However, her grandmother called after her, and wanted to know where she was going.

"Down street, on an errand," answered Ellen.

"Well, keep on the shady side," called

her grandmother, thinking the girl was bound to the stores for some dress-making supplies.

That night Miss Higgins did not ask for her pay; she had made up her mind to wait until her week was finished. She went away after supper, and Ellen followed her to the door. "We won't want you to-morrow, Miss Higgins," said she, "and here is your pay." With that she handed a roll of bills to the woman, who stared at her in amazement and growing resentment. "If my work ain't satisfactory—" said she.

"Your work is satisfactory," said Ellen, "but I don't want any more work done. I am not going to college."

There was something conclusive and intimidating about Ellen's look and tone. The dressmaker, who had been accustomed to regard her as a child, stared at her with awe, as before a sudden revelation of force. Then she took the money and went down the walk.

When Ellen re-entered the sitting-room, her father and mother, who had overheard every word, confronted her.

"Ellen Brewster, what does this mean?"

Andrew looked as if he would presently fall to the floor.

"It means," said Ellen, and she looked at her parents with the brave enthusiasm of a soldier on her beautiful face—she even laughed—"it means that I am going to work—I have got a job in Lloyd's."

When Ellen made that announcement, her mother did a strange thing. She ran swiftly to a corner of the room, and stood there, staring at the girl, with back hugged close to the intersection of the walls, as if she would withdraw as far as possible from some threatening ill. At that moment she looked alarmingly like her sister; there was something about Fanny in her corner calculated, when all circumstances were taken into consideration, to make one's blood chill, but Andrew did not look at her. He was intent upon Ellen and the facing of the worst agony of his life, and Ellen was intent upon him. She loved her mother, but the fear as to her father's suffering moved her more than her mother's. She was more like her father, and could better estimate his pain under stress. Andrew rose to his feet and stood



SHE TRIED TO MEET THE DRAWN MISERY AND INCREDULOUSNESS OF HIS FACE WITH A LAUGH

looking at Ellen, and she at him. She tried to meet the drawn misery and incredulousness of his face with a laugh of reassurance.

"Yes, I've got a job in Lloyd's," said she. "What's the matter, father?"

Then Andrew made an almost inarticulate response, like the cry of a man dying in extremity of agony. It was "Oh Lord, oh Lord!" but it sounded like a croak in an unknown tongue.

Ellen continued to look at him, and to laugh.

"Now look here, father," said she. "There is no need for you and mother to feel bad over this. I have thought it all over, and I have made up my mind. I have got a good high-school education now, and the four years I should have to spend at Vassar I could do nothing at all. There is awful need of money here, and not only for us, but for Aunt Eva and Amabel."

"You sha'n't do it!" Andrew burst out then, in a great shout of rage. "I'll mortgage the house—that 'll last a while. You

sha'n't, I say! You are my child, and you've got to listen. You sha'n't, I say!"

"Now, father," responded Ellen's voice, which seemed to have in it a wonderful tone of firmness, against which his agonized vociferousness broke as against a rock, "this is nonsense. You must not mortgage the house. The house is all you have got for your and mother's old age. Do you think I could go to college and let you give up the house in order to keep me there? And as for Grandma Brewster, you know what's hers is hers as long as she lives—we don't want to think of that. I have thought it all over, father. I have got this job now, which is only three dollars a week, but in a year, the foreman said, I might earn fifteen or eighteen if I was quick and smart, and I will be quick and smart. It is the best thing for us all, father."

Suddenly Andrew sank into a chair; his head lopped; he kept moving a hand before his eyes, as if he were brushing away cobwebs. Then Fanny came out of her corner.

"Get the camphor quick!" she said to Ellen. "I dun'no' but you've killed your father."

Fanny held her husband's head against her shoulder, and rubbed his hands frantically. The awful strained look had gone from her own face. Ellen came with the camphor, and then went for water. Fanny rubbed Andrew's forehead with the camphor, and held the bottle to his nose. "Smell it, Andrew," she said, in a voice of ineffable tenderness and pity. Ellen returned with a glass of water, and Andrew swallowed a little obediently. Finally he made out to stagger into the bed-room with Fanny's and Ellen's assistance. He sank on the bed, and closed his eyes as if he were spent. Ellen knelt down beside him, sobbing.

"Oh, father!" she sobbed, "I think it is for the best."

"I s'pose it's the best you can do," he muttered.

But Fanny stood and faced them both, her husband exhausted on the bed, her daughter beside him.

"Have you told her?"

"Miss Lennox? Yes."

"What did she say?"

"She was sorry, but she made no objection. Mother, you know it is the only thing I can do."

Fanny came forward abruptly, caught up the camphor-bottle, and began bathing Andrew's forehead again.

"We won't say any more about it," said she, in a harsh voice. "You'd better go over to your grandma Brewster's and see if she has got any whiskey. I think your father needs to take something."

"I don't want anything," said Andrew, feebly.

"Yes, you do, too; you are as white as a sheet. Go over and ask her, Ellen."

Ellen ran across the yard to her grandmother's, and the old woman met her at the door. She seemed to have had an instinctive knowledge of trouble.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Father's a little faint, and mother wants to borrow the whiskey," said Ellen. She had not at that time the courage to tell her grandmother what she had done.

Mrs. Zelotes ran into the house, and came out with the bottle.

"I'm comin' over," she announced. "I'm kind of worried about your father; he 'ain't looked well for some time. I wonder what made him faint? Maybe he eat something which hurt him."

Ellen said nothing. She fled up stairs to her chamber as her grandmother entered the bed-room. She felt cowardly, but she thought that she would let her mother tell the news.

She sat down and waited. She knew that presently she would hear the old woman's voice at the foot of the stairs.

It was not long before the expected summons came.

"Ellen! Ellen Brewster, come down here."

Ellen went down. Her grandmother met her at the foot of the stairs. She was trembling from head to foot, her mouth twisted and wavered as if she had the palsy.

"Look here, Ellen Brewster, this ain't true?" she stammered.

"Yes, grandma," answered Ellen. "I have thought it all over, and it is the only thing for me to do."

Her grandmother clutched her arm, and the girl felt as if she were in the grasp of another will, which was more conclusive than steel.

"You sha'n't!" she said, whispering, lest Andrew should hear, but with intense force.

"I've got to, grandma. We've got to have the money."

"The money!" said the old woman, with an inflection of voice and a twist of her features indicative of the most superb scorn—"the money! I guess you ain't goin' to lose such a chance as that for money. I guess! I've got two hundred and ten dollars a year income, and I'll give up a half of that, and Andrew can put a mortgage on the house, if that Tenny woman has got to be supported because her husband has run off and left her and her young one. You sha'n't go to work in a shop."

"I've got to, grandma," said Ellen.

The old woman looked at her. It was like a duel between the two strong wills of an old race. "You sha'n't," she said.

"Yes, I shall, grandma."

Then the old woman turned upon her in a fury of rage.

"You're a Loud all over, Ellen Brew-

ster," said she. "You 'ain't got a mite of Brewster about you. You 'ain't got any pride! You'd just as soon settle down and work in a shop as do anything else."

Fanny pushed before her. "Look here, Mother Brewster," said she, "you can just stop! Ellen is my daughter, and you 'ain't any right to talk to her this way. I won't have it. If anybody is goin' to blame her, it's me."

"Who be you?" said Mrs. Zelotes, sniffing.

Then she looked at them both, at Ellen and at her mother.

"If you go on an' do what you've planned," said she to Ellen, "an' if you uphold her in it," to Fanny, "I've done with you."

"Good riddance," said Fanny, coarsely.

"I ain't goin' to forget it that you said that," cried Mrs. Zelotes. She held up her dress high in front and went out of the door. "I ain't comin' over here again, an' I'll thank you to stay to home," said she. Then she went away.

Soon Fanny heard Ellen out in the dining-room setting the table for supper, and went out.

"Where did you get that money you paid the dressmaker?" she asked, abruptly.

"I borrowed it of Abby," replied Ellen.

"Then she knows?"

"Yes."

"When are you—goin' to work?"

"Next Monday."

CHAPTER XXVIII

WHEN Ellen had gone to the factory to apply for work, neither of the Lloyds was in the office, only a girl at the desk, whom she knew slightly. Ellen had hesitated a little as she approached the girl, who looked around with a friendly smile.

"I want to see—" Ellen began; then she stopped, for she did not exactly know for whom she should ask. The girl, who was blond and trim, clad coquettishly in a blue shirt-waist and a duck skirt, with a large, cheap rhinestone pin confining the loop of her yellow braids, looked at her in some bewilderment. She had heard of Ellen's good fortune, and knew she was to be sent to Vassar by

Cynthia Lennox. She did not for a moment dream that she had come to ask for employment.

"You want to see Mr. Lloyd?" she asked.

"Oh no!" replied Ellen.

"Mr. Robert Lloyd?" The girl, whose name was Nellie Stone, laughed a little meaningly as she said that.

Ellen blushed. "No," she said. "I think I want to see the foreman?"

"Which foreman?"

"I don't know," replied Ellen. "I want to get work, if I can. I don't know which foreman I ought to see."

"To get work?" repeated the girl, with a subtle change in her manner. She was not a whit the less friendly, but a certain something had gone from her expression and tone.

"Yes," said Ellen. She could hear her heart beat, but she looked at the other girl's pretty, common face with the most perfect calmness.

"Mr. Flynn is the one you want to see, then," said the girl. "You know Ed Flynn, don't you?"

"A little," replied Ellen. He had been a big boy when she entered the high-school, and had left the next spring.

"Well, he's the one you want," said Nellie Stone.

Mr. Flynn was handsome, well shaven and shorn, and he held himself smartly. He also dressed well in a business suit which would not have disgraced the Lloyds. His face lit up with astonishment and pleasure when he saw Ellen. He bowed and greeted her in a rich voice. He was of Irish descent, but American born. Both his motions and his speech were adorned with flourishes of grace which betrayed his race. He placed a chair for Ellen with a sweep which would have been a credit to the stage.

"No, thank you," replied Ellen. Then she went straight to the matter in hand. "I have called to see if I could get a job here?" she said.

Flynn stared at her. "A job?" he repeated.

"Yes; I want very much to get one," replied Ellen. "I thought there might be a vacancy." She was sure the minute she said "vacancy" that that was not right, so she changed it to "a chance."

"Why, I thought—" said the young man. He was very much astonished, but his natural polish could rise above astonishment. Instead of blurting out what was in his mind as to her change of prospects, he reasoned with incredible swiftness that the change must be a hard thing to this girl, and that she was to be handled the more tenderly and delicately because she was such a pretty girl. He became twice as polite as before. He moved the chair nearer to her.

"Please sit down," he said. He handed her to the wooden arm-chair as if it had been a throne. Nellie Stone bent frowning over her day-book.

"Now let me see," said the young man, seriously, with perfect deference of manner, only belied by the rollicking admiration in his eyes. "You have never held a position in a factory before, I think?"

"No," replied Ellen.

"There is at present only one vacancy that I can think of," said Flynn, "and that does not pay so very much, but there is always a chance to rise for a smart hand. I am sure you will be that," he added, smiling at her.

Ellen did not return the smile. "I shall be contented to begin for a little, if there is a chance to rise," she said.

"There's a chance to rise to eighteen dollars a week," said Flynn. He smiled again, but it was like smiling at seriousness itself. Ellen's downright, searching eyes upon his face seemed almost to forbid the fact of her own girlish identity.

"What is the job you have for me?" said she.

"Tying strings in shoes," answered Flynn. "Easy enough, only child's play, but you won't earn more than three dollars a week to begin with."

"I shall be quite satisfied with that," said Ellen. "When shall I come?"

"Why, to-morrow morning; no, to-morrow is Friday. Better come next Monday and begin the week."

On Monday morning the heat had broken, and an east wind with the breath of the sea in it was blowing. Ellen started for her work at half past six. She wore a black skirt and jacket and a cotton waist, and she held her father's little worn leather bag in which he had carried his dinner for so many years. The walk was so long that it would

scarcely give her time to come home at noon, and as for taking a car, that was not to be thought of for a moment on account of the fare.

When Ellen started, Andrew was out behind the house, chopping wood. He, the man, the legitimate bread-winner of the family, turned out like an old horse when his usefulness in the eyes of men was past, could not see his idolized daughter going forth to battle for her daily bread in his stead.

Ellen walked along briskly; the east wind blew in her face, she smelled the salt sea, and somehow it at once soothed and stimulated her. Without seeing the mighty waste of waters, she seemed to realize its presence; she gazed at the sky hanging low with a scud of gray clouds, which did not look unlike the ocean, and the sense of irresponsibility in the midst of infinity, the sense of being under some mighty law, comforted her.

"I am not Ellen Brewster, after all," she thought. "I am not anything separate enough to be worried about what comes to me. I am only a part of greatness which cannot fail of reaching its end." She thought this all vaguely. She had no language for it, for she was very young; it was yet formless as music, but as true to her.

When she reached the cross-street where the Atkinses lived, Abby and Maria came running out.

"My land, Ellen Brewster," said Abby, half angrily, "if you don't look real happy! I believe you are glad to go to work in a shoe-shop!"

Ellen laughed. Maria said nothing, but she pressed close to her as she walked along. She was coughing a little in the east wind. There had been a drop of twenty degrees in the night, and these drops of temperature in New England mean steps to the tomb.

"You make me mad," said Abby. Her voice broke a little. She dashed her hand across her eyes angrily. "Here's Granville Joy," said she; "you'll be in the same room with him, Ellen." She said it maliciously. Distress over her friend made her fairly malicious.

Ellen colored. "You are hard to talk so," said she, in a low voice, for Granville was coming nearer, gaining on them.

"She don't mean it," whispered Maria.

When Granville caught up with them, Ellen pressed so close to Maria that he was forced to walk with Abby or pass on. She returned his "Good-morning," then did not look at him again. Presently Willy Jones appeared, coming so imperceptibly that he seemed almost impossible.

"Where did he come from?" whispered Ellen to Maria.

"Hush," replied Maria; "it's this way 'most every morning. All at once he comes, and he generally walks with me, because he's afraid Abby won't want him, but it's Abby."

This morning Willy Jones, aroused, perhaps, to self-assertion by the presence of another man, walked three abreast with Abby and Granville, but on the other side of Granville. Now and then he peered around the other man at the girl, with soft, wistful blue eyes; but Abby never seemed to see him. She talked fast, in a harsh, rather loud voice. She uttered bitter witticisms which made her companions laugh.

"Abby is so bright," whispered Maria to Ellen, "but I wish she wouldn't talk so. Abby doesn't feel the way I wish she did. She rebels. She would be happier if she gave up rebelling and believed." Maria coughed as she spoke.

"You had better keep your mouth shut in this east wind, Maria," her sister called out sharply to her.

"I'm not talking much, Abby," replied Maria.

Presently Maria looked at Ellen lovingly. "Do you feel very badly about going to work?" she asked, in a low voice.

"No, not now. I have made up my mind," replied Ellen. The east wind was bringing a splendid color to her cheeks. She held up her head as she marched along, like one leading a charge of battle. Her eyes gleamed as with blue fire, her yellow hair sprung and curled around her temples.

They were now in the midst of a great hurrying procession bound for the factories, and most of the people swung dinner-bags. There were more bags than pails or baskets. The women carried little shopping-bags. They might have been supposed to be bound on errands of spending money instead of earning it. Some of the men walked silently, with a dogged

stoop of shoulders and shambling hitch of hips; some of the women moved droopingly, with an indescribable effect of hanging back from the leading of some imperious hand of fate. Many of them, both men and women, walked alertly and chattered like a flock of sparrows. Ellen moved with this rank and file of the army of labor, and all at once a sense of comradeship seized her. She began to feel humanity as she had never felt it before. The sense of her own littleness aroused her to a power of comprehension of the grandeur of the mass of which she was a part. She began to lose herself and sense humanity.

"What did it matter, my giving up Vassar College, my giving up what seemed to be a superior estate in life, my giving up—perhaps Robert Lloyd?" she asked herself. "What matters anything, so long as I am in this great movement?"

When the people reached the factories, two on one side of the road, one, Lloyd's, on the other, they began streaming up the outside stairs and disappearing like swarms of bees in hives. Two flights of stairs, one on each side, led to a platform in front of the entrance of Lloyd's.

When Ellen set her foot on one of these stairs the seven-o'clock steam-whistle blew, and a mighty thrill shot through the vast building. Ellen caught her breath. Abby came close to her.

"Don't be scared," said she, with ungracious tenderness; "there's nothing to be scared at."

Ellen laughed. "I am not scared," said she. Then they entered the factory, humming with machinery, and a sensation which she had not anticipated was over her. Scared she was not; she was fairly exultant. All at once, as she entered a vast room in which eager men were already at the machines with frantic zeal, as if they were driving Labor herself, when she felt the vibration of the floor under her feet, when she saw people spring to their stations of toil as if springing to guns in a battle, she realized the might and grandeur of it all. Suddenly it seemed to her that the greatest thing in the whole world was work, and that this was one of the greatest forms of work—to cover the feet of progress of the travellers of the earth from the cradle to the grave. She never again, what-

ever her regret might have been for another life for which she was better fitted, which her taste preferred, had any sense of ignominy in this. Abby and Maria looked at her wonderingly. No other girl had ever entered Lloyd's with such a look on her face.

"Are you sick?" whispered Abby, catching her arm.

"No," said Ellen. "No; don't worry about me, Abby. I think I shall like it."

"I declare you make me mad," said Abby, but she looked at her adoringly. "Here's Ed Flynn," she added. "He'll look out for you. Good-by; I'll see you at noon." Abby went away to her machine. She was stitching vamps by the piece. The Atkinses were not so distressed as they had been, and Abby was paying off a mortgage.

When the foreman came towards Ellen, she experienced a shock. His gay, admiring eyes on her face seemed to dispel all her exaltation. She felt as if her feet touched earth, and yet the young man was entirely respectful, and even thoughtful. He bade her "Good-morning," and conducted her to the scene of her labor. One other girl was already there at work. She gave a sidewise glance at Ellen and went on, making her fingers fly. Mr. Flynn showed Ellen what to do. She had to tie the shoes together with bits of twine, laced through eyelet-holes. Ellen took a piece of twine and tied it in as Flynn watched her. He laughed pleasantly.

"You'll do," he said, approvingly. "I've been in here five years, and you are the first girl I ever saw who tied a square knot at the first trial. Here's Mamie Brady here, she worked a solid month before she got the hang of the square knot."

"You go along," admonished the girl spoken of as "Mamie Brady." Her words were flippant, even impudent, but her tone was both dejected and childish. She continued to work without a glance at either of them. Her fingers flew, tying the knots with swift jerks.

"Well, you help Miss Brewster, if she needs any help," said Flynn, as he went away.

"We don't have any Misses in this shop," said the girl to Ellen, with sarcastic emphasis.

"I don't care anything about being called Miss," replied Ellen, picking up another piece of string.

"What's your first name?"

"Ellen."

"Oh, land! I know who you be. You read that essay at the High-School graduation. I was there. Well, I shouldn't think you would want to be called Miss, if you feel the way you said you did in that."

"I don't want to," said Ellen.

The girl gave a swift comprehensive glance at her, as her fingers manipulated the knots.

"You won't earn twenty cents a week at the rate you're workin'," she said; "look at me."

"I don't believe you worked any faster than I do, when you hadn't been here any longer," retorted Ellen.

"I did, too; you can't depend on a thing Ed Flynn says. You're awful slow. He praises you because you are good-lookin'."

Ellen turned and faced her. "Look here," said she.

The other girl looked at her with unspeakable impudence, and yet under it was that shadow of dejection and that irresponsible childishness.

"Well, I am lookin'," said she; "what is it?"

"You need not speak to me again in that way," said Ellen, "and I want you to understand it. I will not have it."

"My, ain't you awful smart!" said the other girl, sneeringly, but she went on with her work without another word. Presently she said to Ellen, kindly enough: "If you lay the shoes the way I do, so, you can get at them faster. You'll find it pays. Every little saving of time counts, when you are workin' by the piece."

"Thank you," said Ellen, and did as she was instructed. She began to work with exceeding swiftness for a beginner. Her fingers were supple, her nervous energy great. Flynn came and stood beside her, watching her.

"If you work at that rate, you'll make it pretty profitable," he said.

"Thank you," said Ellen.

"And a square knot every time," he added, with almost a caressing inflection. Mamie Brady tied in the twine with

compressed lips. Granville Joy passed them, pushing a rack full of shoes to another department, and he glanced at them jealously. Still, he was not seriously alarmed as to Flynn, who, although he was good-looking, was a Catholic. Mrs. Zelotes seemed an ineffectual barrier as compared to that.

"Ed Flynn talks that way to everybody," Mamie Brady said to Ellen after the foreman had passed on. She said it this time quite inoffensively.

Ellen laughed.

"If I *do* tie the knots square, that is the main thing," she said.

"Then you don't like him?"

"I never spoke two words to him before the day I applied for work," Ellen replied, haughtily. She was beginning to feel that perhaps the worst feature of her going to work in a factory would be this girl.

"I've known girls who would be willing to go down on their knees and tie his shoes when they hadn't seen more of him than that," said the girl. "Ed Flynn is an awful masher."

Ellen went on with her work. The girl, after a side glance at her, went on with hers.

Gradually Ellen's work began to seem mechanical. At first she had felt as if she were tying all her problems of life in square knots. She had to use all her brain upon them; after a while her brain had so informed her fingers that they had learned their lesson well enough to leave her free to think, if only the girl at her side would let her alone.

All the time while Ellen was working, and even while the exultation and enthusiasm of her first charge in the battle of labor were upon her, she had had, since her feminine instincts were after all strong within her, a sense that Robert Lloyd was under the same great factory roof, in the same human hive, that he might at any moment pass through the room. That, however, she did not think very likely. She fancied the Lloyds seldom went through the departments, which were in charge of foremen. Mr. Norman Lloyd was at the mountains with his wife, she knew. They left Robert in charge, and he would have enough to do in the office. She looked at the grimy men working around her, and she thought

of the elegant young fellow, and the utter incongruity of his being among them seemed so great as to preclude the possibility of it. She had said to herself when she thought of obtaining work in Lloyd's that she need not hesitate about it on account of Robert. She had heard her father say that the elder Lloyd almost never came in contact with the men, that everything was done through the foremen. She reasoned that it would be the same with the younger Lloyd. But all at once the girl at her side gave her a violent nudge, which did not interrupt for a second her own flying fingers.

"Say," she said, "ain't he handsome?"

Ellen glanced over her shoulder, and saw Robert Lloyd coming down between the lines of workmen. Then she turned to her work, and her fingers slipped and bungled, her ears rang. He passed without speaking.

Mamie Brady openly stared after him. "He's awful handsome, and an awful swell, but he's awful stuck up, just like the old boss," said she. "He never notices any of us, and acts as if he was afraid we'd poison him. My! what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing," said Ellen.

"You look white as a sheet; ain't you well?"

Ellen turned upon her with sudden fury. She had something of the blood of the violent Louds and of her hot-tempered grandmother. She had stood everything that she could from this petty, insistent tormentor.

"Yes, I am well," she replied, "and I will thank you to let me alone, and let me do my work, and do your own."

The other girl stared at her a minute with curiously expressive uplifted eyebrows.

"Whew!" she said in a half-whistle then, and went on with her work, and did not speak again.

Ellen was thankful that Robert Lloyd had not spoken to her in the factory, and yet she was cut to the quick by it. It fulfilled her anticipations to the letter. "I was right," she said to herself; "he can never think of me again. He is showing it." Somehow, after he had passed, her enthusiasm, born of a strong imagination and breadth of na-

ture, failed her somewhat. The individual began to press too closely. Suddenly Ellen Brewster and her own heartache and longing came to the front. The tones of the young man's voice as he had talked to her that night when he walked home with her from his aunt's rang in her ears. A great agony of loss came over her. Never again would he speak to her so; it was impossible. She had put herself out of his life as completely as if she had gone to another planet. Still, feeling this, she realized no degradation of herself as a cause for it. She realized that from his point of view she had gone into a valley, but from hers, she was rather on an opposite height.

CHAPTER XXIX

THAT night, when Ellen went down the street toward home with the stream of factory operatives, she computed that she must have earned about fifty cents, perhaps not quite that. She was very tired. Although the work in itself was not laborious, its unwontedness, its incessant strain upon the same muscles, was wearying; and besides that, she had been all day under a severe nervous tension.

When Ellen came in sight of her grandmother's house, she saw a window-shade go down with a jerk, and knew that Mrs. Zelotes had been watching for her, and was determined not to let her know it. The lamp was lighted in the kitchen when Ellen turned into her own doorway, and home had never looked so pleasant and desirable to her. For the first time in her life she knew what it was to come home for rest and shelter after a day of toil.

When she opened the door she smelled at once a particular kind of stew of which she was very fond, and knew that her mother had been making it for her supper. There was a rush of warm air from the kitchen which felt grateful after the damp chill outside.

Ellen went into the kitchen, and her mother stood there over the stove, stirring the stew. She looked up at the girl with an expression of intense motherliness which was beyond a smile.

"Well, so you've got home?" she said.

"Yes."

"How did you get along?"

"All right. It isn't hard work. Not a bit hard, mother."

"Ain't you tired?"

"Oh, a little. But no more than anybody would be at first. I don't look very tired, do I?" Ellen laughed.

"No, you don't," said Fanny, looking at her cheeks reddened with the damp wind. The mother's look was admiring and piteous and brave. No one knew how the woman had suffered that day, but she had kept her head and heart above it. The stew for Ellen's supper was a proof of that.

"Where's father?" asked Ellen, taking off her hat and cape, and going to the sink to wash her face and hands. Fanny saw her do that with a qualm. Ellen had always used a dainty little set in her own room. Now she was doing exactly as her father had always done on his return from the shop, washing off the stains of leather at the kitchen sink. She felt instinctively that Ellen did it purposely, that she was striving to bring herself into accord with her new life in all the details.

Little Amabel came running out of the dining-room, and threw her arms around Ellen's knees as she was bending over the sink. "I've set the table," she cried.

"Look out or you'll get all splashed," laughed Ellen.

"And I dusted," said Amabel.

"She's been as good as a kitten all day, and a sight of help," said Fanny.

"She's a good girl," said Ellen. "Cousin Ellen will kiss her as soon as she gets her face washed."

Andrew came out of the dining-room, staggering a little, as if the light blinded him. His nervous strength of the morning had passed, and left him exhausted. He stood before Ellen like some old spent horse. He was expecting to hear something about the shop, expecting, as it were, a touch on a sore, and he waited for it meekly.

Ellen turned her lovely glowing face toward him.

"Father," she said, as if nothing out of the common had happened, "are you going down town to-night?"

Andrew brightened a little. "I can if you want anything, Ellen," he said.

"I don't want you to go on purpose, but I do want a book from the library."

"I'd just as soon go as not, Ellen," said Andrew.

"It 'll do him good," whispered Fanny as she passed Ellen, carrying the dish of stew to the dining-room.

"Well, then, I'll give you my card after supper," said Ellen. "Supper is ready now, isn't it, mother? I'm as hungry as a bear."

Andrew, when he was seated at the table, and was ladling out the stew, had still that air of hopeless and defenceless apology toward life, but he held his head higher, and his frown of patient glum had relaxed.

Then Ellen said something else.

"Maybe I can write a book some time," said she.

A sudden flash illumined Andrew's face. It was like the visible awakening of hope and ambition.

"I don't see why you can't," he said, eagerly.

"I'll have plenty of time after—evenings," said Ellen.

"I guess lots of folks write books that sell, and sell well, that don't have any more talent than you," said Andrew. "Only think how they praised your valedictory!"

"Well, it can't do any harm to try," said Ellen; "and you could copy it for me, couldn't you, father? Your writing is so fine, it would be as good as a type-writer."

"Of course I can," said Andrew.

When Andrew went down to the library, passing along the drenched streets, seeing the lamps shifting veils of heavy mist, he was as full of enthusiasm over Ellen's book as he had been over the gold-mine. The heart of a man is always ready to admit a ray of sunshine, and it takes only a small one, after all, to dispel the shadows when love dwells therein.

CHAPTER XXX

ELLEN actually went to work with sheets of foolscap and a new bottle of ink on a novel, which was not worth the writing. Any talent she had was too merged in action and life to be available on paper. Whatever she might be able to do in the future, she was at that time incapable of writing anything but crudities and commonplaces, but no one could estimate the comfort and encouragement

it was to Andrew. Ellen worked an hour or two every evening on the novel, and next day Andrew copied it in a hand like copperplate, large, with ornate flourishes.

At the head of every chapter of Ellen's novel were birds and flowers done in colored inks, and every chapter had a tail-piece of elegant quirls and flourishes. Fanny admired it intensely. She was not quite so sure of Ellen's work as she was of her husband's. She felt herself a judge of one, but not of the other.

"If Ellen could only write as well as you copy, it will do," she often said to Andrew.

"What she is writing is beautiful," said Andrew, fervently. He was quite sure in his own mind that such a book had never been written, and his pride in his decorations was a minor one.

Ellen, although she was not versed in the ways of books, yet had enough of a sense of the fitness of things, and of the ridiculous, to know that the manuscript, with its impossible pen-and-ink birds and flowers heading and finishing every chapter, was grotesque in the extreme. She felt divided between a desire to laugh and a desire to cry whenever she looked at it. About her own work she felt more than doubtful; still, she was somewhat hopeful, since her taste and judgment, as well as her style, were alike crude. She told Abby and Maria what she was doing, under promise of strict secrecy, and after a while read them a few chapters.

"It's beautiful," said Maria, "perfectly beautiful. I had a Sunday-school book this week which I know wasn't half as good."

Ellen looked at Abby, who was silent. The three girls were up in Ellen's room. It was midwinter, some months after she had gone to work in the shop, and she had a fire in her little air-tight stove.

"Well, what do you think of it, Abby?" asked Ellen. Ellen's cheeks were flushed as if with fever. She looked eagerly at the other girl.

"Do you want me to tell you the truth?" asked Abby, bluntly.

"Yes, of course I do!"

"Well, then, I don't know a thing about books, and I'd knock anybody else down that said it, but it seems to me it's trash."

"Oh, Abby!" murmured Maria.

"Never mind," said Ellen, though she quivered a little; "I want to know just how it looks to her."

"It looks to me just like that," said Abby, "like trash. It sounds as if, when you began to write it, you had mounted up on stilts, and didn't see things and people the way they really were. It ain't natural."

"Do you think I had better give it up, then?" asked Ellen.

"No, I don't, on account of your father."

"I believe it would about break father's heart," said Ellen.

"I don't know but it's worth as much to write a book for your father, to please him and keep his spirits up, as it is to write one for the whole world," said Abby.

"Only, of course, she can't get any money for it," said Maria. "But I don't believe Abby is right, and don't you get discouraged, Ellen. It sounds beautiful to me."

"Well, I suppose it is worth keeping on with for father's sake," said Ellen; but she had a discouraged air. She never again wrote with any hope or heart; she had faith in Abby's opinion, for she knew that she was always predisposed to admiration in her case.

Ellen at that time was earning more, for she had advanced, and had long ago left her station beside Mamie Brady; and now in a month or two she would have a machine. The girls, many of them, said openly that her rapid promotion was due to favoritism, and that Ed Flynn wouldn't do as much for anybody but Ellen Brewster. Flynn hung about her in the shop a good deal, but he had made no efforts to pay her decided attention. His religion was the prime factor for his hesitation. He could not see his way clear toward open addresses with a view to marriage. Still, he had a sharp eye for other admirers, and Ellen had not been in the factory two months before Granville Joy was sent into another room. Robert Lloyd, to whom the foreman appealed for confirmation of the plan, coincided with readiness.

"That fellow ain't strong enough to run that machine he's doing now," said Flynn.

"Then put him on another," Robert

said, coloring. It was not quite like setting his rival in the front of the battle; still, he felt ashamed of himself. Quicker than lightning it had flashed through his mind that young Joy could thus be sent into a separate room from Ellen Brewster.

"I think he had better take one of the heel-shaving machines below," said Flynn, "and let that Swede, that's as strong as an ox, and never jumped at anything in his life, take his place here."

"All right," said Lloyd, assuming a nonchalant air. "Make the change, if you think it advisable, Flynn."

Robert never spoke to Ellen in the factory, and had never called upon her since she entered. Now and then he met her on the street, and raised his hat, that was all. Still, he began to wonder more and more if he and his aunt had not been mistaken in thinking that the girl had given up college because she preferred work in the factory. Then, later on, he learned from Lyman Risley that a small mortgage had been put on the Brewster house some time before. In fact, Andrew, not knowing to whom to go, and remembering his kindness when Ellen was a child, had applied to him for advice concerning it. "He had to do it to keep his wife's sister in the asylum," he told Robert, "and the poor girl went to work because she was forced into it, not because she preferred it, you may be sure of that."

The two men were walking down the street one wind-swept day in December, when the pavement showed ridges of dust as from a mighty broom, and travellers walked bending before it with backward-flying garments.

"You may be right," said Robert; "still, as Aunt Cynthia says, so many girls have that idea of earning money instead of going to school."

"I know the pitiful need of money has tainted the poor with a monstrous and morbid over-value of it," said Risley, "and for that I cannot see they are to blame, but in this case I am sure it was not so. That poor child gave up Vassar College and went to work because she was fairly forced into it by circumstances. The aunt's husband ran away with another woman, and left her destitute, so that the support of her and her

child came upon the Brewsters; and Brewster has been out of work for a long time now I know. He told me so. That mortgage had to be raised, and the girl had to go to work; there was no other way out of it."

"Why didn't she tell Aunt Cynthia so?" asked Robert.

"Because she is Ellen Brewster, the outgrowth of the child who would not—" Risley checked himself abruptly.

"I know," said Robert, shortly.

The other man started. "How long have you known—she did not tell?"

Robert laughed a little. "Oh no," he replied. "Nobody told. I went there to call, and saw my own old doll sitting in a little chair in a corner of the parlor. She did not tell, but she knew that I knew. That child was a trump."

"Well, what can you expect of a girl who was a child like that?" said Risley. "Mind you, in a way I don't like it. This power for secretiveness and this rigidity of pride in a girl of that age strike me rather unpleasantly. Of course she was too proud to tell Cynthia the true reason, and very likely thought they would blame her father, or Cynthia might feel that she was in a measure hinting to her to do more."

"It would have looked like that," said Robert, reflecting.

"Without any doubt that was what she thought; still, I don't like this strength in so young a girl. She will make a more harmonious woman than girl, for she has not yet grown up to her own character. But that girl never went to work of her own free choice."

"You say the father is out of work?" Robert said, rather irrelevantly. He looked a little embarrassed.

"Yes; he has not had work for six months. He said, with the most dejected dignity and appeal that I ever saw in my life, that they begin to think him too old, that the younger men are preferred."

"I wonder—" Robert began, then he stopped confusedly. It had been on his tongue to say that he wondered if he could not get some employment for him at Lloyd's; then he remembered his uncle, and stopped. Robert had begun to understand the older man's methods, and also to understand that they were not to be cavilled at or disputed, even

by a nephew for whom he had undoubtedly considerable affection.

"It is nonsense, of course," said Risley. "The man is not by any means old or past his usefulness, although I must admit he has that look. He cannot be any older than your uncle. Speaking of your uncle, how is Mrs. Lloyd?"

"I fear Aunt Lizzie is very far from well," replied Robert, "but she tries to keep it from Uncle Norman."

"I don't see how she can. She looked ghastly when I met her the other day."

"That was when Uncle Norman was in New York," said Robert. "It is different when he is at home." As he spoke, an expression of intensest pity came over the young man's face. "I wonder what a woman who loves her husband will not do to shield him from any annoyance or suffering?" he said.

"I believe some women are born fixed to a sort of spiritual rack for the sake of love, and remain there through life," said Risley. "But I have always liked Mrs. Lloyd. She ought to have good advice. What is it—has she told you?"

"Yes," said Robert.

"It will be quite safe with me."

Robert whispered one word in his ear.

"My God!" said Risley, "that; and do you mean to say that she has had no advice except Dr. Story's?"

"Yes—I took her to New York to a specialist some time ago. Uncle Norman never knew it."

"And nothing can be done?"

"She could have an operation, but the success would be very doubtful."

"And that she will not consent to?"

"She has not yet."

"How long?"

"Oh, she may live for years, but she suffers horribly, and she will suffer more."

"And you say he does not know?"

"No."

"Why, look here, Robert, dare you assume the responsibility? What will he say when he finds out that you have kept it from him?"

"I don't care," said Robert. "I will not break a promise exacted by a woman in such straits as that, and I don't see what good it could do to tell him."

"He might persuade her to have the operation."

"His mere existence is persuasion

enough, if she is to be persuaded. And I hope she may consent before long. She has seemed a little more comfortable lately, too."

"I suppose sometimes those hideous things go away as mysteriously as they come," said Risley.

"Yes," replied Robert. "Going back to our first subject—"

Risley laughed. "Here she is, coming," he said.

In fact, at that moment they came abreast the street that led to the factories, and the six-o'clock whistle was just dying away in a long reverberation, and the workmen pouring out of the doors and down the stairs. Ellen had moved quickly, for she had an errand at the grocery-store before she went home. She was going to get some oysters for a hot stew for supper, of which her father was very fond. She had a little oyster-can in her hand when she met the two gentlemen. She had grown undeniably thinner since summer, but she was charming. Her short black skirt and her coarse gray jacket fitted her as well as if they had been tailor-made. There was nothing tawdry or slatternly about her. She looked every inch a lady, even with the drawback of an oyster-can and mittens instead of gloves.

Both Risley and Robert raised their hats, and Ellen bowed. She did not smile, but her face contracted curiously, and her color obviously paled. Risley looked at Robert after they had passed.

"I have called on her twice," said Robert, as if answering a question. His relations with the older man had become very close, almost like those of father and son, though Risley was hardly old enough for that relation.

"And you haven't been since she went to work?"

"No."

"But you would have, had she gone to college instead of going to work in a shoe-factory?" Risley's voice had a tone of the gentlest conceivable sarcasm.

Robert colored. "Yes, I suppose so," he said. Then he turned to Risley with a burst of utter frankness. "Hang it, old fellow," he said, "you know how I have been brought up; you know how she—you know all about it. What is a fellow to do?"

"Do what he pleases. If it would please me to call on that splendid young thing, I should call, if I were the Czar of All the Russias."

"Well, I will call," said Robert.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE very next evening Robert Lloyd went to call on Ellen. As he started out he was conscious of a strange sensation of shock, as if his feet had suddenly touched firm ground. All these months since Ellen had been working in the factory he had been vacillating. He was undoubtedly in love with her; he did not for a moment cheat himself as to that. When he caught a glimpse of her fair head among the other girls, he realized how unspeakably dear she was to him. Ellen never entered nor left the factory that he did not know it. Without actually seeing her, he was conscious of her presence always. He acknowledged to himself that there was no one like her for him, and never would be. He tried to interest himself in other young women, but always there was Ellen, like the constant refrain of a song. All other women meant to him not themselves, but Ellen. Womanhood itself was Ellen for his manhood. He knew it, and yet that strain of utterly impassionate judgment and worldly wisdom which was born in him kept him from making any advances to her. Now, however, the radicalism of Risley had acted like a spur to his own inclination. His judgment was in abeyance. He said to himself that he would give it up, he would go to see the girl, that he would win her if he could. He said to himself that she had been wronged, that Risley was right about her, that she was good and noble.

As the car drew near the Brewsters', his tenderness seemed to outspeed the electricity. The girl's fair face was plain before his eyes, as if she were actually there, and it was idealized and haloed as with the light of gold and precious stones. All at once, since he had given himself loose rein, he overtook, as it were, the true meaning of her. "The dear child!" he thought, with a rush of tenderness like pain—"the dear child! There she gave up everything and went to work, and let us blame her, rather than have her father blamed. The dear,



THE AWKWARDNESS OF THE SITUATION WAS EVIDENTLY OVERCOMING HER

proud child! She did that rather than seem to beg for more help."

When Robert got off the car he was ready to fall at her feet, to push between her and the roughness of life, between her and the whole world.

He went up the little walk between the dry shrubs and rang the bell. There was no light in the front windows nor in the hall. Presently he heard footsteps, and saw a glimmer of light advancing toward him through the length of the hall. There were muslin-curtained side-lights to the door. Then the door opened, and little Amabel Tenny stood there holding a small kerosene-lamp carefully in both hands. She held it in such a manner that the light streamed up in Robert's face and nearly blinded him. He was dimly conscious of a little face full of a certain sharp innocence and pathos regarding him.

"Is Miss Ellen Brewster at home?" asked Robert, smiling down at the little thing.

"Yes, sir," replied Amabel.

Then she remained perfectly still, holding the lamp, as if she had been some little sculptured light-bearer. She did not return his smile, and she did not ask him in. She simply regarded him with her sharp, innocent, illuminated face. Robert felt ridiculously nonplussed.

"Did you say she was in, my dear?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Amabel, then relapsed again into silence.

"Can I see her?" asked Robert, desperately.

"I don't know," replied Amabel. Then she stood still as before, holding the lamp.

Robert began to wonder what he was to do, when he heard a woman's voice calling from the sitting-room at the end of the hall, the door of which had been left ajar.

"Amabel Tenny, what are you doin'? You are coldin' the house all off! Who is it?"

"It's a man, Aunt Fanny," called Amabel.

"Who is the man?" asked the voice. Then, much to Robert's relief, Fanny herself appeared.

She colored a flaming red when she saw him. She looked at Amabel as if she had an impulse to shake her.

"Why, Mr. Lloyd, is it you?" she cried.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Brewster; is—is your daughter at home?" asked Robert. He felt inclined to roar with laughter, and yet a curious dismay was beginning to take possession of him.

"Yes, Ellen is to home," replied Fanny, with alacrity. "Walk in, Mr. Lloyd." She was blushing and smiling as if she had been her own daughter. It was foolish, yet pathetic. Although Fanny asked the young man to walk in, and snatched the lamp peremptorily from Amabel's hand, she still hesitated. Robert began to wonder if he would ever be admitted. He did not dream of the true reason for the hesitation. There was no fire in the parlor, and in the sitting-room were Andrew, John Sargent, and Mrs. Wetherhed. It seemed to her highly important that Ellen should see her caller by herself, but how to take him into the cold parlor!

Finally, however, she made up her mind to do so. She opened the parlor door.

"Please walk in this way, Mr. Lloyd," said she, and Robert followed her in.

It was a bitter night outside, and the temperature in the unused room was freezing. The windows behind the cheap curtains were thickly furred with frost.

"Please be seated," said Fanny.

She indicated the large easy-chair, and Robert seated himself without removing his outer coat.

Fanny lighted the best lamp with its pictured globe. "I'll have the fire kindled in a minute," she said.

Robert, left alone in the freezing room, felt his dismay deepen. Barriers of tragedy are nothing to those of comedy. He began to wonder if he were not, after all, doing a foolish thing. The hall door had been left ajar, and he presently became aware of Amabel's little face and luminous eyes set therein.

Robert smiled, and to his intense astonishment the child made a little run to him, and snuggled close to his side. He lifted her up on his knee, and wrapped his fur coat around her. Amabel thrust out one tiny hand and began to stroke the sable collar.

"It's fur," said she, with a bright wise look into Robert's face.

"Yes, it's fur," said he. "Do you know what kind?"

She shook her head, with bright eyes still on his.

"It is sable," said Robert, "and it is the coat of a little animal that lives very far north, where it is as cold and colder than this all the time, and the ice and snow never melt."

Suddenly Amabel slipped off his knee, pushing aside his caressing arm with a violent motion. Then she stood aloof, eying him with unmistakable reproof and hostility. Robert laughed.

"What is the matter?" he said.

"What does he do without his coat if it is as cold as that where he lives?" asked Amabel, severely. There was almost an accent of horror in her childish voice.

"Why, my dear child," said Robert, "the little animal is dead. He isn't running around without his coat. He was shot for his fur."

"To make you a coat?" Amabel's voice was full of judicial severity.

"Well, in one way," replied Robert, laughing. "It was shot to get the fur to make somebody a coat, and I bought it. Come back here and have it wrapped round you; you'll freeze if you don't."

Amabel came back and sat on his knee, and let him wrap the fur-lined garment around her. A strange sensation of tenderness and protection came over the young man as he felt the little slender body of the child nestle against his own. He had begun to surmise who she was. However, Amabel herself told him in a moment.

"My mamma's sick, and they took her to an asylum. And my papa has gone away," she said.

"You poor little soul," said Robert, tenderly. He held the child firmly against his breast. Amabel continued to look at him with eyes of keenest intelligence, while one little cheek was flattened against his breast.

"I live with Uncle Andrew and Aunt Fanny now," said she, "and I sleep with Ellen; but when mamma and papa come back, then I shall go home."

"But you like living here, don't you, dear?" asked Robert.

"Yes," said Amabel, "and I like to stay with Ellen, but—but—I want to see my mamma and papa," she wailed suddenly in the lowest and most pitiful manner imaginable.

"Poor little darling," said Robert, stroking her flaxen hair. He had never cared much for children, but this little child was entering his heart. Amabel looked up at him with her little face all distorted with grief.

"If you had been my papa, would you have gone away and left Amabel?" she asked, quiveringly. Robert gathered her to him in a strong clasp of protection.

"No, you little darling, I never should," he cried, fervently.

At that moment he wished devoutly that he had the handling of the man who had deserted this child.

"I like you most as well as my own papa," said Amabel, unexpectedly. "You ain't so big as my papa." She said that in a tone of evident disparagement.

Then the sitting-room door opened, and Fanny and Ellen and Andrew appeared, the last with a great basket of wood and kindlings.

Robert set down Amabel, and sprang to his feet to greet Andrew and Ellen. Andrew, after depositing his basket beside the stove, shook hands with a sort of sad awkwardness. Robert saw that the man had aged immeasurably since he had last seen him, so that he would scarcely have known him.

"It is a cold night, Mr. Brewster," he said, and knew the moment he said it that it was not a happy remark.

"It is pretty cold," agreed Andrew, "and it's cold here in this room."

"Oh, it'll be warm in a minute; this stove heats up quick," cried Fanny, with agitated briskness. She began pulling the kindlings out of the basket.

"Here, you let me do that," said Andrew, and was down on his knees beside her. The two were cramming the fuel into the little air-tight stove, while Robert was greeting Ellen. The awkwardness of the situation was evidently overcoming her. She was quite pale, and her voice trembled as she returned his good-evening. Amabel had left the young man, and clung tightly to Ellen's hand, drawing her skirt around her until only her little face was visible above the folds.

The fumes from a match filled the room, and the fire began to roar.

"It'll be warm here in a minute," said Fanny, rising. "You leave the register open till it's real good and hot, Ellen,

and there's plenty more wood in the basket. Here, Amabel, you come out in the other room with Aunt Fanny."

But Amabel, instead of obeying, made a dart toward Robert, who caught her up, laughing, and snuggled her into the depths of his fur-lined coat.

"Come right along, Amabel," said Fanny.

But Amabel clung fast to Robert, with a mischievous roll of an eye at her aunt.

"Amabel," said Fanny, authoritatively.

"Come, Amabel," said Andrew.

"Oh, let her stay," Robert said, laughing. "I'll keep her in my coat until it is warm."

"I'm afraid she'll bother you," said Fanny.

"Not a bit," replied Robert.

"You are a naughty girl, Amabel," said Fanny; but she went out of the room, with Andrew at her heels. Ellen sat down on the sofa covered with olive-green crushed plush, beyond the table, and the light of the hideous lamp fell full upon her face. She was thin, and much of her lovely bloom was missing, between her agitation and the cold; but Robert, looking at her, realized how dear she was to him. There was something about that small figure, and that fair head held with such firmness of pride, and that soul outlooking from steady blue eyes, which filled all his need of life. His love for the pearl quite ignored its setting of the common and the ridiculous. He looked at her and smiled. Ellen smiled back tremulously, then she cast down her eyes. The fire was roaring, but the room was freezing. The sitting-room door was opened a crack, and remained so for a second, then it was widened, and Andrew peeped in. Then he came tiptoeing gingerly, as if he were afraid of disturbing a meeting. He brought a blue knitted shawl, which he put over Ellen's shoulders.

"Mother thinks you had better keep this on till the room gets warm," he whispered. Then he withdrew, shutting the door behind.

Robert, left alone with Ellen in this solemnly important fashion, felt utterly at a loss. He had never considered himself especially shy, but an embarrassment

which was almost ludicrous was over him. Ellen sat with her eyes cast down. He felt that the child on his knee was regarding them both curiously.

"If you have come to see Ellen, why don't you speak to her?" demanded Amabel, suddenly. Then both Robert and Ellen laughed.

"This is your aunt's little girl, isn't she?" asked Robert.

Amabel answered before Ellen was able. "My mamma is sick, and they carried her away to the asylum," she told Robert. "She—she tried to hurt Amabel; she tried to—" Amabel made that hideous gesture with her tiny forefinger across her throat. "Mamma was sick, or she wouldn't," she added, challengingly, to Robert.

"Of course she wouldn't, you poor little soul," said Robert.

Suddenly Amabel burst into tears, and began to wriggle herself free from his arms. "Let me go," she demanded; "let me go. I want Ellen."

When Robert loosened his grasp she fled to Ellen, and was in her lap with a bound.

"I want my mamma, I want my mamma," she moaned.

"As soon as she gets well," whispered Ellen.

"How long will that be, Ellen?"

"Pretty soon, I hope, darling. Don't."

Poor Eva Tenny had been in the asylum some four months, and the reports as to her condition were no more favorable.

Robert sat eying the two with intensest pity. "Do you like chocolates, Amabel?" he asked.

The child repeated that she wanted her mother, still as with a sort of mechanical regularity of grief, and she fastened her eyes on him.

"Because I am going to send you a big box of them to-morrow," said Robert.

Amabel turned to Ellen. "Does he mean it?" she asked.

"I guess so," replied Ellen, laughing.

Amabel, looking from one to the other, also began to laugh, unwillingly.

Then the sitting-room door opened, and Fanny called sharply and imperatively, "Amabel, Amabel; come!"

Ellen gently but firmly unclasped the

clinging arms. "Run right along, dear," she whispered.

"I will send those chocolates to-morrow," suggested Robert.

Amabel seemed to do everything by sudden and violent impulses. All at once she ceased resisting. She slid down from Ellen's lap as quickly as she had gotten into it. She clutched her neck with two little wiry arms, kissed her hard on the mouth, darted across the room to Robert, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, then flew out of the room.

"She is an interesting child," said Robert, who felt, like most people, the delicate flattery of a child's unsolicited caresses.

"I am very fond of her," replied Ellen.

Then the two were silent. Robert suddenly realized that there was little to say unless he ventured on debatable ground. It would be too absurd for him to commence making love at once, and as for asking Ellen about her work, that seemed a subject better let alone.

Ellen herself opened the conversation by inquiring for his aunt.

"Aunt Cynthia is very well," replied Robert. "I was in there last evening. You have not been to see her lately, Miss Brewster."

Robert realized as soon as he had said that, that he had made a mistake.

"No," replied Ellen. She obviously paled a little, and looked at him wistfully. The young man could not stand it any longer, so straight into the heart of the matter he plunged.

"Look here, Miss Brewster," he said, "why on earth didn't you tell Aunt Cynthia?"

"Tell her?" repeated Ellen, vaguely.

"Yes; make a clean breast of it to her? Tell her just why you went to work, and gave up college?"

Ellen colored, and looked at him half defiantly, half piteously. "I told her all I ought to," she said.

"But you did not—pardon me," said Robert—"you did not tell her half enough. You let her think that you actually of your own free choice went to work in the factory, rather than go to college."

"So I did," replied Ellen, looking at him proudly.

"Of course you did, in one sense, but in another you did not. You deliberately chose to make a sacrifice, and it was a sacrifice. You cannot deny that it was a sacrifice."

Ellen was silent.

"But you gave Aunt Cynthia the impression that it was not a sacrifice," said Robert, almost severely.

Ellen's face quivered a little. "I saw no other way to do," said she, faintly. The authoritative tone which this young man was taking with her stirred her as nothing had ever stirred her in her life before. She felt like a child before him.

"You had no right to give such a false impression of your own character," said Robert.

"It was either that or a false impression of another's," returned Ellen, tremulously.

"You mean that she might have blamed your parents, and thought they were forcing you into this?"

Ellen nodded.

"And I suppose you thought, too, that maybe Aunt Cynthia would suspect, if you told her all the difficulties, that you were hinting for more assistance?"

Ellen nodded, and her lip was quivering. Suddenly all her force of character seemed to have deserted her, and she looked more like a child than Amabel. She actually put both little fists to her eyes. After all the girl was very young, a child forced by the stress of circumstances to premature development, but she could relapse before the insistence of another nature.

Robert looked at her, his own face working, then he could bear it no longer. He was over on the sofa beside Ellen, and had her in his arms. "You poor little thing," he whispered. "Don't. I have loved you ever since the first time I saw you. I ought to have told you so before. Don't you love me a little, Ellen?"

But Ellen released herself with a motion of firm elusiveness and looked at him. The tears still stood in her eyes, but her face was steady. "I have been putting you out of my mind," said she.

"But could you?" whispered Robert, leaning over her.

Ellen did not reply, but looked down and trembled.

"Could you?" repeated Robert, and there was in his voice that masculine insistence which is a true note of nature, and means the subjugation of the feminine into harmony.

Ellen did not speak, but every line in her body betrayed helpless yielding.

"You know you could not," said Robert with triumph, and took her in his arms again.

But he reckoned without the girl, who was, after all, stronger than her natural instincts, and able to rise above and subjugate them. She freed herself from him resolutely, rose, and stood before him, looking at him quite unfalteringly and accusingly.

"Why do you come now?" she asked. "You say you have loved me from the first. You came to see me, you walked home with me, and said things to me that made me think—" She stopped.

"Made you think what, dear?" asked Robert. He was pale and indescribably anxious and appealing. It was suddenly revealed to him that this plum was so firmly attached to its bough of individuality that possibly love itself could not loosen it.

"You made me think that perhaps you did care a little," said Ellen, in a low but unfaltering voice.

"You thought quite right, only not a little, but a great deal," said Robert, firmly.

"Then," said Ellen, "the moment I gave up going to college and went to work, you never came to see me again; you never even spoke to me in the shop; you went right past me without a look."

"Good God! child," Robert interposed, "don't you know why I did that?"

Ellen looked at him bewildered, then a burning red overspread her face. "Yes," she replied. "I didn't. But I do now. They would have talked."

"I thought you would understand that," said Robert. "I had only the best motives for that. I cannot speak to you in the factory any more now than I have done. I cannot expose you to remark. But as for my not calling, I thought you had deliberately preferred a lower life to a higher one, that you preferred earning money to something better. I thought—"

Robert fairly started as Ellen began

talking with a fire which seemed to make her scintillate before his eyes.

"You talk about a lower and a higher life," said she. "Is it true? Is Vassar College any higher than a shoe-factory? Is any labor which is honest, and done with the best strength of man, for the best motives, to support the lives of those he loves, or to supply the needs of his race, any higher than another? I am proud of my work."

The girl spoke with a sort of rapt enthusiasm. The young man stared bewildered.

"But the work must be hard for you," he said.

"No harder for me than for others," replied Ellen; "and it is not too hard for me. I am very strong and well."

"Still," said Robert, "I want to take you out of it." He caught Ellen's little hands, which hung, tightly clinched, in the folds of her dress, and drew her down to his side again. "See here, dear," he said, "maybe you are right. I never looked at it in this way before, but you do not understand. I love you; I want to marry you. I want to make you my wife, and lift you out of this forever."

"No, I never can," replied Ellen, with a long sobbing breath of renunciation.

"Why not? Don't you love me?"

"Yes. I think it must be true that I do. I said I wouldn't; I have tried not to; but I think it must be true that I do."

"Then why not marry me?"

"Because it will be impossible for my father and mother to get along and support Amabel and Aunt Eva without my help," said Ellen, directly.

"But I—" began Robert.

"Do you think I will burden you with the support of a whole family?" said Ellen.

"Ellen, you do not know what I should be willing to do if I could have you," cried the young man, fervently. And he was quite in earnest. At that moment it seemed to him that he could even come and live there in that house, with the hideous lamp, and the crushed plush furniture, and the eager mother; that he could go without anything and everything to support them, if only he could have this girl, who was fairly storming his heart.

"I wouldn't be willing to have you,"

Ellen said, firmly. "As things are now, I cannot marry you, Mr. Lloyd. It would hurt you socially to marry a girl from a shoe-shop. Whether it is just or not, it would hurt you. It cannot be as matters are now, Mr. Lloyd."

"But you love me?"

Ellen suddenly, as if pushed by some mighty force outside herself, leaned toward him, and he caught her in his arms. He tipped back her face and kissed her, and looked down at her masterfully.

"Ellen, how old are you?" he asked.

"Eighteen."

"Well, you are very young. We will wait a little. I will never give you up as long as I live, if you love me, Ellen."

CHAPTER XXXII

WHEN Ellen had been at work in the factory a year, she was running a machine, and working by the piece, and earning on an average eighteen dollars a week. Of course that was an unusual advance for a girl, but Ellen was herself unusual. She came to work in those days with such swiftness and unswerving accuracy that she seemed fairly a part of the great system of labor itself. She identified herself with it. While she was at her machine, her very individuality seemed lost, she became an integral part of a system.

"She's one of the best hands we ever had," Flynn told Norman Lloyd one day.

"I am glad to hear that," Lloyd responded, smiling with that peculiar smile of his, which was like a cold flash of steel.

"Curse him, he thinks no more of anybody in this shop than he does of the machine they work," Flynn thought as he watched the proprietor walking with his stately descent down the stairs. The noon whistle was blowing, and the younger Lloyd went leaping down the stairs and joined his uncle, then the two walked down the street, away from the factory. The factory at that time of year began to present, in spite of its crude architecture, quite a charming appearance, from the luxuriant vines which covered it, which were beginning to get autumnal tints of red and russet. All the front of Lloyd's was covered with vines, which had grown with amazing swiftness. Mrs. Lloyd often used to look at them, and reflect upon them with complacency.

"I should think it would make it pleasanter for the men to work in the factory when it looks so pretty and green," she told her husband one of the hottest days of the preceding summer. As she spoke she compressed her lips in a way which was becoming habitual to her. It meant the endurance of a sharp stab of vital pain. There was a terrible pathos in the poor woman's appearance at that time. She still kept about. Her malady did not seem to be on the increase, but it endured. Her form had changed indescribably. She had not lost flesh, but she had a curious distorted look, and one on seeing her had at first a bewildered feeling, and looked again to be sure that he had seen aright. Her ghastly pallor she concealed in a manner which she thought distinctly sinful. She painted and powdered. She did not dare purchase openly the concoctions which were used for improving the complexion, but she went to a manicure and invested in a colored salve for the finger-nails. This, with rather surprising skill for such a conscience-pricked tyro, she applied to the pale curves of her cheeks and her blue lips. She took more pains than ever before with her dress, and it was all to deceive her husband, that he should not be annoyed. She felt a desperate shame because of her illness; she felt it to be a direct personal injury to this masculine power which had been set over her gentle femininity. It was not so much because she was afraid of losing his affection that she concealed her affliction from him as because she felt that the affliction itself was somehow an act of disloyalty. Her terrible malady had in a way affected her reasoning powers, so that they had become distorted by a monstrous growth of suffering like her body. She would not give up going about as usual, and was never absent from church. She drove about with her husband in his smart trap. Twice she had gone with Robert to consult the New York specialist, taking times when Norman was away on business. She still would not consent to an operation, and lately the specialist had been lukewarm in advising it. He had, indeed, been doubtful from the first.

In these days Mrs. Lloyd treated Robert with a soft affection which was almost like that of a mother. One night,

when he returned late from a call on Ellen, she sat up waiting for him. He had not called on Ellen before for several months, and it was nearly midnight when he returned.

"Why, Aunt Lizzie, are you up?" he cried as he entered the library door and saw his aunt's large figure, clad in shining black satin, gleaming with jets, in the depths of an easy-chair.

Mrs. Lloyd looked up at him with an expression of intense love and patient suffering. "I couldn't go to sleep if I went to bed, Robert," she replied, in a hushed voice. She found it a comfort sometimes to confess her pain to him. Robert went over to her and drew her large crinkled blond head to his shoulder, as if she had been a child.

"Poor little thing," he whispered, stroking her face pitifully. Even in the worst of her pain and grief the poor woman was mindful of her pitiful mockery of beauty and health, so she took his hand away softly from her face, but she held it with a clutch of helpless pleading like a baby's.

"Poor Aunt Lizzie," whispered Robert, and kissed her on her forehead, and pressed her head closer against his breast. "Is it very terrible?" he asked, with his lips close to her ear.

"Terrible," she whispered back. "Oh, Robert, you do not know—pray God you may never know."

"I wish to God I could bear it for you, Aunt Lizzie," Robert said, fervently.

"Oh, hush! If you or Norman had to bear anything like this, I should curse God and die," she answered, and she shut her mouth hard, and her whole face was indicative of a repressed shriek.

"Aunt Lizzie, don't you think you ought to go to New York—that you ought—" Robert began, but she stopped him with an almost fierce peremptoriness.

"Robert Lloyd, I have trusted you," she said. "For God's sake don't forsake me. Don't say a word to me about that; when I can, I will. It means my death, anyhow. Doctor Evarts thought so; you can't deny it."

"I think he thought there was a chance, Aunt Lizzie," Robert returned, but he said it faintly.

"You can't cheat me," replied Mrs. Lloyd. "I know." She had a lapse from

pain, and her features began to assume their natural expression. She looked at him almost smiling, and as if she turned her back upon her own misery. "Where have you been, Robert?" she asked.

Robert colored a little, but he answered directly enough. "I have been to make a call on Miss Brewster," he said.

"You don't go there very often," said Mrs. Lloyd.

"No, not very often."

"She's a beautiful girl, as beautiful a girl as I ever laid eyes on, if she does work in the shop," said Mrs. Lloyd; "and she's a good girl too; I know she is. She was the sweetest little thing when she was a child, and she 'ain't altered a mite!" Then Mrs. Lloyd looked with a sort of wistful curiosity at Robert.

"I think it is all true, what you say, Aunt Lizzie," replied Robert.

Mrs. Lloyd continued to look at him with that wistful scrutiny.

"Robert—" she began, then she hesitated.

"What, Aunt Lizzie?"

"If—ever you wanted to marry that girl, I don't see any reason why you shouldn't, for my part."

Robert pulled a chair close to his aunt, and sat down beside her, still holding her hand.

"I've a good mind to tell you the whole story, Aunt Lizzie," he said.

"I wish you would, Robert. You know I think as much of you as if you were my own son, and I won't tell anybody, not even your uncle, if you don't want me to."

"Well, then, it is all in a nutshell," said Robert. "I like her, you know, and I think I have ever since I saw her in her little white gown at the High-School exhibition."

"Wasn't she sweet?" said his aunt.

"And she likes me too, I think."

"Of course she does."

"But you know what my salary is, and her whole family is in a measure dependent upon her."

"Hasn't her father got work?"

"No."

"I'll speak to Norman," cried Mrs. Lloyd quickly. "I know he would do it for me."

"But even then there is the aunt in the asylum, and the child, and—"

"Your uncle will pay you more."

"It isn't altogether that—in fact, it isn't that at all which is at the bottom of the difficulty. The difficulty is with Ellen herself. She will never consent to my marrying her and having to support her family, while matters are as now. You don't know how proud she is, Aunt Lizzie."

"She is a splendid girl."

"As far as I am concerned, I would marry the whole lot, on a little more than I have now, but she would not let me to do it. There's nothing to do but to wait."

"Perhaps the aunt will get well, and her husband will come back, and I will see, anyway, if Norman won't give her father work," said Mrs. Lloyd.

"I think you had better not, Aunt Lizzie."

"Why not, Robert?"

"There are reasons why I think you had better not." Robert would not tell her that Ellen had begged him not to use any influence of his to get her father work.

"After the way father has been turned off, I can't have it," she had said, with a sort of angry dignity which was unusual to her. In fact, her father himself had begged her not to make use of Robert in any way for his own advancement.

"If they don't want me for my work, I don't want to crawl in because the nephew of the boss likes my daughter," he had said. This speech was fairly rough for him, but Ellen had understood.

"I know what you mean, father," she said.

"I'd rather work on the road," said Andrew. That autumn he was getting jobs of clearing up yards of fallen leaves, and gathering feed-corn and pumpkins, and earning a pittance. Fanny continued to work on her wrappers. "It's a mercy wrappers don't go out of fashion," she often said.

"I suppose things that folks can get for nothing ain't so apt to go out of fashion," Andrew retorted, bitterly. He hated the wrappers with a deadly hatred. He hated the sight of the limp row of them on his bed-room wall. Nobody knew

how the family pinched and screwed in those days.

They were using the small fund which they secured from the house mortgage, Ellen's earnings, and Fanny's, and Andrew's, and every cent had to be counted; but there was something splendid in their loyalty to poor Eva in the asylum. The thought of deserting her in her extremity never occurred to them.

Mrs. Lloyd spoke of her that night, when she and Robert were talking together in the library.

"They are good folks to keep on doing for that poor woman in the asylum," she said.

"They would never desert a dog that belonged to them," Robert answered, fervently. "I tell you that trait is worth a good many others, Aunt Lizzie."

"I guess it is," said his aunt. She thought again of the Brewsters, and how they would not have forsaken her in her misery, had she belonged to them, any more than they had forsaken the insane aunt.

"They are good folks," said she, "and that is the main thing. That is the main thing to consider when you are marrying into a family, Robert. It is more than riches or position. The power they've got of loving and standing by each other is worth more than anything else."

"You are right, Aunt Lizzie; I guess there's no doubt of that," said Robert.

"And that girl's beautiful," said Mrs. Lloyd. She gazed at the young man with a delicate understanding and sympathy which were almost beyond that of a sweet-heart. Robert felt as if a soft hand of tenderness and blessing were laid on his inmost heart. He looked at her like a grateful child.

"There isn't anybody like her, is there, Aunt Lizzie?" he asked.

"No, I don't think there is, dear boy," said Mrs. Lloyd. "I do think she is the sweetest little thing I ever saw in my life."

Robert brought his aunt's hand to his lips and kissed it. It seemed to him for a minute as if the love and sympathy of this martyr were almost more precious than the love of Ellen herself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE MADONNA

of the *Ermine Mantle*

BY ELIZABETH W. CHAMPNEY

A LEGEND OF LA MOTTE FEUILLY, THE DOWER-CHÂTEAU OF CHARLOTTE D'ALBRET,
WIFE OF CÉSAR BORGIA

AMONG all the affluents of the royal Loire, no sister stream leads you in more fascinating ways than the little river Indre. Here you find yourself in an enchanted region, untrodden by the great army of tourists. One of the most bewitching of its hidden haunts is the little chateau of La Motte FeUILly.

Driving through an ancient avenue, and passing through the entrance tower, we faced the chateau proper, which, with all its loveliness, is still a melancholy place, for its owner resides there infrequently, and the vacant rooms are oppressive in their silence.

Fascinating in itself, the spot is doubly so from the romantic interest which lingers like a perfume in the lonely rooms. A mystery hinting at tragedy haunts the darkened corridors, and is only half explained by credible history. Charlotte d'Albret dazzled no one by her intellectual or by her physical charms, though she was good and gentle. She was a princess, indeed, but of a petty mountain kingdom, neither greater nor richer than a French countship. What attraction was there in the simple provincial girl to win such a man as César Borgia, that embodiment of manly beauty, of fastidious taste, of superb arrogance, of unlimited ambition, and of every known crime?

I recalled the occasion of his coming to France,—that it was to bring from his father, Pope Alexander VI., the bull of divorce so ardently desired by Louis XII., which released that monarch from the marriage into which he had been

forced at fifteen by Louis XI., and left him free to wed Anne of Bretagne, whom he had long loved. Charlotte d'Albret was among the Queen's maids of honor on that spring morning of 1499 when César made his famous entry into Chignon, captivating all beholders by his magnificent prodigality. Seventy lackeys in gorgeous liveries and thirty mounted gentlemen elegantly bedight preceded him, escorting the two palfreys bearing the coffers which contained the King's divorce and a cardinal's hat for George Amboise. Last of all came Borgia, radiant in brocade of mixed crimson satin and cloth of gold.

Louis was glad of heart that day, and he wished not only to express his gratitude for the boon which the Pope had conferred upon him, but also to attach César Borgia to the French interests in the coming Italian campaign. The duchy of Valentino and a pension of twenty thousand livres were the golden links in the chain which the King trusted would bind the Borgias, while Charlotte d'Albret, Louis's cousin, became the clasp to make the bargain seem one of affection as well as of policy. But César was never true to any man or woman or cause. He left his bride in France and returned to Italy at the head of eight thousand French soldiers, whom he used to secure his own ambition, the Kingship of Romagna. By treachery or by cruelty he took Forli, Césère, and Pesaro from his brother-in-law Sforza, Rimini from Malatesta, and Faenza from Manfredi. He obtained soldiers from the Duke of Ur-

bino with the pretended intention of attacking Camerino, and then seized Urbino itself. He made himself master of city after city, by such disgraceful means that Louis was ashamed of his ally. He poisoned, assassinated, tricked, lied, broke sworn faith, and murdered his own officers who had aided him in order to possess their seigneuries. At last he was lord of Romagna; but it was not enough for him. Could he marry the heiress to the Neapolitan crown, Naples might also be his. Then for the first time in years he remembered that he was a married man. In the present crisis it was most necessary that the uncongenial tie which bound him should be broken. Divorce would not serve his turn, for the King of France must not suspect that he was plotting a Spanish marriage. He must be released in a more absolute and natural manner—Charlotte d'Albret must die. While César was scheming, his father closed his infamous career, poisoned, as it was said, by wine which his son had prepared for an enemy, and César himself fell so deadly ill that he could not control that supreme emergency, and his worst foe, Julian de Rovere, became Pope. Then, when César fled to Naples to Gonsalvo de Cordova, he in turn met with treachery, and was sent a prisoner to Spain. Confined for two years in the castle of Medina del Campo, he escaped finally to Navarre, seeking an asylum with his brother-in-law, Jean d'Albret, and—strange fate!—died at last honorably fighting at his side against Spain.

And all the time in this very château of La Motte Feuilly, Charlotte d'Albret had "lived in phantasy," believing in his good faith and hoping for his return. She kept a brave front and a queenly state, and she filled the château with costly furnishings, having a special fondness for magnificent tapestries.

Remembering that I had read such a statement in some old chronicle, I woke from a mental review of the meagre details which history gives us of the life of the wife of César Borgia, and asked Maricynthe, the guide who had been showing us the stately and somewhat stuffy chambers whether any of Charlotte d'Albret's tapestries were still preserved in the château.

"Ah! Madame has then heard the story of the Madonna of the Ermine

Mantle," she remarked, disapprovingly. "That set of tapestries is no longer at La Motte Feuilly, for it was reburied after the tomb was opened. Even if it had not been replaced, who could identify the Madonna now, since, as Madame doubtless knows, the ermine mantle had entirely disappeared? We never mention them to people who are not familiar with the story; it is too horrible."

I had never heard a whisper of the legend, but since it was so delightfully gruesome I was consumed by an irresistible curiosity to learn how the Madonna lost her ermine mantle, and why and when the tapestries were buried. To admit ignorance was to defeat my own desires; I must proceed with duplicity, and I asked unconcernedly where these famous tapestries had hung.

"In the state guest-chamber," Maricynthe replied, as she led us to a spacious room denuded of all furniture with the exception of a four-poster bedstead, which, stripped of its draperies, stood bare and gaunt on a raised dais.

"This apartment is called the Bed-chamber of Anne de Bretagne," Maricynthe explained, "though it is doubtful if the Queen ever slept here, for she came to the château but once, and that was to attend the funeral of Charlotte d'Albret. When the poor lady's will was read, it was found that she had left the tapestries to the Queen, because her Majesty was so fond of ermine, and because they had been her own choicest possession, being the only gift which her wicked husband had ever sent her. They were intended as hangings for a bed. One was square—that was for the head—and on it there was a picture of the Madonna enthroned. The other strips were narrower—they were for the sides and foot. What made the largest tapestry most remarkable was the richness with which the Queen of Heaven was clothed. Her robe was embroidered with fleurs-de-lys, worked by hand on the woven web with gold thread. Her crown was studded with real gems, and a mantle of soft white fur was draped over the back of her throne, and swept in heavy folds like a snow-drift down the steps. This mantle was neither woven nor embroidered, but painted on with some white pigment, and so heavily loaded that flakes fell from it and floated in

the air as the tapestry was unrolled. The wings of the angels were painted also on the narrow hangings, and they shed their feathers in the same way, so that a naughty page cried out that the angels were moulting."

"And so it was in this bed that Charlotte d'Albret met her death, poisoned by her perfidious husband?"

"Madame, I know not how many persons that child of the evil one may have schemed to poison with his diabolical tapestries. I only know that his wife was innocent, and that the hangings injured no one. A letter came with the tapestries from César Borgia, telling his wife that they were for her own bed, he professing anxiety lest the dampness of the castle, encompassed as it is by the river, might breed miasma; and he begged her most lovingly to draw the curtains close, and to fancy that the Madonna was wrapping her warm and safe in the white softness of her mantle.

"The deluded lady was overjoyed by this proof of her husband's affection. She had this room refurnished and made the finest in the château. The tapestries were hung about the bed just as it stands there, and I am told that the coverlet was crimson velvet sown with golden stars, with the Bourbon lilies and the great bull's head of the Borgias in the centre. But she would not allow any one to sleep here, nor would she lie in that bed, she swore, until her dear lord came back to share it with her. Years went by, but though the room was undisturbed, no moth ever burrowed in those tapestries, no spider darkened the window with its web, no fly buzzed on the pane, no mouse nibbled through the wainscot, and no cricket chirped upon the hearth, and these little creatures of the good God shun the room to this day. Has not Madame observed that save when we are talking the place is as still—as still as death? I threw open the window when we came in, but the humming-birds that are so thick about the honeysuckles, and that glance in and out of the other rooms, all flew away. Frou-frou, my cat, who has all the curiosity of a human being, will not cross the sill; and does not Madame detect a faint suffocating odor as though *something* had just been carried through the room? Look you, Madame,

how stupid the fates are. César Borgia should have come, and should have slept in this room alone. I often think I could have made a better ending to the story. But when his poor lady heard that he was with her brother, and like to return at last to France, she was wild with happiness, and wrote him how she had kept the tapestries for him, and he replied, 'It is well; let no one use them till I come.'

"He never came. Madame knows how he died, fighting the enemies of France. Charlotte d'Albret rejoiced more over his honorable death than for any act of his false life. When she knew that she was dying, she was happier still. 'He could not come to me,' she said, 'but I am going to him. Lay my dead body in state under his tapestries, for at last we shall be together.' So they dressed her in her bravest, and placed her on that bed, with the lilies of France on her pall and an Annunciation lily in her hand, and they wrote to the Queen. She came, for Charlotte d'Albret and she had been girls together; and when Anne de Bretagne knew all that I have told, she would not accept her friend's bequest, but caused her coffin to be lined with the tapestries, which had been her dearest treasure, and herself lapped them about the little body, tired out with such long waiting. And so they laid the wife of César Borgia in her tomb in the cathedral of Bourges, covered warm and safe from the grave-damp in the Madonna's mantle and the downy wings of the angels."

"That is not all the story?" I said at last, for Maricinthe had closed the windows and was leading the way to the little oratory. "Why was it that the tomb was ever opened?"

Maricinthe crossed herself. "It was during the Revolution. Yes, Madame, that madness born in Paris penetrated even into such out-of-the-way corners as Berri, and the nobility fled before it, while the rabble rifled their châteaux, violated their tombs, and scattered the dust of the aristocrats to the winds. But when they broke open the tomb of Charlotte d'Albret, and turned back the tapestries which had wrapped her for three hundred years, they found her body as perfect as when it was buried, and her face far fresher and fairer, for all the



THE TAPESTRIES FROM CÉSAR BORGIA

traces of sorrow and age were gone, and it seemed as young as on her wedding morn. The impious ones fled before that miracle, not daring to take so much as a jewel from her finger. Pious people came in the dead of night and replaced the coffin in the tomb, and the broken lid upon the top as one sees it to-day; but

before they wrapped the tapestries again about her form they saw that the angels' wings were featherless, and that the Madonna had lost her ermine mantle; and they comprehended that the arsenic which was intended to cause her death had kept her fair body from corruption."

Joe

BY JOHN PAUL BOCOCK

"WHO goes there?"

Past two o'clock on a fine crisp morning, and Colorado Springs lies silent in the starlight. Soft winds draw from the cool shadows of the mountains, as if the night is breathing deep. Out on the stage-road from Cheyenne Cañon a faint, jarring sound grows into the rush of wheels and the rattle of hoofs. The tourists up in the Antlers Hotel wake from dreams of another jail-delivery.

There has been a daring robbery this very night, and here are Captain Dodge and Ernest Wilson, of the Wells-Fargo secret service, already hot-foot on the trail. They drive on to the railway station, where Wilson's eyes single out the face of his boyhood's brother.

"I'm glad they didn't get you, old fellow!" He wrung Joe's hand. Back in Decatur a patient heart would come nigh to breaking if anything happened to Joe. There was a little group of local detectives waiting to hear Joe Becker, the night transfer man, who had handled so many millions in cash and bullion, tell how he had been held up at last.

"Quick, Joe," said Ernest; "we want to get after 'em! We won't be satisfied just to get the money back, either."

There wasn't much of a story to tell. The missing envelope, marked "\$20,200," had been put in the safe when the 6.40 came in over the Atchison. Then the Chicago Express came along at 9.42, with a \$35,000 pouch in the express car, and Joe, who was all alone, opened the safe to put away the pouch. The robbers stole in behind him with drawn pistols. They

got away with the envelope in the safe, but didn't see the pouch.

"They had their guns against my back," said Joe. "When they told me to lie down on the cot and cover my head with the blanket, I just had to do it. When they slipped away, I ran to the safe; there was nothing gone but that envelope. Maybe I wasn't glad when I saw the pouch, chief, lying right where it is now, on the truck."

"Lock it up," said the chief.

Wilson's eyes burned, like a hound's on the run. He bit off his words, as if to save breath for better work. He was trying to form mental pictures of the escaped jail-birds, Starr and Gray. He had glanced in passing at the sheriff's description of them, posted on the station wall.

"Could you see the tall man's face, Joe? Did he have a bad eye?"

Captain Dodge looked hard at Wilson, who had never seen the red-faced giant and the villanous dwarf with the white eye.

"He must be over six feet," said Joe, "and his left eye's dead."

"Captain," said Wilson, turning to his chief, "this is my job. I've never had occasion to go after Starr and Gray before. Will you give me a week?"

"To get every dollar of the money back—yes," said the chief, which wasn't at all his way.

The anti-criminal organization of the Wells-Fargo secret service is as eager to get the thieves as to recapture their booty. The famous Jewellers' League is no more remorseless. Twenty-five thou-

sand more would be spent to avenge the theft of twenty thousand dollars. Then, too, there are punishments that seem more appropriate than imprisonment; yet the statutes prescribe nothing worse than a few years at Cañon City for the crime of robbing the Wells-Fargo. So the secret service, reaching out its stealthy hands, discriminates sometimes against the law, in favor of what appears to be justice.

Captain Dodge went up to the Antlers to get a good sleep. Ernest and Joe started to turn in at the railroad station. There would be no more trains that night, to break the silence of the mountains, brooding under the stars.

"Kinder like old times, Joe," said Ernest as he spread a blanket on the floor. Joe was standing by the cot, and turned quickly towards Ernest, who could see in his mouth, in the bend of his jaw, and in his nose, good old Mrs. Becker's features all over again. To Wilson it was like getting a peep at the beloved face of one who had been to him more than a foster-mother. She had never made any difference in favor of her own son, that he could see. He'd never thought of Joe other than as a brother.

"We haven't been back yet, have we, Joe?"

They had always said they'd go home when they had money enough. In all these years that Ernest had been treasure-guard—the youngest on record—he had saved but little. Occasionally he'd get as much as twenty dollars a day as deputy-marshal in a Cripple Creek strike. He never drank or smoked.

With Joe it was different. He had gone on and up in the company's service from helper to driver, then local agent, then travelling agent. Now he was night transfer man at Colorado Springs, where the golden output of the mines of New Mexico and Arizona and southwestern Colorado literally poured millions every week through his hands. And here were Ernest and Joe roommates again! It seemed to Ernest he could hear that "be good to Joe" as plain now as he had heard it years ago, when they started as lads for the Rockies.

"How does she keep her health, Joe?"

Of sterner stuff than his foster-brother, who was wont to be the more garrulous,

Ernest was not surprised that Joe choked up and faltered an answer. Then, presently,

"Here, Ernest; if you will sleep on the boards, take my pillow," said Joe. "I can use this."

He put a brown leather satchel under the top of his blanket. Ernest took the pillow and lay down. Joe stretched out on the cot. Against his will, Ernest was getting wider and wider awake. Just when his waking fancies at last melted into dreams, he didn't know. But his dreams were not pleasant. He awoke with a start at six, in time to see Joe trundle his truck out on the platform to meet the overland from the East.

As Joe went past the flaring poster on the station wall, he looked hard at it. Then he stopped in front of it.

Pretty soon Ernest finished his morning soap and water and strolled out. He too read this description of Starr and Gray, telegraphed all over Colorado by this time, with the offer of \$500 reward for their recapture. The morning papers had come in, and Ernest took Joe's *Denver Tribune* and went over to the Dime Restaurant to breakfast. There was a long story of the robbery of the Wells-Fargo night transfer man at Colorado Springs by two desperadoes who had broken jail just the night before this daring stroke. All the railroads were being watched, and as there was no chance for Starr and Gray to get away along the lines, it was thought they must be hiding in the mountains close by.

The newspaper went on: "Captain Dodge does not vouchsafe the details of the robbery. But he calls attention to an error in the published description of Starr and Gray. It's Gray, the little man, who has the bad eye."

Knowing Captain Dodge as Ernest knew him, he felt a qualm. Captain Dodge talked only with an object in view.

Joe took the paper and went over to the restaurant for his breakfast. When he was gone, Ernest went out on to the platform and read the poster over. The description given out by Captain Dodge was indeed different in one vital point. Then Ernest went inside, shut the door, sat down in front of Joe's telegraph table, and buried his face in his lean, brown hands.



[SEE PAGE 783]

WATCHED JOE BECKER SLINK OUT OF THE CABIN DOOR

Presently he looked, fearfully, about the room. Joe had made up the cot and put the pillow back. Being an orphan and a bachelor, Wilson valued his life chiefly for what it was worth to others. But he indulged now and then in dreams of peaceful years, spent among the scenes of his youth. He and Joe were to comfort Mrs. Becker's old age. She had his savings, and Joe had been sending her money too—though, come to think of it, she'd never said anything to Ernest about it.

"I ought to go up to Cripple Creek, Joe," said Ernest, when his chum came back from the Dime Restaurant. "I can't tell what time to-night I'll be back. The telegraph operator will sub for you."

Ernest did not go to Cripple Creek. Indeed, he reached the Dime Restaurant long before supper was ready.

"Joe said he'd be late to-night," the waiter observed, cheerfully, "and I guess he will be. I see him going out to the Cañon a bit ago." The waiter had quite a flow of language. He prided himself on having been a Philadelphia barber.

Ernest was off like a shot. "I won't eat until Joe does," he called from the door. He hurried to the trolley-cars that ran three miles out into the glorious scenery of Cheyenne Cañon, through which he and Captain Dodge had driven so wildly down the stage-road.

Two hours later, Joe came in to supper. It wasn't long before Ernest joined him at the restaurant. Tired and dusty they both were, and Ernest in high spirits. There was a glint in his eye as he slapped Joe on the back.

"I'm on the trail all right," said he, and then he looked at Joe with that way of his—"and don't you worry, Joseph, but what we'll come out. Rest easy, my boy."

Joe was thinking hard. Resting easy was out of all question for him. He couldn't look Ernest in the face. He would gladly give more than \$20,000 if—

"It's strange the company hasn't offered a reward," said he at last. Then he glanced through the evening paper, his hands trembling.

"Well," said Ernest, who was eating voraciously, "they've given me a week, you know. If I can't turn the trick, it 'll be time enough to offer a reward.

But, pshaw! I can do it." He actually smiled. In the pity of his eyes there was encouragement—not exactly invitation.

At this crisis of the desperate undertaking on which he was now fairly embarked, what Wilson wanted to find out was not what Joe, but what Captain Dodge knew. He realized that failure meant ruin for both himself and Joe. But he needn't fail, if he could satisfy Captain Dodge. With a fair chance of success, he was quite willing to hazard his foster-brother's future and his own, and the peace of mind of the only woman he loved. But he was not willing to stake all this to no purpose; not if the risk of his life—it might come to that—and of his good name—it had come to that already—seemed likely to be of no avail. So he slipped away and wired this message, in cipher, to Captain Dodge in Denver, "I am on the trail of the robbers." Before a half-hour passed he had his answer—"You ought to be."

He knew no more now than before, yet he realized that there was nothing left but to act. He had to get back the money the company had been robbed of, and he had to capture the escaped robbers. These two things had to be done in just the right way, without the help of any human being, so far as he could see. Handy with their weapons, Starr and Gray were not antagonists to be lightly reckoned with. Starr was six feet one, and no sapling. Gray had been known to toss a five-hundred-pound ore-sack artlessly over a six-foot fence.

If the sheriff's officers had only looked closer by, it was no trick at all to lay hands on the fugitives—who hadn't fled. Away off on the ridge, a half-mile beyond what was now the end of the trolley line in Cheyenne Cañon, a prospector once on a time built a shack. The piñons along the gulch screened this forlorn gold-hunter's desolate roost. The mountain winds sighed no more mournfully the day he cursed the ground and abandoned it than they had sighed most nights of his sojourn. Since then no human foot had disturbed the mouldering boards of what had been his floor.

Two nights of fasting, skulking in prospect holes, and sleeping in mountain dews had made Starr and Gray reckless.

They resolved to have a roof over their heads, and a chance at what the tourists from the Springs threw away, when they came out with their lunch-baskets "for a peep at the heart of nature," to which the trolley company invited them.

To the prospector's cabin these gaunt fly-by-nights crawled in the dusk some hours after Ernest Wilson had from his ambush in the dwarf pines watched Joe Becker slink out of the cabin door. Intent on his foster-brother's movements, Wilson didn't notice the pine branch that brushed the evening paper out of his pocket.

Around this cabin, so many years undisturbed, Fate, the busy weaver, was now gathering strange threads. Becker, of course, knew nothing of Ernest Wilson's visit. Wilson only suspected the purpose of Becker's. Neither Becker nor Wilson suspected that here of all spots the jail-birds had chosen a refuge. To Joe Becker the knowledge that Starr and Gray had taken possession of the shack would have brought a thrill of terror. For Joe counted on going back.

To Ernest Wilson this knowledge would have brought a fearful and bewildering joy. Then again, if Starr and Gray had known that this cabin, that very day, had sheltered a third man in search of a hiding-place, who would be sure to return, and who had been secretly and joyfully pursued to this very spot by an officer of the law, they would have never crossed its threshold. They would have taken themselves and their hunger as many miles away as possible. And had they known that this officer was Ernest Wilson, they'd have jumped the gulch to get off. As it was, they thought themselves in luck. They even expected a sandwich or a ham bone to fall out of Wilson's newspaper when they picked it up.

The last trolley-car for the Springs left the cañon at nine o'clock. On the next to the last trip from town there was just one passenger out to the end of the line, and in him Bob Smith, the conductor, recognized an old friend. Bob had been in the Wells-Fargo service. To him, as to most of the men along the line, Ernest Wilson was something out of the common. After the other

passengers had gotten out, one by one, Ernest said:

"Hello, Bob! Like this better than our work?"

"No, Mr. Wilson, I don't," was the quick answer. "I've more than once thought of writing to you. I'm glad to see you, and if you can help me get back—"

Wilson got up to leave the car. "I'll remember you, Bob, the very first chance." He stepped off briskly up the hill-side.

"Will you be going back?" Bob called after him; the car would start in ten minutes.

"Not this trip," said Wilson. He remembered vaguely that Bob was a husky, good-natured fellow.

With a dark lantern in one pocket and a Colt's dragoon in the other, Wilson made the best of his way toward the cabin. He felt tolerably sure of the money; but he had no more notion of how he was to carry out the other and harder part of his programme than Starr and Gray had that their resting-place was even then being threatened by the man of all others they preferred to avoid. By-and-by, to Wilson's intense surprise, as he walked warily up the slope, he heard sounds from the cabin.

He breathed hard and fast as he tip-toed to the corner of the shack. Of one thing he felt sure—Joe couldn't leave the Springs until the 9.42 had come in. He was not there; but Joe's secret—was that safe? With his ear to a crack—there were cracks plenty—Wilson listened to the hoarse mumbling of the half-starved ruffians inside. A flash of intelligence came to him in the darkness.

They had tobacco, these two, and were soon to sally out in search of food. But Starr wanted to smoke. The cunning dwarf grumbled about striking a light.

"What's that?" he cursed, as he stumbled over a roof-pole, rotting in the mould. He scraped the match softly on his heel, sheltering the flame in his huge hands.

The pole moved but little, one end being buried in the mould. Over the other had rested a rotting board, which fell off easily. In the cavity thus half exposed was a brown leather satchel. Wilson

saw it, understood it, in a flash. He gripped his pistol the harder and thrust it half-way into the hut between the logs. Starr was lighting the pipe, and Gray pulled a candle-end—one of the county's—from his pocket and lighted it. Then he began looking over the newspaper. It was just as well to find out what the sheriff's men were up to. There were the names "Starr and Gray," in black-letter head-lines, almost big enough to read by starlight.

"So," he soliloquized, angrily, "we've broke jail, have we? And gone off and hid in the mountains, and—here is a go! Why, d—n me, if we haven't gone—and—robbed—Wells-Fargo—of twenty thousand blooming plunks! And got away with it." His voice rose, rage and terror sharpening its edge.

"Now we are done for," said Starr, "with Wells-Fargo after us. Them hell-hounds 'll run us to Alaska and back. And us so partickler to keep clear of 'em!"

"Yes," growled Gray; "but say! have we come to robbin' in our sleep, pardner? Or what is this game?"

The shiny blue of Ernest Wilson's pistol barrel might easily have been detected had the candle-light fallen on the right place. This was his pet weapon, too, this Texas type of the powder and ball model, its cylinder chased with pictures of dragoons pursuing Indians. The pistol weighed just four and a half pounds, and whether his hand trembled, or whether he was laughing, he never exactly knew, but there was a tremendous explosion. Inside the cabin the report was deafening. The bullet couldn't have snuffed out the candle more precisely if its master had aimed at it. In suffocating fumes of smoke the frenzied wretches threw themselves to the ground in the darkness.

Out-doors the echoes pulsed against the hills, each of which dashed them back and hurried them on down the cañon to where Bob Smith's trolley-car was just slowing up, at the end of its last trip out.

Waving his hand to the motorman, Bob gave a jump and was off up the hill on Ernest Wilson's trail. Every man has his chance; some men don't know it when it comes. Bob knew his.

As he topped the first rise he heard a second pistol-shot, and by the flash he made out the cabin.

In the doorway stood Ernest Wilson, facing Starr and Gray, who could see him silhouetted against the sky. They were coming at him with the roof-pole, when the second shot halted them and broke Gray's shoulder. Then Bob came up. The dash of his footsteps sounded like the rush of a posse; it took all the fight out of Starr. Gray's shoulder was a dose for him; they surrendered, to save their lives.

Bob was the proudest man in the mountains. When Ernest, by the light of his lantern, put on the chain bracelets, and then showed Bob the buried treasure, Bob's eyes flamed with admiration. When Ernest, apart, opened the satchel—not without some misgiving—and showed Bob the stolen money, Bob chuckled.

"Caught 'em red-handed," said he, and set off down the hill to his trolley-car with the prisoners, just as if he'd had it waiting there for them on purpose.

Satchel in one hand, lantern in the other, Wilson brought up the rear. Bob kept his pistol ready. They had a great time explaining the situation to the motorman—another good witness, if witnesses were ever needed—and then they whirled triumphantly back to town, the trolley gong clanging all the way.

Captain Dodge was telegraphed for to Denver. Ernest Wilson stopped Starr's and Gray's mouths with a big meal. Nobody paid the least attention to what they said, anyway. The cash was counted, the satchel having mysteriously disappeared, and was found right to the dollar. So \$20,200 went back to the Wells-Fargo safe after an absence of less than twenty-four hours.

Starr and Gray went back to jail, into separate cells. Bob Smith went back to the Wells-Fargo service. The sheriff's \$500 reward was paid to Wilson, and divided by him with Bob. From the express company, which had offered no reward as yet, all Ernest asked was a month's leave for Joe and himself to go back East on a visit.

"We haven't got much money to take back, Joe, thank God," said Ernest, "but we are all the better off."

Babes in the Woods

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

ONE day in early May Ted and I made an expedition to the Shattagee, a still, dark, deep stream that loiters silently through the woods not far from my cabin. As we paddled along we were on the alert for any bit of wild life of bird or beast that might turn up. Ted was especially on the lookout for birds' nests, and many times I pushed the boat up close to the bank that he might explore with his slender arm the cavities the woodpeckers had made in the dead tree trunks that bordered or overhung the stream. Only once did he bring out a handful of material that suggested a bird's nest, and on examining it, sure enough, there was a bird's egg, the egg of the chickadee. The boy had clutched the nest, egg and all, and had made such a wreck of the former that we concluded it was useless to try to restore it and return it to the cavity. So Ted added the egg to his collection, and I suspect regretted the result of his eager dive into the hollow stub less than I did. There were so many of these abandoned woodpecker chambers in the small dead trees as we went along that I determined to secure the section of a tree containing a good one to take home and put up for the bluebirds. After carefully scrutinizing several of them, we at last saw one that seemed to fill the bill. It was in a small dead tree trunk seven or eight inches in diameter, that leaned out over the water, and from which the top had been broken. The hole, round and firm, was ten or twelve feet above us. After considerable effort I succeeded in breaking the stub off near the ground, and brought it down into the boat. "Just the thing," I said; "surely the bluebirds will prefer this to an artificial box." But, lo and behold, it already had bluebirds in it. We had not heard a sound or seen a feather till the trunk was in our hands, when, on peering into the cavity, we discovered

two young bluebirds about half grown. This was a predicament indeed. My venture proved to be more rash and regrettable than Ted's.

Well, the only thing we could do was to stand the tree trunk up again as well as we could and as near as we could to where it stood before. This was no easy matter to do. But after a time we had it fairly well replaced, one end standing in the mud of the shallow water and the other resting against a tree. This left the hole to the nest about ten feet below and to one side of its former position. Just then we heard the voice of the parent bird, and we quickly paddled to the other side of the stream, fifty feet away, to watch her proceedings, uttering to each other "Too bad," "Too bad." The mother bird had a large beetle in her beak. She alighted upon a limb a few feet above the former site of her nest, looked down upon us, uttered a note or two, and then dropped down confidently to the point in the vacant air where the entrance to her nest had been but a few moments before. Here she hovered on the wing a second or two, looking for something that was not there, and then returned to the perch she had just left, apparently not a little disturbed. She hammered the beetle rather excitedly upon the limb a few times, as if it was in some way at fault, then dropped down to try for her nest again. Only vacant air there; she hovered and hovered, her blue wings flickering in the checkered light; surely that precious hole *must* be there; but no, again she is baffled, and again she returns to her perch, and mauls the poor beetle till it must have been reduced to a pulp. Then she makes a third attempt, then a fourth, and a fifth, and a sixth, till she becomes very much excited. "What could have happened? am I dreaming? has that beetle hoodooed me?" she seemed to say, and she let the bug drop, and looked bewilderedly about

her. Then she flew away through the woods, calling. "Going for her mate," I said to Ted. "She is in deep trouble, and she wants sympathy and help."

In a few moments we heard her mate answer, and presently the two birds came hurrying to the spot, both with loaded beaks. They perched upon the familiar limb above the site of the nest, and the mate seemed to say, "My dear, what has happened to you? I can find that nest." And he dived down and brought up in the empty air just as the mother had done. How he winnowed it with his eager wings! how he seemed to bear on to that blank space! His mate sat regarding him intently, confident, I think, that he would find the clew. But he did not. Baffled and excited, he returned to the perch beside her. Then she tried again, then he rushed down once more, then they both assaulted the place, but it would not give up its secret. They talked, they encouraged each other, and they kept up the search, now one, now the other, now both together. Sometimes they dropped down to within a few feet of the entrance to the nest, and we thought they would surely find it. But no, their minds and eyes were intent only upon that square foot of space where the nest had been. Then they withdrew to a large limb many feet higher up, and seemed to say to themselves, "Well, it is not there, but it must be here somewhere; let us look about." A few moments elapsed, when we saw the mother bird spring from her perch and go straight as an arrow to the nest. Her maternal eye had proved the quicker. She had found her young. Something like reason and common-sense had come to her rescue; she had taken time to look about, and there was that precious doorway. She thrust her head into it, then sent back a call to her mate, then went farther in, then withdrew. "Yes, it is true, they are here, they are here!" Then she went in again, gave them the food in her beak, and then gave place to her mate, who, after similar demonstrations of joy, also gave them his morsel. Ted and I breathed freer. A burden was taken from our minds and hearts, and we went cheerfully on our way. We had learned something too; we had learned that when you think bluebirds away in

the deep woods, bluebirds may be nearer you than you think.

The little rabbits I saw one day in early May on the edge of a clearing in the woods suggested babies quite as much as the bluebirds did. The mother had come out of the cover of the rocks and bushes and made her nest on a dry knoll in the edge of a muck swamp where the ground had been cleared but a week or two before. The man at work with the grubbing-hoe came near striking into the nest, when the young sprang out. He caught them and put them back under their cover and resumed his work in another place. In the afternoon I happened that way. He told me what he had found, and pointed to the spot a few yards off. I approached the place cautiously and began to scan the ground at my feet. There was no bush or stump or weed or stone to distract my eye—only the back of a small knoll brown with fern stubble and dry fern leaves.

"I can see no nest or rabbits here," I said to George. "Where are they?" So he came up, and stooping over, lifted up a little coverlid of dry fern stalks, in which was mingled a little gray hair, and disclosed a small depression in the ground, in which sat three little rabbits that one might almost have held in the palm of his hand. Their ears were depressed, their eyes shone, and their hearts beat fast. In a moment they sprang out; we covered them with our hats and hands and restored them to the nest as gently as we could, and pulled their blanket over them. But they pushed their heads up through it and between our fingers in their efforts to escape. But we held them down and finally quieted them, and then carefully withdrew. I do not know how long they remained in the nest, but when I came the next day with some friends we found the nest empty. One of my friends, who was a naturalist, picked up the cover of ferns and hair and examined it, and let it fall in pieces to the ground. The weather was very warm, and we fancied the mother had taken her family into the bush. A night or two after was very cold with heavy frost. The day following I again passed the nest, and was surprised to see two little rabbits sitting side by side in it. As

they did not move I touched them, and found them dead and cold. The mother, on the approach of the cold wave, had evidently brought them back to the nest, and having no cover over them, they had perished of the frost. One would have thought she would stay by them to keep them warm, or else cover them with the fragments of the old blanket. Though of course it is possible that she herself had fallen a victim to some enemy and the young had died of hunger, seeking in their last extremity the cradle in which they were born. The fate of the third one I do not know. I left the two babies in the nest as I had found them.

On the third day I came that way

again with Ted. To my surprise, the two little forms had disappeared. But what is that sticking up through the soil in the bottom of the cavity? It was the end of one little ear, and beneath it we found the two young rabbits carefully buried. We exhumed them and brought them forth. They had been buried, and no mistake. What or who had performed these last sad rites? The mother? I know not. Not a hair of them had been touched, as we could see, but the little bodies had been carefully put from sight, not by the use of leaves, as the robins covered the children in the nursery tale, but by soil. We replaced them in their double grave and went on our way.

The Last Meeting

BY RUTH UNDERHILL

COME, lay the dead love out,
And close his vacant eyes,
That once shone with the light
And hope of Paradise.

Unbend the rounded limbs
To perfect still in death;
Lay by the harmless bow
And poison-arrow sheath.

Fold back the broken wings
That now shall mount no more,
Though once beyond the stars
The godlike child they bore.

Yes, take my hand again,
Though we be parted wide,
And for a moment's space
Go softly by my side,

While once more, as of old,
A common pain we brave,
And bear our dearest dead
Together to the grave.

The Little Girl who Should Have Been a Boy

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

THERE was so much time for the Little Girl who should have been a Boy to ponder over it. She was only seven, but she grew quite skilful in pondering. After lessons—and lessons were over at eleven—there was the whole of the rest of the day to wander, in her little desolate way, in the gardens. She liked the fruit garden best, and the Golden Pippin tree was her choicest pondering-place. There was never any one there with her. The Little Girl who should have been a Boy was always alone.

"You see how it is. I've told you times enough," she communed with herself, in her quaint, unchildish fashion. "You are a mistake. You went and was born a Girl, when they wanted a Boy—oh, my, how they wanted a Boy! But the moment they saw you they knew it was all up with them. You wasn't wicked really,—I *guess* it wasn't wicked; sometimes I can't be certain,—but you did go and make such a silly mistake! Look at me,—why didn't you know how much they wanted a Boy and *didn't* want you? Why didn't you be brave and go up to the Head Angel, and say, 'Send me to another place; for pity' sake don't send me *there*. They want a Little Boy.' Why didn't you—oh, why didn't you? It would have saved such a lot of trouble!"

The Little Girl who should have been a Boy always sighed at that point. The sigh made a period to the sad little speech, for after that she always sat in the long grass under the Golden Pippin tree and rocked herself back and forth silently. There was no use in saying anything more after that. It had all been said.

It was a great, beautiful estate to east and west and north and south of her, and the Boy the Head Angel should have sent instead of the sad Little Girl

was to have inherited it all. And there was a splendid title that went with the estate. In the sharp mind of the Little Girl nothing was hidden or undiscovered.

"It seems a pity to have it wasted," she mused wistfully, with her grave wide eyes on the beautiful green expanses all about her, "just for a mistake like that,—I mean like *me*—too. You'd think the Head Angel would be ashamed of himself, wouldn't you? He prob'ly is."

The Shining Mother—it was thus the Little Girl who should have been a Boy had named her, on account of her sparkling eyes and wonderful sparkling gowns: everything about the Shining Mother sparkled—the Shining Mother was almost always away. So was the Ogre. Somewhere outside—clear outside—of the green expanses there was a gay, frivolous world where almost always they two stayed.

The Little Girl called her father the Ogre for want of a better name. She was never quite satisfied with the name, but it had to answer till she found another. Prob'ly ogres didn't wear an eyeglass in one of their eyes, or flip off the sweet little daisy heads with jaunty canes (the daisy heads, maybe, but not the cane), but they were oldish and blackish, and of course they wouldn't have noticed you any, even if you were their Little Girl. Ogres would have prob'ly wanted a Boy too, and that's the way they'd have let you see your mistake. So, till she found a better name, the Little Girl who had made the mistake called her father the Ogre. She was very proud and fond of the Shining Mother, but she was a little afraid of the Ogre. After all, one feeling mattered about as much as the other.

"It doesn't hurt you any to be afraid, when you do it all alone by yourself," she reasoned, "and it doesn't do you any

good to be fond. It only amuses you," she added, with sad wisdom. As I said, she was only seven, but she was very old indeed.

So the time went along until the weeks piled up into months. The summer she was eight, the Little Girl could not stand it any longer. She decided that something must be done. The Shining Mother and the Ogre were coming back to the green expanses. She had found that out at lessons.

"And then they will have it all to go over again—all the miser'bleness of my not being a Boy," the Little Girl thought, sadly. "And I don't know whether they can stand it or not, but *I* can't."

A wave of infinite longing had swept over the shy, sensitive soul of the Little Girl who should have been a Boy. One of two things must happen—she must be loved, or die. So, being desperate, she resolved to chance everything. It was under the Golden Pippin tree, rocking herself back and forth in the long grass, that she made her plans. Straight on the heels of them she went to the gardener's little boy.

"Lend me—no, I mean give me—your best clothes," she said, with gentle imperiousness. It was not a time to waste words. At best, the time that was left to practise in was limited enough.

"Your *best* clothes," she had said, realizing distinctly that fustian and corduroy would not do. She was even a little doubtful of the best clothes. The gardener's little boy, once his mouth had shut and his legs come back to their locomotion, brought them at once. If there was a suspicion of alacrity in his obedience toward the last, it escaped the thoughtful eyes of the Little Girl. Having always been a mistake, nothing more, how could she know that a boy's best clothes are not always his dearest possession? Now if it had been the threadbare, roomy, easy little fustians, with their precious pocket-loads, that she had demanded!

There were six days left to practise in—only six. How the Little Girl practised! It was always quite alone by herself. She did it in a sensible, orderly way,—the leaps and strides first, whoops next, whistle last. The gardener's little boy's best clothes she kept hidden in the

long grass, under the Golden Pippin tree, and on the fourth day she put them on. Oh, the agony of the fourth day! She came out of that practice period a wan, white, worn little thing that should *never* have been a Boy.

For it was heart-breaking work. Every instinct of the Little Girl's rebelled against it. It was terrible to leap and whoop and whistle; her very soul revolted. But it was life or death to her, and always she persevered.

In those days lessons scarcely paid. They were only a pitiful makeshift. The Little Girl lived only in her terrible practice hours. She could not eat or sleep. She grew thin and weak.

"I don't look like me at all," she told herself, on a chair before her mirror. "But that isn't the worst of it. I don't look like the Boy, either. Ugh! how I look! I wonder if the Angel would know me? It would be kind of dreadful not to have *anybody* know you. Well, you won't be *you* when you're the Boy, so prob'ly it won't matter."

On the sixth day—the last thing—she cut her hair off. She did it with her eyes shut to give herself courage, but the snips of the shears broke her heart. The Little Girl had always loved her soft, shining hair. It had been like a beautiful thing apart from her, that she could caress and pet. She had made an idol of it, having nothing else to love.

When it was all shorn off she crept out of the room without opening her eyes. After that the gardener's little boy's best clothes came easier to her, she found. And she could whoop and leap and whistle a little better. It was almost as if she had really made herself the Boy she should have been.

Then the Shining Mother came, and the Ogre. The Little Girl—I mean, the Boy—was waiting for them, swinging her (his) feet from a high branch of the Golden Pippin tree. He was whistling.

"But I think I am going to die," he thought, behind the whistle. "I'm certain I am. I feel it coming on."

Of course, after a little, there was a hunt everywhere for the Little Girl. Even little girls cannot slip out of existence like that undiscovered. The beautiful green expanses were hunted over and over, but only a gardener's lit-

the boy in his best clothes, whistling faintly, was found. He fell out of the Golden Pippin tree as the field-servants went by, and they stopped to carry his limp little figure to the gardener's lodge. Then the hunt went forward again. The Shining Mother grew faint and sick with fear, and the Ogre strode about like one demented. It was hardly what was to be expected of the Shining Mother and the Ogre.

Toward night the mystery was partly solved. It was the Shining Mother who found the connecting threads. She found the little jagged locks of soft, sweet hair. The Ogre came upon her sitting on the floor among them, and the whiteness of her face terrified him.

"I know—you need not tell me what has happened!" she said, scarcely above a whisper, as if in the presence of the dead. "A door in me has opened, and I see it all—*all*, I tell you! We have never had her,—and now, dear God in heaven, we have lost her!"

It was very nearly so. They could hardly know then how near it came to being true. Link by link they came upon the little chain of pitiful proofs. They found all the little, sweet, white girl-clothes folded neatly by themselves and laid in a pile together, as if on an altar for sacrifice. If the Little Girl had written "Good-by" in her childish scrawl upon them, the Shining Mother would not have better understood. So many things she was seeing beyond that open door.

They found the Little Girl's dolls laid out like little white-draped corpses in one of her bureau drawers. The row of

stolid little faces gazed up at them with the mystery of the Sphinx in all their glittering eyes. It was the Shining Mother who shut the drawer, but first she kissed the faces.

After all, the Ogre discovered the last little link of the chain. He brought it home in his arms from the gardener's lodge, and laid it on the Little Girl's white bed. It was very still and pitiful and small. They took the gardener's little boy's best clothes off from it and put on the soft white night-gown of the Little Girl. Then, one on one side and one on the other, they kept their long hard vigil.

It was night when the Little Girl opened her eyes, and the first thing they saw was the chairful of little girl-clothes the Shining Mother had set beside the bed. Then they saw the Shining Mother. Things came back to the Little Girl by slow degrees. But the look in the Shining Mother's face—that did not come back. That had never been there before. The Little Girl, in her wise old way, understood that look, and gasped weakly with the joy and wonder of it. Oh, the joy! Oh, the wonder!

"But I tried to be one," she whispered after a while, a little bewildered still. "I should have done it, if I hadn't died. I couldn't help that; I felt it coming on. Prob'ly, though, I shouldn't have made a very good one."

The Shining Mother bent over and took the Little Girl in her arms.

"Dear," she whispered, "it was the Boy that died. I am glad he died."

So, though the Ogre and the Shining Mother had not found their Boy, the Little Girl had found a father and mother.





GENERAL JOHN BURGOYNE

Colonies and Nation

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

BY WOODROW WILSON

THE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE



THEN, almost immediately, came the clash of arms. General Gage would not sit still and see the country round about him made ready for armed resistance without at least an effort to keep control of it. On the 19th of April he despatched eight hundred men to seize the military stores which the provin-

cials had gathered at Concord, and there followed an instant rising of the country. Riders had sped through the country-side during the long night which preceded the movement of the troops, to give warning; and before their errand was accomplished the redcoats found themselves beset at almost every turn of their road by armed men swarming out of every hamlet. Their return to Boston quickened to a veritable rout, and

they left close upon three hundred of their comrades, dead, wounded, or prisoners, behind them ere they reached the cover of their lines at Boston again. The news of their march and of the attack upon them had spread everywhere, and in every quarter the roads filled with the provincial minute-men marching upon Boston. Those who had fired upon the troops and driven them within their lines did not go home again; those who came too late for the fighting staid to see that there were no more sallies from the town; and the morning of the twentieth disclosed a small army, set down by the town for a sort of siege. That same night of the twentieth Lord Dunmore, in Virginia, landed a force of marines from an armed sloop in the river and seized the gunpowder stored at Williamsburg. There, too, the country rose,—under Mr. Henry himself as captain. They did not reach the scene soon enough to meet the marines, but they forced the earl, their governor, to pay for the powder he had ordered seized and taken off.

The rude muster at Boston expanded into a motley yeoman army of sixteen thousand men within the first week of its sudden rally, and settled in its place to watch the town until the general Congress of the colonies should give it its countenance and a commander. On the day the Congress met (10 May, 1775), Ethan Allen walked into the unguarded gates of the fort at Ticonderoga, at the head of a little force out of Vermont, and took possession of the stout place "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," though he held a commission from neither; and two days later Crown Point, near by, was taken possession of in the same manner. When the Congress met it found itself no longer a mere "congress of committees," assembled for conference and protest. Its appeals for better government, uttered the last autumn, its arguments for colonial privilege, its protestations of loyalty and its prayers for redress, had been one and all, not so much rejected as put by with contempt by the king and his ministers; and affairs about them were hurrying the colonies which they represented into measures which would presently put the whole matter of their controversy with the government at home beyond the stage

of debate. They did not neglect to state their rights again, in papers whose moderation and temper of peace no candid man could overlook or deny; but they prepared for action also quite as carefully, like practical men who did not deceive themselves even in the midst of hope.

Colonel Washington had come to the Congress in his provincial uniform; and, if no one cared to ask a man with whom it was so obviously difficult to be familiar why he wore such a habit there, all were free to draw their own conclusions. It was no doubt his instinctive expression of personal feeling in the midst of all that was happening; and his service in the Congress was from first to last that of a soldier. Its committees consulted him almost every day upon some question of military preparation: the protection of the frontier against the Indians, the organization of a continental force, the management of a commissariat, the gathering of munitions, proper means of equipment, and feasible plans of fortification. While they deliberated, his own colony passed openly into rebellion. The first of June saw Virginia's last House of Burgesses assemble. By the eighth of the month Dunmore had fled his capital, rather than see a second time the anger of a Williamsburg mob, and was a fugitive upon one of his majesty's armed vessels lying in the river. The colony had thenceforth no government save such as it gave itself; and its delegates at Philadelphia knew that there was for them no turning back.

On the fifteenth of June, on the motion of Mr. John Adams, the Congress chose Colonel Washington commander-in-chief of the American forces, and directed him to repair to Boston and assume command in the field. Two days later the British and the provincials met in a bloody and stubborn fight at Bunker's Hill. On the 25 May heavy re-enforcements for General Gage had arrived from oversea which swelled the force of regulars in Boston to more than eight thousand men, and added three experienced general officers to Gage's council: Sir William Howe, Sir Henry Clinton, and John Burgoyne. The British commanders saw very well, what was indeed apparent enough to any soldier, that their position



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

VUEING THE BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL

in Boston could be very effectively commanded to the north and south on either hand by cannon placed upon the heights of Charlestown or Dorchester, and determined to occupy Charlestown heights at once, the nearer and more threatening position. But so leisurely did they go about it that the provincials were beforehand in the project. The early morning light of the 17 June disclosed them still at work there on the trenches and redoubts they had begun at midnight. The British did not stop to use either the guns of the fleet or any caution of indirect approach to dislodge them, but at once put three thousand men straight across the water to take the hill, whose crest the Americans were fortifying, by direct assault. It cost them a thousand men; and the colonials retired, outnumbered though they were, only because their powder gave out, not their pluck or steadfastness. When the thing was done, the British did not care to take another entrenched position from men who held their fire till they were within a few score yards of them and then volleyed with the definite and deadly aim of marksmen.

Colonel Washington received his formal commission on the 19th, and was on horseback for the journey northward by the 21st. On the 3d of July he assumed command at Cambridge. Mr. John Adams and the other New Englanders who acted with him had meant, in choosing Washington for the command of the raw levies of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire set down in impromptu siege before Boston, not only to secure the services of the most experienced soldier in America, but also, by taking a man out of the South, to give obvious proof of the union and co-operation of the colonies. They had chosen better than they knew. It was no small matter to have so noticeable a man of honor and breeding at the head of an army whose enemies deemed it a mere peasant mob and rowdy assemblage of rebels. Washington himself, with his notions of authority, his pride of breeding, his schooling in conduct and privilege, was far from pleased,—till he began to see below the surface,—with the disorderly array he found of uncouth, intractable plough-boys and farmers, one esteeming himself as good as another, with free

and easy manners and a singular, half-indifferent insolence against authority or discipline.

"There are some fine fellows come from Virginia," Joseph Reed of Pennsylvania had written of the Virginian delegates to the Congress at Philadelphia; "but they are very high. We understand they are the capital men of the colony." It was good that one of the masterful group should ride all the public way from Philadelphia to Boston to take command of the army, the most conspicuous figure in the colonies, showing every one of the thousands who crowded to greet or see him as he passed how splendid a type of self-respecting gentlemen was putting itself at the front of affairs, soberly and upon principle. The leaders of the revolt in Massachusetts were by no means all new men like John Adams or habitual agitators like Samuel Adams; many a man of substance and of old lineage had also identified himself with the popular cause. But new, unseasoned men were very numerous and very prominent among those who had turned affairs toward revolution; a very great number of the best and oldest family stocks of the colony had promptly ranged themselves on the side of the government; the revolution now at last on foot in that quarter could too easily be made to look like an affair of popular clamor and a mere rising of the country. It was of signal advantage to have high personal reputation and a strong flavor as it were of aristocratic distinction given it by this fortunate choice the Congress had made of a commander. It was no light matter to despise a cause which such men openly espoused and stood ready to fight for.

The British lay still till Washington came; and gave him the rest of the year, and all the winter till spring returned, in which to get his rude army into fighting shape,—why, no one could tell, not even their friends and spokesmen in Parliament. The Americans swarmed busy on every hand. It was no small matter to get supplies, particularly arms and ammunition; but slowly, very slowly, they came in. General Washington was but forty-three, and had an energy which was both imperative and infectious. His explicit, businesslike letters found their



THE BURNING OF CHARLESTOWN

way to every man of influence and to every colonial committee or assembly from whom aid could come. Cannon were dragged all the way from Ticonderoga for his use. The hardy, danger-loving seamen of the coasts about him took very cheerfully to privateering; intercepted supply-ships and even transports bound for Boston; brought English merchantmen into port as prizes; cut ships out from under the very guns of a British man-of-war here and there in quiet harbors. Food and munitions intended for the British regiments at Boston frequently found their way to General Washington's camps instead, notwithstanding Boston Harbor was often full of armed vessels which might have swept the coasts. The commanders in Boston felt beset, isolated, and uneasy, and hesitated a little painfully what to do.

The country at large was open to the insurgent forces, to move in as they pleased. Colonel Montgomery, the gallant young Irish soldier who had served under Wolfe at Quebec, led a continental force northward in the autumn; took the forts which guarded the northern approaches to Lake Champlain; occupied Montreal, and intercepted and took the

little garrison which left the place in boats to make its way down the river; and, joining forces with Benedict Arnold of Connecticut, would have taken Quebec also by assault, had he not lost his life at the critical moment of attack in the black darkness of the night which preceded the last day of the year (31 December, 1775). The Congress at Philadelphia had the satisfaction of receiving the colors of the Seventh Regiment of his majesty's regulars, taken at Fort Chambly, as a visible token of Montgomery's exploits at the northern outlet of Champlain; and every added operation of the Americans, successful or unsuccessful, added to the feeling of isolation and uneasiness among the British at Boston.

October 10, 1775, Sir William Howe superseded General Gage as commander-in-chief in the closely watched and invested town; but the change of commanders made little difference. Every one except the sailors, the foragers, the commissaries, the drill-sergeants, the writing-clerks, the colonial assemblies, the congressional and local committees, lay inactive till March came, 1776, and Washington was himself ready to take



EVACUATION OF BROOKLYN HEIGHTS

the offensive. At last he had such cannon and such tools and stores and wagons and teams as he had been asking and planning and waiting for the weary, anxious winter through. On the morning of the 5th of March the British saw workmen and ordnance and every sign of a strong force of provincials on Dorchester heights, and were as surprised as they had been, close upon a year before, to see men and trenches on Bunker's Hill. Washington had done work in the night which it was already too late for them to undo; a storm so beat the waters of the bay as the day wore on as to make it impossible to put troops across to the attack in boats; and gave him the day and another night in which to complete his defences; and by the morning of the 6th the British knew that the heights could not be taken without a risk and loss they could not afford. The town was rendered untenable at a stroke. With deep chagrin, Howe determined upon an immediate evacuation; and by the 17th he was aboard his ships,—eight thousand troops and more than a thousand loyalists who dared not stay. The stores and cannon, the ammunition, muskets, small-arms, gun-carriages, and supplies of every kind which he found himself obliged to leave behind enriched Washington with an equipment more abundant than he could ever have hoped to see in his economical, ill-appointed camp at Cambridge.

The only British army in America had withdrawn to Halifax: his majesty's troops had nowhere a foothold in the colonies. But that, every one knew, was only the first act in a struggle which must grow vastly greater and more tragical before it was ended. Washington knew very well that there was now no drawing back. Not since the affair at Bunker's Hill had he deemed it possible to draw back; and now this initial success in arms had made the friends of revolution very bold everywhere. As spring warmed into summer it was easy to mark the growth in the spirit of independence. One of the first measures of the Continental Congress, after coming together for its third annual session in May, 1776, was to urge the several colonies to provide themselves with regular and permanent governments as independent states,

instead of continuing to make shift with committees of safety for executives and provisional "provincial congresses" for legislatures, as they had done since their government under the crown had fallen to pieces; and they most of them promptly showed a disposition to take its advice. The resolution in which the Congress embodied this significant counsel plainly declared "that the exercise of every kind of authority under the crown ought to be totally suppressed," and all the powers of government exercised under authority from the people of the colonies,—words themselves equivalent to a declaration for entire separation from Great Britain; and even in the colonies where loyalists mustered strongest the government of the crown had in fact almost everywhere been openly thrown off. But by midsummer it was deemed best to make a formal Declaration of Independence. North Carolina was the first to instruct her delegates to take that final and irretrievable step; but most of the other colonies were ready to follow her lead; and on July 4 Congress adopted the impressive Declaration which Mr. Jefferson had drawn up in the name of its committee.

Washington himself had urgently prayed that such a step be taken, and taken at once. It would not change, it would only acknowledge, existing facts; and it might a little simplify the anxious business he was about. He had an army which was always making and to be made, because the struggle had been calculated upon a short scale and the colonies which were contributing their half-drilled contingents to it were enlisting their men for only three months at a time. Sometimes the men would consent to re-enlist, sometimes they would not. They did as they pleased, of course, and would time and again take themselves off by whole companies at once when their three months' term was up. Sir William Howe would come back, of course, with a force increased, perhaps irresistible: would come, Washington foresaw, not to Boston, where he could be cooped up and kept at bay, but to New York, to get control of the broad gateway of the Hudson, whose long valley had its head close to the waters of Lakes George and Champlain, and constituted an in-

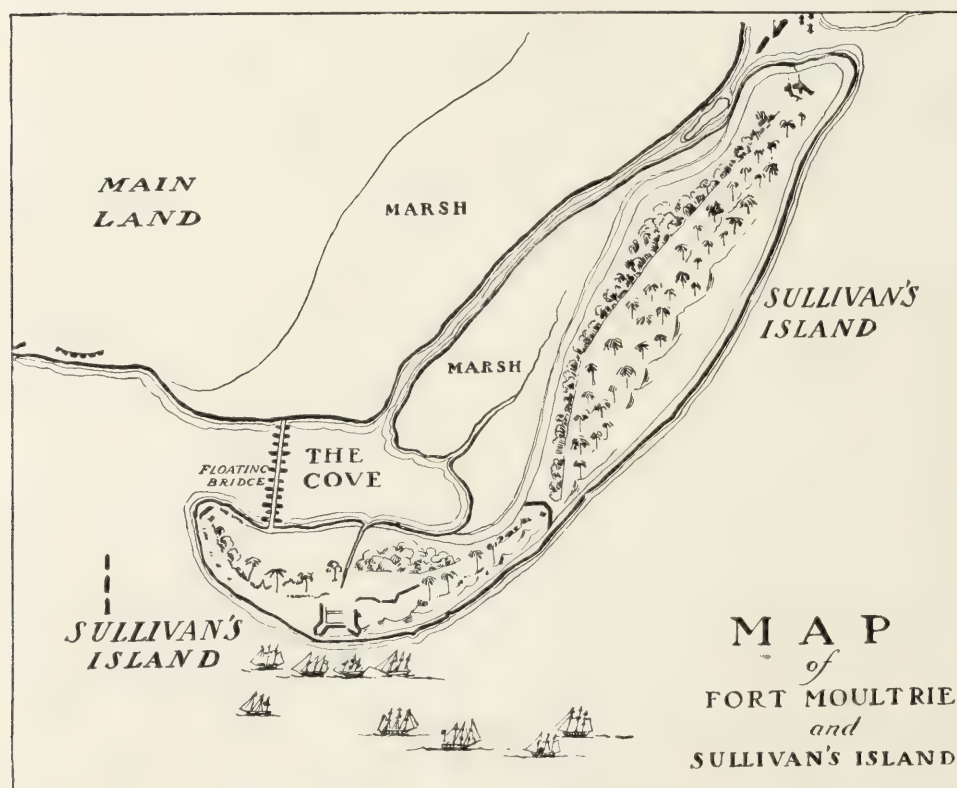
finitely important strategic line drawn straight through the heart of the country, between New England, which was no doubt hopelessly rebellious, and the middle colonies, in which the crown could count its friends by the thousand. The Americans must meet him with levies as raw and as hastily equipped as those out of which an army of siege had been improvised at Boston, each constituent part of which would fall to pieces and have to be put together again every three months.

The worst of it was, that the country back of New York had not been, could not be, purged of active loyalists as the country round about Boston had been by the local "committee" of one sort or another and by the very active young men who had banded themselves together as "Sons of Liberty," seeing much rich adventure, and for the present little responsibility, ahead of them in those days of government by resolution. Washington

coming to give him trouble. The formal Declaration of Independence which the Congress adopted in July hardened the face and stiffened the resolution of every man who had definitely thrown in his lot with the popular cause, as Washington had foreseen that it would, just because it made resistance avowed rebellion, and left no way of retreat or compromise. But it also deeply grieved and alienated many a man of judgment and good feeling, and made party differences within the colonies just so much the more bitter and irreconcilable.

The first attempt of the British was made against Charleston in the South. A fleet under Sir Peter Parker came out of England with fresh troops commanded by the earl of Cornwallis, was joined by transports and men-of-war from Halifax, bearing a force under Sir Henry Clinton, and, as June drew towards its close, delivered a combined attack, by land and sea, upon the fort on Sullivan's Island,

seeking to win its way past to the capture of Charleston itself. But they could not force a passage. Two of the ships,—one of them Sir Peter's own flag-ship,—never came away again. Colonel Moultrie and Colonel Thompson beat off both the fleet and the troops landed from it; and the British went northward again to concentrate upon New York.



transferred his headquarters to New York early in April and set about his almost hopeless task with characteristic energy and fertility of resource; but there were spies without number all about him, and every country-side was full of enemies who waited for General Howe's

On the 28th of June,—the very day of the attack at Charleston,—Howe's transports began to gather in the lower bay. A few days more, and there were thirty thousand troops waiting to be landed. It was impossible, with the force Washington had, to prevent their being



THE FIGHT BETWEEN "BONHOMME RICHARD" AND "SERAPIS"

put ashore at their commander's convenience. It was impossible to close the Narrows, to keep their ships from the inner bay, or even to prevent their passing up the river as they pleased. Washington could only wait within the exposed town or within his trenches on Brooklyn heights, which commanded the town on one side almost as Dorchester and Charlestown heights commanded Boston.

For a month and more Sir William waited, his troops most of them still upon the ships, until he should first attempt to fulfil his mission of peace and accommodation. His brother, Admiral Lord Howe, joined him there in July. They were authorized to offer unconditional pardon, even now, to all who would submit. The ministers of England could not have chosen commissioners of peace more acceptable to the Americans or more likely to be heard than the Howes. Not only were they men of honor, showing in all that they did the straightforward candor and the instinctive sense of duty that came with their breeding and their training in arms, but they were also brothers of that gallant young soldier who had come over almost twenty years ago to fight the French with Abercrombie, to be loved by every man who became his comrade, and to lose his life untimely fighting forward through the forests which lay about Ticonderoga, a knightly and heroic figure. But they could offer no concessions,—only pardon for utter submission, and, for all their honorable persistency, could find no one in authority among the Americans who would make the too exacting exchange. Their offers of pardon alternated with the movements of troops and their steady successes in arms. Lord Howe issued his first overture of peace, in the form of a public proclamation offering pardon, immediately upon his arrival with his fleet at Sandy Hook, and followed it up at once with messages to the Congress at Philadelphia. Sir William Howe put his troops ashore at last, on the twenty-second of August, seeing that peace could not be had until something was first done, and made ready to dislodge Washington from the heights of Brooklyn; but on the twenty-third he too, in his turn, made yet another offer of general pardon by proclamation.

On the twenty-seventh he drove the American forces on Long Island in on their defences, and rendered the heights at once practically untenable. Washington had but eighteen thousand half-disciplined militiamen with which to hold the town and all the long shores of the open bay and river, and had put ten thousand of them across the river to hold Long Island and the defences on the heights. Sir William had put twenty thousand men ashore for the attack on the heights; and when Washington knew that his advanced guard was driven in, and saw Sir William, mindful of Bunker's Hill, bestow his troops, not for an assault, but for an investment of the heights, he perceived at once how easily he might be cut off and trapped there, armed ships lying at hand which might at any moment completely command the river. Immediately, and as secretly as quickly, while a single night held, he withdrew every man and every gun, as suddenly and as successfully as he had seized the heights at Dorchester.

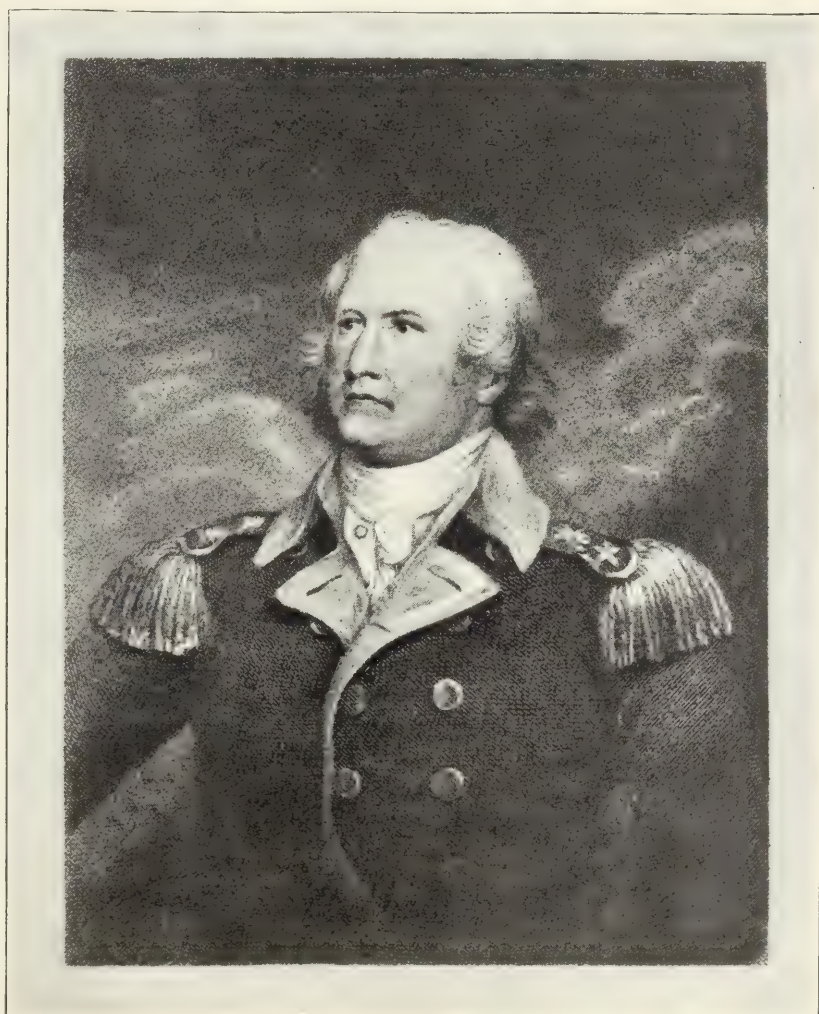
Again Sir William sent a message of conciliation to the Congress, by the hands of General Sullivan, his prisoner. On the eleventh of September, before the next movement of arms, Dr. Franklin, Mr. John Adams, and Mr. Edward Rutledge met Lord Howe and Sir William, as commissioners from the Congress, to discuss possible terms of accommodation. Dr. Franklin had been in London until March. During the past winter he had more than once met Lord Howe in earnest conference about American affairs, the ministers wishing to find through him some way, if it were possible, of quieting the colonies. But the ministers had not been willing then to make the concessions which might have ended the trouble, and their commissioners were not authorized to make them now; and the conference with the representatives of the Congress came to nothing, as the conferences in London had come to nothing.

Washington could no more hold Manhattan Island with the forces at his command than he could hold Brooklyn heights. He had no choice in the end but to retire. General Howe was cautious, moved slowly, and handled his forces with little energy or decision; Washington made stand and fought at every point

at which there was the least promise of success. His men and his commanders were shamefully demoralized by their defeat on Long Island, but he held them together with singular tact and authority: repulsed the enemy at Haarlem heights (16 September), held his own before them at White Plains (28 October),—did not feel obliged to abandon the island until late in November, after General Greene had fatally blundered by suffering three thousand of the best-trained men of the scant continental force, with invaluable artillery, small-arms, and stores, to be trapped and taken at Fort Washington (16 November).

When he did at last withdraw, and leave Howe in complete control of the great port and its approaches, the situation was indeed alarming. He had been unspeakably stung and disquieted, as he withdrew mile by mile up the island, to see how uncertain his men were in the field,—how sometimes they would fight and sometimes they would not at the hot crisis of a critical encounter; but now things seemed to have gone utterly to pieces. He might at any moment be quite cut off from New England. While he still faced Howe on Manhattan Island, General Carleton, moving with a British force out of Canada, had driven Benedict Arnold up Champlain, despite stubborn and gallant resistance (11 and 13 October), and on the 14th of October had occupied Crown Point. There he had stopped; and later news came that he had withdrawn. But apparently he could strike again almost when he pleased, and threaten all the long line of the Hudson to where Howe lay at New York itself.

It was not mere defeat, however, that put the cast-almost of despair upon affairs as Washington saw them that dismal autumn. His forces seemed to melt away under his very eyes. Charles Lee, his chief subordinate in command, too much a soldier of fortune to be a man



GENERAL WILLIAM MOULTRIE

of honor, obeyed or disregarded his orders at his own discretion. When once it was known that he had been obliged to abandon the Hudson, consternation and defection spread everywhere. On the thirtieth of November, when his defeat seemed complete, it might be final, the Howes joined in a fresh proclamation of pardon, inviting all, once again, to submit and be forgiven; and it looked for a little as if all who dared would take advantage of the offer and make their peace with the enemy,—for Washington now moved in a region where opinion had from the first been sharply divided. While defection

spread, he was in full retreat, with scarcely three thousand men all told in his demoralized force—that handful ill clad and stricken with disease, and dwindling fast by desertion—an overwhelming body of the enemy, under Cornwallis, at his very heels as he went, so that he dared hardly so much as pause for rest until he had put the broad shelter of the Delaware behind him. “These are the times that try men’s souls,” cried Thomas Paine (December, 1776); “the summer soldier and the sunshine patriot” were falling away. One after another, that very summer, the delegates of the several states had put their names to the Declaration of Independence; but already there seemed small prospect of making it good. It began to seem to not a few a piece of mere bravado, to be repented of.

The real strength and hope of the cause lay in the steadfastness and the undaunted initiative of the indomitable Virginian whom the Congress had chosen for the chief command. He proved himself a maker as well as a commander of armies, struck oftenest when he was deemed most defeated, could not by any reverse be put out of the fighting. He was now for the first time to give the British commanders a real taste of his quality. What there was to be done he did himself. The British stopped at the Delaware; but their lines reached Burlington, within eighteen miles of Philadelphia, and from Trenton, which they held in some force, extended through Princeton to New Brunswick and their headquarters at New York. Philadelphia was stricken with utter panic. Sick and ragged soldiers poured in from Washington’s camp, living evidences of what straits he was in, and had to be succored and taken care of; the country roads were crowded with vehicles leaving the town laden with women and children and household goods; the Congress itself incontinently fled the place and betook itself to Baltimore. Washington’s military stores were in the town, but he could get no proper protection for them. It was at that very moment, nevertheless, that he showed all the world with what skill and audacity he could strike. By dint of every resolute and persistent effort he had before Christmas brought his little force to a fighting strength of some

six thousand. More than half of these were men enlisted only until the new year should open, but he moved before that.

During the night of Christmas Day (1776) he got twenty-five hundred men across the river through pitchy darkness and clogging ice; and in the early light and frost of the next morning he took Trenton, with its garrison of nine hundred Hessians, at the point of the bayonet. There he waited,—keeping his unwilling militiamen to their service past the opening of the year by dint of imperative persuasion and a pledge of his own private fortune for their pay,—until Cornwallis came down post-haste out of New York with eight thousand men. Moving only to change his position a little, he dared to wait until his adversary was encamped, at nightfall of the second of January, 1777, within ear-shot of his trenches; then slipped northward in the night, easily beat the British detachment posted at Princeton, as the next day dawned and had its morning; and could have taken or destroyed Cornwallis’s stores at New Brunswick had his men been adequately shod to outstrip the British following hard behind them. As it was, he satisfied himself with having completely flanked and thwarted his foe, and withdrew safe to the heights of Morristown. The British had hastily retired from Burlington upon the taking of Trenton,—so hastily that they took neither their cannon nor even their heavier baggage away with them. Now they deemed it unsafe to take post anywhere south of New Brunswick, until spring should come and they could see what Washington meant to do. Once again, therefore, the Americans controlled New Jersey; and Washington ordered all who had accepted General Howe’s offer of pardon either to withdraw to the British lines or take the oath of allegiance to the United States. Daring and a touch of genius had turned despair into hope. Americans did not soon forget that sudden triumph of arms, or that the great Frederick of Prussia had said that that had been the most brilliant campaign of the century.

A soldier’s eye could see quickly and plainly enough how the whole aspect of the war had been changed by those brief,

FAC-SIMILE OF JEFFERSON'S ORIGINAL DRAFT OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

SHOWING CORRECTIONS IN THE HANDWRITING OF FRANKLIN AND ADAMS

A Declaration of the Representatives of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, in General Congress assembled.

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for ^{one} people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to ~~assume~~ ^{assume} among the powers of the earth the ^{separate and equal} ~~position~~ station to which the laws of nature & of nature's god entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to ~~that~~ ^{the} separation.

We hold these truths to be ^{self-evident} ~~clearly~~ ^{that} all men are created equal & independent, that ^{they are endowed by their creator with} ~~from that equal creation they derive~~ ^{rights that} ~~unalienable~~ ^{unalienable}, among ^{these} ~~which~~ are ~~life, liberty, & the pursuit of happiness~~ ^{life, liberty, & the pursuit of happiness}; that to secure these ^{rights} ~~ends~~, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government ~~shall~~ becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, & to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles & organising its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety & happiness. ^{prudence indeed} will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light & transient causes: and accordingly all experience hath shewn that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. but when a long train of abuses & usurpations [begin at a distinguished period] & pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to ~~reduce~~ ^{reduce} them ~~to absolute despotism~~ ^{under absolute despotism}, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, & to provide new guards for their future security. such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; & such is now the necessity which constrains them to ~~expunge~~ ^{alter} their former systems of government. the history of ^{the} present ^{* King of Great Britain} ~~is~~ ^{repeated} is a history of unremitted injuries and usurpations, [among which, ^{appears no solitary fact} ~~no solitary fact~~ ^{in all his reign} ~~to~~ ^{to} contradict the uniform tenor of the rest, ~~all of which~~ ^{all of which} have in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. to prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world [for the truth of which we pledge a faith not unallied by falsehood]

he has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good:

he has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate & pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has neglected ^{utterly} ~~utterly~~ to attend to them.

he has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people unless those people would relinquish the right of representation ^{in the legislature}, a right inestimable to them & formidable to tyrants ~~only~~; together legislative bodies at places unusual, ~~inconvenient~~ ^{inconvenient}, and to suspend of their public records for the sole purpose of fatiguing ~~the~~ ^{the} people:

~~therefore~~, he has refused for a long ~~space~~ ^{time after such dissolutions} of time, to cause others to be elected, whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have ~~returned~~ ^{been returned} to the people at large for their exercise, the state remaining in the mean time exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, & convulsions within:

he has endeavored to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, & raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands:

he has suffered the administration of justice to cease in some of the states, refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers:

he has made ^{the} ~~our~~ judges dependant on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, ^{the} ~~the~~ & payment and amount of their salaries:

he has erected a multitude of new offices [by a self-assumed power] & sent his ~~their~~ swarms of officers to harass our people & eat out their substance:

he has kept among us in times of peace, standing armies ^{without the consent of our legislatures} [ships of war];

he has affected to render the military independent of & superior to the civil power:

he has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitutions and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their ^{acts of} pretended ~~acts~~

& legislation, for quartering large bodies of armed troops among us;

for protecting them by a mock-trial from punishment for any murders

^{high} ~~they~~ should commit on the inhabitants of these states;

for cutting off our trade with all parts of the world;

for imposing taxes on us without our consent;

for depriving us ^{in many cases} of the benefits of trial by jury;

for transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offences:

for abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, established by their own assent, and substituting in its stead a ~~harsh~~ ^{rigid} and oppressive system, so as to render it at once an example & fit instrument for introducing the same into these states:

Nor have we been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. we have earned them from time to time. of attempts by their legislature to extend a jurisdiction over these our states we have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration & settlement here [no one of which could warrant so strange a pretension: that these were effected at the expence of our own blood & treasure, unassisted by the wealth or the strength of Great Britain: that in constituting indeed our several forms of government, we had adopted one common king, thereby laying a foundation for perpetual league & amity with them: but that submission to their

credited: and we appealed to their native justice & magnanimity [as well as to the ties of a common kindred to disavow these usurpations which were likely to interrupt our correspondence & connection]. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice & of consanguinity, [when occasions have been given them by the regular course of their laws, of removing from their councils the disturbers of our harmony, they have by their free election re-established them in power. at this very time too they are permitting their chief magistrate to send over not only soldiers, of our common blood, but Scotch & foreign mercenaries to invade & ~~destroy us~~ these facts have given the last stab to agonizing affections, and manly spirit bids us to renounce for ever these unfeeling brethren. we must endeavor to forget our former love for them, and to hold them as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war,

in peace friends. we might have been a free & a great people together; but a communication of grandeur & of freedom it seems is below their dignity. be it so, since they will have it, the road to ~~glory~~ happiness, is open to us too, we will ~~leave it~~ ^{make it} ~~separate from them~~ ^{apart from them}, and acquiesce in the necessity which ~~pronounces our war~~ ^{de} ~~existing~~ ^{de} ~~advised~~ ^{separation} [turned] ~~separation~~ ^{separation}!

We therefore the representatives of the United States of America in General Congress assembled, do in the name & by authority of the good people of these [states] reject and renounce all allegiance & subjection to the kings of Great Britain & all others who may hereafter claim by, through, or under them; we utterly dissolve & break off all political connection which may have heretofore subsisted between us & the people or parliament of Great Britain; and finally we do assert and declare these colonies to be free and independant states, and that as free & independant states they shall hereafter have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, & to do all other acts and things which independant states may of right do. And for the support of this declaration we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, & our sacred honour.

sudden, unexpected strokes at Trenton and Princeton. Men near at hand, and looking for what a soldier would deem it no business of his to reckon with, saw that it had not only radically altered the military situation, but also the very atmosphere of the times for all concerned. The fighting at Trenton and Princeton had been of no great consequence in itself, but it had in every way put the war beyond its experimental stage. It had taught the British commanders with what sort of spirit and genius they had to deal, and how certain it was that their task must be carried to a finish not only by conquering marches and a mere occupation of the country, but by careful strategy and the long plans of a set campaign.

Moreover, they now obviously had a country, and not an insurgent army, to conquer,—and a vast country at that. That surprising winter had set men's sinews to what they had undertaken, on the one side as on the other.

In December (1776) it had looked as if all firmness had been unnerved and all hope turned to foreboding by the success of the British at New York and in the

Jerseys. Joseph Galloway, of Pennsylvania, when that crisis came, took advantage of the opportunity to remove within the British lines and cast in his lot there with those who were ready to stake everything upon their loyalty and the success of the British arms. Others followed his example—some out of panic, but many, it seemed, not out of fear, but out of principle. But the other day Mr. Galloway had been the chief figure in the politics of his colony; and many of those who made submission when he did were of families of the first dignity and consequence. They, like him, had been champions of colonial rights until it came to the point of rebellion. They would not follow further. Their example was imitated now, moreover, in their act of formal submission, by some who had played the part of patriot more boldly and with less compunction. Mr. Samuel Tucker, even, who until this untoward month had been president of New Jersey's revolutionary Committee of Safety, made his submission. It seemed hard to reckon upon steadfastness anywhere.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Beldonald Holbein

BY HENRY JAMES

I
MRS. MUNDEN had not yet been to my studio on so good a pretext as when she first put it to me that it would be quite open to me—should I only care, as she called it, to throw the handkerchief—to paint her beautiful sister-in-law. I needn't go, here, more than is essential, into the question of Mrs. Munden, who would really, by-the-way, be a story by herself. She has a manner of her own of putting things; and some of those she has put to me—! Her implication was that Lady Beldonald had not only seen and admired certain examples of my work, but had literally been prepossessed in favor of the painter's "personality." Had I been struck with this sketch I might easily

have imagined that Lady Beldonald was throwing *me* the handkerchief. "She hasn't done," my visitor said, "what she ought."

"Do you mean she has done what she oughtn't?"

"Nothing horrid—oh dear, no." And something in Mrs. Munden's tone, with the way she appeared to muse a moment, even suggested to me that what she "oughtn't" was perhaps what Lady Beldonald had too much neglected. "She hasn't got on."

"What's the matter with her?"

"Well, to begin with, she's American."

"But I thought that was the way of ways to get on."

"It's one of them. But it's one of the



Drawn by Lucius Hitchcock

THE BELDONALD HOLBEIN

ways of being awfully out of it too. There are so many!"

"So many Americans?" I asked.

"Yes—plenty of *them*," Mrs. Munden sighed. "So many ways, I mean, of being one."

"But if your sister-in-law's way is to be beautiful—"

"Oh, there are different ways of *that* too."

"And she hasn't taken the right way?"

"Well," my friend returned as if it were rather difficult to express, "she hasn't done with it—"

"I see," I laughed, "what she oughtn't!"

Mrs. Munden in a manner corrected me—but it *was* difficult to express. "My brother, at all events, was certainly selfish. Till he died she was almost never in London; they wintered, year after year, for what he supposed to be his health—which it didn't help, since he was so much too soon to meet his end—in the south of France, and in the dullest holes he could pick out; and when they came back to England he always kept her in the country. I must say for her that she always behaved beautifully. Since his death she has been more in London, but on a stupidly unsuccessful footing. I don't think she quite understands. She hasn't what *I* should call a life. It may be of course that she doesn't want one—that's just what I can't, exactly, find out. I can't make out how much she knows."

"I can easily make out," I returned with hilarity, "how much *you* do!"

"Well, you're very horrid. Perhaps she's too old."

"Too old for what?" I persisted.

"For anything. Of course she's no longer even a little young; only preserved—oh, but preserved, like bottled fruit, in syrup! I want to help her, if only because she gets on my nerves; and I really think the way of it would be just the right thing of yours, at the Academy, on the line."

"But suppose," I threw out, "she should give on *my* nerves?"

"Oh, she will. But isn't that all in the day's work; and don't great beauties always—?"

"*You* don't," I interrupted; but I at any rate saw Lady Beldonald later on

—the day came when her kinswoman brought her; and then I understood that her life had its centre in her own idea of her appearance. Nothing else about her mattered—one knew her all when one knew that. She is indeed in one particular, I think, sole of her kind—a person whom vanity has had the odd effect of keeping positively safe and sound. This passion is supposed, surely, for the most part, to be a principle of perversion and injury, leading astray those who listen to it, and landing them, sooner or later, in this or that complication; but it has landed her ladyship nowhere whatever—it has kept her, from the first moment of full consciousness, one feels, exactly in the same place. It has protected her from every danger and made her absolutely proper and prim. If she is "preserved," as Mrs. Munden originally described her to me, it is her vanity that has beautifully done it; putting her, years ago, in a plate-glass case and closing up the receptacle against every breath of air. How shouldn't she be preserved, when you might smash your knuckles on this transparency before you could crack it? And she *is*—oh, amazingly; preservation is scarce the word for the rare condition of her surface. She looks *naturally* new—as if she took out every night her large, lovely, varnished eyes and put them in water. The thing was to paint her, I perceived, *in* the glass case—a most tempting, attaching feat; render, to the full, the shining, interposing plate and the general show-window effect.

It was agreed, though it was not quite arranged, that she should sit to me; if it was not quite arranged, this was because—as I was made to understand from an early stage—the conditions for our start must be such as should exclude all elements of disturbance, such, in a word, as she herself should judge absolutely favorable. And it seemed that these conditions were easily imperilled. Suddenly, for instance, at a moment when I was expecting her to meet an appointment—the first—that I had proposed, I received a hurried visit from Mrs. Munden, who came, on her behalf, to let me know that the season happened just not to be propitious, and that our friend couldn't be quite sure, to the hour,

when it would again become so. Nothing, she felt, would make it so but a total absence of worry.

"Oh, a 'total absence,'" I said, "is a large order! We live in a difficult world."

"Yes; and she feels exactly that—more than you'd think. It's in fact just why she mustn't have—as she has now—a particular distress on at the very moment. She wants to look, of course, her best; and such things tell on her appearance."

I shook my head. "Nothing tells on her appearance. Nothing reaches it in any way—nothing gets *at* it. However, I can understand her anxiety. But what's her particular distress?"

"Why, the illness of Miss Dadd."

"And who in the world's Miss Dadd?"

"Her most intimate friend and constant companion—the lady who was with us here that first day."

"Oh, the little round, black woman who gurgled with admiration?"

"Precisely. But she was taken ill last week, and it may very well be that she'll gurgle no more. She was very bad yesterday, and is no better to-day, and Nina is much upset. If anything happens to Miss Dadd she'll have to get another; and—though she has had two or three before—that won't be so easy."

"Two or three Miss Dadds?—is it possible? And still wanting another!" I recalled the poor lady completely now. "No—I shouldn't indeed think it would be easy to get another. But why is a succession of them necessary to Lady Beldonald's existence?"

"Can't you guess?" Mrs. Munden looked deep, yet impatient. "They help."

"Help what? Help whom?"

"Why, every one. You and me for instance. To do what? Why, to think Nina beautiful. She has them for that purpose—they serve as foils, as accents serve on syllables, as terms of comparison. They make her 'stand out.' It's an effect of contrast that must be familiar to you artists; it's what a woman does when she puts a band of black velvet under a pearl ornament that may require, as she thinks, a little showing off."

I wondered. "Do you mean she always has them black?"

"Dear no—I've seen them blue, green, yellow. They may be what they like so long as they're always one other thing."

"Hideous?"

Mrs. Munden hesitated. "Hideous is too much to say—she doesn't really require them as bad as that. But consistently, cheerfully, loyally plain. It's really a most happy relation. She loves them for it."

"And for what do they love *her*?"

"Why, just for the amiability that they produce in her. Then, also, for their 'home.' It's a career for them."

"I see. But if that's the case," I asked, "why are they so difficult to find?"

"Oh, they must be safe—it's all in that: her being able to depend on them to keep to the terms of the bargain and never have moments of rising—as even the ugliest woman will now and then (say when she's in love)—superior to themselves."

I turned it over. "Then if they can't inspire passions the poor things mayn't even at least feel them?"

"She distinctly deprecates it. That's why such a man as you may be, after all, a complication."

I continued to muse. "You're very sure Miss Dadd's ailment isn't an affection that, being smothered, has struck in?" My joke, however, was not well timed, for I afterwards learned that the unfortunate lady's state had been, even while I spoke, such as to forbid all hope. The worst symptoms had appeared; she was not destined to recover; and a week later I heard from Mrs. Munden that she would in fact "gurgle" no more.

II

All this, for Lady Beldonald, had been an agitation so great that access to her apartment was denied for a time even to her sister-in-law. It was much more out of the question, of course, that she should unveil her face to a person of my special business with it; so that the question of the portrait was, by common consent, postponed to that of the installation of a successor to her late companion. Such a successor, I gathered from Mrs. Munden, widowed, childless, and lonely, as well as inapt for the minor offices, she had absolutely to have; a more or less humble *alter ego* to deal



"SO MANY WAYS I MEAN OF BEING ONE"

with the servants, keep the accounts, make the tea, and arrange the light. Nothing seemed more natural than that she should marry again—and obviously that might come; yet the predecessors of Miss Dadd had been contemporaneous with a first husband, and others formed in her image might be contemporaneous with a second. I was much occupied, in those months, at any rate; so that these questions and their ramifications lost themselves, for a while, to my view, and I was only brought back to them by Mrs. Munden's coming to me one day with the news that we were all right again—her sister-in-law was once more "suited." A certain Mrs. Brash, an American relative whom she had not seen for years, but with whom she had continued to communicate, was to come out to her immediately; and this person, it appeared, could be quite trusted to meet the conditions. She was ugly—ugly enough, without abuse of it; and she was unlimitedly good. The position offered her by Lady Beldonald was, moreover, exactly what she needed; widowed also, after many troubles and reverses, with her fortune of the smallest and her various children either buried or placed about, she had never had time or means to come to England, and would really be grateful, in her declining years, for the new experience and the pleasant light work involved in her cousin's hospitality. They had been much together early in life, and Lady Beldonald was immensely fond of her—would have in fact tried to get hold of her before had not Mrs. Brash been always in bondage to family duties, to the variety of her tribulations. I dare say I laughed at my friend's use of the term "position"—the position, one might call it, of a candlestick or a sign-post; and I dare say I must have asked if the special service the poor lady was to render had been made clear to her. Mrs. Munden left me, at any rate, with the rather droll image of her faring forth, across the sea, quite consciously and resignedly to perform it.

The point of the communication had at all events been that my sitter was again looking up, and would doubtless, on the arrival and due initiation of Mrs. Brash, be in form really to wait on me.

The situation must, further, to my knowledge, have developed happily, for I arranged with Mrs. Munden that our friend, now all ready to begin, but wanting first just to see the things I had most recently done, should come once more, as a final preliminary, to my studio. A good foreign friend of mine, a French painter, Paul Outreau, was at the moment in London, and I had proposed, as he was much interested in types, to get together for his amusement a small afternoon party. Every one came, my big room was full, there was music and a modest spread; and I have not forgotten the light of admiration in Outreau's expressive face as, at the end of half an hour, he came up to me in his enthusiasm.

"Great heaven, *mon cher—que cette vieille est donc belle!*"

I had tried to collect all the beauty I could, and also all the youth, so that for a moment I was at a loss. I had talked to many people and provided for the music, and there were figures in the crowd that were still lost to me. "What old woman do you mean?"

"I don't know her name—she was over by the door a moment ago. I asked somebody and was told, I think, that she's American."

I looked about and saw one of my guests attach a pair of fine eyes to Outreau very much as if she knew he must be talking of her. "Oh, Lady Beldonald! Yes—she's handsome, but the great point about her is that she has been 'put up,' to keep, and that she wouldn't be flattered if she knew you spoke of her as old. A box of sardines is only 'old' after it has been opened. Lady Beldonald never has yet been—but I'm going to do it." I joked, but I was somehow disappointed. It was a type that, with his unerring sense for the *banal*, I shouldn't have expected Outreau to pick out.

"You're going to paint her? But, my dear man, she *is* painted—and as neither you nor I can do it. *Ou est-elle donc?*" He had lost her, and I saw I had made a mistake. "She's the greatest of all the great Holbeins."

I was relieved. "Ah, then, not Lady Beldonald! But do I possess a Holbein, of *any* price, unawares?"

"There she is—there she is! Dear, dear, dear, what a head!" And I saw whom he meant—and what: a small old lady in a black dress and a black bonnet—both relieved with a little white—who had evidently just changed her place to reach a corner from which more of the room and of the scene was presented to her. She appeared unnoticed and unknown, and I immediately recognized that some other guest must have brought her and, for want of opportunity, failed as yet to call my attention to her. But two things, simultaneously with this and with each other, struck me with force; one of them the truth of Outreau's description of her, the other the fact that the person bringing her could only have been Lady Beldonald. She *was* a Holbein—of the first water; yet she was also Mrs. Brash, the imported "foil," the indispensable "accent," the successor to the dreary Miss Dadd! By the time I had put these things together—Outreau's "American" having helped me—I was in just such full possession of her face as I had found myself, on the other first occasion, of that of her patroness. Only with so different a consequence! I couldn't look at her enough, and I stared and stared till I became aware she might have fancied me challenging her as a person unrepresented. "All the same," Outreau went on, equally held, "*c'est une tête à faire*. If I were only staying long enough for a crack at her! But I tell you what"—and he seized my arm: "bring her over!"

"Over?"

"To Paris. She'd have a *succès fou*."

"Ah, thanks, my dear fellow," I was now quite in a position to say: "she's the handsomest thing in London, and"—for what I might do with her was already before me with intensity—"I propose to keep her to myself!" It was before me with intensity, in the light of Mrs. Brash's distant perfection of a little white old face, in which every wrinkle was the touch of a master; but something else, I suddenly felt, was not less so; for Lady Beldonald, in the other quarter, and though she couldn't have made out the subject of our notice, continued to fix us, and her eyes had the challenge of those of the woman of con-

sequence who has missed something. A moment later I was close to her, apologizing first for not having been more on the spot at her arrival, but saying in the next breath uncontrollably: "Why, my dear lady, it's a Holbein!"

"A Holbein? What?"

"Why, the wonderful sharp old face—so extraordinarily, consummately drawn—in the frame of black velvet. That of Mrs. Brash, I mean—isn't it her name?—your companion."

This was the beginning of a most odd matter—the essence of my anecdote; and I think the very first note of the oddity must have sounded for me in the tone in which her ladyship spoke after giving me a silent look. It seemed to come to me out of a distance immeasurably removed from Holbein. "Mrs. Brash is not my 'companion' in the sense you appear to mean. She's my rather near relation and a very dear old friend. I *love* her—and you must know her."

"Know her? Rather! Why, to see her is to want, on the spot, to 'go' for her. She also must sit for me."

"*She?* Louisa Brash?" If Lady Beldonald had the theory that her beauty directly showed it when things were not well with her, this impression, which the fixed sweetness of her serenity had hitherto struck me by no means as justifying, gave me now my first glimpse of its grounds. It was as if I had never before seen her face invaded by anything I should have called an expression. This expression, moreover, was of the faintest—was like the effect produced on a surface by an agitation both deep within and as yet much confused. "Have you told her so?" she then quickly asked, as if to soften the sound of her surprise.

"Dear no, I've but just noticed her—Outreau, a moment ago, put me on her. But we're both so taken, and he also wants—"

"To *paint* her?" Lady Beldonald uncontrollably murmured.

"Don't be afraid we shall fight for her," I returned with a laugh for this tone. Mrs. Brash was still where I could see her without appearing to stare, and she mightn't have seen I was looking at her, though her protectress, I am afraid, could scarce have failed of



"YOU CALL HER A HOLBEIN?"

this perception. "We must each take our turn, and at any rate she's a wonderful thing, so that if you'll take her to Paris, Outreau promises her there—"

"*There?*" my companion gasped.

"—a career bigger still than among *us*, as he considers that we haven't half their eye. He guarantees her a *succès fou*."

She couldn't get over it. "Louisa Brash? In Paris?"

"They do see," I exclaimed, "more than we; and they live, extraordinarily, don't you know? *in* that. But she'll do something here too."

"And what will she do?"

If, frankly, now, I couldn't help giving Mrs. Brash a longer look, so, after it, I could as little resist sounding my interlocutress. "You'll see. Only give her time."

She said nothing during the moment in which she met my eyes; but then: "Time, it seems to me, is exactly what you and your friend want. If you haven't talked with her—"

"We haven't seen her? Oh, we see bang off—with a click like a steel spring. It's our trade; it's our life; and we should be donkeys if we made mistakes. That's the way I saw you yourself, my lady, if I may say so; that's the way, with a long pin straight through your body, I've got you. And just so I've got *her*."

All this, for reasons, had brought my guest to her feet; but her eyes, while we talked, had never once followed the direction of mine. "You call her a Holbein?"

"Outreau did, and I of course immediately recognized it. Don't *you*? She brings the old boy to life! It's just as I should call you a Titian. You bring *him* to life."

She couldn't be said to relax, because she couldn't be said to have hardened; but something, at any rate, on this, took place in her—something, indeed, quite disconnected from what I would have called her. "Don't you understand that she has always been supposed—?" It had the ring of impatience; nevertheless, on a scruple, it stopped short.

I knew what it was, however, well enough to say it for her if she preferred. "To be nothing whatever to look at? To be unfortunately plain—or even, if

you like, repulsively ugly? Oh yes, I understand it perfectly, just as I understand—I have to as a part of my trade—many other forms of stupidity. It's nothing new to one that ninety-nine people out of a hundred have no eyes, no sense, no taste. There are whole communities impenetrably sealed. I don't say your friend is a person to make the men turn round in Regent Street. But it adds to the joy of the few who do see that they have it so much to themselves. Where in the world can she have lived? You must tell me all about that—or rather, if she'll be so good, *she* must."

"You mean then to speak to her—"

I wondered as she pulled up again. "Of her beauty?"

"Her beauty!" cried Lady Beldonald so loud that two or three persons looked round.

"Ah, with every precaution of respect!" I declared in a much lower tone. But her back was by this time turned to me, and, in the movement, as it were, one of the strangest little dramas I have ever known was well launched.

III

It was a drama of small, smothered, intensely private things, and I knew of but one other person in the secret; but that person and I found it exquisitely susceptible of notation, followed it with an interest the mutual communication of which did much for our enjoyment, and were present with emotion at its touching catastrophe. The small case—for so small a case—had made a great stride even before my little party separated, and in fact within the next ten minutes.

In that space of time two things had happened; one of which was that I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Brash, and the other that Mrs. Munden reached me, cleaving the crowd, with one of her usual pieces of news. What she had to impart was that, on her having, just before, asked Nina if the conditions of our sitting had been arranged with me, Nina had replied, with something like perversity, that she didn't propose to arrange them, that the whole affair was "off" again, and that she preferred not to be, for the present, further pressed. The question

for Mrs. Munden was, naturally, what had happened and whether I understood. Oh, I understood perfectly, and what I at first most understood was that even when I had brought in the name of Mrs. Brash, intelligence was not yet in Mrs. Munden. She was quite as surprised as Lady Beldonald had been on hearing of the esteem in which I held Mrs. Brash's appearance. She was stupefied at learning that I had just, in my ardor, proposed to the possessor of it to sit to me. Only she came round promptly—which Lady Beldonald really never did. Mrs. Munden was in fact wonderful; for when I had given her quickly "Why, she's a Holbein, you know," she took it up, after a first fine vacancy, with an immediate abysmal "Oh, *is* she?" that, as a piece of social gymnastics, did her the greatest honor; and she was in fact the first in London to spread the tidings. For a face—about it was magnificent. But she was also the first, I must add, to see what would really happen—though this she put before me only a week or two later.

"It will kill her, my dear—that's what it will do!"

She meant neither more nor less than that it would kill Lady Beldonald if I were to paint Mrs. Brash; for at this lurid light had we arrived in so short a space of time. It was for me to decide whether my æsthetic need of giving life to my idea was such as to justify me in destroying it in a woman after all, in most eyes, so beautiful. The situation was, after all, sufficiently queer; for it remained to be seen what I should positively gain by giving up Mrs. Brash. I appeared to have in any case lost Lady Beldonald, now too "upset"—it was always Mrs. Munden's word about her, and, as I inferred, her own about herself—to meet me again on our previous footing. The only thing, I of course soon saw, was to temporize—to drop the whole question for the present, and yet, so far as possible, keep each of the pair in view. I may as well say at once that this plan and this process gave their principal interest to the next several months. Mrs. Brash had turned up, if I remember, early in the new year, and her little wonderful career was, in our particular circle, one of the features of the following

season. It was at all events for myself the most attaching: it is not my fault if I am so put together as often to find more life in situations obscure and subject to interpretation than in the gross rattle of the foreground. And there were all sorts of things, things touching, amusing, mystifying—and above all such an instance as I had never yet met—in this funny little fortune of the useful American cousin. Mrs. Munden was promptly at one with me as to the rarity and, to a near and human view, the beauty and interest of the position. We had neither of us ever before seen that degree, and that special sort, of personal success come to a woman for the first time so late in life. I found it an example of poetic, of absolutely retributive, justice; so that my desire grew great to work it, as we say, on those lines. I had seen it all from the original moment at my studio: the poor lady had never known an hour's appreciation—which, moreover, in perfect good faith, she had never missed. The very first thing I did after producing so unintentionally the resentful retreat of her protectress had been to go straight over to her and say almost without preliminaries that I should hold myself immensely obliged to her if she would give me a few sittings. What I thus came face to face with was, on the instant, her whole unenlightened past, and the full, if foreshortened, revelation of what, among us all, was now unfailingly in store for her. To turn the handle and start that tune came to me on the spot as a temptation. Here was a poor lady who had waited for the approach of old age to find out what she was worth. Here was a benighted being to whom it was to be disclosed in her fifty-seventh year (I was to make that out,) that she had something that might pass for a face. She looked much more than her age, and was fairly frightened—as if I had been trying on her some possibly heartless London trick—when she had taken in my appeal. That showed me in what an air she had lived and—as I should have been tempted to put it had I spoken out—among what children of darkness. Later on I did them more justice; saw more that her wonderful points must have been points largely the fruit of time,

and even that, possibly, she might never in all her life have looked so well as at this particular moment. It might have been that if her hour had struck I just happened to be present at the striking. What had occurred, all the same, was at the worst a sufficient comedy.

The famous "irony of fate" takes many forms, but I had never yet seen it take quite this one. She had been "had over" on an understanding, and she was not playing fair. She had broken the law of her ugliness and had turned beautiful on the hands of her employer. More interesting even, perhaps, than a view of the conscious triumph that this might prepare for her, and of which, had I doubted of my own judgment, I could still take Outreau's fine start as the full guarantee—more interesting was the question of the process by which such a history could get itself enacted. The curious thing was that, all the while, the reasons of her having passed for plain—the reasons for Lady Beldonald's fond calculation, which they quite justified—were written large in her face, so large that it was easy to understand them as the only ones she herself had ever read. What was it then that actually made the old stale sentence mean something so different?—into what new combinations, what extraordinary language, unknown but understood at a glance, had time and life translated it? The only thing to be said was that time and life were artists who beat us all, working with recipes and secrets that we could never find out. I really ought to have, like a lecturer or a showman, a chart or a blackboard to present properly the relation, in the wonderful old tender, battered, blanced face, between the original elements and the exquisite final "style." I could do it with chalks, but I can scarcely do it thus. However, the thing was, for any artist who respected himself, to *feel* it—which I abundantly did; and then not to conceal from *her* that I felt it—which I neglected as little. But she was really, to do her complete justice, the last to understand; and I am not sure that, to the end—for there was an end—she quite made it all out or knew where she was. When you have been brought up for fifty years on black, it must be hard to adjust your organism, at a day's notice, to gold-

color. Her whole nature had been pitched in the key of her supposed plainness. She had known how to be ugly—it was the only thing she had learnt save, if possible, how not to mind it. Being beautiful, at any rate, took a new set of muscles. It was on the prior theory, literally, that she had developed her admirable dress, instinctively felicitous, always either black or white, and a matter of rather severe squareness and studied line. She was magnificently neat; everything she showed had a way of looking both old and fresh; and there was on every occasion the same picture in her draped head—draped in low-falling black—and the fine white plaits (of a painter's white, somehow,) disposed on her chest. What had happened was that these arrangements, determined by certain considerations, lent themselves in effect much better to certain others. Adopted as a kind of refuge, they had really only deepened her accent. It was singular, moreover, that, so constituted, there was nothing in her aspect of the ascetic or the nun. She was a good, hard, sixteenth-century figure, not withered with innocence, bleached rather by life in the open. She was, in short, just what we had made of her, a Holbein for a great museum; and our position, Mrs. Munden's and mine, rapidly became that of persons having such a treasure to dispose of. The world—I speak of course mainly of the art-world—flocked to see it.

IV

"But has she any idea herself, poor thing?" was the way I had put it to Mrs. Munden on our next meeting after the incident at my studio; with the effect, however, only of leaving my friend at first to take me as alluding to Mrs. Brash's possible prevision of the chatter she might create. I had my own sense of that—this prevision had been *nil*; the question was of her consciousness of the office for which Lady Beldonald had counted on her, and for which we were so promptly proceeding to spoil her altogether.

"Oh, I think she arrived with a goodish notion," Mrs. Munden had replied when I had explained; "for she's clever too, you know, as well as good-looking, and I don't see how, if she ever really

knew Nina, she could have supposed for a moment that she was not wanted for whatever she might have left to give up. Hasn't she, moreover, always been made to feel that she's ugly enough for anything?" It was even at this point already wonderful how my friend had mastered the case, and what lights, alike for its past and its future, she was prepared to throw on it. "If she has seen herself as ugly enough for anything, she has seen herself—and that was the only way—as ugly enough for Nina; and she has had her own manner of showing that she understands without making Nina commit herself to anything vulgar. Women are never without ways for doing such things—both for communicating and receiving knowledge—that I can't explain to you and that you wouldn't understand if I could, as you must *be* a woman even to do that. I dare say they've expressed it all to each other simply in the language of kisses. But doesn't it, at any rate, make something rather wonderful of the relation between them as affected by our discovery?"

I had a laugh for her plural possessive. "The point is, of course, that if there was a conscious bargain and our action on Mrs. Brash is to deprive her of the sense of keeping her side of it, various things may happen that won't be good either for her or for ourselves. She may conscientiously throw up the position."

"Yes," my companion mused—"for she *is* conscientious. Or Nina, without waiting for that, may cast her forth."

I faced it all. "Then *we* should have to keep her."

"As a regular model?" Mrs. Munden was ready for anything. "Oh, that would be lovely!"

But I further worked it out. "The difficulty is that she's *not* a model, hang it—that she's too good for one, that she's the very thing herself. When Outreau and I have each had our go, that will be all; there'll be nothing left for any one else. Therefore it behooves us quite to understand that our attitude's a responsibility. If we can't do for her positively more than Nina does—"

"We must let her alone?" My companion continued to muse. "I see!"

"Yet don't," I returned, "see too much. We *can* do more."

"Than Nina?" She was again on the spot. "It wouldn't, after all, be difficult. We only want the directly opposite thing—and which is the only one the poor dear can give. Unless indeed," she suggested, "we simply retract—we back out."

I turned it over. "It's too late for that. Whether Mrs. Brash's peace is gone, I can't say. But Nina's is."

"Yes, and there's no way to bring it back that won't sacrifice her friend. We can't turn round and say Mrs. Brash *is* ugly, can we? But fancy Nina's not having *seen!*" Mrs. Munden exclaimed.

"She doesn't see now," I answered. "She can't, I'm certain, make out what we mean. The woman, for *her* still, is just what she always was. But she has nevertheless had her stroke, and her blindness, while she wavers and gropes in the dark, only adds to her discomfort. Her blow was to see the attention of the world deviate."

"All the same, I don't think, you know," my interlocutress said, "that Nina will have made her a scene, or that, whatever we do, she'll ever make her one. That isn't the way it will happen, for she's exactly as conscientious as Mrs. Brash."

"Then what *is* the way?" I asked.

"It will just happen in silence."

"And what will 'it,' as you call it, be?"

"Isn't that what we want really to see?"

"Well," I replied after a turn or two about, "whether we want it or not, it's exactly what we *shall* see; which is a reason the more for fancying, between the pair there—in the quiet, exquisite house, and full of superiorities and suppressions as they both are—the extraordinary situation. If I said just now that it's too late to do anything but accept, it's because I've taken the full measure of what happened at my studio. It took but a few moments—but she tasted of the tree."

My companion wondered. "Nina?"

"Mrs. Brash." And to have to put it so ministered, while I took yet another turn, to a sort of agitation. Our attitude *was* a responsibility.

But I had suggested something else to my friend, who appeared for a mo-

ment detached. "Should you say she'll hate her worse if she *doesn't* see?"

"Lady Beldonald? Doesn't see what *we* see, you mean, than if she does? Ah, I give *that* up!" I laughed. "But what I can tell you is why I hold that, as I said just now, we can do most. We can do this: we can give to a harmless and sensitive creature hitherto practically disinherited—and give with an unexpectedness that will immensely add to its price—the pure joy of a deep draught of the very pride of life, of an acclaimed personal triumph in our superior, sophisticated world."

Mrs. Munden had a glow of response for my sudden eloquence. "Oh, it will be beautiful!"

V

"Well, that is what, on the whole, and in spite of everything, it really was. It has dropped into my memory a rich little gallery of pictures, a regular panorama of those occasions that were the proof of the privilege that had made me for a moment—in the words I have just recorded—lyrical. I see Mrs. Brash on each of these occasions practically enthroned and surrounded and more or less mobbed; see the hurrying and the nudging and the pressing and the staring; see the people "making up" and introduced, and catch the word when they have had their turn, hear it above all, the great one—"Ah yes, the famous Holbein!"—passed about with that perfection of promptitude that makes the motions of the London mind so happy a mixture of those of the parrot and the sheep. Nothing would be easier, of course, than to tell the whole little tale with an eye only for that silly side of it. Great was the silliness, but great also, as to this case of poor Mrs. Brash, I will say for it, the good-nature. Of course, furthermore, it took, in particular, "our set," with its positive child-terror of the *banal*, to be either so foolish or so wise—though indeed I've never quite known where our set begins and ends, and have had to content myself, on this score, with the indication once given me by a lady next whom I was placed at dinner: "Oh, it's bounded on the north by Ibsen and on the south by Sargent!" Mrs. Brash never sat to me; she absolutely declined;

and when she declared that it was quite enough for her that I had with that fine precipitation invited her, I quite took this as she meant it, for before we had gone very far our understanding, hers and mine, was complete. Her attitude was as happy as her success was prodigious. The sacrifice of the portrait was a sacrifice to the true inwardness of Lady Beldonald, and did much, for the time, I divined, toward muffling their domestic tension. All that was thus in her power to say—and I heard of a few cases of her having said it—was that she was sure I would have painted her beautifully if she hadn't prevented me. She couldn't even tell the truth, which was that I certainly would have done so if Lady Beldonald hadn't; and she could never mention the subject at all before that personage. I can only describe the affair, naturally, from the outside, and heaven forbid indeed that I should try too closely to reconstruct the possible strange intercourse of these good friends at home.

My anecdote, however, would lose half such point as it may possess were I to omit all mention of the charming turn that her ladyship appeared gradually to have found herself able to give to her deportment. She had made it impossible I should myself bring up our old, our original question, but there was real distinction in her manner of now accepting certain other possibilities. Let me do her that justice: her effort at magnanimity must have been immense. There couldn't fail, of course, to be ways in which poor Mrs. Brash paid for it; how much she had to pay we were in fact soon enough to see; and it is my intimate conviction that, as a climax, her life at last was the price. But while she lived, at least—and it was with an intensity, for those wondrous weeks, of which she had never dreamed—Lady Beldonald herself faced the music. This is what I mean by the possibilities, by the sharp actualities indeed, that she accepted. She took our friend out, she showed her at home, never attempted to hide or to betray her, played her no trick whatever so long as the ordeal lasted. She drank deep, on *her* side too, of the cup—the cup that for her own lips could only be bitterness. There was scarce a special success, I

think, of her companion at which she was not personally present. Mrs. Munden's theory of the silence in which all this would be muffled for them was, none the less, and in abundance, confirmed by our observations. The whole thing was to be the death of one or the other of them, but they never spoke of it at tea. I remember even that Nina went so far as to say to me once, looking me full in the eyes, quite sublimely: "I've made out what you mean—she *is* a picture." The beauty of this, moreover, was that, as I am persuaded, she hadn't really made it out at all—the words were the mere hypocrisy of her reflective endeavor for virtue. She couldn't possibly have made it out; her friend was as much as ever "dreadfully plain" to her; she must have wondered to the last what on earth possessed us. Wouldn't it in fact have been, after all, just this failure of vision, this supreme stupidity in short, that kept the catastrophe so long at bay? There was a certain sense of greatness for her in seeing so many of us so absurdly mistaken; and I recall that on various occasions, and in particular when she uttered the words just quoted, this high serenity, as a sign of the relief of her soreness, if not of the effort of her conscience, did something quite visible to my eyes, and also quite unprecedented, for the beauty of her face. She got a real lift from it—such a momentary discernible sublimity that I recollect coming out on the spot with a queer, crude, amused "Do you know, I believe I could paint you *now*."

She was a fool not to have closed with me then and there; for what has happened since has altered everything—what was to happen a little later was so much more than I could swallow. This was the disappearance of the famous Holbein from one day to the other—producing a consternation among us all as great as if the Venus of Milo had suddenly vanished from the Louvre. "She has simply shipped her straight back"—the explanation was given in that form by Mrs. Munden, who added that any cord pulled tight enough would end at last by snapping. At the snap, at all events, we mightily jumped, for the masterpiece we had for three or four months been living with had made us feel its

presence as a luminous lesson and a daily need. We recognized more than ever that it had been, for high finish, the gem of our collection—we found what a blank it left on the wall. Lady Beldonald might fill up the blank, but *we* couldn't. That she did soon fill it up—and, heaven help us, *how!*—was put before me after an interval of no great length, but during which I had not seen her. I dined on the Christmas of last year at Mrs. Munden's, and Nina, with a "scratch lot," as our hostess said, was there, and, the preliminary wait being longish, approached me very sweetly. "I'll come to you to-morrow if you like," she said; and the effect of it, after a first stare at her, was to make me look all round. I took in, in these two motions, two things; one of which was that, though now again so satisfied herself of her high state, she could give me nothing comparable to what I should have got had she taken me up at the moment of my meeting her on her distinguished concession; the other that she was "suited" afresh, and that Mrs. Brash's successor was fully installed. Mrs. Brash's successor was at the other side of the room, and I became conscious that Mrs. Munden was waiting to see my eyes seek her. I guessed the meaning of the wait: what *was* one, this time, to say? Oh, first and foremost, assuredly, that it was immensely droll, for this time at least there was no mistake—the lady I looked upon, and as to whom my friend, again quite at sea, appealed to me for a formula, was as little a Holbein, or a specimen of any other school, as she was, like Lady Beldonald herself, a Titian. The formula was easy to give, for the amusement was that her prettiness—yes, literally, prodigiously, her prettiness—was distinct. Lady Beldonald had been magnificent—had been almost intelligent. Miss What's-her-name continues pretty, continues even young, and doesn't matter a straw! She matters so ideally little that Lady Beldonald is practically safer, I judge, than she has ever been. There has not been a symptom of chatter about this person, and I believe her protectress is much surprised that we are not more struck.

It was, at any rate, strictly impossible to me to make an appointment for the day as to which I have just recorded

Nina's proposal; and the turn of events since then has not quickened my eagerness. Mrs. Munden remained in correspondence with Mrs. Brash—to the extent, that is, of three letters, each of which she showed me. They so told, to our imagination, her terrible little story that we were quite prepared—or thought we were—for her going out like a snuffed candle. She resisted, on her return to her original conditions, less than a year; the taste of the tree, as I had called it, had been fatal to her; what she had contentedly enough lived without before for half a century she couldn't now live without for a day. I know nothing of her original conditions—some minor American city—save that for her to have gone back to them was clearly to have stepped out of her frame. We performed, Mrs. Munden and I, a small funeral service for her by talking it all over and making it all out. It wasn't—the minor American city—a market for Holbeins, and what had

occurred was that the poor old picture, banished from its museum and refreshed by the rise of no new movement to hang it, was capable of the miracle of a silent revolution, of itself turning, in its dire dishonor, its face to the wall. So it stood, without the intervention of the ghost of a critic, till they happened to pull it round again and find it mere dead paint. Well, it had had, if that is anything, its season of fame, its name on a thousand tongues and printed in capitals in the catalogue. *We* had not been at fault. I haven't, all the same, the least note of her—not a scratch. And I did her so in intention! Mrs. Munden continues to remind me, however, that this is not the sort of rendering with which, on the other side, after all, Lady Beldonald proposes to content herself. She has come back to the question of her own portrait. Let me settle it then at last. Since she *will* have the real thing—well, hang it, she shall!

Baby Stars: A Child's Song

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE souls of little girls who die
 God sets up shining in the sky,
 But what becomes of little boys?
 I ask of nurse, and she replies
 That little boys are born without—
 Just born to scuffle and to shout,
 To play rough games, hit hard, and die.
 I'm glad I'm not a little boy.
 I think I'd like to be a star,
 If God would set me not too far
 Away from Daddy—so that I
 Might send him kisses from the sky,
 And shine upon his bed at night
 With such a lovely little light;
 And if he felt too lonely there,
 I'd unwind all my golden hair,
 And make a little shining stair,
 For him to climb and sit by me—
 Oh Dads, how lovely that would be!
 And perhaps, if I asked God for you,
 He'd change you to a star, dear, too.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE friend of books, in the present cataclysm of publications, is by no means without points of refuge where he may rest the sole of his foot when he ventures out of some such ark as this Magazine. Yet the surrounding welter is not so deep as it is wide, and it may be that not all these points are the mountain-tops we might suppose from their apparent elevation. What is certain is that amidst the profusion of the bad and indifferent, we have lately had rather an abundance of the best; so that perhaps the actual twelvemonth, when the rubbish it has produced is forgotten, may be remembered as one of the richest in our fiction. But no sooner have we said this than it seems an offence against the modesty of the authors we wish to praise, and we would like to beg the reader not to let it disadvantage them.

I

We should be particularly sorry to oversay our sense of the very uncommon quality of Miss Edith Wyatt's book of little stories and studies called "Every One his own Way," for it is literature which ought to come to the reader's hand as nearly as possible with the bloom unbroken (as they say of grapes) on its beauty. The talent shown in it is of as fine promise as any which has yet originated with us, and the performance rightly ranks the author with the group of exquisite New England artists best known to us from the names of Miss Jewett, Miss Wilkins, and Miss Alice Brown; but any who have felt the excellence of the Chicago work in fiction will not feel that the collection detaches this newest Chicago writer from a local group. Her generous kindness for the commoner facts which vulgarity ignores, her courageous novelty of observation, and her delicate security of touch, do not distinguish her work, where these gifts abound, from the work of Mr. Fuller, Mr. Payne, Mr. Ade, and Mr. Herrick, where they also abound. The peculiar note which Miss Wyatt contributes to their agreeable concert is a demure satire so controlled that it does not

mar the simple reality of the effect. She is more like Mr. Ade than the others in being a satirist, but her satire is of a different sort from his, and if it could be said that she suggests no one else without quite saying that she suggests him, that is what we should like to say, for her way of seeing the types she deals with is altogether her own.

Her types are those Germans of the primary and secondary Americanization whose intrinsic goodness and sweetness she has so delightfully divined; the smooth, rich, kind, fat Jews and Jewesses, whose aggressive cordiality she likes to contrast with the trembling and diffidence of minor American gentilities; the poverty-stricken little intellectualities which in the wide, unheeding Western metropolis nourish themselves with the East wind in thrice-diluted draughts of Eastern culture, and pride themselves upon their difference from their friendly, unconscious betters; the unwitting heroes and heroines; the frank, silly, pleasing flirts; the simple egotists; and the manifold shapes of commonplace with inner meanings of poetry and romance. Their several accents and aspects are ascertained with a luminous precision that sheds its penetrating light upon their conditions, and they arrive in her page clad in the glad novelty which "the familiar and the low" always wears when the poet sees it for us, as well as with a dramatic vitality of which this poor critical version gives no notion. To have this notion one must read "Limitations," or "Still Waters," or, above all, "Trade Winds," which is a tender and beautiful tragedy couched in terms of audacious commonplace. "A Compulsory Hero" is a bit of the author's peculiar humor, and "The Joy of Life" is a miniature masterpiece, overrunning with demure laughter, of what may be called conservative satire. "The Fox and the Stork" is—what shall we call it? a camera in which a phase of contrasting ideals of life is caught with fascinating fidelity.

It is especially notable that Miss Wyatt has not gone back of her own day or out of her own city to gather the material for

her stories and sketches, and has seen it all beautiful because she has seen it all truly, at a time when there have been people ransacking the remotest ages and regions, and coming back with spoil which is neither true nor beautiful as they show it in their books. They have their reward, for the most of mankind do not like what is true and beautiful, and a noisy success crowns the labor of those who bring them the ugly and the false. She will have her reward too, for whoever is worthy to read her book will love it, and will wish to read it again and again. Then this reader will not be at ease till he has sent his friend to it; but we hope he will be scrupulous in choosing his friend. There is something so precious in the Real Thing, in a sense of the value of all life and the art to express that sense beautifully, that we should not like it wasted on the æsthetically or spiritually vulgar. The elect will know at once, and without all this telling, that here in this little book is something which time will be rather careful of, and which is of such evident value that whatever the author may give us hereafter, she will not be able to double the assurance of her fresh and lovely gift. Possibly when she shall have repeated her little miracle (it lacks magnitude, certainly, and sometimes it lacks miracle) we shall begin, in our confusion with her self-rivalry, to question the entirety of her self-derivation which we have now so nearly affirmed.

II

No one would now be writing well if some one else had not been writing well before; and if Mrs. Edith Wharton writes so well as she does almost too much in the manner of Mr. Henry James, those who know her writing need not be assured that its likeness to that master's work is not a condition of its excellence. At her best, in those moments when the poetic impulse which is the heart of her endeavor fulfils itself in some lyrical picture singing to the eye, she writes as wholly upon her own authority as any one can after so many thousand years of writing. The reader can make our dim meaning clearer to himself by turning to the opening passage of that study of mediæval Italy

called *The Duchess at Prayer*, which opens Mrs. Wharton's latest book, "Crucial Instances." "From the loggia, with its vanishing frescoes, I looked down an avenue barred by a ladder of cypress shadows to the ducal escutcheon and mutilated vases of the gate. Flat noon lay on the gardens, on fountains, porticoes, and grottoes. Below the terrace, where a chrome-colored lichen had sheeted the balustrade as with fine laminæ of gold, vineyards stooped to the rich valley clasped in hills. The lower slopes were strewn with white villages like stars spangling a summer dusk; and beyond these, fold on fold of blue mountain, clear as gauze against the sky." This is such very Italy that one who has truly known Italy could name the very moment and place of it all; and the phrases which we have italicized lest the reader should miss any implication of them are those effects of emotion by which the poet shares with the reader what she felt as well as what she thought in beholding the things.

A poet Mrs. Wharton is always, and not least a poet in her defeats. She fails as the poet often fails with such material as that of *The Duchess at Prayer*, with the brute facts of the sin and the crime. The time and the place are wonderfully painted, but the action is so weak that one finds one's self not much caring whether the statue of the praying duchess is placed over her hidden lover in the crypt or not. The action is compensatingly strong in the other Italian piece, *The Confessional*, which closes the volume. This again is very Italy, not mediæval Italy, but revolutionary Italy, the Italy of day before yesterday, whose generous hopes have been blighted in the Italy of to-day. The translation of the drama to our own land and hour, and to such a sordid scene and instant as an actual manufacturing town on Long Island, gives proof of the author's power upon reality which makes one doubt whether she was not baffled by the essential unreality of *The Duchess at Prayer*. But, after all, she seems at her best in *The Recovery*. The study of the painter overrated by home criticism and liberated to self-knowledge by a visit to Paris, where his intrinsic honesty gets the better of all the mistaken admira-

tion of his worshippers and he begins anew, is of many precious psychological imports suggested with a constant and delicately sarcastic humor. Something of the same humor qualifies that charming sketch *The Rembrandt*, but there it is a little sharper; in *The Angel at the Grave* it is felt rather as a pensive light on the pathetic event. It is this humor, in whatever force or phase it shows itself, which should enable the author to be solely herself. A poet may be unconsciously like some one else, even such a genuine poet as Mrs. Wharton, but a humorist cannot well reflect another method and another manner without knowing it.

III

It is no doubt because he has written of Italy too in his latest book that one turns to Mr. Henry Fuller's *fantasia*, "The Last Refuge," with the sense of Mrs. Wharton's two Italian stories vividly in mind. In every generation of us hyperboreans there must apparently be certain Italianate spirits who visit their ancestral sky as soon as they feel their wings, and as often afterwards as they can get away from duty in the countries where they seem to be citizens and are certainly tax-payers. Mr. Fuller is one of these. He won his first fame with a *fantasia* on an Italian theme, and now, after two tremendous exercises in realism, he returns to his early love in the pensive *capriccio* which we have named. In the sadly smiling afternoon light on prospects that once were gayer, it gently mocks the wish of middle age to mirror its former self in actual youth, and its fate of not finding the reflex like, or not to like it if it is like. It asks a mood and an atmosphere of the reader which not every one is rich enough to give, but whoever has them at his disposal can profitably yield them for the delicate pleasure which shall be his in turn. All the scene passes in Italy, and the players are not alien in that dreamland through being nominally German, Italian, Swiss, and only once American. It is charming, it is appealingly refined in motive; an Old World world-ache haunts it with tender pathos; and if it is not as real as more substantial facts, still it has a reality of its own which is appreciable

to the subtler sense. If Mr. Fuller's next book, however, were to be about Chicago instead of Sicily, we should not be sorry; for, after all, the Italianates owe at least the truth to the exile in which they were born, and Mr. Fuller has told such truth of Chicago as binds him to greater and greater veracity.

IV

But the poet may not be bidden, and wherever one is a poet that is a reason for his being there, in fancy as in fact. Mr. Frank Norris is a poet among the California wheat-fields, where he has woven a prodigious epic of how they lie bound by the irons of a hated railroad. His novel "The Octopus" is an epic of Zolaesque largeness; but Mr. Norris is a poet of native note, and he owes to the great romantic realist nothing but the conception of treating a modern theme epically. That was what he did, as to the place, in his "McTeague," and that is what he has done, as to the action, in "The Octopus." All that happens, happens around the oppression, ruthless, mechanical, increasing, of the land by the road, and the characters are the means direct and indirect of the infliction and affliction. They are not the less personalities because of their typical function; they are each most intimately and personally real, physically real, but also psychically real. Their material presence is enforced by the recognition of some distinctive and characteristic trait, which is repeated again and again in the very same terms till it is wrought into the reader's consciousness inseparably from the idea of this and that personality. It is a method that does its work, but we think it would be well for Mr. Norris to ask himself if it is not a trick. Apart from this he has the power of compelling our assistance at the actions and emotions of his characters; and they are very vital emotions, very vital actions. He gets back to something primitive, something primeval in his people; they love and hate with a sort of cave-dweller longing and loathing, yet with a modern environment of conscience that tells on them at last in fine despairs and remorse. The book has moments of drama which in the retrospect expand immensely, so that the afternoon

of the rabbit-hunt and the evictions and the fight of the embattled farmers with the legal agents of the road seem a vast, wretched epoch of one's own. The stir of dumb cosmic forces is felt through all, but these are, if anything, a little too invited, though their presence is of great imaginational consequence. Certain episodes, loosely or not at all related to the main purpose, we would prefer to have another time rather than lose altogether. For the most part the story is compactly and strongly built; it stands firmly, and it marches to the end with an awful, automatic, inexorable trend, like a piece of relentless mechanism endowed with organic activity. But the end is the fall of the great leader of the farmers, who perishes morally and spiritually because he has consented to employ the bad means of the road for the good aims of the land; it is not the death of the road's local manager, choked, drowned, buried in the avalanche of wheat which he has robbed from the farmers. That is a bit of the melodrama towards which Mr. Norris dangerously tends in his hours of triumphs. Other defects his book has, but with them all it is a great book, simple, sombre, large, and of a final authority as the record of a tragical passage of American, of human events, which, if we did not stand in their every-day presence, we should shudder at as the presage of unexampled tyrannies.

V

In a narrower, a less epical but equally dramatic sort, Mr. Arthur Stanwood Pier has evinced a like strength of grip in his hold upon certain personages in his excellent novel "The Sentimentalists." We do not say all, for his hold upon some is perceptibly weaker than upon others. But he has his story less in the open than Mr. Norris, and this may count for much, for your hand may close vigorously upon an elemental nature in the emptier air of California, and yet slip upon a more conventionalized figure amidst the social clutter of Boston, Massachusetts, where a great part of Mr. Pier's scene passes. Possibly if he could get all his people away into the sparser region of the Western capital where his heroine develops into the dimensions of a fresh and signal creation, he could

convince of his equal power with all. His heroine is not the fine girl who gives herself at last to his tardily, if ever, deserving hero, but is this dubious young man's mother, who to win her children the means of being the social figures he has imagined them all being in Boston, goes back to her native city in the West and plays the game of practical politics as she has known it and abhorred it. It is to retrieve her children's financial as well as social fortunes that the mother sacrifices her life and risks her soul; and the story culminates in her character and action. The rest is good, but less good, with instances of being not very good; and it is in his conception of what she is and does that Mr. Pier shows his mastery.

VI

To go from such books as these two last mentioned to such a story as the "Eastover Courthouse" of Mr. Kenneth Brown and Mr. Henry Burnham Booth is to pass into conditions apparently so little affected by the rush of events in the West and North as to seem those of another epoch. Here at least there is no lust for money as a means of social splendor or political power. Even in the newer Virginia which the book studies with admirable detachment it seems to be settled once for all that family and character shall count in society, and a genius for public affairs shall count in politics, and money shall not buy eminence in either. If this is only partially true it is consoling and encouraging: the South may prove to be the refuge of the elder American ideals, from which they may issue again to prevail in the national life.

For the present they seem to be mixed there, as they always were, with realities that are not so cheering, if we may accept the witness of the authors of "Eastover Courthouse." A life of patrician paramountcy and exclusion, based upon the subjection of a servile race, is still the aim of the Virginia gentleman, who marks his superiority to the low-born white by open snubs and slights, and his supremacy over the black by the whippings which have continued from slavery to such partial liberty as the negro enjoys. In spite of it all, you are permitted to see that this apparently irre-

claimable aristocrat has the virtues of his class. Permitted, for his portrait is not flattered in a picture which embodies, we were going to say, for the first time, a wholly unsentimentalized study of the South from eyes as friendly to it as if they were native. They see the well-born Virginian brave, courteous, veracious, dignified, no more afraid to work than to fight, but loving the sports and the splendors of an aristocratic life, and seeking them amidst the self-denials of grinding poverty and an ironical environment. In the case of the hero of this book, they find him in love with his neighbor's wife, and saved from his passion by chance rather than will; they do not shrink from seeing him sometimes sloven and drinking, if not drunken, and a little rapacious, with a mind to let his creditors do the worrying where it is a question of his debts. But these also are patrician traits, and he is redeemed by a sort of final conscience which seizes the choice given him at last.

"Eastover Courthouse" is in nothing more modern than in the presence of an English younger son among these Virginian aristocrats so differenced from him in character, while remaining of much the same tastes, by the environment of their successive generations in the New World. The women of the book are as well done as the men; that wife of the hero's neighbor, with her impassioned coldness and her sort of reckless passivity, is excellent. The girl whom he begins to love before his love for the other is over, and whom he marries at last, is with far fewer touches most attractively set before us. Girls do not often get from life into fiction with the grace of their youth, the witchery of their sex, the command of their character, so sensibly about them.

VII

There appears, only to die, in the first chapters of Mr. W. Harben's novel "Westerfelt," a girl who remains with the reader in a sense of such pathos as is rarely imparted. Perhaps the absolute simplicity with which her simple personality is presented works this effect; but at any rate simplicity of a high and fine sort is the dominant of the book, which testifies, as "Eastover Courthouse" does, of the rich possibilities of

the nearly untouched life of the South. "Westerfelt" treats of a phase of this life which is quite new to literature, except as Mr. Harben has shown it in his delightful "North Georgia Sketches," for his people are differenced as distinctly from the mountain folks of Charles Egbert Craddock and of Mr. John Fox as they are from the Virginia patricians of "Eastover Courthouse." It is in a social quality varied only by character that Mr. Harben finds his patterns, and the stuff and colors of the web he weaves; and if the book were nothing but a study of actual conditions it would have great interest and value. But it is a work of potent imagination, with the play of human passions in an original rearrangement of the world-old drama. The hate of the mother who pursues Westerfelt, guiltless of all but thoughtlessness, for the death of her daughter, is possibly the strongest motive, and the solution in her conversion at the camp-meeting is the probable means to the happy ending of the story; but it is the minor implications which will chiefly interest the student of human nature. The most novel of these are such as touch the strong religiosity of the primitive people of the country which Mr. Harben has discovered to us; and secure of the essential solemnity of the fact, he shrinks from nothing grotesque in its manifestations. When we say that his hero is a livery-stable keeper, we indicate the social predicament which nothing less genuine than the courage of his reasoned sincerity could present to a time whose fiction is filled with hardly anything lower than lords, and hardly anything newer than knights.

VIII

A field as little exploited as Mr. Harben's is that chosen by Mr. Vaughan Kester for the scene of the very vigorous, straightaway piece of story-telling which he calls "The Manager of the B. & A." In Mr. Harben's country there is apparently no railroad, but the railroad is all through and all over Mr. Kester's. It is the story of a railroad transfused with human feeling as thoroughly as Mr. Norris's story. But here is no octopus; only a meek little faltering tentacle, a perishing branch road, whose manager

keeps it and its dependent town alive by force of character, and restores by an act of all but too splendid prowess.

The episode of his run through the burning woods is what will burn deepest into the reader's sense and chiefly make him gasp, but in his after-thought we hope he will perceive how fine is the man's love between the manager and his old convict father. There is little but man's love in the book, which is mostly a man's story, though we should like to say a friendly word for the rather negative, anxiously conventional, but, after all, good and true girl who does duty as heroine. She is, in fact, a triumph, in her way, and it is thoroughly im-

aginable that the hero, making her representative of a life impossible to him, must love her as he does with his hopeless passion. The worst, or the best, of it is that she has nothing to do with the drama, which is masculine and *business*.

That it is so strictly business constitutes its originality, as well as its singularity in a group of books of such marked and varied merit as those which have revived our fainting hope of American fiction. It is by no means of the least merit among them; if being most a story is a supreme merit, it comes nearer being the first of them than the order of its mention would imply.

Editor's Study.

I

WE have received from Mrs. Kingsmill-Morgan, of Toronto, Canada, an interesting communication, offered as a contribution to this Magazine, but which we have placed here because, apart from its interest on its own account, it suggests editorial comment. The author in her signature, Esther Kingsmill-Morgan, preserves her maiden name, and thus that of her father, who was many years ago a writer well known in England, especially on the *London Times*. "In one of Besant's letters," writes Mrs. Kingsmill-Morgan, "and in all the old editions of his *Golden Butterfly*, he mentions that the material of the story was the production of my father's brain. In an old letter to my father when they were both young men, Besant, with a spontaneity and brevity characteristic of his youth, says:

"DEAR GEORGE,—I wish to God I had your head!
W. B.

"My father's early death prevented his proving to the world that there was a certain amount of reason in even a Walter Besant (with his subsequent success) envying him his mental development." This by way of preface to the

following personal reminiscences of the distinguished author:

"Taking advantage of an old friendship which had existed between the late Sir Walter Besant and the writer's father, I ventured, when a mere child, to write to the novelist. It was the beginning of a correspondence which lasted until a few months before his death.

"The letters, though chiefly of a personal character, contain a fund of information, and between the lines one seems to read the secret of the man's success. He who has power to grasp the greatest thought of life is usually he who has also a profound regard for minute detail. This characteristic, together with a remarkably well-trained memory, seems as an unbroken thread running through the long succession of Besant's letters.

"'Look amongst your belongings,' he wrote a year or so ago, 'and perhaps you will find an old deck-chair. It will be somewhat weather-beaten, and, if I am not very much mistaken, will possess a certain lack of uniformity in the hind legs. On the back of the chair will be carved a very crude "B". The chair was mine, and the carving was the work of my old friend James Rice, whose poor workmanship was due to a blunt pocket-knife. I gave the chair to your dear

father the last time we crossed the ocean together.'

"This letter was written eighteen years after the occurrence mentioned. Besant was of all things a worker. He placed little faith on the so-called power of the imagination, and less on inspiration. He considered the types provided by nature more consistent than the children of his own brain. Imagination he turned over to the poets. 'Do not believe,' he wrote some two years ago—'do not believe, as many foolish people will tell you, that the power of writing is involuntary—a pure inspiration which comes unbidden. It is nothing of the sort. It is work, pure work. Everything in life is work—the difference is only in quality.'

"Looking at the writing profession in the pure light of Art, this admission must necessarily place Besant's work on a lower plane than that of the self-confessed Idealist who acknowledges Creation as the highest form of literary production.

"There is a wonderful example of contrast in method of two present-day writers—Besant and Kipling. Besant in many ways resembled the old-time Realist. He was an indefatigable worker who believed that man could overcome every obstacle by persistent labor. His expressed conviction was, 'I would not give a fig for the man who did not see visions of himself on the very highest rung of the ladder on which he wished to climb.' When asked for advice by a fledgling, he continually repeated: 'Work—read—study. Take the best models and try to imitate them. Do this until you have commanded a continuity of thought, then take an original type and treat it after the manner of your study.'

"It would not be possible to find a greater antagonist to Besant's theory than Kipling, who, when appealed to by a young writer, replied: 'Advice! How can I advise you? Advice is out of the question. If the power is in you it must—it will come out. Nothing can prevent it.'

"The power of inspiration and the power of labor! The power of man to overcome, and, on the other hand, the power of God alone to implant in and produce. Putting aside the fact that in one man's theory there is embodied the highest form

of literary excellence, it is nevertheless true that for the ordinary and average individual, with a questionable supply of continuity of thought and purpose, Besant's method is the more likely to produce results. If the germ of genius is present, it will lose nothing by work, while to follow the theory of the Idealist, there would no doubt be innumerable dreaming Micawbers the world over, waiting for impossible inspirations."

II

Sir Walter Besant deserves all the credit he has received for the disinterested advice and practical assistance which in a very busy life he found time to give to young and inexperienced writers. In England there is probably more need of such service than in America, where the relation between publishers and authors is so intimate that the latter receive from the former more pertinent and useful suggestions than they could get from any other source. The best course for any young writer in this country to take is to bring himself into direct communication with some responsible publisher. There is no difficulty in his way. The publisher is eagerly waiting for him, and not as the spider waits for the fly. The interests of the publisher and of the author are identical. In an experience of nearly forty years we have never known an instance of any advantage taken of a writer's ignorance. In the first place, the young author who brings his work to a good publisher submits it to a commercial test, and the verdict, even if it is a mistake—for publishers are not infallible—is at least frank. The approval of friends has in it a personal element; it counts for little, and costs nothing. The author's own judgment of his work is never clear; even when he has gained experience he is likely to be more partial to his faults than to his virtues. There are publishers who, on the payment of expenses by the author, will bring out his books for him, returning to him the profits minus a specified commission; and in the case of works which can have only a small sale such an arrangement is mutually satisfactory. Volumes of verse are often issued in this way. But if the writer has in view a literary career, even if he

is able to pay for publication, he will more wisely seek a publisher who undertakes publication only at his own risk. The result of the commercial test gives better assurance.

Any diversion from the direct dealing between author and publisher has always some disadvantage to the purely literary aspirant. Literary agencies and bureaus for the revision and disposition of manuscripts have their place. If a writer's work has substantial value, but lacks form, a bureau of revision may supply the defect, and to a specialist or professional man who has valuable information to impart, but who lacks literary training, such assistance may be convenient; but a poet or story-teller who should accept such aid would be delegating to another the main burden of his art, since it is not the mere idea or substance of the work, but its execution, that gives it artistic distinction. Here, as De Quincey says in his essay on *Style*, *manner is matter*—the form is essential. It is true that there is an art of story-telling quite distinct from that of fiction, and even more native, but the telling of the story cannot be delegated to another. A man simply fertile in invention and without literary ability might leave to another the really artistic part of the work, as Rice probably did to Besant, though, as was eventually shown, the latter did not lack either inventive power or interesting material. When there is such co-operation it should be indicated on the title-page.

The literary agent is of use mainly as a broker, and he does his best service for already successful authors, and especially for those who have come to make authorship a profession, and are willing to let their favors go to the highest bidder—a perfectly legitimate business transaction, though the mercantile element in it is likely to become too prominent through the competition between agents to gain business by their ability to secure the best terms for their clients. The writers, however, would get as good terms through the eager competition between publishers for their work. A sentiment that once was no small part of an author's delight in publication, and which some of our best writers are still reluctant to forego, is sacrificed in the

indirect transaction. We have a glimpse of this sentiment and of its versatile expression in Byron's letters to Murray. The publisher and editor would miss one of the chief pleasures of their calling if cut off from the direct interchange of courtesies with authors, and may the day never come when this intercourse shall be so mechanical and impersonal as to make the sentiment unnatural and impertinent. The editor always feels like exchanging a word with each contributor, and regrets the exigency that compels the formal note, though he is doubtless saved much pain by not fully knowing the pain he often unwittingly inflicts.

III

Is there anything helpful in advice to young authors? Probably Mr. Kipling was right as to his own course in usually refusing counsel. No author's experience is available for any other any more than is a sailor's for one who has not learned his craft. If a writer has not sufficient culture applicable to his vocation—not enough acquaintance with good literature, not enough familiarity with the elements and precepts of rhetoric, not enough practice in composition—only his own efforts can remedy his defect. Advice may be given about certain details affecting his market—the requirements of publishers and editors, the obvious needs of different periodicals, the kind of appeal most likely to secure the interest of readers, etc.—and there are various periodicals established for the purpose of conveying such information. This kind of counsel may be useful but it meets no vital need.

There are two kinds of writers—those satisfied with making a living from literature, and those upon whose work literature itself depends for its life. Those of the latter class need first of all sufficient leisure for the incubation of genius, so that they may wait upon temperament and natural occasion. Usually this leisure is secured in an early youth free from strain—even from that of our modern educational system. There is the slow infolding, expansion, tension, in such a youth, and the concomitant of these is aspiration. It is a period of immense absorption, for a creative capacity or sensibility is but the other side

of the creative faculty. Such leisure there must be that there may be no undue precipitation of the slowly infolding and climbing power.

Now when this power reaches the limit of absorption and involution, its detonation is sure to be heard in the literary heavens, and its expression is as easy and spontaneous as the falling of the rain. Then, critic, publisher, editor, or contemporary author, your response is not advice, but sympathetic appreciation.

The young writer, while he may have a feeling of his power, is not always aware of the value of his work, and the appreciative response of those who know is to him a re-enforcement, an added inspiration. Publishers and editors eagerly await the occasion to give this; and our older and riper authors are well known for their generosity, for the ready fraternal hand. Among these should always be remembered Edmund Clarence Stedman, our "Pan in Wall Street," who, when he was most absorbed in his own literary or business affairs, never failed to welcome by actual expression of appreciation the promising work of new writers, and who in several notable cases was the means of bringing such work to the light. His geese were ever apt to turn swans. He has shown not only the hospitality of genius but a genius for hospitality, and no other writer of our time has given so much attention to the literary workers of his own generation in this country and in England.

IV

It is a proverb that "lazy people take the most pains," and it is true of that temperamental indolence almost always associated with genius that in action it becomes momentum, so that there is no worker like the God-filled man. Appearances deceive us. Because we see evidences of fervent work in an author's writings—the very sparks from his anvil—we say that the wonderful result is due to industry, forgetting that other and inward flame, which had been long nourished before it shone, and which in the anvil-sparks only shows itself again in its original fiery quality. Nature as a creative process hides the god behind the demiurge; and even the demiurge sleeps longer than he wakes. The central fire is shown

again in the green of the grass and tender leaf as significantly as in the red of the lightning, and the whole vegetable kingdom is but a chamber in which the demiurge still sleeps, waking only in the animal, and even there but partially. The depth of our sleep, when we call ourselves awake, is the measure of our creative faculty. The plays of Shakspeare seem to emerge like dreams. The busiest, widest-awake activity may be wholly superficial, the mere dissipation of energy, and in no field, not even in the business world, are its results of the greatest meaning and magnitude unless there has been some period of leisurely preparation. The creative imagination has its play in science and invention as well as in art and literature. The greatest business organizations of our time demand genius of a high order.

As to work, then, which Besant urges upon the writer as his only salvation, we must ask, Of what kind is it? Is it creative, the precipitation from an infinite storage, or is it merely a superficial fashioning or manipulation of material? Is the central flame visible in any color thereof? All the power in the universe is back of the creative worker, and there is no hypnotism so miraculous as that of the deep sleep which has fallen upon him. His activity is therefore tireless.

Besant's advice to the writer to "take the best models and try to imitate them" is not pertinent to work of this sort. Not only must the work proceed from the creative imagination, but it must take form therefrom—at least its individual shaping. Whatever influence may be exercised by the best models, it works not directly but by induction, and the result shows kinship with the masters rather than an imitation of them.

There is a nature in this kind of work—a constant process of birth—and that nature makes its own mean in the author's style, which is the result of a structural culture after the indulgence of a plastic nurture.

As we have said, this plastic nurture is primary, essential to a living and enduring literature. It goes on invisibly; the immense absorption and expansion is seen only in the final product, and there only as an implication.

Pinkerton's Nightmare

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

PINKERTON was the crack golfer of the Fore-eleven-44 Club, which, for the information of those unacquainted with the situation, I should state was a merry band of eleven golfiacs, who had a habit of meeting once a month on some convenient links for the purpose of winning balls from each other. The club was made up of jovial spirits, and in capacity ranged from prime dufferishness to a superior quality of second-class golf. Not one of the number had ever done any links under ninety-three, but at the other extreme there was Sandy McHoots, so called because that was not his name, who held, and I believe still holds, the booby record at the Balldoes-roll Club on a probably truthful card showing three hundred and sixty-nine strokes for seventeen holes. It is believed that if a heavy rain had not come up Sandy would have made the eighteen in four hundred strokes, such was his form, and the eighteenth hole being a short one, taking a player like myself ordinarily no more than seven, a drive to the green and six putts. The organization had no links of its own, but in its membership comprised members in good standing of almost every large golf club in the vicinity of New York, so that the Fore-eleven-44's never lacked variety in playable courses. The season was approaching its close, and the last monthly outing of the golfing year was to be made memorable by the rivalry of the members for a rather handsome pewter mug of some proportions which Pinkerton was expected to win, the handicaps having been purposely arranged with that end in view. The club was sane enough to wish to have its best player walk away with a trophy worthy of his prowess, and Pinkerton's superiority over the rest of us having been repeatedly demonstrated, he was selected for the honor.

Nevertheless, in spite of all the good intentions of the Handicapping Committee, the championship of the Fore-eleven-44's did not go to Pinkerton, but to Sandy McHoots, who had been handicapped so as to achieve secondary honors. The day was perfectly stunning, the atmosphere was clear, and the temperature exactly what the most ardent golfiac might have prayed for, and there was no wind. The greens were almost too good to be true, and there was not a woozy caddie on the premises—yet Pinkerton fell down wofully, and on the flat card showed up worst of the

players at the end of the match. He couldn't drive; he couldn't putt. His opponent said he couldn't even swear intelligently. His brassey, which was always denominated a bird, had neither life nor wings. His approach, which had been set down as beyond all question a peach, had about it none of that juicy accuracy which is essential even in a third-class game. In fact, Pinkerton played golf not at all, exhausting his energies and his patience rather upon an inferior quality of bumble-puppy, and from first tee to home green did he scar the face of nature after a fashion that outside of a cemetery would have been considered criminal.

"Talk about hittin' the ball," murmured his caddie in disgust. "Why, if he wasn't on it, he couldn't hit the earth."

"What was the matter, Pinky?" asked McHoots, as the party sat down at supper. "Too much bridge last night, or no sleep!"

"Too much sleep," replied Pinkerton, gloomily. "Fact is I had a ripping old nightmare last night that left me in a state of nerves this morning."

"Stock-market or golf?" demanded McHoots.

"Oh, golf, of course," Pinkerton answered; "and it was a corker. I was down from the start. Dreamed I was playing with Han-kinson, at the Happy Wormy Links. Never felt more on my game in my life when I started in, but not a hole won I. First hole, I had one of those Whizzard balls, light as a feather, with all the fine resistance to the club of a mushroom; made a drive of eight hundred yards with it, and landed in the corn-field beyond the third hole. Played out with a mashie for six hundred and thirty yards, and landed in the barn-yard back of the club-house; teed up on a small haystack; took my brassey and whacked the darn thing straight as a whistle for the green, and came down in the woods, off to the left of the second tee. Lifted, gave up the hole, and changed balls. Couldn't keep the Whizzard on the course."

"Not a bad sort of dream, that," suggested Barlow, whose longest drive is said to have been twenty-six yards. "I'd give a good deal to send a ball eight hundred yards just once. I think I'd retire after that, and contentedly play tiddledewinks for the rest of my days."

"Wait," said Pinkerton, gloomily. "By no means discouraged, I teed up for the second. Addressed my ball, swung back, and

with a perfect swoop brought my driver around, when the shaft of the beastly club lengthened out like the pipes of a trombone and knocked a hole in the water-pail. 'Call it a practice swing,' said Hankinson, 'and try another.' I thanked him, and did so, though what on earth had happened to the club I couldn't make out. I drew back again, made another swoop, whacked the ball squarely in the middle, but without avail. The driver head in some marvellous fashion had been transformed into a fish-net, and caught the ball as neatly as though it had been a trout on the end of a line. 'Never mind,' said Hankinson. 'I'll give you a chance. I'll drive off again with my umbrella, playing two.' He was as good as his word, and it was a beauty. Fetched the green and rolled gently on and straight into the hole!"

"That was a dream!" ejaculated McHoots. "It was nice of Hankinson, though."

"Very," said Pinkerton. "He was very nice all the way round. But just listen to what happened on the third. Hankinson drove into the pond, much to my surprise, and I began to see a hole coming my way. The pond was always an easy one for me, and this time I was right up to it. Biff! went the club, and you should have seen the ball go. Straight as an arrow for the hole, but over it, towards the big rock. I'll be blest if that ball didn't hit the rock and bounce back forty yards back of the tee upon which I stood!"

"Good Lord!" groaned McHoots.

"Yes, sir," said Pinkerton. "That's what happened. I took my cleek and played two. This time I cleared the pond again, but struck the boulder to the left of the green and back bounded that beast of a ball once more, landing in the sand-box on the tee itself. 'You are having hard luck,' said Hankinson, playing the odd and landing two inches from the hole. 'I've a chance, though,' said I, seizing my niblick and whacking at the ball for all I was worth. It was a stunner. The ball flew out like a startled bird, over the pond, and struck the disk square in the middle. Unfortunately this had been carelessly placed, and the ball was deflected squarely up into the air."

"You still had a show for a half," said Perkins. "Hankinson had played three."

"True," said Pinkerton. "I should have had. *But the ball never came down!*"

For an appreciable length of time we ate in silence, and Pinkerton resumed.

"You all know the fourth hole at Happy Wormy," he said. "It is called the Trotcha, and was laid out during the Spanish war. The bunker consisted of a single strand of barbed wire stretched from one side of the hole to the other. Hankinson carried it easily, and so did I; but this availed me naught, for when I reached my ball it was in a perfect maze of loose wires. 'You don't have to play out of that,' said Hankinson. 'Lift and drop back of it.' I obeyed, but it made no difference. Everywhere I dropped, nothing but a barbed-wire lie got I, until in sheer desperation I played it, landing two

feet from the hole; and then began the worst trouble I'd yet had. I made five putts over an apparently true green, and every blessed time as the ball was on the point of going down, a beastly little worm-cast would rise up in front and deflect it, and I had to give it up. That put me four down."

"Worm-casts are an infernal nuisance," observed Barlow.

"Yes," Pinkerton agreed. "Especially those that are made while you wait. On the fifth hole Hankinson got away a screamer, and I followed suit. Not an inch less than two hundred and ten yards for me, and about two hundred and forty for him. A cow grazing near walked calmly over and swallowed my ball. 'Oh! drive another,' said Hankinson. I accepted the suggestion. I got off another ripping long one that landed down by Wilkins's bungalow, and that fresh Boston terrier of his ran out, grabbed the ball in his mouth, and disappeared into the house with it. Hankinson laughed long and loud. 'You are playing against tremendous odds this morning, Pinkerton,' said he. 'But don't be discouraged. Try another.' 'All right,' I said. 'I'll try one more and let it go at that.' For the third time I got a good one, but it was of no use. The Fates were against me. The ball flew through the window of Wilkins's dining-room, and was found two hours later in the sugar-bowl. I gave the hole up. Five down."

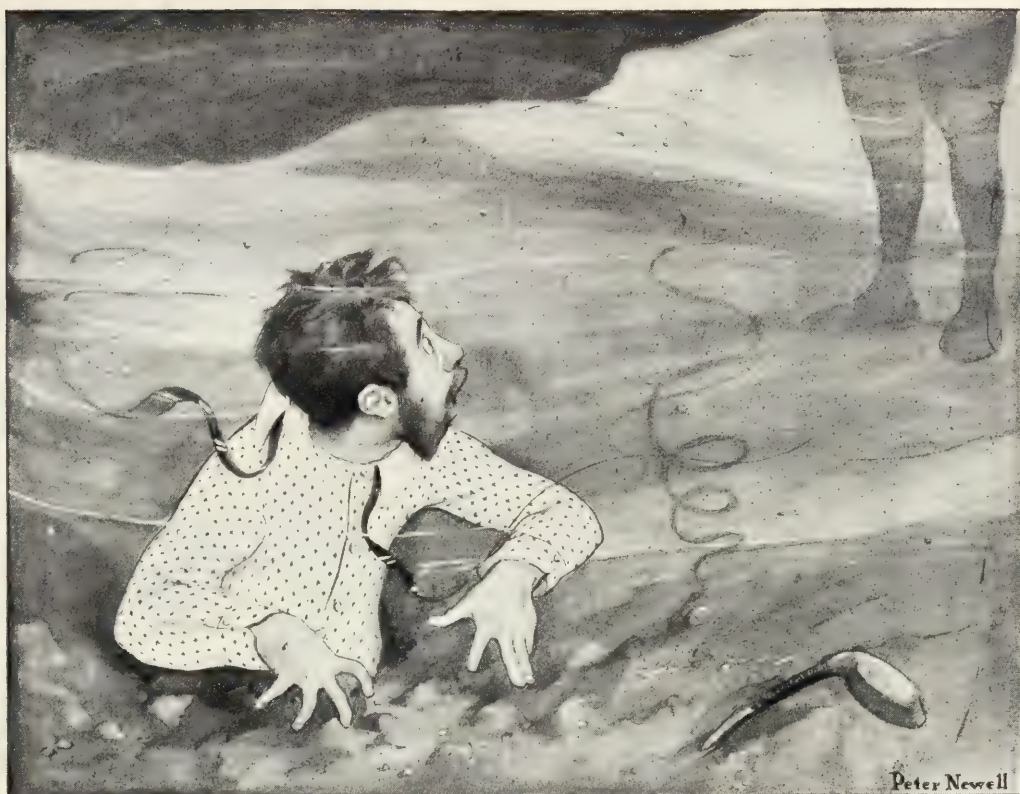
"Now for a change, Pinky," said McHoots. "You've had all the hard luck possible. You won the sixth, eh?"

"Not I," said Pinkerton. "The hard luck of the sixth was eighteen karat. I made my caddie tee up for me. Addressed the ball. Hit it square, and merciful heavens! what do you suppose it turned out to be?"

"Say a doughnut and be done with it," put in Barlow.

"I wish it had been," sighed Pinkerton. "A doughnut would have carried twenty-five yards, anyhow. *It was a soft-boiled egg!* And when I remonstrated with my caddie for what I presumed was a poor sort of a trick he emptied my bag, and I'll be blessed if there was anything but soft-boiled eggs in the whole kit. Six down. Then came the seventh. I went up to the club-house for a new box of balls, and I got 'em—oh yes, I got 'em all right. It seems the only balls they had left were the Torpedo Flyers—a new brand. They were torpedoes for sure. I whacked one of them with all the vicious vigor of a man six down in six holes, and there was an explosion that shook the earth. My caddie was blown into a tree, my driver was busted beyond repair, and where the tee once was there remained a great pit, in the midst of which I found myself buried up to the middle in sand and gravel. 'Take it over again,' said Hankinson, standing on the edge. 'No,' said I. 'I never could play this hole, anyhow. It's yours.' Seven down and eleven to play!"

"But the caddie," cried Tomlinson, the only humane golfer I ever met, whose tenderness is such that—I remember well the



ASTONISHING EFFECT OF A TORPEDO FLYER

occasion—perceiving that his caddie was weary at the end of the thirteenth hole at St. Andrews, he carried the little chap pick-a-back over the remaining five, and beat me three up into the bargain.

"Oh, he was all right," said Pinkerton. "It was an apple-tree he blew into, and when I went to pick his mangled remains from the upper branches, I found him contentedly perched among the leaves eating the greenest fruit he could find. He was all right."

"And then you gave up?" said Mawson.

"No," said Pinkerton. "I was only seven down. Hankinson loaned me a few balls, and I started in to do him, but it was no use! Whether the Torpedo Flyers had unnerved me or not, or that my bag developed nothing but billiard-cues, I don't know. Whatever the reason, I couldn't make the ball go."

"Your clubs were changed?" I demanded.

"Every one of them. Nothing but billiard-cues in the bunch. Eight down."

"It was time to wake up," said McHoots, sympathetically.

"It was indeed," observed Pinkerton. "But I didn't, and I resolved to play until he had me dormie anyhow. He was very square about it when we came to the ninth, Hankinson was," he continued. "He gave me a first-rate chance. It was the long hole, and he let me play against an estimated score. 'See here, Pinkerton,' said he, 'you must win a hole against this beastly luck of yours. This is a seven hole. Suppose we say I've made it in fifteen; you can play against that.' 'All right,' I answered. 'I can beat twelve.' I'd never done it in over ten in my life. So I let out, and

I played mighty well I can tell you. Was on the green in four—record play—with three for the hole for Bogey, and eleven for the half. 'I congratulate you,' said Hankinson; but he was too quick."

"Nonsense!" cried Mawson. "It didn't take you eleven putts on that green. Why, it's the truest and best on earth!"

"It is," said Pinkerton. "It is the perfection of putting-greens; but—this time *there wasn't any hole in it!*"

Again the Fore-eleven-44 Club was silent for an appreciable space of time. This ninth affliction seemed in its combination of adverse circumstances to be the acme of hard luck in golf.

"That was enough for me," said Pinkerton, breaking the silence. "I was nine down and I'd had enough. But the worst was yet in store."

"Oh! Come off!" cried Barlow. "What could be worse?"

"I gave up and returned to the club-house and ordered a high-ball, resolved to bury my sorrows in that," Pinkerton began.

"Well?" cried the party, breathlessly.

Pinkerton did not answer immediately, and we waited for what seemed hours for his reply.

"I ordered a Scotch high-ball," he said, finally.

"Yes! Yes!" we cried, expectantly.

"And the waiter answered, 'Very sorry, Mr. Pinkerton, *but we have nothing but cod-liver oil in the house!*'"

"And you drank that?" roared Mawson, incredulously.

"No," said Pinkerton, with a deep-drawn sigh. "The shock waked me up."



Les Enfants Francais

If Suzanne I meet,
By some happy chance,
Both her cheeks I salute
In the fashion of France:
For she courtesies to greet
With "*Bon jour, Mam'selle,*"
So I bow, as I say,
"*Merci, I am well,*"

But when Jean comes along
My mode of attack
Begins with a hug
And American smack!
For he comes with a song,
And answers my kiss
With a merry, "*Là, là!*"
Play horse, *chérie* Miss?"
LAURA CATE.



A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS

DURING the early excavations for the Panama Canal the isthmus was full of West-Indian laborers of every nationality. Their story-telling powers were well developed in many cases, and often of a tropical evening I listened to their tales. Here is one hailing from the Essequibo River in Demerara:

Once 'pon a time Ram-goat no hab money, so he out 'pon road for walk. By-and-by he meet up wid Brer Rabbit. Ram-goat say, "Mornin', Brer Rabbit." "Hi! mornin', Ram-goat. Why you pull lang face?" "Eh! eh! Rabbit," he say, "got no money; missy sick; pickney no hab wan t'ing for eat. I beg o' you len' me two dollah. I sure pay you Sat'day night." So, sar, Rabbit gie he two dollah. "T'ank o' you, Brer Rabbit." And Ram-goat walk till he meet up wid Fox. "Hi! mornin', Brer Fox." "Mornin', Ram-goat. Where you walk?" He say: "I go for look for work; pickney sick; no got bread for eat. I ax you for len' me two dollah." Fox len' he two dollah. Ram-goat say, "Take care ob you'self." Now, sar, Ram-goat feel he kin swell up wid four dollah. When he see Dog walk 'pon road, he hallah: "Hi, Dog, I come for lill talk. De poor missy sick 'pon house; pickney no got t'ing for eat. I beg o' you len' me two dollah for buy dactah 'tuff." So Dog len' he two dollah. Now, sar, Ram-goat feel big like bacra man. So, sar, Ram-goat walk till he meet up wid Tiger. Hi! Sar! Ram-goat 'fraid like ebbryt'ing when he cock he eye 'pon Tiger, so he say, berry cibil, so no make he mout' bring he a trouble, "Mornin', Mistar Tiger." Tiger say: "Hi! Ram-goat, why you pull lang face so?" "Eh!" say Ram-goat, "me got plenty trouble dis day. Ebbryt'ing bad. No hab dollah in house; missy sick; pickney sick; no money; no able for buy dactah 'tuff." Tiger say, "Here, take two dollah; pay er me Sat'day night." Ram-goat t'ink he too cibil, sar, and watch he walk off. Now Ram-goat put he eye 'pon huntsman wid he gun. Ram-goat lay he down, let water run from he eye, let he mout' loose wan cry. Huntsman he look 'pon Ram-goat. "Hi! hi! w'at's matter, Ram-goat? Broke he leg?" "No," say Ram-goat, "but me missy fall 'pon rock stone and buss up she head, and me no able for pay dactah. Huntsman, I beg o' you len' me two dollah; pay o' you Sat'day night, sure." So Huntsman gie he two dollah. Ram-goat lif' up heself and say, "T'ank o' you, sar," and run for de dactah fass; but he no go find dactah, sar. He go for Portogee rum-shop; fill up heself wid rum.

Now, sar, Sat'day night come. Ram-goat tief fowl-cock for make up big saucepan soup. By-by Rabbit walk in. "Hi! ebenin', Ram-goat!" "How is you, Brer Rabbit?" "So, so, t'ank o' you." "Hi! Rabbit, you like for eat soup?" "Eh! eh! 'deed I does." "Well, go in chamber and rest you'self. Soup soon ready." Poor lill Rabbit fall 'sleep 'pon bed. In walk Fox. "Ram-goat,



THE RABBIT—AN IMITATION



A JOVIAL LUMINARY

*"I specs you won't believe a word—in fac', I's suah ob dat—
When I tells you how I seen de moon a-laughin' at a bat."*

got me two dollah?" "Eh! no hurry so. Hab some soup." "What soup dat?" "Fowl-cock. Brer Fox, how you is like Rabbit for eat?" "Eh! eh! Rabbit make sweet meal. Where he?" Ram-goat say, "Inside me chamber." In jump Fox and cotch he; eat he one time, sar. Ram-goat say, "T'ank me hebben, two dollah paid." Fox lay he down for rest heself. In walk Dog. Ram-goat say, "How you is dis night?" Dog he well, and he come for he two dollah. Ram-goat say he gie um soon, but eat some soup. Ram-goat lif' top saucepan. Dog smell um. He say dat sweet, for true. Ram-goat he say, "Brer Dog, how you like for cotch Fox?" "Ow! me like him too much! Where he?" Ram-goat say, "Inside; Fox just lay heself down for rest." Dog he walk in, grabble up Fox, and eat he one time. Ram-goat say, "T'ank me hebben, nodder two dollah paid." Now, sar, Dog he get well tire heself, so he lay he down and fall 'sleep. Ram-goat close door 'pon he. Ram-goat run for open door for Tiger, cass him 'fraid like ebbryt'ing ob Tiger. In come Tiger. Ram-goat say: "Ebenin', Mistar Tiger. How you is?" Tiger say, "Where me money?" Ram-goat say, "Inside me chamber, but bad Dog in dere; me too 'fraid to wake he up." Tiger say, "Dog inside chamber?" "Yes," say Ram-goat, "and he well fat." In jump Tiger, sar, grabble up Dog, broke he all up, sar, and eat he bones. "T'ank me hebben, nodder

two dollah paid," say Ram-goat. Ram-goat put he head out and say: "Hi! hi! Who dat walk dis way?" Tiger say, "Who?" Ram-goat he say, "Huntsman come." Tiger say: "Den I gone. Huntsman er me no agree. Where I hide?" Ram-goat say, "'Pon tree-top." Up climb Tiger. In come Huntsman. "Hi! Ram-goat, where me two dollah?" Ram-goat say: "I got him, but I been well paid dis night. I see Tiger." "Where Tiger? Show me Tiger, I gie you two dollah." Ram-goat show he Tiger 'pon tree. Bang! Down fall Tiger dead, sar. Ram-goat scratch he head and say, slow and solemn, "Dat new way for pay old debts."

HENRY ROWAN LEMLY.

A NEGLECTED OBLIGATION

To her own servants and to all the negroes in the neighborhood she was "Ole Miss" still. Her old gardener still attended to the big garden and the front yard, with its battalions of evergreens. Seney, the cook, still held rule in the kitchen, though her granddaughter hung the pots on the crane and lifted the big oven lids. And every Saturday morning, just as he had done for forty years, old Uncle Boston shut the carriage door on his mistress, and climbed to the high dicky-seat for the trip to town, although his nephew Thomas, himself nearly fifty, now held the reins.

It was twelve miles to town, and the roads

were often bad, but Ole Miss, in her black bombazine, would sit erect in her carriage, make her round of the stores, call on an acquaintance or two, and finish the morning with a visit to Judge Hargrove, who attended to her business.

Boston knew that his mistress was the smartest woman in Georgia—a more enlarged field of comparison did not occur to him—and he reasoned that Judge Hargrove must be a very great man to be worthy of her confidence for so many years.

One morning in June, '98, as he waited before the judge's residence for his mistress to come out of the faded white door with its great brass knocker, there passed directly in front of him a group of young men in soldier's uniform, vainly attempting to hide the consciousness of their own importance. Boston seldom spoke when he was on the dicky-seat, but the Reverend Leonidas Jackson, of Mount Gilead Tabernacle, was on the sidewalk just below him, and their eyes met.

"Ain't it scandalous," inquired the preacher, with emotion—"ain't it scandalous for them young men to be a-trollopin' off to Cuba, instid o' stayin' here an' tendin' to their business, them that's got any to ten' to?"

"Hit is, Brother Jackson," Boston answered, solemnly; "hit is puffickly scandalous. I don't see what Ole Miss an' Judge Hargrove is thinkin' about, not to put a stop to this war, anyhow."

M. A. B.

TO HENI

(Late an Official of Egypt, now in the British Museum.
Died 2600 B. C.)

HENI lived, and Heni died,
Forty-five hundred years ago;
This is his mummy brown and dried,
Snug in a box in Mummy Row.
How he fought, and how he fared,
Never a chronicle doth show,
And of the dangers that he dared,
Forty-five hundred years ago.

Just his dry self in a case,
The queerest chap in Mummy Row;
Whether his thought was broad or base,
Never a syllable I know.
Making the rounds I found him there,
Careless of years that ebb and flow.
Shut from the sweet and balmy air,
Forty-five hundred years ago.

This his fate and this his fame,
Children come and stand tiptoe,
People pause and read the name,
The pioneer of Mummy Row;
By the Nilus' fruitful tide,
Where lily and the lotus grow,
Heni lived, and Heni died,
Forty-five hundred years ago.

ROBERT LOVEMAN.



IN CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY HOUR

The interesting Sermon on the Higher Criticism of the Pentateuch



An Entomological Lyric

BY CARLYLE SMITH

If you were a rose,
And I were a bee,
You'd find me a-coming,
And humming,
To thee,
In search of the sweets that the rose
Would surely disclose.

But since you are you,
Not a rose, but a maid,

Instead of the bee
I'd be a mosqui—
Mosquito, in short,
A-coming to court,
And to seek
The sweets of your cheek;
There to die, O alack!
From a whack
Of the tenderest hand
In the land.



A HALT BY THE WAYSIDE

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CIII NOVEMBER, 1901 No. DCXVIII



Illustrated by the Author

THE spectacle, so dazzling in its brilliancy, which the circus presents to one's vision, the bespangled performers flying in the air, or tumbling in the arena amid the bellowing of elephants and the roars of lions—all this equally astonishes and charms us.

To the average observer the vast "midway plaisance," the multitudes twisting and turning at will, would seem to be impossible outside of our large cities. The public which seeks amusement perceives neither the origin in the remote past nor the relations to the world at large of this kind of entertainment. It believes itself to be unique in the privilege of wondering at this collection of monsters, this infinite variety of clowns and acrobats. These strange beings appear to be created for the urban spectator by the wand of a magician, and he inclines to pity the provincial class who have never seen them.

Nevertheless, the real home of these

motley hordes is in the country, where, too, the first performances invariably take place. It is the experience "on the road" which develops and trains this strange humanity. Even as the street has its crowds, so the broad highways have their human currents, their epochs of migrations.

In the Europe of other days, the great annual fairs of France, Germany, and Italy drew from every quarter, with the force of an invisible magnet, a veritable rout of acrobats, animal-trainers, and merry-andrews of infinite variety. Nothing was too unheard-of to be omitted.

One can readily form an idea of what actually caused these popular gatherings.

They did not meet purely to buy and sell. It was amusement of a particular kind that brought these motley throngs together. The gross farces that were presented amply satisfied the demand for illusion and mystery on the part of a simple and primitive public, who derived from these crude performances the same sort of pleasure which a more modern public finds in the shows of the "Midway Plaisance" at Buffalo.

From the four points of the compass they came over hill and plain, a vast multitude jabbering every idiom and patois of Europe.

They planted themselves in the fields, on the river-banks, in the shadow of walls.

They built a city of canvas, of poles, of ropes. Ensigns were unrolled; pennants snapped in the wind; theatres rose up in a day. The clowns of the Italian shows bustled about, lustily proclaiming their wares with all the emphasis and grandiloquence of the age. "Professors," with plumed hats and sword at side, exhibited their trained dogs. Coarse peals of laughter from the crowd greeted a clown who gave an imitation of a hanging and kicked lustily at the end of a rope.

There was sufficient to inspire private reflections in the minds of more than one poor wretch on the brevity of earthly things.

In the open-air hostelries, redolent of the odors of abominable fricassees, joyous groups quaffed deeply from big-bellied flasks. Ragamuffins begged alms; on the ground between the legs of passers-by, cripples crawled painfully about, or boneless children contorted in the dust.

Suddenly there would be a noise and confusion from some quarter. Hautboys, clarinets, and cymbals were heard above the general clamor, and then gay cavaliers and high-born dames in rich attire appeared upon the scene, regarding curiously the populace, exactly as in our own day an evening party of "swells" would gaze upon the sights of the "Bowery" or "Chinatown." The festival over, all these bands, come from no one knows where, promptly took their departure for other fields in quest of their daily bread.

These customs of long ago still sur-

vive, although it is true the metropolitan and village fairs of Europe retain few of the bewildering features of the ancient assemblies. They are reflected, if at all, only on a reduced scale. The trader visits the fairs no longer, but the juggler, the buffoon, are on the road unceasingly with exhibitions of animals or of sleight of hand, and selling small wares, too, which are occasionally worth the money; amusing the masses with their traditional buffooneries, bringing with them, as it were, to the country the reflection of a fantastic urban life, where the women are wont to wear flesh-colored tights and embroidered petticoats.

A class of humanity by itself and paying its reckoning in laughter (*monnaie de singe*), this motley, nomadic, cosmopolitan bit of bohemia travels everywhere in clans and families.

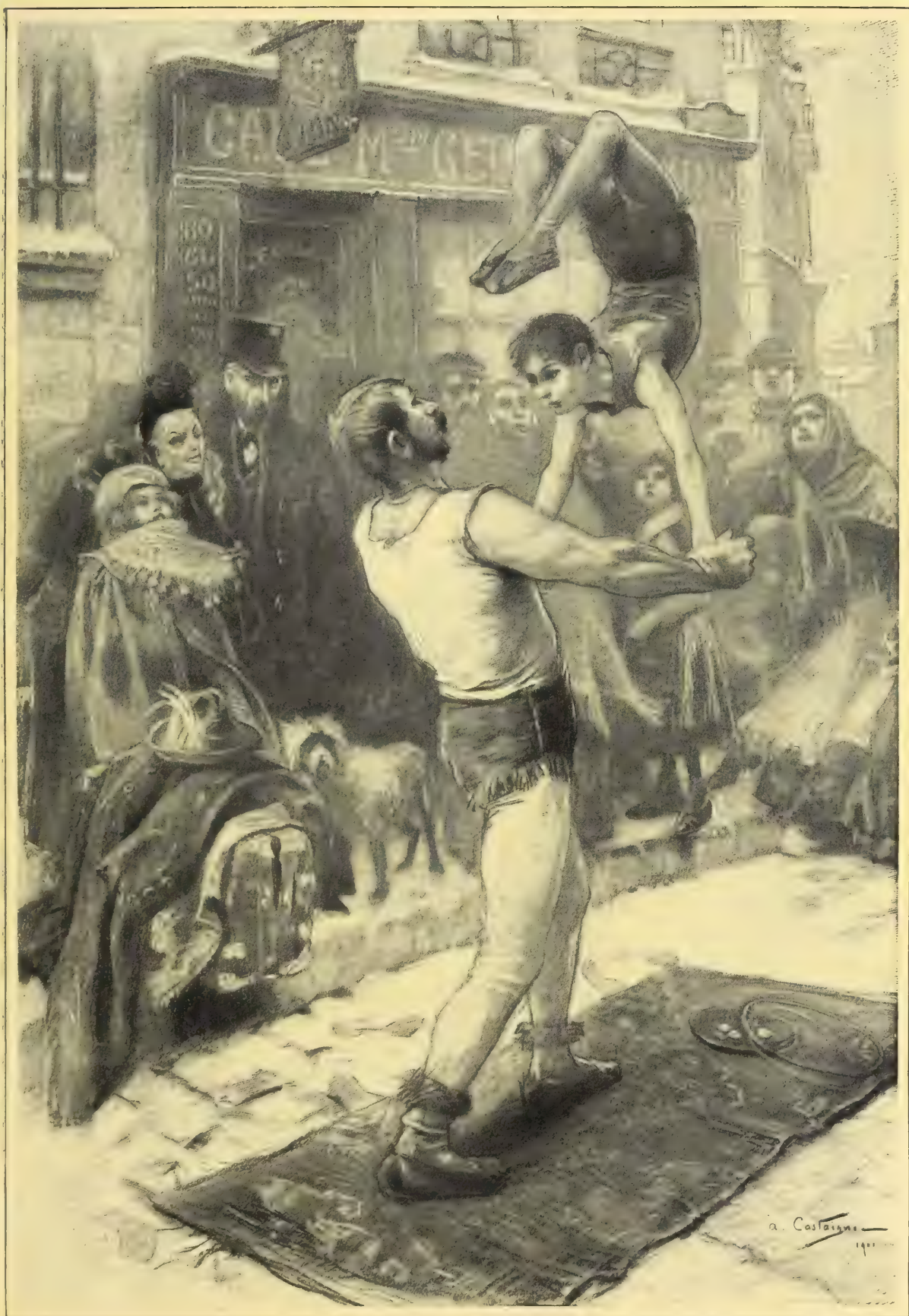
The same types which in former days pushed their wheelbarrows now journey in *roulottes*,* bearing, like the snails, their diminutive houses on their backs. Their passage fairly astounds the peaceful peasant. He regards them with stupid wonder, even as a duck of the poultry-yard would stare at a flock of wild-geese flying above its head.

Originally the gypsy bands, practising a variety of trades, such as horse-dealing, basket-making, or, when possible, the stealing of children, appeared at long intervals. Terrifying rumors preceded their march. Their passage was marked by the slamming of doors hastily closed and the barking of watch-dogs. Some of these troupes were as large as an Asiatic caravan, and one might well imagine he saw a barbaric tribe, carrying their treasures and idols with them.

Thus it passed along the road amid the jingling of tinsel ornaments—a procession of jolting wagons, and of bears, camels, and monkeys held in leash by Tziganes with hair black as ebony and dazzling white teeth.

We can picture to ourselves the troupe camping later in the woods, under canvas, among the fettered horses. Naked children crawl about on all-fours. A girl with big solemn eyes tunes her guitar to a nostalgic air and awakens the sympathy of all.

* A house on wheels in which mountebanks travel.



Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

A STREET SHOW IN A FRENCH VILLAGE

These migratory people bring with them reminders of the dirt of the Orient, of the cities of vermin and azure, of the odor of caravansaries. An expression of unrest in their fawn-colored eyes, their gaze is towards the horizon at dawn and close of day.

Less epic, so to speak, and less suggestive, are the village mountebanks. Eternal vagabonds these also, but, wandering in small bands, they limit their ambition to the possession of a "penny show," and their love of travel to the frontiers of one country. They are the small fry of the highways, of which the gypsies are the big game. These poor devils of the road live off the blue-bloused populace who throng the great fairs.

Their name evokes the sound of the tomtom, and the smell of the dusty road mingled with the odor of *al fresco* meals (*ripaille*).

I once knew a droll character of this class, the very soul of the modern fair. Indeed, it is impossible to conceive one

without him. He painted lions on the canvas of menageries, designed flags, aided the "savage" to apply the lamp-black to his face. For my friend was an artist, and photographer as well. One must live somehow! His portable booth proudly bore this sign: "Philidor, painter of portraits! Likenesses, two francs." And then a parenthetical note with the following superb and unprecedented announcement: "Ten sous for soldiers." He was the intimate friend of the sword-swallowers—those who, turning the head back, the veins of the neck swelling, and with bloodshot eyes, proceed to bury a bundle of iron bars in the stomach.

In the evening at the inn he touched glasses with the iron-eaters and the drinkers of boiling oil.

All of us have seen the man-orchestras (*hommes-orchestres*), who work so lustily with the mouth, the hands, the arms, and the feet, agitating on the head a cap with bells, tormenting with their lips a flute attached to the neck, beating with the



ON THE ROAD—A WATCH-DOG



SLAVES OF THE RING

right elbow a big drum tied to the back, the feet operating by means of two strings two drumsticks, the knees crashing the cymbals, and one hand playing a mandolin. These likewise entreated his good offices, which he willingly granted.

Less noisy, more respectable, wearing black robes, or attired as Indian princes, the giant and dwarf species accorded a most gracious welcome to my friend.

Far from being proud, he executed all commissions, even that of fetching two sous' worth of carrots for the human skeleton, whom he would tap familiarly on the belly. On the other hand, though, he associated rarely with the dog-trainer, who forces three poor little canine specimens, dressed in the style of a Louis XV.

marquis, to dance to the sound of a flute with whip accompaniment.

"That sort is not an artist," said he, with contempt. But the rope-dancers, the conjurers, the tumblers, and the clowns filled him with enthusiasm.

He was the comrade, too, of the wrestlers, big jolly chaps with hair reeking of pomade; often was he asked to paint their discolored eyes in flesh-color. He had ever ready a sly wink of the eye for the fortune-teller, to whom the peasant, with serious mien, hat doffed, and lips drawn with anxiety, shows a callous hand.

As for the singers, actors, etc., those who mount on platforms and with vinous breath retail gross pleasantries and indecent tales, he avoided them like the



Half-tone plate engraved by A. Lockhardt

THE VILLAGE FAIR OF TO-DAY

plague. To those, however, who speculated on credulous curiosity, such as the albinos, the automats, the venders of elixirs, or the man-hedgehog, he accorded his sympathy. In the same way he confessed a kindly feeling for the wax-figure man, and for the pedant too—strange bird in such a flock, who would exhibit, say, one of the pebbles which Demosthenes held in his mouth to loosen the tongue, the candle of the lantern of Diogenes, the thread which held suspended the sword of Damocles, or possibly the asp of Cleopatra preserved in alcohol.

"I love savants," my friend would say, modestly.

Brave Philidor!

Through him I formed some cherished friendships among the fair savages who devour live rabbits, the Siamese brothers and sisters, and the two-headed children.

He knew these people, each and every one. His own life was a history by itself, to which I may refer later on. He was especially inclined to talk to me about the acrobats—those Icarians who dislocate the joints of their children so that they may be almost folded in a pocket-handkerchief, teaching them to wind their legs around the neck, to throw the head backwards between the heels, to twist themselves inside out (*decarcasser*) on the pavements of the public squares. Their fate excited his profound pity.

One day he showed me, not without pride, a sketch from nature. It represented a charming little acrobat, with an air of sadness and fatigue, seated on a stool and caressing with gentle touch her companions in misery—two trained dogs, who gazed at her lovingly.

The sketch was hasty and crude, but full of sentiment. Then he described to me the actual scene, while I, listening as in a dream, seemed to behold all the crude details—the sound of a drum, the gaping peasants all attention—in my imagination I could see the throng of idlers range itself around a group of unfortunate tumblers.

The father superintends the preparations; the mother, resigned, holds the sticks of the drum; a little girl spreads out on the ground the usual carpet for the exercises; two dogs in a corner

scratch away at their flea-bites. The peasantry regard the whole with gaping mouths and staring eyes.

The beating of the drum ceases at an imperious gesture of the master—*rrrrrrrrr—*an! With important air, his body clothed in white tights, he presents the two dogs. They advance with downcast eyes, and tails between their legs.

Their plaintive expression seems to implore the master. The whip menaces their slender limbs. Under the grotesque costume and collarette of the clown one can divine the bruised skin.

Their performance ended, the master dismisses them with a word.

The public applauds lustily. The "professor" gravely salutes, and continues his lecture in a hoarse voice: "Now, then, ladies and gentlemen, we pass to the remarkable performances of the 'queen of the carpet'! Admire her vigor and agility! She has appeared before all the crowned heads of Europe! If you are satisfied, show your good-heartedness with a bravo!"

His finger points at the girl. Supple and slender, she steps forward and throws herself on her hands. Her nervous body, bent almost to the breaking-point, dislocates itself on the carpet. The muscles are tense, the veins swell, the body is curved backwards so that the delicate throat and chest touch the hard pavement. Her blond hair sweeps the dust. With one bound she is upright again, under the burning sun, her body trembling and covered with perspiration.

Now she passes to exercises even more painful. Throwing herself back, she climbs the double ladder hand over hand, and executes the most complicated feats of equilibrium, balances herself on the head, kisses her hand to the crowd, and then quickly descends as she mounted. Her exercises, practised twenty times a day, are over for the moment.

The poor little star looks smilingly at the public, and seats herself, panting for breath, by the side of the trained dogs. It is easy to see that these are her true friends. They lay their muzzles on her knee, and raise their plaintive eyes towards her own, as if to say, "And you also!" while the little hand softly caresses their ears. . . .

And Philidor takes his sketch!



Half-tone plate engraved by John A. Schoelch

"TEACHING THEM TO THROW THE HEAD BACKWARD BETWEEN THE HEELS"

The peasant rarely evinces any compassion—so said my friend.

The essential cruelty of the spectacle, the humble brute tortured, infancy forced to killing efforts beyond the strength of a man—all these pitiful details escape him. The bumpkin always applauds. Perhaps, too, he does not take seriously these rags and these sufferings. The sound of a trombone dissipates the nascent pity in the brain. . . .

After all, what is this popular village fair of to-day but a relic of the old-time festival! The same clowns display themselves on the same stages. Here is the same open-air theatre, the booth of the phenomenon, the city of canvas, poles, and ropes.

The wooden horses turn, turn! The crowd surrounds a trapeze to witness the performance of a child. The patron passes the hat and pockets the sous. In the distance two scarlet legs dance on the iron wire. A flag flapping in the wind conceals the rest.

Here is the live-stock market, the air filled with the lowing of beeves and the grunting of pigs. Discordant cries! Confused rumors! Every one buying or selling. An invisible bass-drum thunders from afar!

In the evening, by the light of the lamps, after the hard labor of the day, the acrobats, stretched at full length, with conscious smile on the lips, and in fantastic silhouettes, again woo the yokels' admiration.

Oh, the charm of spangled tights to these good country folk! Finally, the receipts counted, the wandering band again starts forth haphazard on the highway.

The apparent brilliancy and gayety are extinguished with the lamps, and give place to the saddest realism.

"Yes," said Philidor, "the 'roulotte,' which emits so peacefully through its chimney a thin white thread of smoke, shelters many more miseries than dramas. By the open door you see, amid the rags and dirt, a poor devil smoking his pipe, the mother preparing the meagre repast, the children, half-naked in their scanty, torn tights, swarming around her. At night along the road the red light from the window takes the semblance of a bloodshot eye, and the mind is filled

with subtle impressions of flight and ill treatment. It is true," continued the honest painter-mountebank, with some bitterness, "that there are bullies and blackguards amongst them who dishonor the profession. And yet, notwithstanding their evil reputation, these poor devils are more to be pitied than feared. Most of them are really honest and kind-hearted, but, you see, appearances are against them; and then they are the victims of popular legend." The peasantry, indeed, regard them as veritable gallows-birds, and relate sinister tales to their account which hint at the fabrication of monsters, or the stealing of children from their parents to be subsequently tortured. One can fancy he sees the gross paw of the patron manipulating the bones and muscles of these feeble bodies, brutalizing the tender nerves.

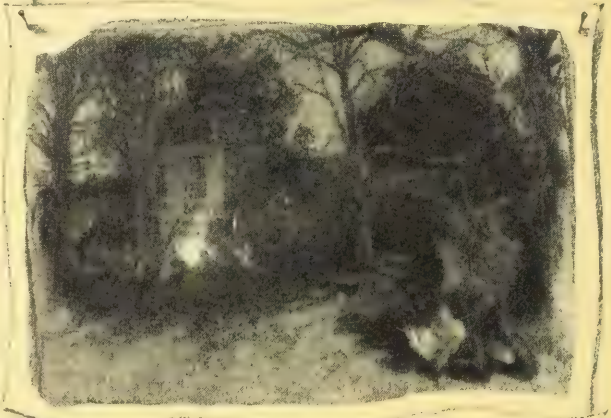
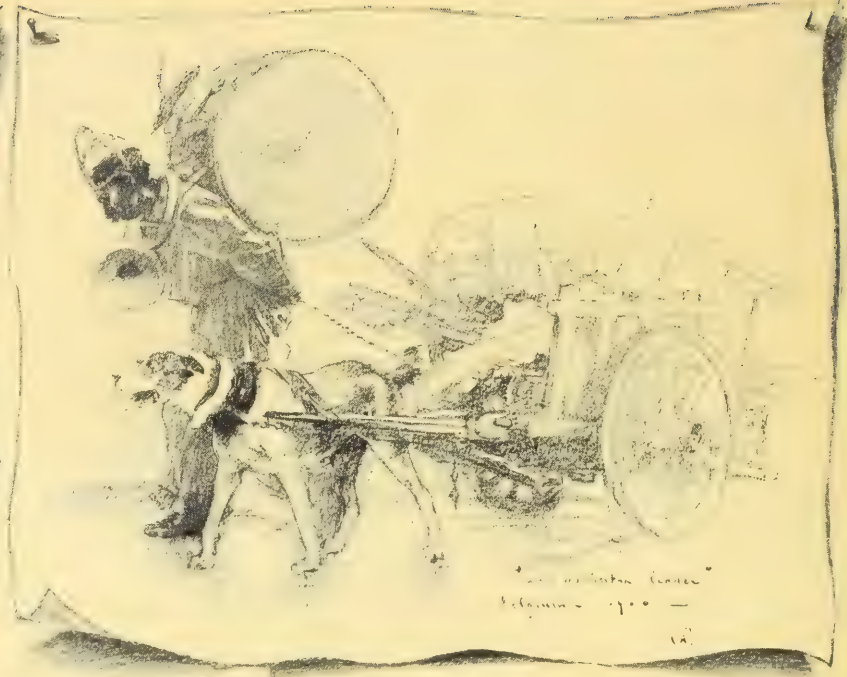
These miserable bands are the leprosy of the highways of Europe. In that land of traditions they have existed in every age.

Strolling troupes were incessantly on the road, leading wolves and bears in chains. Then, as now, a patron with hangdog air would spread his carpet in the forum of the city, and give an exhibition of young slaves as contortionists, leapers, jugglers, dancers, all wearing gold anklets, which jingled constantly.

At times the most beautiful, the most skilful, appeared on the boards of the theatre at Rome, and became favorites.

In purple attire, wearing gilded sandals with tiny wings at the heels, the head crowned with a chaplet of roses, they launched themselves on the tight-rope and performed with marvellous address and agility. Often they would snatch handfuls of flowers from a basket and throw them to an audience mad with enthusiasm. To-day, as of old, more than one famous acrobat, poisoning, to the strains of an orchestra, above the heads of the ecstatic audience of the circus, has known in his infancy the fascination of the "road."

This embodiment of grace and suppleness in silken tights, for whom the directors offer dollars in fierce rivalry, is it not she who was sitting so sadly by her humble companions in misfortune—the two trained dogs who gazed at her with such loving eyes?



PAGES
from
a
SKETCH
BOOK





THIS LITTLE WORLD RETURNS TO SILENCE

In short, is it not our little "queen of the carpet"?

The lucky chance that comes but rarely to the stroller—meeting perhaps with a good Philidor, who has recommended her to the manager of a grand circus in search of a star—has rescued her from a life of misery.

These ancient customs of the Middle Ages, however, are gradually disappearing, and the life, so to speak, has become more rational and kindly. Abuses have ceased under more careful and attentive surveillance.

The nomads themselves no longer escape the beneficent influences of instruction, and the schoolmaster is expected to receive the little strollers sojourning in his village.

In Paris, the annual rendezvous of an immense number of strolling mountebanks, a good-hearted woman has established a school for their little ones, which are transported here and there through the large cities and their suburbs following the popular festivals.

It is nothing more than a simple tent of canvas, having for its unique decoration, on one side, a copy of the Grammont law,* on the other the "declaration of the rights of man."

A charming scene is to be witnessed

* Corresponding to Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

here during the recitation hour. A worthy elderly dame acts as teacher. With easy grace, the natural result of an athletic training, the boys and girls file in and seat themselves.

This curly head here is the child-snake; that bright, saucy face is the charming young apprentice of the tight-rope. But what means this sensational entrance? It is none other than a famous young circus artist, whose arrival is announced by a general murmur of admiration. Just think! She has the honor of a grand poster for herself alone! She is represented on her trapeze surrounded by stars and suns. Evidently this is the spoiled child of the school.

A small boy was just about to recite a fable, but the excitement has made him forget his lesson. . . . "We must help one another; it is the law of nature. . . . We must help one—we must help one." The little chap stumbles and hesitates. Peals of laughter follow. The good mistress would be quite willing to join in the general merriment. But discipline, discipline before everything! To restore order it is necessary to make a terrible example. So she sternly reproves the urchin, and sends him back to his stool with a fool's-cap on his head. The laughter ceases. Once more this little world returns to silence, and every nose is buried in a book.

Animal and Vegetable Rights

BY RUPERT HUGHES

NOWADAYS, though I may buy almost anything else at the shops, I cannot buy human slaves; it is even forbidden me to go to Africa and adopt for my own property a low-browed savage whose facial angle displeases me; it is not considered refined to use new babies for alligator-bait. But, alas for human consistency! I may still go to Tattersall's and bid on a coach-horse or a slim hunter, or haggle at the market over decapitated cabbages and evicted carrots. I might still, if I had the whim and the wherewithal, not to mention the agility, go out on the prairies and lasso a liberty-loving mustang, and thereafter make him pack and carry at my pleasure. I may still kidnap a family of poor but honest ferns from their humble woodland and jail them in a sickly window-box. An otherwise perfectly respectable woman may steal some virgin rose-bud from its home, and even murder it to add a foil to her own merciless beauty.

Yet the difference between caging a Hottentot and caging an orang-outang or hothousing a wild flower is a difference entirely in degree, not at all in kind. The distinction is simply that of an evolutionary period. And what is a mere æon between moralists?

If any theory is accepted by the learned world of to-day, it is the theory of evolution. There is a small discrepancy of a few hundred millions of years between the fairy-story of the evolutionists and the folk-lore of the geologists. But, to repeat, what are a few hundreds of millions of years in a matter like this?

Now if the evolution story proves anything, it proves that men are but beasts of a later growth. The animal world is the nursery, the baby-land of humanity. But how can we stop at branding child-labor and cruelty to children as abominations, and yet permit the coercion and slavery, even the lynching, of animals?

In the field where ethics and politics

have sway it was long ago discovered that there was something wrong about allowing the partnership of a bigger biceps and a bigger club to be the only arbiter as to whether or no a man should slay or enslave his neighbor.

Next after the rights of man come the rights of woman, and next after women's come children's rights. There is much discussion on these points still, but the world is pretty generally agreed that a man may not beat his spouse or his offspring entirely at his own discretion. The days when one divorced his wife by sending her a telegram, or punished his child with the short sword of the *patria potestas*, have seen their last dawn.

The laws of the world are more and more active against wanton cruelty to animals; but if a man wishes to shoot his horse or chloroform his dog or drown a bunch of kittens "mercifully," what is to say him nay? But this is a policy of preventing pin-pricks while permitting slaughter.

Some say that animals have no souls; but these are not evolutionists, so need not be hearkened to. And what evolutionist can solemnly asseverate that at the one point where one misses the missing link one can note the definite addition of that tangled mesh we call a soul? Besides, has it not been shown irrefutably that all the arguments brought forth to prove the immortality of man prove also the immortality of animals? Look at the arguments— No, don't look at them. We haven't time. It is enough to say that all the arguments that make the belief in a previous or a future immortality tenable to a thinking and questioning man—all these arguments work toward establishing the immortality of animals.

Is it not, then, a felony to enslave, and a capital crime to put to death, any animal, without due process of law, without giving him a fair trial before a jury

of his peers, a trial wherein the defendant may speak for himself or be represented by competent counsel? To bring in as an argument the value of animals to commerce is only to emphasize the offence, by vesting the base uses of trade with an ethical significance; it is only to repeat the hideous subterfuges formerly used by the upholders of human slavery.

The entrance of steam and electricity in their infinite forms destroyed the last shred of respectability this pitiful argument ever had, and the locomotive, the electric tram and canal-boat, the bicycle, the automobile, have brought very near the day when the great public will awake with a shudder to the brutality of animal slavery.

As to slaying our brother animals for food—ugh! It is only another form of cannibalism.

In this thesis I am not guided by any such superstitious reverence for animals as swayed the Hindoos and ancient Egyptians. Animals are no better than we are. Few animals are any better than they should be. The manners of some of them are far from polished. But it is their theoretical, political, inherent rights that I plead for.

All animals (the genus *homo* no more than the rest) are created free and equal! They only need a little education, a little night-school training, a few newspapers printed in their own language and devoted to their own needs, to prepare them for an exercise of the right to vote—a right they could surely exercise as well as many of the electors.

But let not the vegetarians count me as a proselyte to their gentle ranks. They themselves are still far from perfect, for biologists are unable to say just where animal life ends and vegetable life begins. Therefore vegetables must have souls—a little less developed than the souls of brutes, indeed, but none the less real. There is nothing so odious as the coarse brain that confuses a difference in degree with a difference in kind.

The truly consistent, truly humane man will therefore eschew both animal and vegetable food, because he will not permit himself to be guilty of the odiously bad taste of eating his relations, especially his poor relations.

Here is a further point to be earnestly considered: What is that change of conditions which we call disease? It is simply the natural and logical effort of an overcrowded and progressive population of microbes to extend its dominions, to build empire—surely a most laudable ambition. When these small but industrious personages find a territory weakly inhabited by a slothful, over-conservative, or degenerate population of cells, they very properly push their colonizing policy into this fallow ground. With the watchwords of "Progress" and "Civilization" on their banners, and that ideal of "The survival of the fittest" as their eternal justification, they demand a place in the new body politic.

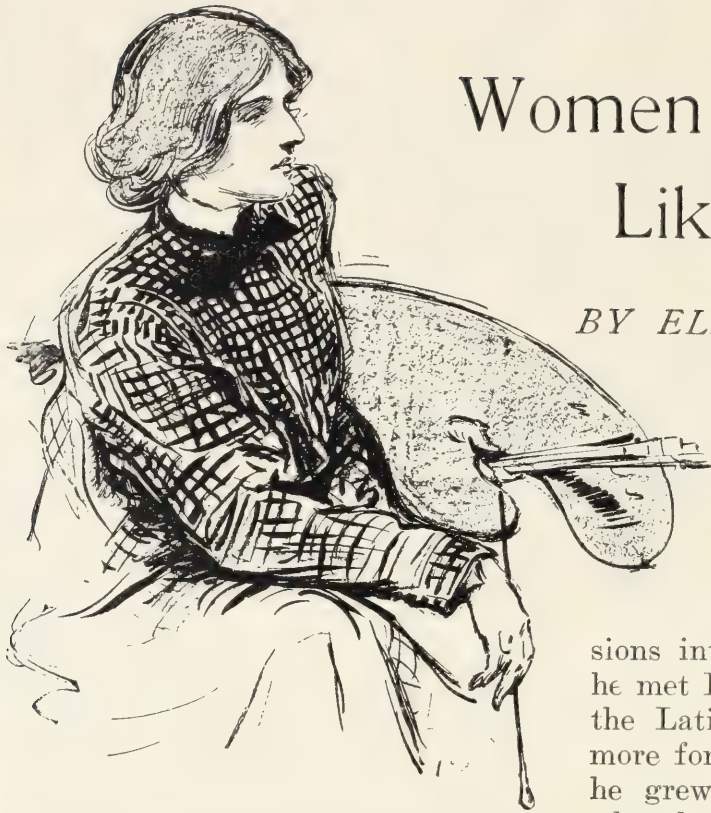
Our bodies are simply microcosms, states made up of a numerous and diverse yeomanry of hard-working cells. When one of those great colonizing movements called a disease comes our way, we should simply wait and say, "May the best party win." We might arbitrate peacefully; or, at worst, point out to the colonists how much better territory there is in our neighbors' systems, and invite them courteously to move on to the next house.

The true gentleman will be polite even to a microbe.

How much the more should one consider the feelings of even the more enlightened and sensitive vegetables, and the high state of civilization of the animal world!

If the basely practical mind rudely asks: "What, then, is one to eat? How, then, is one to live?" I can only brand that as a problem for scientists, not moralists, to decide. And I call upon all conscientious persons to abstain from animal and vegetable food, and from medicines of all kinds, till they decide it.





Women are Made Like That

BY ELEANOR HOYT



HE cab rattled through the narrow streets of the Latin Quarter, and Bruce Morgan stared out at the dingy buildings and the motley crowd on the pavements. In an idle, unemphatic way, he was hating it all. The gospel of dirt as preached by unappreciated genius had never attracted him. Save as an unavoidable adjunct of the noble game of football, he strenuously objected to dirt in any form, mental, moral, or physical. He was not remarkably good, but he was clean, and that is the next best thing, if not a synonym.

During his two years in Paris he had owned bachelor quarters in that quarter of broad spaces and flooding sunshine which the dwellers on the *Rive Gauche* call banal, and in which those good Americans who go to Paris before they die, but who are studying nothing in particular—save the gentle art of enjoying life—emulate the lilies of the field.

There he had found a bath-tub to his liking, so there he raised his Ebenezer and installed his Lares and Penates. To be more accurate, he paid the rent, and Watkins, the valet, attended to the Lares and Penates.

Life went very well then, and the well-

groomed and cheerful young American played among the lilies of the American Quarter contentedly. He didn't even make frequent excursions

into unkempt bohemia until after he met Elizabeth. After that, he learned the Latin Quarter. Not that he grew more fond of it. On the contrary. But he grew more fond of Elizabeth, and when he wanted anything, a mere matter of local color could not discourage him.

As for Elizabeth, she was what the wondering *bourgeoisie* who leaven the Latin Quarter call "*une artiste enragée*"; but she had lived in a cluttered studio on the Rue Vavin, and had eaten her meals at a *crémérie* for three years. Her artistic fervor was not waning, but the magic light that never was on bohemia was dimmed a trifle to her vision. A freshly washed, immaculately clad, good-looking young man, about whom clung an odor of jockey club rather than turpentine, who rode in cabs and scattered violets and roses, and appeared to have no secret sorrows nor thwarted ambitions, appealed to her as inartistic but distinctly comforting.

So he came to the studio often. One day a miracle happened, and after that he came more often.

Elizabeth Russell had a reputation, in the Quarter, for dignity of a rather glacial variety. Her beauty won her adorers, and her coldness drove them to despair,—which was all according to orthodox poetic tradition. Her French lovers appreciated the romantic fitness and possibilities of the situation. They wrote poems to "*La belle dame sans merci*."

The American and English victims of Elizabeth's *beaux yeux*, being hampered

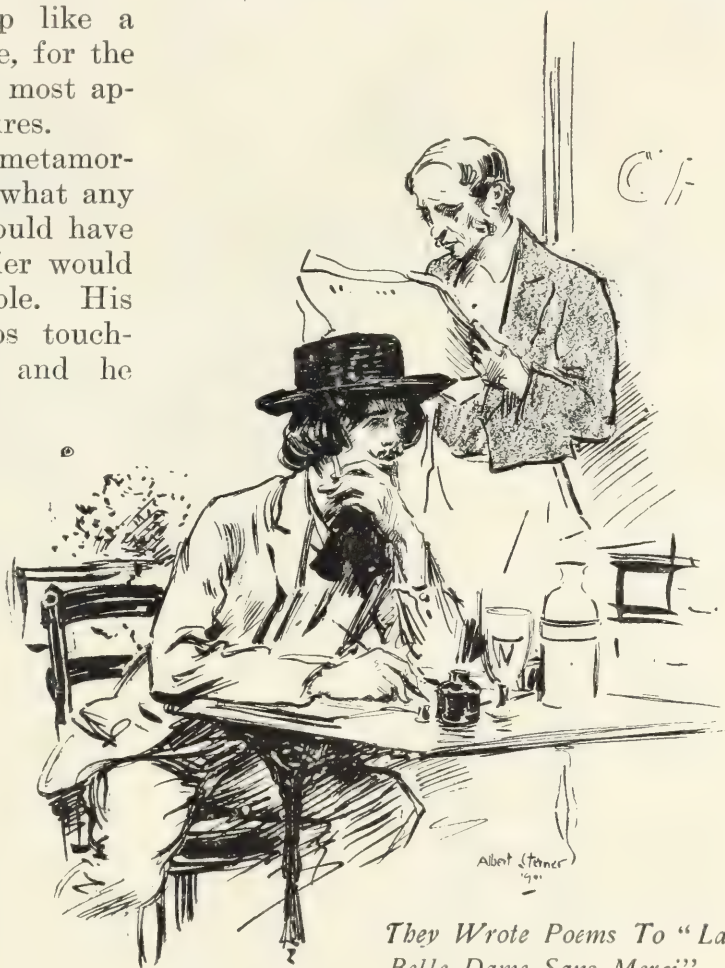
by Anglo-Saxon secretiveness, did not write poetry. They only tramped innumerable miles and came home to swear savagely at the concierge and kick the cat.

When severity wrought such havoc, what would have been the casualties had one guessed that this self-sufficient young woman had moments when, without warning, her dignity crumpled up like a pricked balloon, and she became, for the length of a woman's mood, the most appealing, irresponsible of creatures.

Bruce Morgan had seen the metamorphosis, and had promptly done what any normal and love-ridden man would have done, but what a moment earlier would have seemed absurdly impossible. His arms went round her, his lips touched her waving brown hair, and he held her close, while, in true woman fashion, she hid her face against his coat collar and cried softly. He had a bewildered conviction that his world was toppling about him; but he was quite willing it should topple, so long as the break-up threw the inaccessible into his arms. She didn't stay there long. The moment was too good to last. Before he had fairly caught his breath, she was standing across the table from him, a bit pink as to eyelids and cheeks, a trifle rumpled as to hair, but smiling, self-contained, slightly defiant. And he, being a wise young man in his generation, said no word of the sudden surrender, pressed his advantage no further, but spoke of home letters and the weather. Few men would have understood.

He was gentler with her after that, more patient with her egoism, more in sympathy with her work. Personally, he had never thought much of her talent. He knew something of art, though he had never joined the noble army of aspiring young artists. His income was large, and he preferred buying good pictures to painting poor ones—which may be philistinism in the eyes of the Latin Quarter and Montmartre, but has its elements of sanity and altruism. He knew quite well that before a word of

praise from one of his lady's masters his warmest love-words would pale into insignificance, and that if his eternal absence could improve her values, she would set him adrift with cheerful unconcern. Still, he was distinctly optimistic about his love-affair. He did not believe in the artistic future of the girl



They Wrote Poems To "La Belle Dame Sans Merci"

he loved. He had seen enthusiasm wane before failure, and heart-hunger creep into the place of ambition. Then, too, he had the memory of the metamorphosis to encourage him; so he waited patiently.

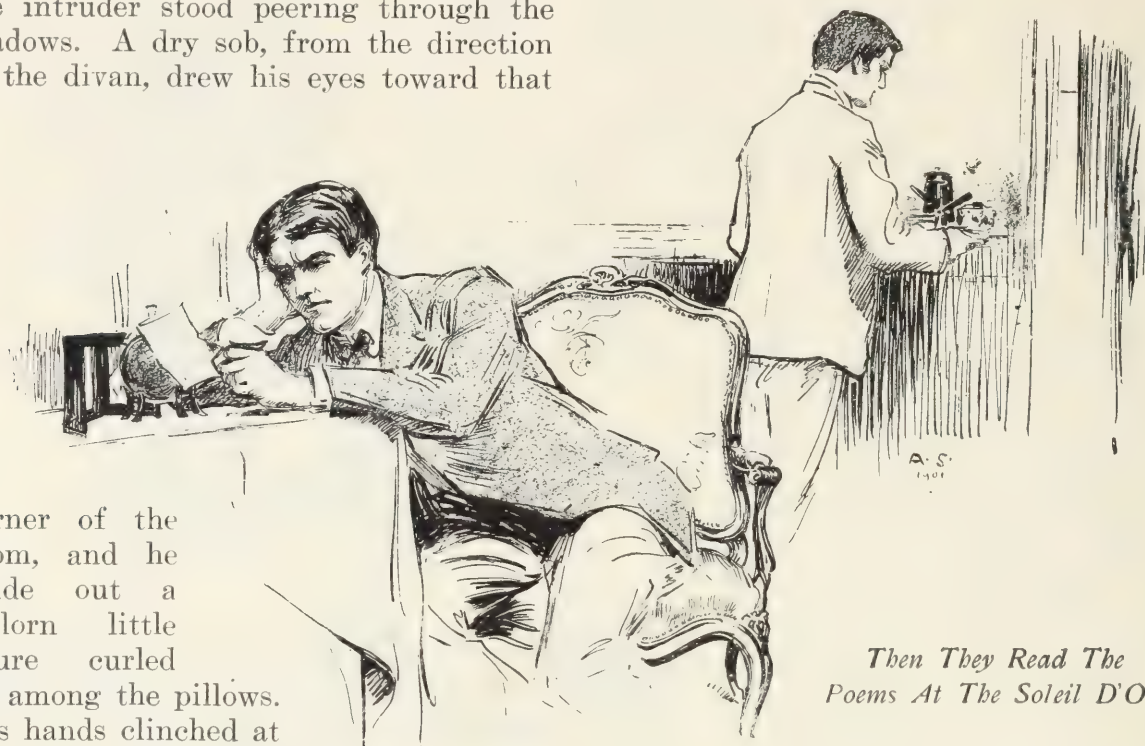
The waiting had lasted for months before the January evening when his cab skurried along toward the Rue Vavin.

He entered the narrow hallway, climbed the dark stairs, and tapped on the studio door, which was slightly ajar. Through the crack in the door he could see that the studio was dark, save for the glow from a little open stove. Evidently Elizabeth had gone out for dinner. He tucked a card under the door and was turning away, when he heard a muffled sound from the studio. He wheeled sharply and stood listening.

The sound was repeated, and the man's lips tightened. Some one was sobbing in the darkened room. For a moment he hesitated. Then he pushed the door open and entered. After the darkness of the hall, the fire glow was confusing, and the intruder stood peering through the shadows. A dry sob, from the direction of the divan, drew his eyes toward that

"Tell me all about it, sweetheart," he said, gently.

She told him. The Latin Quarter is full of such stories of young enthusiasm, vaulting ambition, self-confidence, home



corner of the room, and he made out a forlorn little figure curled up among the pillows. His hands clinched at his sides, but his voice was very quiet:

"Little girl, what is it?"

The tone was a caress. Elizabeth sat up suddenly, and looked at him with wet, frightened eyes. The white quivering face sent a great flood of tenderness surging through him.

"Oh, it is you! You frightened me," she said, with a pitiful attempt at a smile. Then she dropped down among the pillows again, and hid her face. In an instant he was on his knees beside the couch.

"My little girl! my poor little girl! Cry it all out here." He drew her into his arms, and kissed her wet cheeks, and murmured fond, foolish love-words, comforting her, as one would comfort a child whose heart was sore; and Elizabeth, the severe, clung to him, sobbing, until his strength and tenderness quieted her, and the sobs died into stifled sighs.

At last, when even the sighs were hushed, she looked up at him, in a half-startled fashion, and he put her back among the pillows, but his arm was still under her head, and his right hand stroked her hair.

*Then They Read The
Poems At The Soleil D'Or*

disapproval, and failure. Her mother had believed in her talent; her New York teachers had encouraged her. Then the mother died, and a matter-of-fact step-father pooh-poohed artistic aspiration. She thought herself persecuted for art's sake, and defied authority. A little money left her by her mother would take her to Paris and keep her there for two or three years. There was a decisive and stormy break with the step-father, conscientious enough, but intolerant of what he thought idiotic folly. Then Paris, and the intoxication of realized longing, of life in the artists' quarter, and study in the French schools.

At first it was all she had hoped. She had money enough for all her needs. The second year went by, less buoyantly. She did not make the progress for which she had hoped. She was not the important figure in the atelier that she had been in the New York class. No one paid much attention to her, and the masters were brutally frank. They admitted that she had a certain facility in line, but her color, her values—atrocious! "Wooden,"

was L——'s favorite comment as he stopped beside her easel. Still she worked, worked, worked. In the spring her health gave out. She went to the country and lost two months. Then she came back and went to work, more furiously than before, but she did not get back the old strength.

"Paint poison!" said the English doctor whom she consulted. "Stop living in an air-tight, turpentine-saturated hole. Stop work. Don't worry. Eat three square meals a day. Rest—and you'll come out all right. It is a woman-killer, that studio life."

She tried for the Salon that year. Her portrait wasn't worth consideration. "Wooden," reiterated L—— when he spoke to her about it; but she worked on. Then the money began to give out, and she realized that what she was to do must be done quickly. There could be no going home. She must work harder and cut down expenses. She did both, and her technique improved. Naturally, her health did not. It was during that spring that she met Bruce Morgan, but he never knew how hard life was for her. The haughty poise of the head and the firm lips were not tale-bearers, and though

the man had seen her nerves give way once, he had never guessed the cause.

Now January had come, and the game was about played out.

"I'm tired—so wretchedly tired," she said, drearily. The man's arm tightened its hold.

"I'm a failure, a flat failure. I've worked, but it isn't in me. I see now, but I believed I was right. I've left the school. I didn't have the money to go on. L—— talked to me to-day. He meant to be kind. He told me I would better give up and go home—that I was killing myself for an ambition that would never be fulfilled, that I was wasting money and health and time."

There was a sharp catch in the dull voice.

"I can't go home. I can't." The dreary, monotonous voice quickened into pain and rebellion.

When the pitiful little tale was ended, he stooped until his cheek touched hers.

"Will you marry me, little girl? I've loved you all the time."



"Wooden," Was L——'s Favorite Comment As He Stopped Beside Her Easel

She shrank away quickly, and his arm loosened its hold.

"It is pity," she said, blushing crimson in the dusk.

"It is love, sweetheart."

"I ought not to have told you, but I was so miserable, and you came, and there was no one else, and—"

"Hush, dear, hush. You should have told me before. I should have known it without telling. I'm a brute."

"And you really wanted to marry me, before to-night?"

"More than I wanted anything else in the world."

"But I don't believe I love you enough."

"Let me teach you." She closed her eyes and lay quite still for a few moments; then she looked at him.

"I can't promise you now. I think it is only because I am a woman and unhappy that I am so glad to be here in your arms."

"Bless her heart, she sha'n't be bothered about deciding anything now. She isn't even competent to decide upon her own dinner, so I'll take that responsibility off her hands." He lifted her to her feet and smiled at her gayly.

"Wash off the tears, put on your hat and coat, and we'll go to the *Tour d'Argent*." She looked at him wonderingly.

"I'll have another try for the Salon," she said, thoughtfully. Already her work was crowding him aside.

"Paint me," he suggested.

She looked him over judicially.

"Wouldn't you hate it?"

"I'd like it. There's no law to prevent the sitter from looking at the painter, is there?"

"It would save my having a model, and you've a splendid head, and—but it would be a horrid bore for you."

"Not a bit of it. I've promised to have a portrait for my mother, anyway."

"I believe I can do it." A flush was stealing into the pale cheeks, and the head was taking its old self-confident poise.

"Then that's settled. Now for dinner. I'll wait in the cab."

Then he went out into the night, carelessly whistling, "*P'tite Ninnon*."

The girl, bathing her eyes in the studio, smiled at the gay little air, and hummed it as she put on her hat and coat.

The portrait was begun the following week, and Elizabeth worked steadily through the short gray days. Never did a painter have

a model more tireless, and if the sitter chafed against the artist's absorption in her work, he showed no sign of his irritation. He was being painted in his hunting pink; and as he sat carelessly on the solid arm of a great settle, with his hunting-crop across his knees and his scarlet coat flaming against the high oaken back of the seat, he was uncommonly good to look at. But he knew quite well that, so far as his ladye-love's vision was concerned, he was only a matter of color and line and



He Was Being Painted In His Hunting Pink

values. Another man might have been discouraged. He only grew more doggedly determined; and gradually he felt that he was making way. The picture was the thing; but there were days when the artist worked restlessly, when her eyes looked at him as the eyes of a maid look at a man, instead of resolving him into madder and Prussian blue, when she blushed if he spoke suddenly, and her voice had a little thrill in it, as if some song were singing itself in her heart.

He had much to do on those days in keeping himself from walking across the room, kicking the easel aside, picking the slender little woman up in his arms, and holding her there until she would promise to marry him before sundown; but he kept his word to her, and waited.

He had never promised not to make love to her; and he used the hours as a lover can. When she looked from her canvas to her sitter, she met his soul in his eyes, but she understood so little that she never realized she was painting the man's love, not the man. He talked of a host of things, sometimes gayly, sometimes seriously, but always it was of love he talked, for his love warmed even the idlest words into a caress. He told her of his home, his people, his plans, and his dreams, taking her into his life as he had taken her into his heart. There were days when he tossed self-restraint aside and made masterful love to her, calling her, with his lips, the names by which his heart knew her. But he asked her for nothing; and he did not move from his seat on the old settle, nor touch even a lock of the rippling brown hair, or a curve of the white wrist from which the cuff rolled back.

How he learned to know every line of that dainty head and figure as he sat and watched them day after day! Her upper lip had a fashion of trembling when he was most audacious, and the color that flooded throat and cheeks was a thing to conjure with. He wondered at himself, sometimes, because he could sit there, across the room, and watch the color come and go, and hold himself from kissing the tremulous upper lip.

After the sittings there was tea, while the shadows gathered, and the candles threw weird flickering lights through the gloom; and there were jolly unchap-

eroned dinners, over which Dame Grundy might shake her head in vain. The man's conscience pricked him at times. Perhaps, after all, he was not taking good care of her, but who was there to criticise her going or coming? And in two months she would be his wife.

The portrait went well. Elizabeth felt sure of that, and yet she had learned self-distrust, and dared not believe in her own judgment. Morgan had never even seen the canvas. That was one of his ladye's whims, and he bowed to it, as to all others,—the more willingly, perhaps, because he did not believe in her success, and feared his praise of failure would not ring true.

At last the sittings ended. One afternoon Elizabeth threw down her brush.

"I've put all I have into it," she said. "It will have to stand so." Instinctively she held out her hands to him. Her upper lip was trembling, and he stooped and kissed it.

"You have been the best friend a girl ever had," she faltered. "Will you go away for a little while now, and let me think? Some way or other I—I don't seem to think clearly when you are here."

He laughed gladly, confidently.

"Don't try to think, little one. Feel!" She shook her head.

"No; I mean it. I'm not sure about anything. Don't come again this week. Next Monday I shall be here. Come then—please—dear." A light flamed in his eyes. He bent his head and kissed the hands he held.

"Till Monday, then—dearest."

When he went away, on Monday, he left his promised wife behind him, and she herself did not understand why she threw herself down on the couch and cried stormily.

The portrait had gone to the Salon judges, and the artist seemed, in some strange way, to have lost all interest in its fate. She expected nothing of it, hardly thought of it, in her love-warmed days. One morning she received a despatch. It was from Bruce.

"Hope I am first to tell you your picture has a place on the line."

She rose and walked unsteadily toward the open window, stood for a moment staring out into the sunshine, then quietly fainted upon the floor.

It was later that the full extent of her victory dawned upon her. L—— came to her with the artists' verdict.

"I was a fool," he said, frankly, "and you are a genius. It is the picture of the year. I would not have believed it possible."

The critics chanted a chorus of praise. She walked through the triumphant days as if dazed. The success was too swift, too complete to seem real, and the pale face wore a wondering, troubled expression, instead of the gladness for which those who knew her looked.

"Some day I shall waken," she said, incredulously, to her lover. He looked at her wistfully. In his heart he was glad of her triumph, but he was uneasy, restless. He did not understand his sweetheart's mood, and he felt, vaguely, that his happiness was threatened by these laurels that had fallen among his roses and violets. She had never been ardent, this little love of his, but she had trembled and glowed under his ardor. Now, she seemed as remote and unimpassioned as if their lips had never met.

One night he went away puzzled, unhappy. The next morning Watkins brought a letter with the coffee.

"Dear," she wrote, "I've wakened, but the dream was true, and all the rest was dream. I hate to hurt you, but I would hurt you more if I married you. Art was always first, but I thought I had failed. I haven't. The thing I have

slaved for, prayed for, starved for, has come—come just when I thought it lost forever, and it seems to me I shall go mad with the joy of it. I realize now that love could never have taken its place, though love might have helped me bear its loss.

"Try to understand. Some other woman will make you happy. I could not. There would always be a rival far dearer to me than you could ever be.

"Don't come. Don't write. It would only make things harder. Forgive me, and let me stay where I belong.

ELIZABETH."

Of course he wrote, of course he went; but it was all useless. There is no adamant like a slender girl egoist. He did not rage nor waste reproaches. That was not his way,—but, as he said good-by, she saw, with the artist's eye for detail, that his face looked white and old, and that new lines appeared around his lips since she had painted his portrait.

The next day two great artists stood before the famous Salon portrait.

"It is a miracle," said one, thoughtfully; "an unknown little art student, and a picture like that!"

His companion laughed cynically.

"No miracle. I call it luck. It isn't given to every painter of portraits to see a naked soul. This little woman saw one and it startled her into genius.

"How he adored her;—and she painted it! Women are made like that!"



The Bottom of the Sea

BY CHARLES CLEVELAND NUTTING,

Professor of Zoology in the University of Iowa

THE only time that the writer was ever guilty of staying up all night to read a book was when, as a boy, he became the possessor of Jules Verne's *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*. After the lapse of a quarter of a century the fascination of the book still remains, and the prophetic genius of the author as displayed in the various electrical contrivances of that master-craft of fiction, the *Nautilus*, is an ever-increasing source of wonder. Again and again, through all these years, the question has recurred: What if such a vessel were possible, and Captain Nemo and his *Nautilus* still wandered through the vast unknown of the deep?

What unique possibilities of adventure and discovery in the exploration of the three-fifths of the actual surface of the globe included in the bottom of the sea!

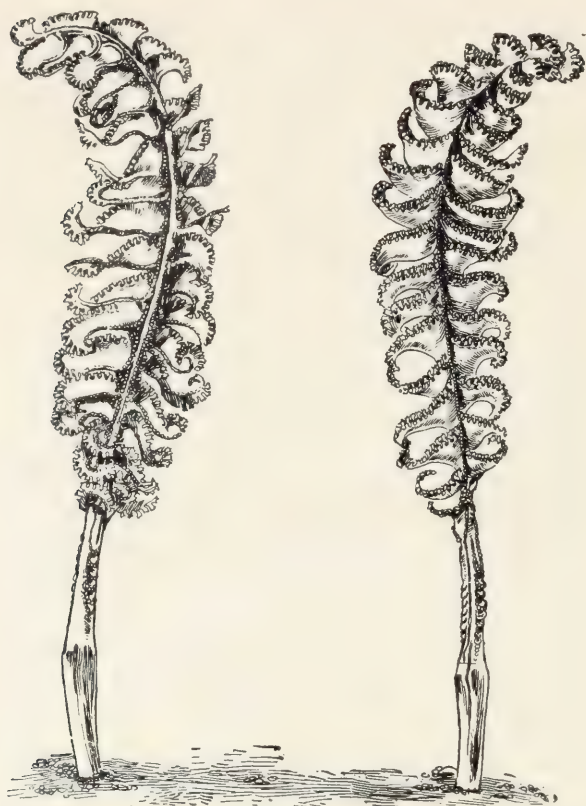
Here is a realm of mystery greater than the entire land surface of the earth. Its average depth beneath the waves is something like two thousand fathoms, and over half the globe is buried under more than two miles of water, while some seven million square miles lie at a depth of three thousand fathoms or over. Depths of over four thousand fathoms have been found in several places, and recent soundings made by the *Albatross* have revealed an abyss 5200 fathoms deep near the island of Guam. Into this hole in the bottom of the sea Mount Everest could be plunged bodily, and still its highest peak would not come within two thousand feet of the surface.

Shallow-water areas fringe the land almost everywhere, the greater portion constituting what is known to oceanographers as the "continental slope." Here the sun's rays penetrate freely, vegetable life is abundant, and the fauna varied beyond anything known elsewhere, either in water or on land. To the shallow-water areas belong the coral reefs with their extravagant display of life and

color. Here the rocks are carved in fantastic similitude of pinnacles and grottos, rustic arches and castellated structures, all submerged in water so clear that colors and outlines are startlingly distinct when viewed through a "water-glass," which is merely a bucket or box with a glass bottom, to destroy the reflections from the ripples and waves. Troops of jelly-fishes of exquisite delicacy of form and hue hang like fairy balloons and parachutes, or pass along with throbbing motion. The coral rock is often riddled by the borings of black sea-urchins bristling with spines seven inches long, sharp as needles, and with a sting like that of a hornet.

The caverns and grottos are lined and floored with zoophytes of various kinds, the anemones in particular rivalling in form and hue the brightest flowers of the upper world. Most gorgeous of all are the fishes that vie in vivid coloring with the most brilliant birds and butterflies. Nature seems to have fairly outdone herself in the coloration of tropical fishes. In a recent report on the "Fishes and Fisheries of Porto Rico," by Doctor Evermann, is a series of colored plates that gives a more vivid idea of the forms and hues of tropical fishes, than can be otherwise attained by any one not privileged to visit those waters in person. Around the reefs life fairly revels in variety and color, the struggle for existence is keenest, and the evolution of new and startling decorations the most rapid.

The shallow water, in the sense used by naturalists, extends down to about two hundred fathoms. Beyond this depth the conditions of life are profoundly, though gradually, changed. Here sunlight no longer penetrates, and the water is usually almost freezing cold. It is a vast realm of darkness and cold, of slow-moving currents and monotonous topography, of mud and slime, and tremendous pressure. In regard to this



PHOSPHORESCENT SEA-PENS
Secured by the "Challenger"

last condition several curious misapprehensions exist in the public mind. One of the most common is the idea that even the heaviest objects find their level, as it were, and remain suspended before reaching great depths. As a matter of fact there is no reason to suppose that anything that will sink at the surface will rest until it reaches the bottom, no matter how deep that bottom may be. Another error is embodied in a recent magazine article in which a noted oceanographer is made to declare that a human body would be so compressed by the terrible pressure that it would be no thicker than a man's arm by the time it reached the bottom. When we remember that 70 per cent. of the human body is water, practically incompressible, and that the tissues would be thoroughly saturated and the cavities injected with sea water before the long descent could be accomplished, it seems unlikely, to say the least, that the bulk of the body would be appreciably

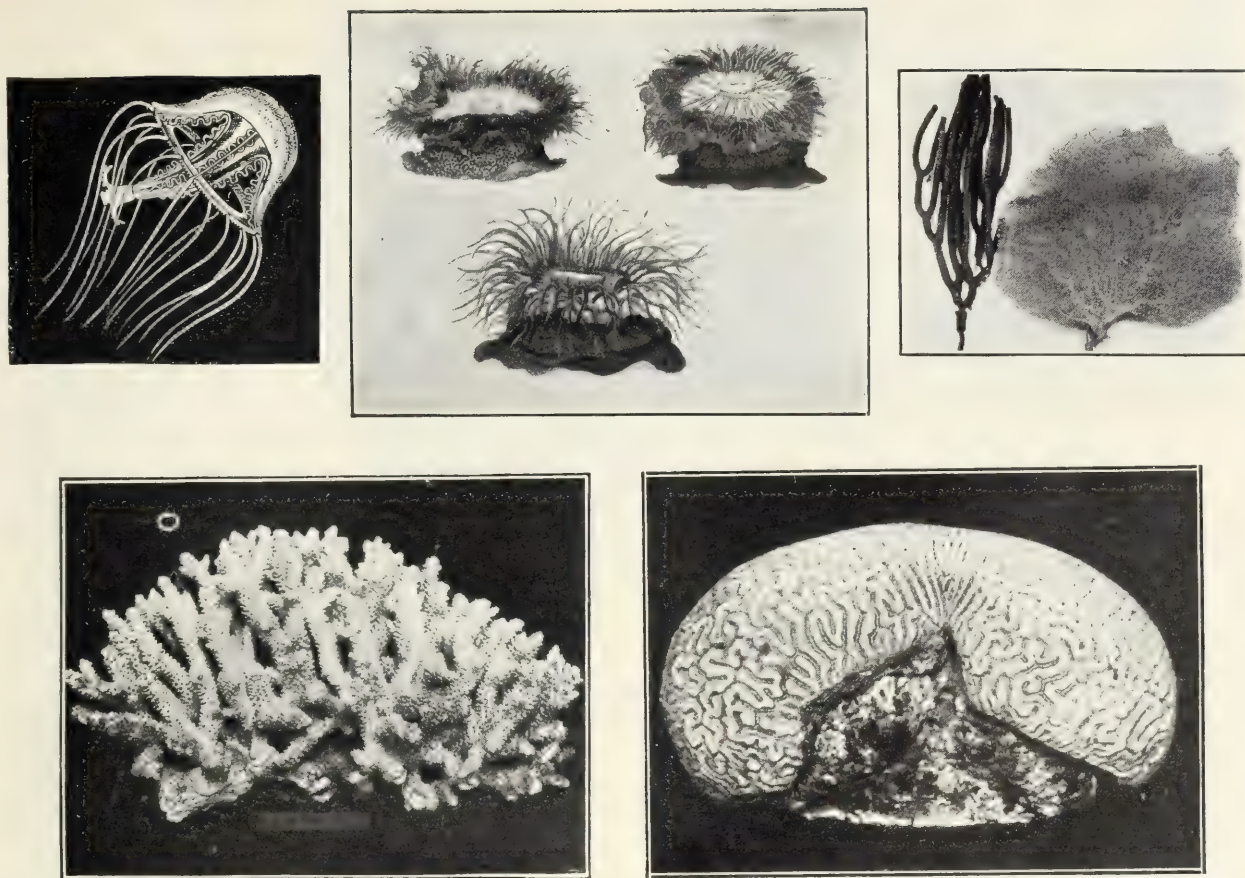
diminished. Immense as is the pressure of the deep sea, sometimes as much as five tons to the square inch, the conditions are such that it is unlikely that even the most delicate rose leaf would be crushed if sunk to the greatest depth.

In general it may be said that the bottom water is uniformly cold, sometimes actually below the freezing-point of fresh water. This, however, by no means prevents a profusion of animal life where all other conditions are favorable. There are certain areas of the deep sea bottom where the water is almost as cold as ice that support as dense a population of bottom-living species as could be found anywhere, even in the most favored tropical waters. It is evident that temperature alone does not determine the distribution of life, although the distribution of individual species is usually affected by heat or cold.

All animals demand oxygen as a prerequisite to existence, and this vital element must be constantly renewed, or the possibility of life vanishes. The atmosphere is the all-important source of oxygen, and it must by some means be carried to the sea-bottom to support the animal population there. How this is effected is a puzzling question, perhaps best answered by the theory advanced by Sir C. Wyville Thomson, naturalist, in charge of the *Challenger* expedition. He believed in a great oceanic circulation by which the cold and oxygen-bearing superficial waters of high southern latitudes carry low temperature and oxygen north-



A BOUQUET OF SEA-LILIES



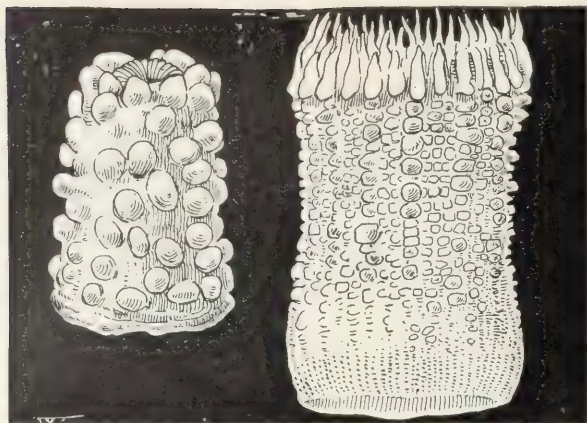
FORMS OF LIFE FOUND ABOUT A WEST-INDIAN CORAL REEF

ward along the bottom both in the Atlantic and Pacific basins. The excessive evaporation of sea water in warm latitudes in connection with winds and currents carries the warm water again toward the cold regions of the southern hemisphere, thus completing the circuit. The same thing, but in a much less degree, takes place in the northern hemisphere. According to this theory both the superficial and bottom layers would be supplied with oxygen, and it is interesting to note that this idea is corroborated by the fact, now fairly well demonstrated, that life exists abundantly throughout the superficial and bottom layers of the ocean, but is practically absent from the intermediate regions.

As before indicated, the topography of the sea-bottom, aside from the continental slope, is monotonous in the extreme. While there are elevations and depressions of considerable magnitude, they are seldom abrupt, and rugged regions resembling alpine districts on the land are not found, except perhaps in limited volcanic areas. Bare rock is seldom exposed, and everywhere the bottom is com-

posed of a sort of soil or slimy ooze, made up of the residue of animal organisms, and therefore resembling the terrestrial soil in being of organic origin.

The writer of the majestic first chapter of Genesis doubtless referred to the surface when he penned the words, "and darkness was upon the face of the deep," but the description equally well expresses the prevailing opinion regarding the bottom, which is ordinarily pictured as a realm of darkness. It seems extremely improbable that the rays of the sun can penetrate much beyond the region of the continental slope, and impossible that they reach the average depth of the sea floor. There is, however, reason to believe that light of some sort, and in considerable quantities, is present at even the greatest depths. Among the thousands of species of animals that have been dredged from the bottom, a large proportion have functional eyes, and in many cases they are very highly specialized eyes too. A glance through the plates of the monographic reports of the fauna of the deep sea will show that eyes are nearly as common among the dwellers of the abyss



FIXED PHOSPHORESCENT ANIMAL LIFE AT SEA-BOTTOM
(The left-hand figure adapted from Verrill, the right-hand figure from Thomson)

as among their shallow-water relatives. It is surely unnecessary at this time to present an argument to prove that eyes argue light! That an organ argues a function and proper conditions for its performance is an accepted generalization of biologic science. We know also, thanks to the painstaking work of Dr. Eigenmann and others who have studied the cave fauna, that animals living in total darkness lose the function of sight, the eyes becoming reduced to mere rudiments. The fishes, crustaceans, and insects of great caves, such as Mammoth Cave, are uniformly blind through degeneration of the eyes.

Another important class of facts adds its testimony to the presence of deep-sea light, and that is the brilliant and varied coloration of abyssal forms. None but the practical deep-sea dredger can appreciate the full force of this statement, because most of the specimens lose their brilliant colors soon after death and immersion in preservative fluids. Probably no living naturalist has had a wider experience in this field than our eminent countryman Doctor Alexander Agassiz, who makes the following statements in his *Three Cruises of the Blake*:

"There are many brilliantly colored bathyssal animals belonging to all the classes of the animal kingdom, and possessing nearly all the hues found in living types in littoral waters. There is apparently in the abysses of the sea the same adaptation to the surroundings as upon the littoral zone. There is as great a diversity of color in the reds, oranges, greens, yellows, and scarlets of the deep-water star-fishes and ophiurans as in

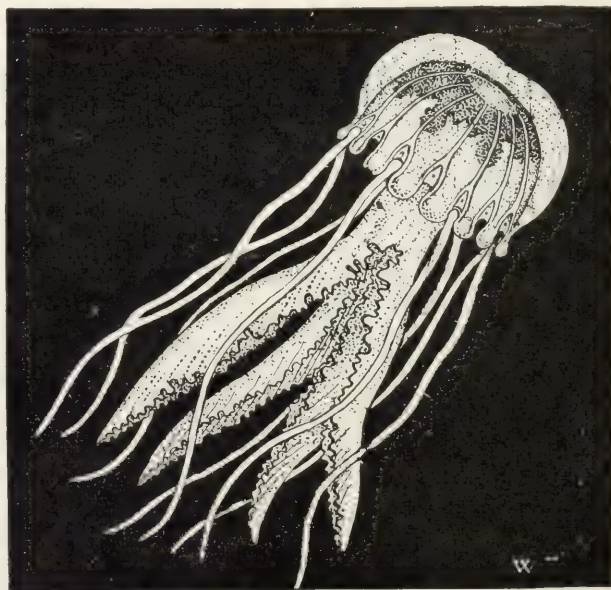


those of our rocky and sandy shores. Among the abyssal invertebrates living in commensalism the adaptation to surroundings is fully as marked as in shallow waters. I may mention specially the many species of ophiurans attached to va-

riously colored gorgonians branching corals and stems of pentacrinus scarcely to be distinguished from the parts to which they cling, so completely has their pattern of coloration become identified with them. The number of crustaceans colored a bright scarlet is quite large."

In his report on the fishes dredged by the *Albatross*, Professor Garman introduces a very interesting and valuable discussion of the colors of the deep-sea animals, in the course of which he says:

"The harmony of colors between the creatures of the depths and their surroundings is paralleled by that obtaining between the ashy-gray inhabitants of the desert and the arid wastes in which they live, and between the white pelage and plumage in the arctic fauna and their snowy environment.



TROOPS OF JELLY-FISHES LIKE FAIRY BALLOONS

The experience of the writer, although much more limited, agrees perfectly with that of Doctor Agassiz. Nothing has impressed me more profoundly than the rich and varied colors of the animals as they appear in the dredges, trawls, and tangles, fresh from their home in the depths. Indeed, any one would be struck with the rose-colored fishes, crinoids decked in brilliant yellow and purple, sea-urchins with

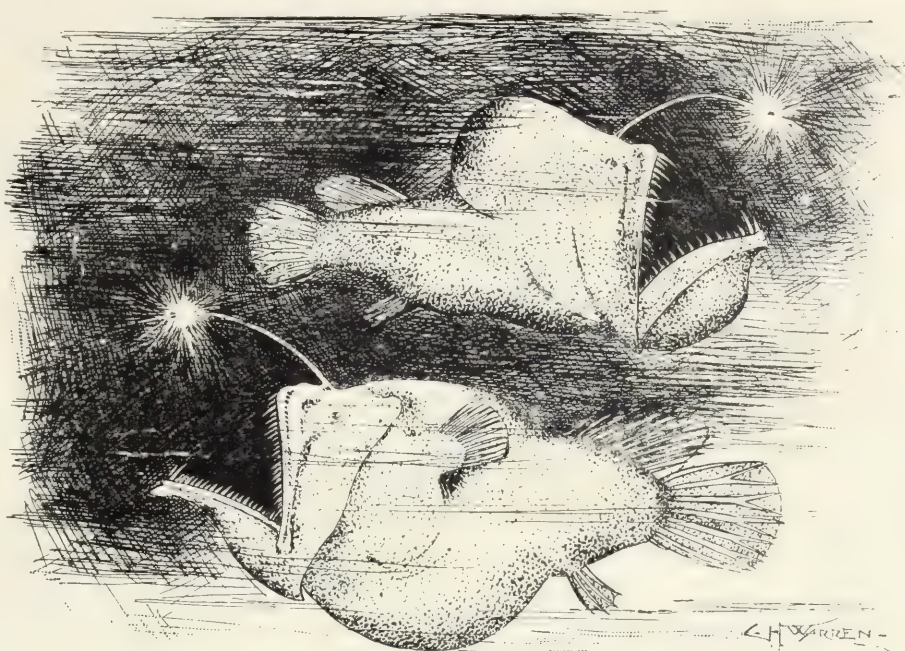
scarlet and white spines and yellow and chocolate tests, scarlet and white crabs, anemones yellow, white, and crimson, graceful plumularian hydroids with their fronds of golden yellow, and most beautiful of all, perhaps, the exquisite pentacrinis, or "sea-lilies," usually of delicate hues, but sometimes a rich yellow.

These colors are not meaningless, and there is but one plausible explanation for their wide-spread occurrence in the bottom of the sea, and that is the presence of some sort of light, even at the greatest depths. Here again we find corroboration in the study of the inhabitants of caves. Those which live in total darkness are almost uniformly colorless, or at least without striking coloration.

Light, then, is essential to any explanation of the varied colors of abyssal animals, and if we can find direct evidence of a deep-sea light, these colors are no more mysterious than those of shallow waters or the land, and serve the same purpose.

Such evidence is by no means far to seek, indeed it has long been known to all marine zoologists, although its quantity has not until recently been even faintly realized. Of course phosphorescent light is here referred to.

At first thought it seems almost impossible that illumination from this source can be sufficient to render colors



FISHING WITH ROD AND LUMINOUS BAIT
(Adapted from Goode and Bean)

visible. There is no question, however, that it is often astonishingly brilliant on the surface of the ocean. The writer has seen the waters in the Gulf of Nicoya, on the Pacific coast of Costa Rica, so brilliantly phosphorescent that ordinary newspaper print could be read intermittently as the waves dashed against the sides of the ship. We know that many animals brought up in the trawls and tangles are beautifully phosphorescent. Perhaps the most striking example is that of a shark secured by the *Albatross* from a depth of 1360 fathoms, which is described as follows by Bennett:

"The entire inferior surface of the body and head emitted a vivid and greenish phosphorescent gleam, imparting to the creature by its own light a truly ghastly and terrific appearance. The luminous effect was constant, and not perceptibly increased by agitation or friction. The only part of the under surface of the animal that was free from luminosity was the black collar around the throat: and while the inferior surface of the pectoral, anal, and caudal fins shone with splendor, their superior surface was in darkness."

Professor Garman, from whose work the above quotation is taken, describes a new species of fish, *Ipnotops agassizii*, in which the eyes have been modified to

serve as a lantern, with a reflector covering the entire top of the head.

Many fishes that live on or near the bottom are provided with a dorsal rod which is hinged so that its tip can be hung immediately above or in front of the voracious mouth. At the end of this rod is a bait that is luminous, showing that the most recent development of piscatorial art has been used by the fishes of the deep sea as a regular professional device. Other species have lines of phosphorescent spots along their sides, which may serve either to enable the sexes to find each other or to illuminate the bottom over which they cruise in search of prey. One of the most astonishing contrivances in connection with phosphorescence was discovered by Professor Hoyle, of England, who found among the cephalopods dredged by the *Challenger* one that was provided on its under surface with a number of efficient bull's-eye lanterns with reflectors where-with a flash-light was worked as the animal searched the bottom for food. This method of hunting is known as "jack-hunting" in the South, and is regarded as unsportsmanlike in the extreme.

It is probable, however, that the main source of light is not in the free-moving forms such as have been mentioned, but in the fixed organisms attached to the bottom, many of which are popularly regarded as "sea-weed." To this class belong the alcyonarians, gorgonians, sea-pens, corals, and hydroids, forms that fairly

carpet the bottom in many places, and doubtless over considerable areas. These are, many of them, notably phosphorescent, and form miniature forests, every branch and twig of which is bedecked with fairy lamps of phosphorescent light. Imagine a vast bed of ferns thus decorated, and you will get an idea of the probable effect of a thicket of plumularian hydroids.

My own impression is that there are areas where the light is concentrated and the illumination comparatively intense, while other vast stretches of the seabottom are but very dimly phosphorescent or totally dark. This belief arises from what I have called the "spotted" distribution of light on the ocean floor. From certain hauls of the dredge a profusion both of species and individuals will be secured, while hauls from neighboring spots will yield practically nothing, although the dredge may have been properly managed.

I imagine, then, that if Captain Nemo and his *Nautilus* should cruise near the bottom, he would find vast regions of almost total darkness, relieved only by occasional flashes or steadily gliding spots from fishes and crustaceans hunting through the abyss with their phosphorescent lures and flash-lights and glowing lateral lines.

Again he would pass over definite areas where phosphorescent forests of plantlike creatures would emit a steady glow, accentuated here and there by the rushes of predaceous animals in pursuit of prey, making curves and circles of vivid greenish light sufficient to render visible the host of variously colored forms that wage their unending struggle for food and mates amid the eternal silence of this ghostly under-world. Here all moving things are predaceous, and the fishes especially are characterized by formidable teeth, mouths of enormous capacity, and stomachs sometimes of such distensibility that they can actually swallow animals larger than themselves, a gastronomic feat accomplished by *Chiasmodon niger*.



CHIASMODON NIGER
(After Goode and Bean)

A Window to the South

BY MAY HARRIS

June 3.

THE view was lovely to-day. The nurse, when she had arranged my chair and cushions, and my table with books, and the bell-cord in easy reach, pulled the heavy curtains back and went away. This is an arrangement of mine that gives me pleasure. It is so tiring to be dressed and to begin all over again—every day. I feel so tired some days—too tired even to write in this little diary—and then it's a comfort to lie here in my big chair and look at my beautiful view.

How I used to dream of seeing Florence some day! Now, any day I can look down the long slopes to the beautiful city, with Giotto's bell-tower shining like a great lily-bud above the silver twisting of the Arno.

How I love it! How I love it! All alone I watch the changes the day gives to the view. The early tints of morning, the faint mists, and vaporous *nuances*, changing into the strong lights and shadows of noonday, and fading at last so exquisitely, so tenderly, into twilight.

The old Casa Lanza, where we live, is close to the road that goes white and dusty down to Florence. I see from my window all the passers-by. I know the women who sell plums and cherries quite well. Some of them are flourishing *contadine*—pretty too, like George Eliot's Tessa, soft-eyed and rosy-cheeked. One who goes by now and then is pale and weak—like me—thin, with poor little garments washed free of color. The others are kind to her, help her to carry her basket, and speak pityingly to her. I think she hates that—the pity. So should I. To have only pity; to see other things fade away. . . .

I was twenty-two yesterday—I felt so old! Bertie gave me a pearl and diamond bracelet, clasped around the long stems of some beautiful La France roses—my favorite flowers. He is always so

dear and thoughtful. It was my second birthday since I married. The first was in America, down in Virginia. What a delicious day it was, and how well I felt!

Yesterday Rose drove up from Florence to see me. She brought me a curious little book—a missal, exquisitely bound, with beautiful illuminations. Her husband bought it at the old book-shop near the Ponte Vecchio, and he sent it to me. He is very sympathetic—most Italians are, I find. Rose isn't. She's American to her finger-tips; very straightforward, and full of convictions. She isn't the least like Bertie. A stranger would never guess they were brother and sister.

Rose said yesterday that Bertie was a *dilettante*—that he had just enough of the artist nature to appreciate—not enough to execute. She said, "Painting's just an excuse for him to be indolent and to live abroad." "You forget me," I said to Rose. "I'm an excuse for living abroad;" and I smiled at her. Rose looked—pityingly. If she only wouldn't! It makes it so much easier for me, that if I am invalidish and the doctors think I must stay here through the spring, that Bertie has occupation that gives him pleasure and takes his mind from dreary thoughts. I wish I could get away from mine, but I can't! I am dreary myself. If I could only get over this cough—be well enough to drive down to Florence again. Poor Bertie! I shall have to pity him for having a sickly wife, just as people do me for being sick.

If I could only get well! I walked to the piano two days ago—it's in the corner of this room, but it seemed a journey to me!—and I tried to play a little. It was the prelude to that Schubert ballad "A Dead Girl"; and I tried to sing, but my voice was too weak. I couldn't sing—I who used to sing all the time! Sarah Smith, my English nurse, came running in looking frightened; and behind her Nina, the little house-maid. I

was annoyed by their fussiness, but I had to let them help me back to my chair by the window.

June 5.

To-day no sun. Just rain—slant and driving. Bertie stayed two hours later this morning. I did not want him to go in the rain; and he talked to me—told me amusing things, in the *Bertie* way—bright, gay, and clever. He had to go at eleven—some work he had to finish, and a sitting in the afternoon for the portrait he is painting. How various Bertie is—so many things, and all so clever! I am so proud of him. I have a miniature of him in the little drawer of my table. When I am by myself, and am tired of my books and of looking at my view, I take out Bertie's picture. It is the most beautiful face in the world—and it is mine. Mine! I say it over and over, very foolishly; sometimes it seems nothing is really mine any more, except Bertie and my view. That is ridiculous!—to bracket Bertie with a view from a window. I am afraid I am growing grasping. Bertie used to be enough by himself; and now I want my window to the south! It is all a blur to-day with the rain that sweeps against the closed glass. All is gray and faded. I want the sunlight. I can't spare it now.

June 8.

Such a beautiful morning! After the rain the sky is fresh and clear; the green of the pointing cypress and ilex trees is so deep a contrast against all the faint blue. Florence down below looks like a picture city—so still, so fair, and so peaceful. The pigeons are flying everywhere this morning, with silvery flashing of wings in the sunlight—strutting on the stone rim of the old fountain, and cooing sweetly and lovingly among themselves.

Bertie told me this morning he had been asked to join a riding party. Rose and her husband were to go, and the Englishman whose portrait Bertie is painting. He is a middle-aged man, handsome and hearty, Bertie says. He has a handsome daughter. She was in the riding party. I saw them pass from my window—such bright, happy-faced people. Bertie did not know they were to

go this way or he would have told me. How well he looked on horseback! He waved his hand to me as he rode by, and the English girl looked curiously at the face in the window. How I used to love to ride in Virginia—to gallop over those old country roads with tangled, brier-grown fence rows. "Little Madcap!" papa always called me.

June 10.

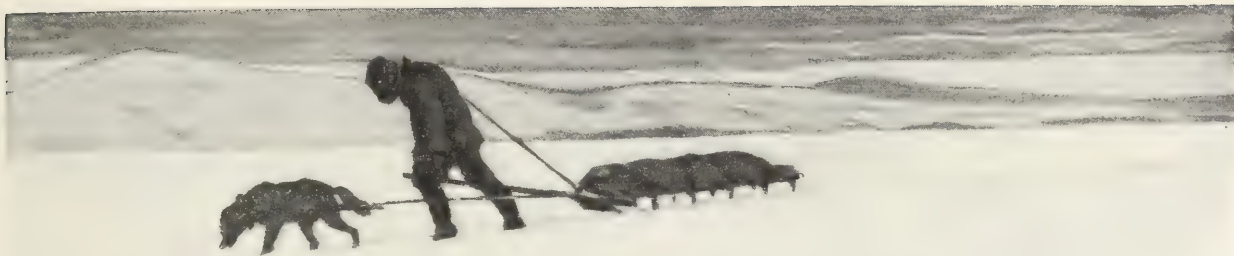
Yesterday Rose came and sat with me an hour. When she leaves I always feel so wearied—so tired! Rose is bright and strong, and so full of energy. She is even energetic in her pity for me. She told me Bertie ought to stay more with me. "He's abominably selfish," she said, "to be always amusing himself." I told her she must not say such things to me of Bertie, that I wanted him to be amused, that it would hurt me terribly to feel he was gloomy because of me. "No one must be gloomy, and no one must say anything against Bertie, ever!" And Rose was dreadfully frightened, brought *sal volatile*, and begged me not to excite myself. I asked her to go away. *Please to go.*

June 13.

I have been ill—not able to sit up for several days. Days and nights that were just the same, nurses and medicine-bottles coming and going all the time. I felt too tired to rouse even when Bertie's dear face bent over me. To-day I feel better, and I asked them to put me by the window, and let me look at Florence shining in the light of the sunset. Somehow I know now, "past all doubting truly," there will be few more sunsets for me.

I used to think it would be so hard to lose it all. I could not bear to think of the end coming—a black period. I fought against it so. But now—even to leave Bertie. . . . "There is a quiet time like evening in my soul."

I shall never write in this again. It's good-by to my window—I've looked through it nearly a year. It has been a good friend to me, has given me good counsel. But now it can't say anything more—never again. I am tired. I shall have to stop.



The Dawson Trail

BY TAPPAN ADNEY

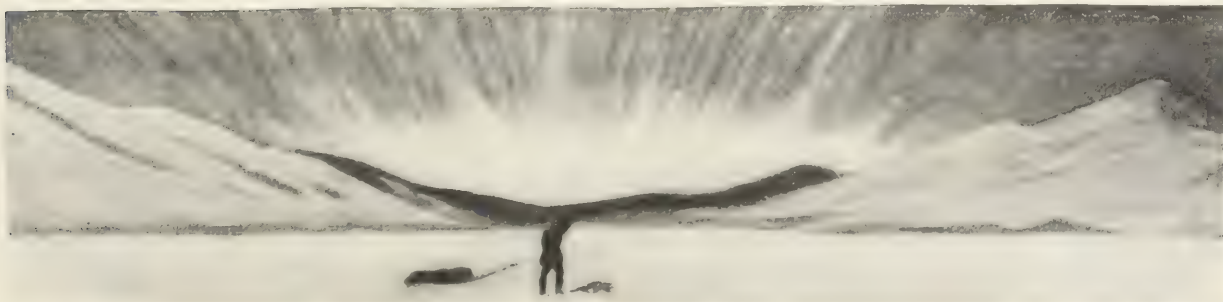
“GET down to your work, you dog of a slave dog!
 Get down to your work, I say!
 It's a tough, hard trail we've come, dog,
 And the camp is far away.
 Pull for the life of us both, dog,
 For dark is the end of day!

“Get down to your work, you dog of a dog!
 Get down to your work, I say!
 Red is the sun in the southern sky;
 Red is the trail behind the sleigh;
 Red is the foot of the sled-dog gray;
 Cold is the end of day.

“Get down to your work! Shall a man for a dog
 Throw a man's life away?
 The trail grows dim, and the tree trunks gray;
 In the northern sky the maidens play;
 The goblins dance in the Milky Way;
 Black is the end of day!”

* * * * *

Near the trail was found by passers-by
 A thin wild man with haggard eye,
 And, harnessed still to a miner's sled,
 In the drifted snow a dog lay—dead.
 So one more tale of the North is told,
 Of the rainbow's end and the yellow gold!





MR. FURNISS'S FIRST INVITATION TO A "PUNCH" DINNER

Confessions of a Caricaturist

BY HARRY FURNISS

WHEN I first entered the goal of my boyish ambition—that is to say, the editorial sanctum of Mr. Punch—I had never met Mr. Burnand, the gentleman who for a number of years afterwards was destined to be my chief, and I fully expected to see the editor turn round and receive me with that look of irrepressible humor and in that habitually jocose vein which I had so often heard described. I looked in vain for the geniality in the editor's glance, and there was a remarkably complete absence of the jocose in the sharp, irritable words which he addressed to me.

"Really," said he, "this is too bad! I wrote to you to meet me at the Surrey Theatre last night, and you never turned up. We go to press to-day, and I don't think that you ever saw me before!"

"I don't quite understand you," I replied, "for I never heard from you in my

life, and I don't think that you ever saw me before."

"But surely you are Mr. —" (a contributor who had been drawing for *Punch* for some weeks), "are you not?"

"No," I said; "my name is Furniss, and I understood that you wanted to see me."

This was in 1880, and from that period up to the time of my resignation from the staff of *Punch* I certainly do not think that I ever saw Burnand's face assume such a threatening and offended expression as it wore that day.

I was then twenty-six. Strange to say, Charles Keene and George du Maurier were exactly the same age when they first made their début in *Punch*.

The first *Punch* feast to which I was bidden was not one of the ordinary or office description, but a banquet given at the Albion Tavern in the City, on the

3d of January, 1881, to celebrate the installation of Mr. Burnand as the occupant of the editorial chair. On this particular occasion it was my *vis-à-vis*, Charles Keene, who interested me more than any other person present. He wore black kid gloves, and never removed them at all during dinner. That puzzled me. Why he wore them I cannot say. I never saw him wearing gloves at table again, or even out-of-doors. Then he was in trouble with his cigar, and finally I noticed that he threw it under the table and stamped upon it, and produced his favorite dirty Charles the First pipe, the diminutive bowl of which he filled continually with what smokers call "dottles."

It is a curious fact that I really never had a seat allotted to me at the *Punch* table—I always sat in Du Maurier's, except on the rare occasions when he came to the dinner, when I moved up one. It was always a treat to have Du Maurier at "the table." He was by far and away the cleverest conversationalist of his time I ever met—his delightful repartees were so neat and effective, and his daring chaff and his criticisms so bright and refreshing.

For some extraordinary reason Du Maurier was known to the *Punch* men as *Kiki*—a friendly sobriquet which greeted him when he first joined, and refers to his nationality. In the same way as an English school-boy calls out "Froggy" to a Frenchman, his friends on the *Punch* staff called him Kiki, suggested by the Frenchman's peculiar and un-English art of self-defence.

Du Maurier took very little interest in the discussions at the table; in fact, he resented informal debate on the subject of the cartoon as an interruption to his conversation, although he once suggested a cartoon which will always rank as one of the most historical hits of Mr. *Punch*—a cartoon of the first Napoleon warning Napoleon the Third as he marches out to meet the Germans in the war of 1870.

Du Maurier's extremely clever conversation struck me the moment I joined the staff of *Punch*. As I went part of his way to Hampstead, we sometimes shared our cab, and in one of these journeys I mentioned my conviction that he,

in my mind, was a great deal more than a humorous artist, and if he would only take up the pen seriously the world would be all the more indebted to him. He told me that Mr. James had for some time said nice things of a similar character.

About ten days afterwards I received a letter saying that my conversation had had an effect upon him, and that he was starting his first novel. So perhaps the



GEORGE DU MAURIER

world is really indebted to me, indirectly, for the pleasure of reading *Peter Ibbetson* and *Trilby*. The fact is that he had, with Burnand and myself, just visited Paris—the first time he had set foot in the gay city since his youth. Many things he saw had impressed him, and *Peter Ibbetson* was the result. How interesting it was to watch him in Paris, the place of his birth, standing, the ideal type of a Frenchman himself, smiling and as amused as a boy at his own country men and women. "So very un-English, you know!" Then as we drove about Paris he stood up in the carriage, excitedly pointing out places familiar to him in his young days, and greatly amused us by pointing out no fewer than three different houses in which he was born.

Du Maurier rarely forgave a satirical



THE GRAND OLD MAN

thrust at his expense. His dislike for Mr. Whistler on this account is well known to all the early readers of *Trilby*, and he often related with unconcealed glee a remark he once made to Whistler. It appears they had not met for a long period, during which Du Maurier with his satirical pictures on the æsthetic craze, published in *Punch*, and Whistler with his Symphonies and Harmonies on Canvas, exhibited to the Law Courts, had both increased their reputation.

"Hullo, Kiki," cried Whistler. "I'm told that your work in *Punch* is the making of some men. You have actually invented Tomkins! Why, he never would have existed but for you. Ha, ha! How on earth did you do it?"

"Look here, Jimmy; if you don't look out, by Jove! I'll invent you."

How Kiki (Du Maurier) carried out his threat in *Trilby*, and what resulted from it, all the world knows.

By-the-way, the mention of *Trilby* reminds me of a story about Mr. Du Maurier's own *Trilby* which is perhaps worth

recording. Du Maurier for some years lived on the top of Hampstead Heath—rather inaccessible for models. But more than once friends asked him to take a sitting from some lady or another, as he, drawing fashionable ladies, was different perhaps from painters using models for costumes, or, as Du Maurier would say, for the "altogether." In this way a model was introduced to him, and to his surprise she drove up to his house in a hansom, and he heard her asking one of the servants for change of a sovereign to pay the cabman. She did not sit very well, so after a short time Mr. Du Maurier told her that he only drew for models for part of the day, and rather apologetically said he, of course, did not pay for the whole of the usual day's sitting. And she said:

"Oh, thanks! I am only too pleased to sit for a short time; but would you kindly ask one of your servants to fetch me a hansom?"

This made the artist more than ever miserable, and he said, "Excuse me, but perhaps you are not aware we only pay a modest amount for sitters—in fact, I generally pay 5s. for two hours—aw—"

"You don't mean to say you are really going to give me 5s.? Oh, how kind of you! It will just pay half my cab-fare home. I didn't know I was going to be so lucky." And she vanished, leaving the artist more bewildered than ever.

Some time afterwards in Hyde Park he was surprised to see a carriage beautifully appointed pulled up to where he was standing, and a lady lean out and say:

"I have never seen you before to thank you for your kindness in allowing me to sit for you. I was so anxious to see what a studio was like. Thanks awfully. You must let me call again."

There is no doubt but that at one time Lewis Carroll studied *Punch*, for in one of his earliest letters to me the author of *Alice in Wonderland* writes:

To the best of my recollection, one of the first things that suggested to me the wish to secure your help was a marvellously successful picture in *Punch*, of a House of Lords entirely composed of Harcourts, where the figure took all possible attitudes, and gave all possible views of the face; yet each was a quite unmistakable Sir William Harcourt!

He refers to *Punch* (March, 1890):

A wish has been expressed in our Common Room [Christ Church, Oxford], where we take in and bind *Punch*, that we could have keys to the portraits in the Bishops of Lincoln's Trials and the ciphers in Parliament [a Parliamentary design of mine—"The House all sixes and sevens"]. Will you confer that favor on our club? If you would give me them done roughly, I will procure copies of those two numbers, and subscribe the names in small MS. print, and have the pages bound in to face the pictures. The simplest way would be for you to put numbers on the faces, and send a list of names numbered to correspond.

Yet a few years brought a change (October, 1894):

No doubt it is by your direction that three numbers of your new periodical have come to me. With many thanks for your kind thought, I will beg you not to waste your bounties on so unfit a recipient, for I have neither time nor taste for any such literature. I have much more work yet to do than I am likely to have life to do it in—and my taste for comic papers is *defunct*. We take in *Punch* in our Common Room, but I never look at it!

Hardly a generous remark to make to a *Punch* man who had illustrated two of his books, and considering that Sir John Tenniel had done so much to make the author's reputation, and *Punch* had been so friendly; but this is a by-gone.

Some years before Mr. Disraeli quitted the House of Commons I witnessed a very remarkable encounter between him and Mr. Gladstone. It was one of those passages of arms, or, to be more correct, I should say, perhaps, of words, which in the days of their Parliamentary youth were so frequent between the great po-



I MEET MR. PUNCH

litical rivals; and although I am unable to recall the particular subject of the debate, or the exact date of its occurrence, I well remember that Mr. Gladstone had launched a tremendous attack against his opponent. However, notwithstanding the fact that from the outset of his speech it was evident that Gladstone meant war to the knife, that as it proceeded he waxed more and more hostile, and that his peroration was couched in the most vehement terms, Disraeli remained to the finish as if utterly unmoved, sitting in his



Disraeli was silent, and putting his hands behind his back, gazed apparently in blank astonishment at the box in front of him. Several seconds went by, but he never moved. The members in the crowded House looked from one to the other, and many imagined that Disraeli was merely waiting for his opponent to apologize. But Mr. Gladstone, who had a habit, which he developed in later years, of chatting volubly to his neighbor during any interruption of this kind in which he was concerned, made no sign. A minute passed, but the sphinx did not move.

A minute and a quarter, but he was still motionless.

A minute and a half of this silence seemed as if it was an hour.

When the second minute was completed, the excitement in the House began to grow intense. Disraeli seemed to be transfixed. Was he ill? Was the great man sulking? What could this strange silence portend?

Two minutes and a half!

Some members rose and approached him, but Disraeli raised his hands as if to deprecate their interference, and they stole back to their places, conscious that they were forbidden to interrupt. Then at last, when the minute-hand of the clock had passed three times round its course, the most remarkable silence which the House had ever experienced within living memory was broken as the Tory leader slowly began once more to speak.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "and gentlemen," and then word for word he repeated the whole speech of Mr. Gladstone from which he had made his quotation, duly introducing the particular passage which the Liberal leader had denied. Then he paused and looked across at his rival. The

challenge was not to be avoided, and Mr. Gladstone bowed—he would have raised his hat did he wear one in the House, which, in the phraseology of the ring, was equivalent to throwing up the sponge. Mr. Disraeli afterwards informed a friend that, working backwards, he had recalled the whole of Mr. Gladstone's speech to his mind. Beginning at the disputed quotation, he recovered the context which led up to it, and so step by step the entire oration. Then he was enabled to repeat it from the outset exactly as he had read it.

I saw Lord Beaconsfield in the House of Commons on the occasion of his last visit to that chamber in which he had been the moving spirit; I well recollect that morning. There had been an Irish all-night sitting: the House was supposed to be listening to the droning of some Irish "mimber." The officials were weary, the legislative chamber was untidy and dusty, and many of those present had not had their clothes off all night. Lord Beaconsfield, scented, oiled, and curled, the daintiest of dandies, sat in the gallery, examining the scene through his single eye-glass. Leaning over him stood the ever-faithful Monty Corry—now Lord Rowton.

I heard Mr. Gladstone express his own views on portraiture one evening at a small dinner party. My host of that



MR. PUNCH AT HOME



H. FURNISS, ESQ.

evening had hit on the happy idea of having portraits of the celebrities of the age painted for him by a rising young artist. It was curious to note Mr. Gladstone as he examined these portraits. His manner was a strange comment on the political changes which had taken place, for as he came to the portraits of those of his old supporters who no longer fought under his colors, he would pass them by as though he had not seen them, or if his attention was called to any of them, he would seem not to recognize the likeness, and pass on till his eye lighted on some political ally still numbered among the faithful, when he would at once pronounce the portrait excellent, and dwell upon its merits with apparent delight. A portrait of Mr. Labouchere, however, he generally failed to recognize. The portrait represented the member for Northampton in a contemplative mood, certainly not characteristic of his habitual demeanor in the House.

"I have found," said he, "the artist I have been looking for for years. I have found an artist who can paint my portrait in four hours and a half; he has painted three in thirteen hours—that is, Millais."

In Mr. Gladstone's opinion, American humor invariably consisted in dealing with magnitudes. He preferred to hear

American stories on the European side of the Atlantic. He never had been in America, and never intended going.

I noticed that Mr. Gladstone took champagne at dinner, and after dinner a glass of port. Some conversation arising with reference to the history of wines, the old politician seemed to know more on the subject than any one else at table; in fact, during the whole evening there was not a subject touched upon on which he did not give the heads for an interesting essay. The only time Mr. Gladstone mentioned Ireland was in connection with the subject of wines, when he dilated upon the beauties of Newfoundland port, which was to be found in Ireland in the good old days.

I frequently met Mr. Gladstone walking in his impressive style through the streets of London. With the exception of once or twice seeing him walking from Downing Street to the House in company with Lord Hartington, I cannot recall ever having seen him in the company of any one. Like Dickens, he enjoyed his own company in his walks better than that of any one else.

I was curious to note the effect of Mr. Gladstone on those he passed; so one day, meeting him, I turned and followed with this in view. I was not surprised to find in this vast city, where every one has business of his own to "mind," that, although many turned to observe this eccentric-looking, electrical, young old man, very few indeed seemed to recognize the personality, with whose portraits, good and bad, every one he passed must have been familiar.

The fall of Parnell was one of the most sensational incidents, and certainly the most dramatic, in the history of Parliament.

Mr. Parnell was politically ruined and the Irish party smashed beyond recovery in the famous Committee Room No. 15 after the disclosures in the divorce court in which Mr. Parnell had figured as correspondent. Mr. Parnell had found the Irish party without a leader, without a programme, without a future. He had by his individual force made it a power which had to be reckoned with, and which practically controlled Parliament. He had been attacked by the most important paper in the world. He had come out of

the affair, in the eyes of many, a hero; he made his party stronger than their wildest dreams ever anticipated. But his followers little thought that in hiding from them his tactics he had also hidden the weakness which caused his ultimate downfall. Howbeit the Irish party, whom he held in a hypnotic trance, agreed to stand by him still. Then suddenly Mr. Gladstone made his demand for a sacrifice to Mrs. Grundy. His famous letter, written November 24, 1894, to Mr. Morley, was the death-warrant to Parnellism, and, as it subsequently proved, to Gladstonianism as well.

There was a strange fascination in watching the mysterious leader of the Irish party during the crisis, and I took full advantage of my privileges in the House to do so. I was in and about the House early and late, and probably saw more of Mr. Parnell than any one else not connected with him. It was just before his exposure that I happened to be

in an out-of-the-way passage leading from the House, making a little note in my sketch-book on a corner of the building, when Mr. Parnell walked out. He stood close by, not observing me, and was occupied for a minute in taking letters out of the pocket on the right side of his overcoat; they were unopened. He looked at them singly; now and then he would tap one on the other, as much as to say, "I wonder what is in that?" Then he passed it over with the others and put them all into the pocket on the left side of his overcoat, and strolled off to catch his train to Brighton. That incident indicated a carelessness which, as I subsequently found out, was the cause of much of his trouble; for I was informed, when I mentioned it to a great friend of Mr. Parnell's, and of mine, Mr. Richard Power, that about that time he had written him important letters which might have saved him if they had been immediately read and attended to in time.



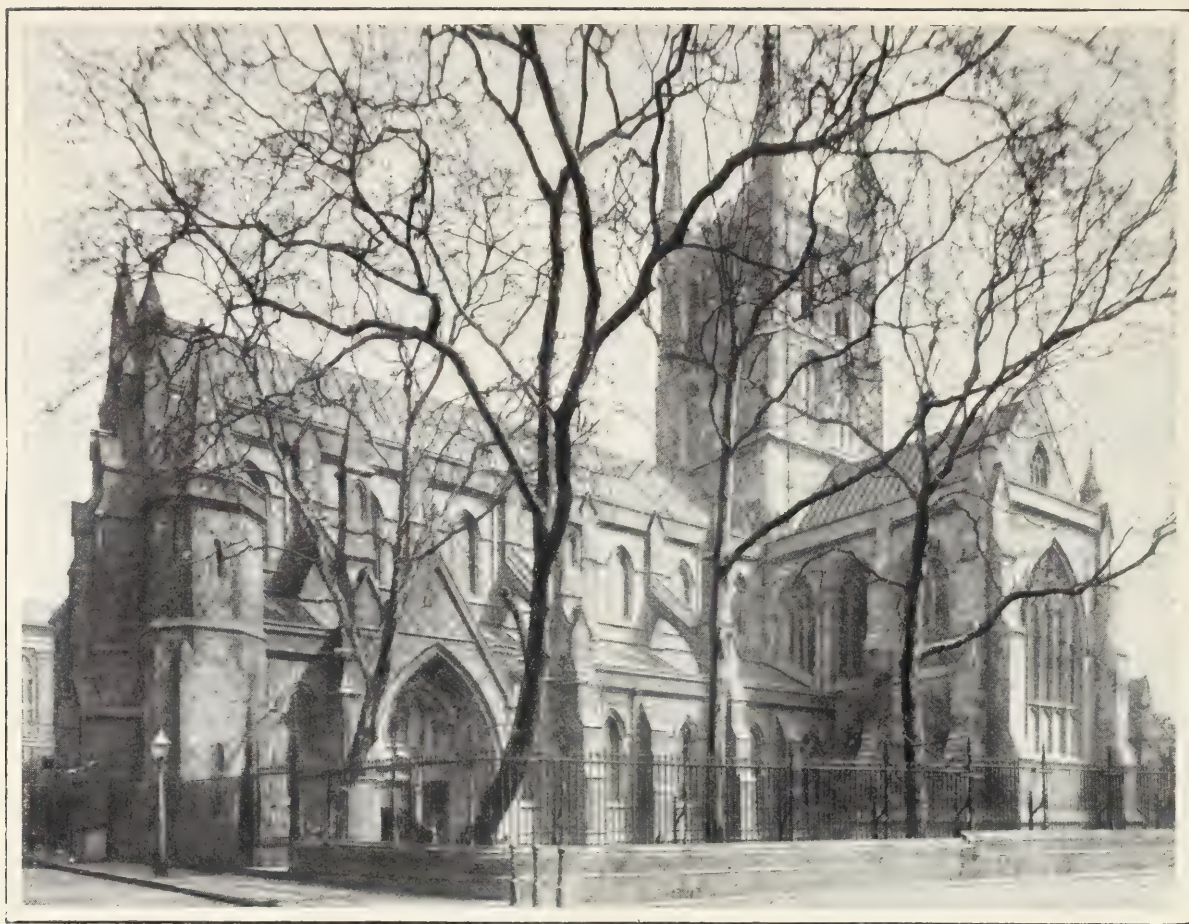
Song of Life

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

MAIDEN of the laughing eyes
Primrose-kirtled, wingèd, free,
Virgin daughter of the skies—
Joy!—whom gods and mortals prize,
Share thy smiles with me!

Yet—lest I, unheeding, borrow
Pleasure that to-day endears
And benumbs the heart to-morrow,
Turn not wholly from me, Sorrow!
Let me share thy tears!

Give me of thy fulness, Life!
Pulse and passion, power, breath,
Vision pure, heroic strife,—
Give me of thy fulness, Life!—
Nor deny me death!



OLD ST. SAVIOUR'S—EXTERIOR FROM SOUTHWEST

Old St. Saviour's, Southwark

THE ELIZABETHAN ACTORS' CHURCH

BY CHARLES E. RUSSELL

IN his approach to Southwark, descried, perhaps, through steamer smoke and river haze from the City end of London Bridge, the visitor may note the square and pinnaced tower of an ancient church of no great pretensions to size or beauty, and almost engulfed by surrounding architecture of the most dismal modern type. Apparently sinking in its old age (for the new level of the adjacent street is little below its roof), in its summer of glory it must have been both conspicuous and comely, when the Surrey bank behind and about it sloped gradually to the river's lip, and was charming with walks and trees and quiet open spaces, filled now with grimy factories and dun warehouses and thunderous with the roar of the busy borough. Of this church, quaint and stained by

the years, so strange an oasis of silence and peace in a desert of noise, you may learn little by casual inquiry and less from guide-books and histories; yet of all churches in England only Westminster Abbey and Holy Trinity at Stratford equal this in interest for the student of English literature; and for him that has loved the old English drama, not even Westminster Abbey, with all its immortals, has associations so tender and intimate as the Church of St. Saviour, Southwark.

All the region about is fragrant with the memories of great days and great men; with this spot are irrevocably bound up in history the birth of English poetry and the dawn of the English stage. Here was a haunt of Chaucer; he knew well this church, the parish and

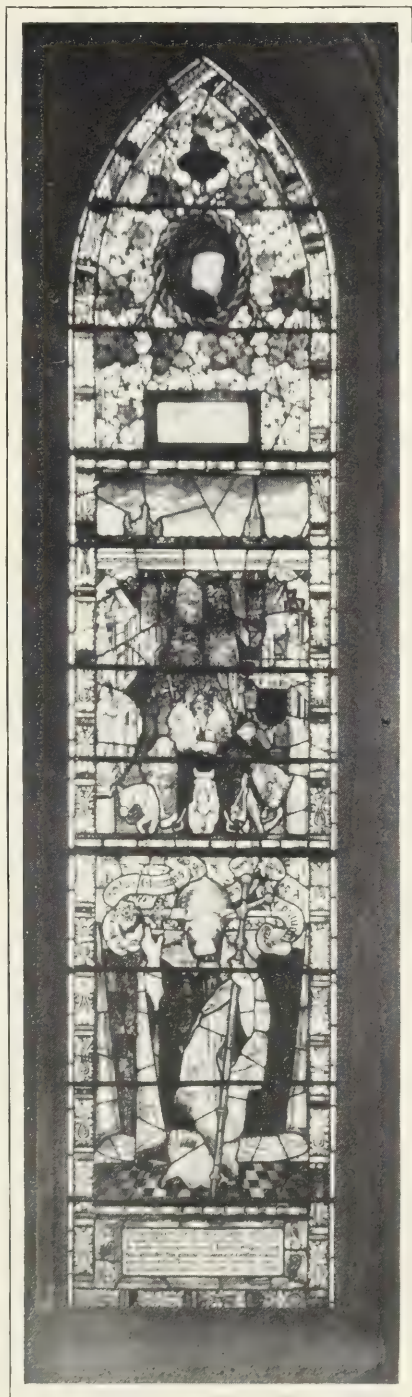
parishioners. Across the street and a little farther from the river stood his Tabard Inn, mine host Harry Bailey, where on a night in April the company gathered that still journeys towards Canterbury. The Knight, the Squyer, the Schipman, the Nonnes and their Preestes, the Persoun of a Toun, may have lived only in the teeming brain that sang them, but Harry Bailey was as veritable as his Inn, which, rebuilt in 1676, lasted beyond the middle of the nineteenth century. He was no ordinary tavern-keeper, this Harry Bailey that marshalled Chaucer's Pilgrims. Twice he sat in Parliament for his borough, and the ancient records bear other testimony to his own eminence and his wife's in the parish of St. Saviour.

Other names than that of the father of our poetry, and still dear, if of less lustre, link the church to modern remembrance; among them old John Gower, the Moral Gower, the industrious versifier, Chaucer's imitator and eulogist (or enemy, as the reader may prefer). He likewise was a dweller in these precincts, a communicant and benefactor of this church, wherein he was married and buried, and is commemorated in one of its oldest monuments. With this neighborhood is associated what is justly esteemed his most distinguished poem, for it was while rowing on the Thames, doubtless not far from St. Saviour's Dock, that he met King Richard the Second in his barge, and received the royal command to write the "Confessio Amantis."

A more romantic interest attaches to another name famous in literature for his songs and in history for his misfortunes. In this church James the

First of Scotland, author of "The King's Quhair," and earliest of Scottish poets, celebrated the end of his eighteen years' unjust imprisonment by his marriage with that beautiful Joan Beaufort whom first from his prison window he spied walking in a May-time garden, as Chaucer's Palamon saw Emelye.

Within a stone's-throw of St. Saviour's the English drama had its beginning and swift growth to splendid maturity; for here was the Bankside, the theatrical centre and capital of Elizabeth's England; and here stood the famous old Globe Theatre, where Shakspeare acted, where his earliest plays and Ben Jonson's were produced, where so many great works of so many brilliant minds flashed into transitory glory on a primitive stage. The site of a building so important in the intellectual development of the race is now lost beneath a huge dusty brewery, but it stood on the river-bank, not far from the church above it. All the men whose names made it



THE CHAUCER WINDOW

memorable were once familiar figures in this neighborhood. Marlowe misspent some time here, and used other hours gloriously in the writing of his mighty lines, belike in the taverns that abounded in the parish; his plays, the first great dramas in English, were acted in the Bankside theatres. Here Shakspeare lived

and labored many years: nearly all the plays he wrote away from Stratford were written in a house in Park Street near the Bishop of Winchester's palace, which stood almost opposite this church to the westward. The character of Sir John Fastolf he took, name and all, from a well-known resident of Southwark.

Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher, "the twin-souled brethren of the single wreath," lived ten years in one house on the Bankside, sharing good and ill, cloaks, bread, and play-making alike. Philip Massinger was of the great company that thronged these streets, and he lies buried in this church. Edmund Shakspeare, the poet's younger brother, and himself an actor (it has been surmised of some consideration), rests here; almost

all the definite information the world has of him is contained in the parish registers of St. Saviour's and of Holy Trinity, Stratford, and that, indeed, so scanty that many well-informed persons have first discovered in St. Saviour's that William Shakspeare had a brother. Edward Alleyne, the first great actor-manager, styled in admiring verse "the peerless," creator on the stage of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, founder of Dulwich College, bear-warden and church-warden too, ended here his strange and checkered career, and sleeps within these walls. Of that theatre-made fortune from which Dulwich arose he bestowed liberally upon St. Saviour's, of which in all the distractions of so busy a life he had remained a devout son. Here, too, lies his father-in-

law, that puzzling character of our early stage history, half pawnbroker, half manager, buyer of plays at niggardly prices, sparing dole of relief to needy playwrights, Philip Henslowe, whose *Diary*, illuminating so many dark places in the story of his times, has been a greater boon to the race than the best deed of many a better man.

Actors and dramatists, whose presence was then held to be undesirable in the city, made a settlement in this parish, and filled this distinctively theatre church of the period. Easily we can believe that from the fever and stress of their way of life, often precarious and filled with pathetic misery, they made of St. Saviour's sanctuary and asylum.



THE SHAKSPEARE WINDOW

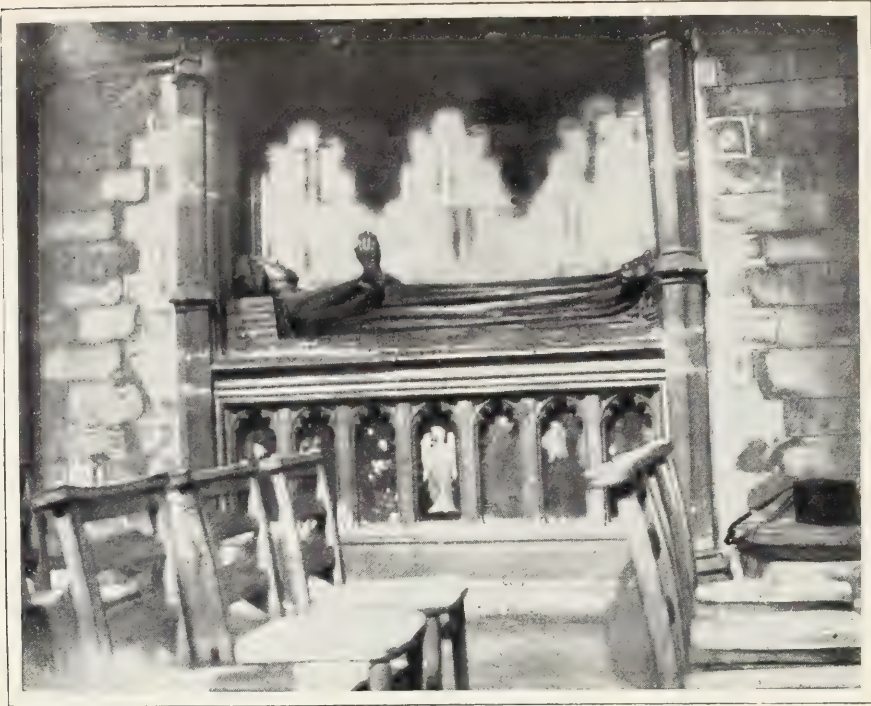
The thought has more than imaginary basis. Some idea of such conditions may be gleaned easily from the curt entries of the parish registers, excellently preserved and legible more than three centuries back, but still more from the legacy of memoranda, papers, and private notes left by successive rectors and clerks. From these treasures it appears also, in part of a letter still extant, that even in the church they had chosen for their own the men of the stage were not secure from such attacks upon their profession as elsewhere called forth the celebrated defence of Heyward. Among the papers once belonging to Philip Henslowe, and discovered by Malone at Dulwich, will be remembered a piteous appeal to the broker-manager, written from jail by Nat. Field, Rob. Daborne, and Philip Massinger, being then restrained of their liberty for failure to pay five pounds to some hard-hearted creditor. The writers, obviously in the greatest distress of mind, beseech their good friend Henslowe to come to their relief with the sum required for their ease, for which they offer to recompense him with a play. Whether Henslowe was touched by the appeal to his "Christianitie," or merely foresaw a stroke of business in the proffered play, is not of record, but certainly he did not permit the playwrights to die in jail. The other letter I have referred to was written by one of these unfortunates, the same Nat. Field, writer of



THE CHOIR, WHERE MASSINGER AND FLETCHER ARE BURIED

excellent plays as well as of letters. It appears that on a certain Sunday the rector of St. Saviour's was moved to deliver a hot philippic against the theatre and all that thereto belonged, including plays, playwrights, and actors, using, I make no doubt, arguments of a kind not unfamiliar since his days. As probably one-half of his hearers were in some way connected with the theatre, the rector, it will be admitted, had the courage of his convictions. Nat. Field, attending church that day, must have been greatly stirred, since forthwith he addressed to the rector a protest breathing honest indignation, and denying with vehemence the indictment of his guild.

"I did never hear," he says, "that when Christ would save the lost sheep he did send after them barking dogs."



JOHN GOWER'S MONUMENT

Not all the dramatists of the time lived so riotously or died so lamentably as the splendid Marlowe and the unhappy Greene. Some, at least, were at times of quiet walk and serious mind, even if nearly all, with the notable exceptions of Shakspeare and Ford, were condemned to a bitter struggle for daily bread. Some such inference may be drawn from the pathetic story of the love of John Fletcher and Philip Massinger, also preserved in the rectors' archives.

The ten years' brotherly fellowship of Francis Beaumont and Fletcher was ended by Beaumont's untimely death at the height of his powers, Fletcher surviving him ten years. After this melancholy separation, Fletcher's affectionate nature seems to have found a kindred soul in Massinger, to whom in the end he became greatly attached. They wrote plays together, they lived in the same house in the parish, and formed such an alliance against the world's ill-usage as Fletcher had maintained with his earlier friend. Fletcher was a communicant of St. Saviour's. Agreeably to Fletcher's wish, the two friends lie side by side in the choir, but the exact spot, so great in after-years became the vandalism and indifference that ruled the church, no one knows.

From the great names of the Eliza-

bethan period the literary history of St. Saviour's presents a hiatus of more than a century, and then two figures, wholly dissimilar yet strongly associated in men's minds, come at once into the light. Oliver Goldsmith lived in this parish as a practising physician before he took quarters at the Temple. It could be wished that his grave, made so simply to his wish by the Temple Church, and now so sadly neglected, were in these

quiet shadows. Dr. Samuel Johnson, Goldsmith's sturdy friend and wholesome adviser, was a communicant at St. Saviour's the sixteen years he dwelt in Southwark with the Thrals, and frequently came to church with Mrs. Thrale, touching all the posts, no doubt, as he walked, and feeling in his pocket a bit of dried orange peel as he listened to the sermon—very likely not less dry. It is the brewery the sale of which he conducted with such impressive eloquence that now, greatly enlarged and extended, covers the site of the old Globe.

Americans must always feel, aside from these concerns, a peculiar interest in St. Saviour's from its intimate associations with the beginning of American education and the maturity of American thought. John Harvard, founder of Harvard College, was born in this parish and christened in this church, as the register shows. His father, Robert, was a Southwark butcher, and, according to tradition, well-to-do. The name occurs frequently in the register with a variety of spellings, but all referring to the same family.

Ralph Waldo Emerson's ancestors dwelt in this parish, and the births, marriages, and deaths of many of them are recorded in those ponderous tomes with wooden covers and great clasps that have

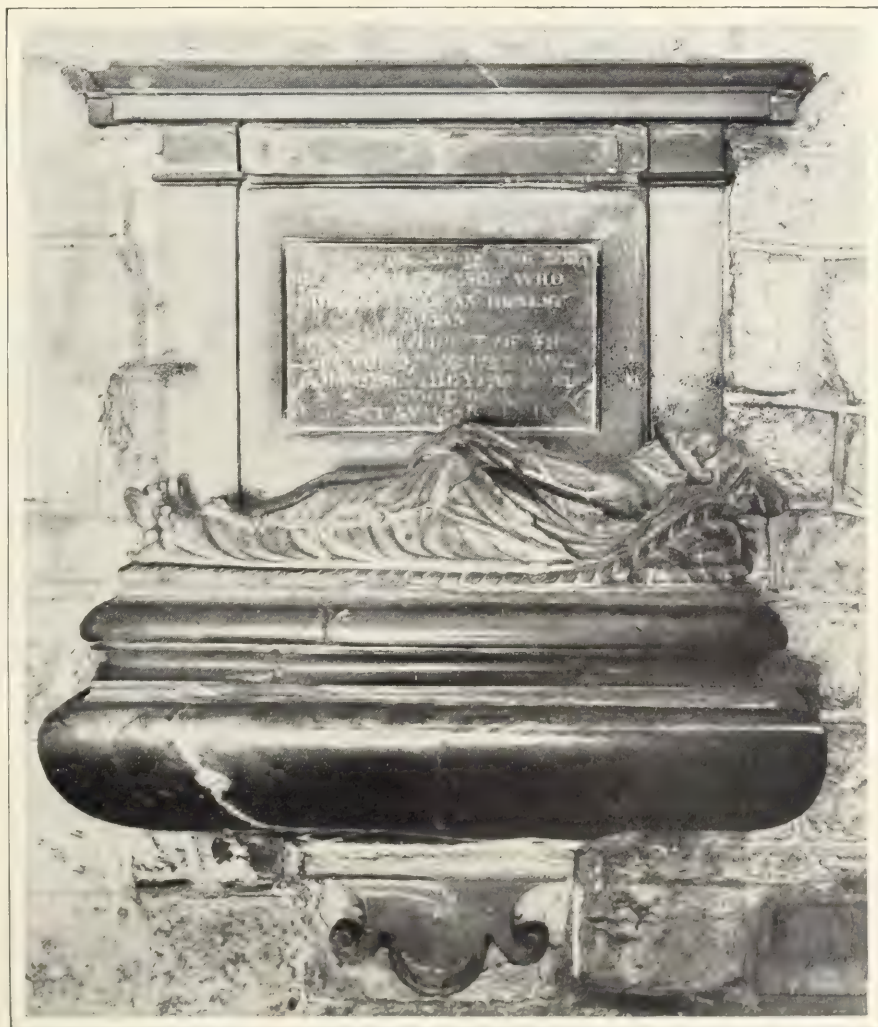
yielded so much information to the explorers of bygone greatness. To the virtues of one of these ancestral Emersons a bronze tablet in the south transept bears such simple and eloquent testimony as any descendant might be proud of.

Here under lyeth the body of William Emerson, who lived and died an honest man. He departed out of this life the 27th of January anno domini 1575, in the year of his age 92.

The ecclesiastical history of St. Saviour's is not the least of its claims to attention, for this is one of the oldest churches in England. Its story begins clearly to be definable with the good St. Swithin, who died in 862, although a Christian church stood on this site more than a century earlier. St. Swithin changed a nunnery here to a priory, of which this was the church. Priory and church were called St. Mary Overie, once thought to mean St. Mary of the Ferry—a belief that gave rise to or fitted into merely fantastic legends concerning the origin of the name, the truth being meantime lost. The church, burned in 1212, was rebuilt in its present shape, a Latin cross, with the tower over the junction of the nave and transept. The outward appearance has changed little in these almost seven hundred years, except that in the construction of the approach to the present London Bridge it was deemed necessary, for a reason unfathomable, to tear away a part of the old Lady Chapel. Henry the Eighth suppressed the priory

of St. Mary Overie, and when the church was reopened the old name had gone forever. Thereafter it was known as St. Saviour's, which had been the name of the great Abbey of Bermundsey, suppressed at the same time and now obliterated.

From its earliest days the church had the benefit of distinguished names among its supporters. Thomas à Becket was fond of it, and the priory built a chapel in his honor after his murder. King Stephen, Henry of Blois, his brother, and Cardinal Beaufort were among its benefactors. Bishop Fox partly restored it. Bishop William Wickham, Bishop Horne, and the gentle and saintly Bishop Lancelot Andrewes, the most learned man of his times, are buried here. In the beautiful Lady Chapel, in January, 1555, reign of Queen Mary, the seven Anglican martyrs, including Bishop Farrar, Bishop Hooper, and Vicar Rogers, were tried for heresy before Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.



THE EMERSON MONUMENT



THE OLD NORMAN DOORWAY

Here, after an inquisition whereof the records sound to us now like a trial before Judge Jeffreys, these were found guilty; hence they passed to the stake, Rogers at Smithfield, Hooper at Gloucester, and Farrar at Carmarthen. Before the end of the year, in this same Lady Chapel, Stephen Gardiner, their judge and prosecutor, lay dead.

Last of these historic figures in the church is the stout Dr. Sacheverell, most incorrigible of Tories, who was a chaplain of St. Saviour's when his defiance of Whiggism (expressed in a sermon three and a half hours long) led to his arrest and trial at Westminster, and caused riots in London, in 1708.

Distinguished Non-Conformists also have been prominent in the affairs of the parish. Brown, the original Brownist, founder of the Independents that played such a part in the affairs of Cromwell's commonwealth, was a school-teacher in Southwark. John Bunyan lived and preached in the neighborhood of this church. Richard Baxter, the indefatigable author, exhorter, and preacher militant, wrote here his *Saints' Rest* and

a long list of other works. Rowland Hill was of this parish, and here Alexander Cruden labored at that concordance that is still the companion of Bible students the world over.

It is not to the credit of the English nation that a church of such rare historical importance should have fallen into the neglect and disrepair that St. Saviour's showed until a few years ago. Even now not many of those Londoners to whom its story should most appeal really know it and what it contains, although recent events have tended to bring it to their reverent attention. The restoration of St. Saviour's to a condition befitting its dignity as the Pantheon of the English drama is chiefly the work of the present rector, the Rev. Dr. W. Thompson. His choice for the post was a happy chance or a wise prevision, I know not which, since he combines an intimate and scholarly acquaintance with Elizabethan literature, a sincere affection for its often unlucky authors, a practical faculty of securing results, and, what is not less important to the world in this matter, a discriminating taste.



Margaret of Cortona

BY EDITH WHARTON

FRA PAOLO, since they say the end is near,
 And you of all men have the gentlest eyes,
 Most like our father Francis; since you know
 How I have toiled and prayed and scourged and striven,
 Mothered the orphan, waked beside the sick,
 Gone empty that mine enemy might eat,
 Given bread for stones in famine years, and channelled
 With vigilant knees the pavement of this cell,
 Till I constrained the Christ upon the wall
 To bend His thorn-crowned Head in mute forgiveness . . .
 Three times He bowed it . . . (but the whole stands writ,
 Sealed with the Bishop's signet, as you know),
 Once for each person of the Blessed Three——
 A miracle that the whole town attests,
 The very babes thrust forward for my blessing,
 And either parish plotting for my bones——
 Since this you know: sit near and bear with me.

I have lain here these many empty days
 I thought to pack with Credos and Hail Marys
 So close that not a fear should force the door,
 But still, between the blessed syllables
 That taper up like blazing angel heads,
 Praise over praise, to the Unutterable,
 Strange questions clutch me, thrusting fiery arms,
 As though, athwart the close-meshed litanies,
 My dead should pluck at me from hell, with eyes
 Alive in their obliterated faces! . . .
 I have tried the saints' names and our blessed Mother's,
 Fra Paolo, I have tried them o'er and o'er,
 And like a blade bent backward at first thrust
 They yield and fail me—and the questions stay.
 And so I thought, into some human heart,
 Pure, and yet foot-worn with the tread of sin,
 If only I might creep for sanctuary,
 It might be that those eyes would let me rest. . .

Fra Paolo, listen. How should I forget
 The day I saw him first? (You know the one.)
 I had been laughing in the market-place
 With others like me, I the youngest there,
 Jostling about a pack of mountebanks
 Like flies on carrion (I the youngest there!),
 Till darkness fell; and while the other girls
 Turned this way, that way, as perdition beckoned,
 I, wondering what the night would bring, half hoping:
If not, this once, a child's sleep in my garret,
At least enough to buy that two-pronged coral
The others covet 'gainst the evil eye,
Since, after all, one sees that I'm the youngest—
 So, muttering my litany to hell
 (The only prayer I knew that was not Latin),
 Felt on my arm a touch as kind as yours,
 And heard a voice as kind as yours say, "Come."
 I turned and went; and from that day I never
 Looked on the face of any other man.
 So much is known; so much effaced; the sin
 Cast like a plague-struck body to the sea,
 Deep, deep into the unfathomable pardon—
 (The Head bowed thrice, as the whole town attests).
 What more, then? To what purpose? Bear with me!—

It seems that he, a stranger in the place,
 First noted me that afternoon and wondered:
How grew so white a bud in such black slime,
And why not mine the hand to pluck it out?
 Why, so Christ deals with souls, you cry—what then?
 Not so! Not so! When Christ, the heavenly gardener,
 Plucks flowers for Paradise (do I not know?),
 He snaps the stem above the root, and presses
 The ransomed soul between two convent walls,
 A lifeless blossom in the Book of Life.

But when my lover gathered me, he lifted
 Stem, root, and all—ay, and the clinging mud—
 And set me on his sill to spread and bloom
 After the common way, take sun and rain,
 And make a patch of brightness for the street,
 Though raised above rough fingers—so you make
 A weed a flower, and others, passing, think:
 “Next ditch I cross, I’ll lift a root from it,
 And dress my window” . . . and the blessing spreads.
 Well, so I grew, with every root and tendril
 Grappling the secret anchorage of his love,
 And so we loved each other till he died. . .

Ah, that black night he left me, that dead dawn
 I found him lying in the woods, alive
 To gasp my name out and his life-blood with it,
 As though the murderer’s knife had probed for me
 In his hacked breast and found me in each wound. . .
 Well, it was there Christ came to me, you know,
 And led me home—just as that other led me.
(Just as that other? Father, bear with me!)
 My lover’s death, they tell me, saved my soul,
 And I have lived to be a light to men,
 And gather sinners to the knees of grace.

All this, you say, the Bishop’s signet covers.
 But stay! Suppose my lover had not died?
(At last my question! Father, help me face it.)
 I say: Suppose my lover had not died,—
 Think you I ever would have left him living,
 Even to be Christ’s blessed Margaret?
 —We lived in sin? Why, to the sin I died to
 That other was as Paradise, when God
 Walks there at eventide, the air pure gold,
 And angels treading all the grass to flowers!
 He was my Christ—he led me out of hell—
 He died to save me (so your casuists say!)—
 Could Christ do more? Your Christ outpity mine?
 Why, *yours* but let the sinner bathe His feet;
 Mine raised her to the level of his heart. . .
 And then Christ’s way is saving, as man’s way
 Is squandering—and the devil take the shards!
 But this man kept for sacramental use
 The cup that once had slaked a passing thirst;
 This man declared: “The same clay serves to model
 A devil or a saint; the scribe may stain
 The same fair parchment with obscenities,
 Or gild with benedictions; nay,” he cried,
 “Because a satyr feasted in this wood,
 And fouled the grasses with carousing foot,
 Shall not a hermit build his chapel here
 And cleanse the echoes with his litanies?
 The sodden grasses spring again,—why not
 The trampled soul? Is man less merciful
 Than nature, good more fugitive than grass?”

And so—if, after all, he had not died,
 And suddenly that door should know his hand,
 And with that voice as kind as yours he said:
 “Come, Margaret, forth into the sun again,
 Back to the life we fashioned with our hands,
 Out of old sins and follies, fragments scorned
 Of more ambitious builders, yet by Love,
 The patient architect, so shaped and fitted
 That not a crevice let the winter in,—”
 Think you my bones would not arise and walk,
 This bruised body (as once the bruised soul)
 Turn from the wonders of the seventh heaven
 As from the antics of the market-place?
 If this could be (as I so oft have dreamed),
 I, who have known both loves, divine and human,
 Think you I would not leave this Christ for that?

—I rave, you say? You start from me, Fra Paolo?
 Go, then; your going leaves me not alone.
 I marvel, rather, that I feared the question,
 Since, now I name it, it draws near to me
 With such dear reassurance in its eyes,
 And takes your place beside me. . .

Nay, I tell you,

Fra Paolo, I have cried on all the saints—
 If this be devil’s promptings, let them drown it
 In Alleluias! Yet not one replies.
 And, for the Christ there,—is He silent too?
 Your Christ? Poor father; you that have but one,
 And that one silent—how I pity you!
 He will not answer? Will not help you cast
 The devil out? But hangs there on the wall,
 Blind wood and bone—

How if *I* call on Him—

I, whom He talks with, as the town attests?
 If ever prayer hath ravished me so high
 That its wings failed and dropped me in Thy breast,
 Christ, I adjure Thee! By that naked hour
 Of innermost commixture, when my soul
 Contained Thee as the paten holds the host,
 Judge Thou alone between this priest and me;
 Nay, rather, Lord, between my past and present,
 Thy Margaret and that other’s—whose she is
 By right of salvage—and whose call should follow!
 Thine? Silent still.— Or his, who stooped to her,
 And drew her to Thee by the bands of love?
 Not Thine? Then his?

Ah, Christ—the thorn-crowned Head

Bends . . . bends again . . . down on your knees, Fra Paolo!
 If his, then Thine!

Kneel, priest, for this is heaven. . .

The Last Letter of Ernest Arnold

BY CORA MAYNARD

I
HER beauty had a spiritual quality harmonizing with the dreamy strain in her nature which so often laid a restrictive touch upon the gayety of her youth and health. She possessed, too, that indefinable charm as rare as genius, and which none can resist, so there were many to envy Lawrence Murray the happy fortune we thought would be his, as it undoubtedly would have been but for those strange events which had such an effect upon her life.

Lawrence brought her the book himself soon after it came out—an attractive-looking volume, bound in grayish-green cloth, with the title printed in gilt across the front—*Letters of Ernest Leslie Arnold*.

It had been left unopened a week or more before she picked it up one afternoon when she lay idly curled up among the cushions on the lounge. She read two or three of the letters, then tried to remember all she had ever heard about the writer. Poor his whole life and ill during most of it, he had died six years ago while still young—only thirty-five—and just as he had begun to receive public recognition. Since then much of his work had been ranked among the classics. These were the meagre items which she could recall, besides the fact of having once diligently perused something he had written and finding it dull, in the days of her braids and short skirts, when literature meant to her only pretty love-stories.

She took up the letters again and turned to the frontispiece portrait, not that of a handsome man by any means. The head drooped forward a little, the face was longish and thin, the brow high, mouth irregular but sensitive in every line. The eyes were beautiful even in the small black and white reproduction of the original painting, the light of a

sweet, genial humor softening their expression of keen intellectuality, and almost belying the suggestion of pathos conveyed by the slightly sunken temples and cheeks.

Rosamond turned the pages slowly, noticing that a majority of the letters were to the editor of the volume, Leonard Graham, while toward the end there were a number indited to "My Dear Pauline." The man himself was in them all to an unusual extent, his child-like, fascinating egoism presupposing interest in whatever concerned him on the part of those he loved.

Rosamond read one of the letters to "Pauline," and then reread the last paragraphs:

"I am starting a new tale, and I want the right sort of woman for it,—young and beautiful and lovable and clever, turning men into saints when the shining of her soul burns down into their iniquity, able to make one man a hero as well as a saint.

"Do I want her for my story—or for myself?

"If you know where such a blossom of perfect womanhood is to be found, send word by return mail, or telegraph if there is danger of losing her through delay.

Devotedly,

ERNEST."

Did she send word? How could she post herself to him as the aggregate of such a description? He had never married; that much was notable.

Another letter to "Pauline" disclosed the fact that the lady had a husband and three children, all of whom claimed Arnold as a cherished friend.

Rosamond turned back to the sketch of his life by Leonard Graham—a moving tribute to life lived virilely and art followed patiently, in brave defiance of a disordered body that made every year

to be outlasted a battle to be gained. If Arnold had been a physically strong man, would there have been any such spell wrought upon Rosamond? The pity that is in women opens the door to peculiar mystical relations; and then, too, when a man's hold upon life has been slight, it is easier to realize him dissociated from corporeal form than in the case of one physically vigorous; the body seems to have represented less of the personality allied to it.

Rosamond softly passed the tip of her finger over the name Ernest Leslie Arnold, and in the touch was that which made it a caress. She caught her breath, drew back her hand, and read another letter, one to Leonard Graham, written under prostrating conditions, but full of cheeriness, and, in the latter half, of something that gave her a thrill too unaccountable for analysis:

"Down again, flat on my back, but my spirit fighting like a Turk! Lord, man, what do the champagne-drinking, ortolan-eating wasters of life know of joy compared to the chap who can be happy with pauperdom elbowing him on the one side and death grinning at him on the other? And supreme over all towers Art, God glorify her!

"Yes, I could love a woman, adore her and slave for her, suffer for her too; but what woman could ever love me, with my unbeautiful exterior and my damaged machinery? But Art, my mistress, my queen, what matters an ugly face to her if there is reverence in the soul? And what matters a defective lung apparatus if the will does her faithful service in spite of pathological difficulties?

"My wife! I confess it, the very writing of the word sends my heart off at a bound. Somewhere my wife may be waiting for me—*me* resurrected and made whole, on some other planet perchance, some far-off world whither I shall travel to meet her when I put off this badly tailored suit of clothes. She may even be waiting here, in this world, so much of a woman that, after all, she cares more for a soul than the physical tenement of it— No, a thousand times no! Tie any woman to this thing called my material self, to my poverty and early-death prospects!

"Halt there, Ernest, you fool; you become ridiculous.

"O friend, to feel the grip of your hand in mine! ERNEST.

"P.S.—She might not care for my queen at all, might not understand her, perhaps even be jealous of her, and that would kill me; so everything is right as it is.

"P.S. No. 2.—She would care; I could only love a woman who did; so it is all wrong. Good-night; I'm sleepy."

The opening of the front door startled Rosamond, and some irresponsible impulse made her slip the book under the cushions as a servant drew aside the portières and Lawrence Murray entered the room.

II

Rosamond's was a nature attuned to beauty, an instrument never yet touched by a master hand, its loveliest music still unexpressed, but there thrilled through her now new tremulous notes, seeking to group themselves in harmonies unknown but instinctively pursued. Whether or no she had actually promised Lawrence to be his wife none of us can say, but it was of course inconceivable that interest regarding a man six years in his grave, and whom she had never seen, involved possible breach of faith.

The circumstances attending the dinner which led to such momentous results happened fatefully too, one must believe. Several persons sending regrets at the last moment, the rearrangement of the table placed next to her a man who otherwise would have been seated some distance away. She did not realize who he was until some one spoke his full name, when a look came to her face which compelled him to perceive himself the object of an extraordinary interest.

"Your name is—is Graham—Leonard Graham? Please tell me, are you—are you the writer? Are you Ernest Leslie Arnold's friend?"

"Yes, and I think you must be a reader of Arnold's."

"I have read all that he ever wrote, all his books and his letters, and I have read your sketch of his life—"

She became aware of her own intensity, and stopped, abashed. Graham turned his searching eyes full upon her; man and poet paid tribute to her winsome beauty; poet and philosopher passed judgment upon the woman garmented in the beauty. In the halting of her words and the glow of her eyes he read the sensitive valuation of his friend, and his mood warmed to predilection.

He belonged to a type new in her experience, common enough among the art-makers of the world, but accidental in ordinary social circles, individual to the point of eccentricity, ignoring the trammels of small conventions, at times even shocking decorum by his own unlicensed ways. Something in Rosamond alien to the regulated habit of her accustomed surroundings sprang to the call of freedom which she heard vibrating from this man's life, and he heard her answer the call. Their conversation strayed into many by-paths, but Arnold remained the central point to which it always reverted, Rosamond eagerly questioning and listening, Graham as eagerly relating details of his friend's idiosyncrasies, his work, his high-mindedness, his courage. Hitherto her inquiring thought of him had wandered forth into the dreamland of the unseen; the meeting with his close companion seemed to bring him into her own environment, and he became, as it were, corporate and localized.

Finally, when the women rose to leave the dining-room, Graham left with them, scarce troubling to excuse his departure. He was on intimate terms with his hosts, and knew all corners of the house.

"Come into the library, where we can talk and not be disturbed," he said to Rosamond.

There was a wood fire in the library and only one screened lamp, back in the far corner. Into the seclusion of the dark-toned room the gas glare, seen through the open doorway, and the chatter of the women, relaxing into gossip, hardly dared penetrate. Stillness and mysticism haunted the shadows, and gave pause for the hidden ends of destiny to move swiftly to completion. Seated on the hearth beside Graham, there came to Rosamond's face such lustre as heightened its beauty to a splen-

dor more than of earth. She leaned forward, breathing quickly from between parted lips.

"Now tell me more; tell me all there is to tell. I want it all."

The Rosamond who spoke was a different Rosamond from her whom Lawrence Murray had sought and almost won. The girl had vanished, and in her place was a woman exalted by an emotion never begot till now.

"You—you think it strange"—the flush mounting from neck to cheek signalled the self-consciousness of her own excitement—"I can't explain it; I don't know what it means myself."

"Many women do not care for Arnold."

"Women who do not understand."

A half-smile was on his face. "Can you tell me why he—why his work attracts *you* so strongly?"

She appeared as if trying to formulate her feelings for her own satisfaction rather than Graham's. "His work belongs to all the world, but he has given *me* something more; I seem to have met a living man who was always meant to be my—my friend. I am afraid to say—to say what I should like to—"

She clasped her hands under the opposing stress of fervor and of fear lest she might excite ridicule.

"Please do not hesitate," urged Graham; "I am more interested than you can imagine yet."

"Sometimes I—I wonder if it is possible for a person to be so in harmony with another person's nature that even if one of them is dead there can be a— a sympathy between them that makes the personality of each a reality to the other—"

Graham was a striking figure bending toward her, the yellow, uncertain glow of the fire playing across his swarthy face, his thick hair tossed into disorder, his keen eyes flashing with a bright glitter when they caught the light from some shooting flame, his long hands now hanging loosely between his knees, now moving in expressive gesture. He commenced in a rambling way, thinking aloud rather than talking:

"Arnold would sit for hours listening while the fire crooned to him, the burning logs telling their life secrets, which

the rest of us are too dull to understand.

"There, that blue, filmy tongue has the mystery and the power of faith in its steady flare; those red flames leaping up are hot to proclaim energy never destroyed, only passing out of the material into the spiritual.

"Arnold felt certain of it—that the mere fact of having left off the physical organism should not affect one's relation to those still retaining it. Spirit is what relates us, not matter. I have had proof."

"Spirit!" echoed Rosamond, in a voice scarce articulate.

His eyes fixed upon hers, he spoke with the emphasis of earnest adjuration:

"If we realized our obligations to those on the other side of what we foolishly call death, our whole line of conduct would often be changed. When two beings belong to each other by bond of mind and heart and soul, the relation is not affected in the least by the fact that one may still be allied to the body while the other has passed through physical dissolution."

"The relation is not affected," repeated Rosamond, like a child conning its lesson, but tone and look were of a woman rapturously alive in every vein and fibre of her. She sat speechless, a quivering motion in all her body, each nerve responding to a strange agitation of the mind. She struggled against it as a woman mistakenly pledged to another struggles against the love passion of her life, born too late. Arnold's eyes seemed piercing into the innermost parts of her thought. When he spoke again, in his tone there was a quality that awed:

"To have missed in this earth life all conscious relation with the loved of one's soul, and to find it may still be realized after he or she has passed to another plane of existence,—is it worth the sacrifice of a temporary, imperfect relation belonging only to the vanishing moment of mortality? Believe this if you believe nothing else—*fidelity to a mistake is not a virtue.*"

As he ceased speaking, in the silence that followed, the voices of the men, returned to the drawing-room, sounded a dissonant, obtrusive note. Graham bent toward her.

"I have a sketch of Arnold, the best

ever made of him. I shall send a letter with it, one left out of the published collection. When you read it you will know why it was left out, and you will know why I send the sketch."

The logs on the andirons rolled forward, snapped merrily, threw out a shower of sparks, and burst into a ruddy, joyous blaze.

III

Rosamond herself questioned whether she were, indeed, quite normal and sane. The sense of the extraordinary had shifted the balance of all things, changed the relative positions of all things, and put her in a world where she was groping to find her bearings. But there was that which outargued reason, refuting incredulity. Of all men whom she had ever seen, the soul of which among them did she know as she knew the soul of this man whom she had never seen? With the thought and feeling of which was her nature so closely mated as with his? What love-words had ever beat upon her heart so thrillingly as the mere printed pages of this man, writing of a woman imagined and never found?

Her mood all day had been abstracted, colored with an exaltation which she tried to disguise, waiting for an hour of solitude and stillness. The twilight shadows were creeping over the room, the wind went whispering mysteriously down the street. The spirits of bygone dames and gentlemen seemed gliding about among the antique mahogany furniture that had seen their revel and their burial, surviving all to give its stately beauty a legacy to Time. The daperies at the windows moved with a scarce perceptible, slow swaying in and out, as though touched by some erratically wandering current of air.

Rosamond drew the shades, lit the lamp on the table, and crossed the room with hurried steps that yet halted under the strain of an emotion which overpowered physical strength. Her face was pale, but her eyes were illumined by a light that had never before shone from them upon mortal man or woman.

Another moment of hesitation as she stood in front of an old cupboard, then she opened the doors, and reaching forth hands in which the blood was tingling warm to the finger-tips, lifted out a

framed canvas. Recrossing the room she set the canvas on a chair, propped against the back, where the lamp-light fell full upon it,—the sketch of Ernest Leslie Arnold. Slipped under a corner of the frame was an envelope inscribed with the words, "Last Letter of Ernest Leslie Arnold." As she unfolded the letter she raised her eyes and met Arnold's, looking back from out the canvas on the chair.

In the copy given below the asterisks replace certain portions not bearing upon Rosamond's story.

"DEAR LEN,—If I were setting out on a journey to the ends of the earth, and expected to be gone a very long time, a score of years, perhaps, you would sit down with me to-night and patiently let me say my say and not stint me.

"I am going on a longer journey than the ends of the earth, and I want my last chat with you before I start, so light your pipe, put your feet up on something, and listen.

"I don't believe any one can know what a good world this is until, when he looks ahead, he sees the end so near that he feels the chill of it creeping through his blood. What comes after will be good too, I make sure, in proportion to our deserts, but one would like to finish out one's time here if one could. Yet the difference between sooner and later—what does it amount to? And I've always believed one should take the inevitable cheerily, so I wish to make my exit, whenever the cue is given, in the spirit of comedy, not tragedy, not as if I were killed and out of the play forever, but only due upon another scene.

* * * * *

"And now one word more, kept to the last, as we keep our best, that we may dwell upon it undisturbed by the claims of lesser things. That fair woman who will be mine and make me hers the day when our souls meet—my last word is of her, while upon you I lay a solemn duty to us both.

"There is the chance that I may meet her where I am going, but something holds to the feeling that she is here on earth now, and that I shall leave her here when I depart. I am going to de-

scribe her to you so that you will know her when you see her.

"She will be beautiful with the kind of beauty that belongs to a beautiful soul, and she will be very human, a lovable, adorable woman, not a premature, unfleshy divinity. She will have eyes that lure and yet restrain one—I think they will be blue—and he whom she trusts may look through them into the deep, true places of her heart. She will have soft brown hair that ripples into shimmering lights; she will have a smile that thrills like the play of sunshine on one's body, and, like sunshine, speaks, too, of heaven and its golden gates.

"She will love my art, my sacred, worshipped art, feel my struggle for it, my adoration of it, and love it the more for my sake.

"And, Len, she will know me, the self of me back of my work, draw it from every line I have written and know *me*, the man still living, wherever I may be, aspiring, advancing, please God, and—she will love me.

"Is it a dream of madness? Then I will be mad, for the dream is more precious than sanity. I will dream that knowing me and loving me she will feel as I shall, that death is no bar to possessing me; that I am hers, visible or invisible to the eye of sense, and that if she listens I shall speak to her, and if she watches she will see me near her, and once united, no separation shall ever part us again.

"Len, when you meet her after I am gone—be it in a year, in ten years, in twenty—when you read the signs aright and know her mine, woo her for me, tell her of me, just as I was and probably still shall be, barring, I hope, some slight improvement. Don't glorify nor extenuate me; and if she is, indeed, my own, her eyes, her voice, her questioning, faltering words, will prove it.

"Then, Len, give her a remembrance of me. Every woman wants a picture of her lover, however lacking he may be in the fatal gift of beauty. Still, I should like her to see me at something better than my worst—even a dead man, I suppose, will retain that much vanity—so give her the sketch Stafford did that day when we three sat in my den talk-



Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

AS SHE UNFOLDED THE LETTER SHE RAISED HER EYES AND MET ARNOLD'S,
LOOKING BACK FROM OUT THE CANVAS ON THE CHAIR

ing of those things beyond physical touch and sight. Stafford has put something into my ugly face I like to think is there once in a while, so give my lady the sketch, and tell her why you give it.

"Ah, me, but I'm a poor creature, done up by this bit of writing! If you think it folly, and it has wearied you, still don't grudge me my belief in it.

"Good-by, dear comrade; God bless you!"

ERNEST."

It was then that the lamp flared up as though some draught had blown across the room, and the window-curtains moved more noticeably.

Rosamond took a sheet of paper and a pencil, and, alone as she was, the color mounting to her cheeks, began to write, as a girl will before she has dared speak aloud what her heart can no longer hold dumb. First she only wrote his name, Ernest Leslie Arnold, with nothing added. The next line had a tremor in it, "Mine, my own, my love!"

She bent over the paper and pressed her lips upon the writing. Some day in eternity would his lips be pressed so to hers? She started—fancy can play strange tricks—for there breathed through the room an impression of spoken words,—her name and something added that sent a shock of delirious joy from heart to brain.

She felt as perhaps one might if lifted

out of the material conditions of flesh and blood, the liberated soul quickened to a sense of ecstasy impossible when hampered by the body. Her glance turned dreamily to the portrait on the chair, so instinct with the spirit of the man, the face beautified by the wonderful luminance of the eyes and the forceful, yet sensitive, lines of the mouth. It would not be difficult for imagination to see movement in the lifelike figure,—but was it imagination?

A haze seemed to cross her sight, coming between her and the portrait. She passed her hand over her forehead, as one confused and groping. The haze deepened, grew out of vagueness into form, standing back, as if fearful of terrifying her, a man with all the attributes of apparent tangibility, worship of her in his gaze, the prayer of wooing on his lips and in his outstretched arms. Again there came the whisper of words, distinct, and yet unlike vocalized sound. She swayed, panting with life too full and throbbing. He was stooping down to her, his eyes pouring their passion into hers. Dazed, in blissful perturbation, she raised her head, leaned back, waiting, and consciousness was lost in rapture.

The barrier fell from between the bounded world of sense and the limitless world of the soul's prevision. Knowledge of immortal love in immortal life filled eternity with a great light.

The Secret

BY E. A. IRELAND

HE may not know my secret thought, for speech
Is the false hireling of the common crowd,
And I, who for his sake am very proud,
Will use no means that honor could impeach.
How can I tell him? Can this dull soul teach
The wild-voiced winds to waft it on a cloud,
Or set the sounding sea to chant it loud,
And shells to whisper it upon the beach?

No! let Earth's voices sing their subtle song.
Their own dear secrets, sweeter than our thought;
Blow, winds; break, seas; and whisper, little shells!
I will be silent, self-contained, and strong,
Until he learn, by his own loving taught,
The secret that my passionate silence tells.

His Wife

A STORY IN THREE PARTS

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD

PART III

A VERY stood irresolute. "It is one of those hallucinations," he thought. "This shock—following the wreck—has confused me." The voice was not repeated; and after a few moments' hesitation he opened the door of his wife's room.

It was neither dark nor light in the chamber; something like twilight filled the room, which, unlike the house, was not heavy with the excessive perfume of flowers. A handful of violets (modest, winning, and like Jean) was all that had been admitted; these stood on a table beside her Bible and prayer-book, her little portfolio, and her pen and inkstand.

In his wretchedness Marshall duly perceived the delicate thought which had ordered that his should be the first flowers to touch her dear body.

He came up with his poor roses in his hand. Jean seemed to have waited for them. He could have said that she uttered a little, low laugh when she saw him cross the room. . . Impossible to believe that she did not see him! She lay so easily, so vitally, that the conviction forced itself upon him that there was some hideous mistake. "Perhaps I am still in the water," he thought, "and this is one of the visions that come to drowning people."

"I may be dead, myself," he added. "Who knows? But *Jean* is not dead." He thrust up the shade, and let the November day full into the room. It fell strongly upon her bright hair and her most lovely face. He called her by her name two or three times. It might be said that he expected her to stir and stretch out her hands to him.

"I never thought you would *die*," he argued. "You know I didn't, Jean. Why, you told me yourself you should live for years. . . . Jean, my girl!

they've blundered somehow. You *couldn't* die, you *wouldn't* die, Jean, while I was on that cruel trip. . . I was sorry I went. I was ashamed of myself for leaving you. . . . I hurried back—and I was shipwrecked—I was almost drowned. I'll never leave you again, dear darling! I'll never leave you again as long as I live!"

These words ached through his mind. He could hardly have said whether he spoke them aloud or not. He sat down on the edge of the bed beside her. By some carefulness, probably Helen Thorne's, the usual ghastly circumstance of death was spared Jean. She lay quite naturally and happily in her own bed, in her lace-frilled night-dress, with her bright hair braided as she used to braid it for the night. Except for her pallor—and she had been a little pale so long that this was not oppressive—she wore one of her charming looks. The conviction that she was not dead persisted in the husband almost to the point of pugnacity. It occurred to him that if he lifted her she would cling to him, and comfort herself against his heart.

"Come, Jean!" he said. He held out his arms. "Forgive me, Jean. . . . I shall never forgive myself."

Then he stooped to kiss her; and then he slid to his knees, and hid his face in his shaking hands, and uttered no cry, nor any word or sound.

He was so still, and he was still so long, that his friends took alarm for him, and Helen Thorne quietly opened the door. When she saw him, she retreated as quietly, went down stairs, and called his little girl.

Pink trotted up noisily as Pink always did, hurried to her mother's room, and hesitated on the threshold. When she said "Hullo, papa!" her father turned and saw her standing there. He made an

instinctive movement towards her; the child ran to him; he caught her, and kissed her little hands and hair, and Pink said: "Crying, papa? Have you got 'e toofache? . . . Come to Mummer Dee. She'll comfort you."

Into the Church of the Happy Saints, where Jean was used to worship (for she was a religious woman, in her quiet, unobtrusive way), they carried her for her last prayer and chant. And it was noticed how many people there were among the mourners of this gentle lady to whom she had done some kindness, forgotten by every one except themselves, or, more likely, not known to any one else; obscure people, those who had not many friends, and especially sick people, the not helpless, but not curable, whom life and death alike pass by. In her short, invalid life Jean had remembered everybody within her reach who bore this fate; and it would never be known now in what sweet fashion she had contrived to make over to these poor souls a precious portion of her abounding courage, or the gift of Jean's own sympathy. This was something quite peculiar to herself. It was finer than the shading of words in a poem, as reverent as the motion of feeling in a prayer, and always as womanly as Jean.

He who followed her to her burial in such a trance of anguish as few men know who love a wife and cherish her (as so many do, that women may well thank Heaven for their manly number),—he who had loved, but had not cherished, looked into Jean's open grave, and believed that in all the world he stood most desolate among afflicted men.

"I left her to die alone," he said. He grasped Pink's little hand till he hurt the child, and she wrenched it away. He did not even notice this, and his empty hand retained its shape as the little girl's fingers had left it. "I went on a gunning trip. And she asked me not to go. And she died alone. . . ."

The clergyman's voice intoning sacred words smote upon and did not soothe this comfortless man.

"He that believeth on Me. . . ."

"Jean believed on me. And I failed her. And she is dead."

Pink crept up to his side again, and put

her fingers back into his still outstretched hand. Perhaps it was the child's touch; perhaps—God knew—it was some effluence from the unseen life within whose mystery the deathless love of the dead wife had ceased from the power of expression; but something at that instant poured vigor into the abjectly miserable man. His first consciousness that Jean was not dead rushed back upon him at the mouth of her grave. It seemed, indeed, no grave, but a couch cut in a catafalque of autumn leaves.

"There is some mistake," he thought, as he had thought before. He lifted his bared head to the November sky in a kind of exaltation.

This did not fail him until he came back into his desolate home. He stood staring at the swept and garnished house. The disarray of the funeral was quite removed. His wife's room was ordered as usual; its windows stood open. Some of the dreadful flowers were still left about the house. He pulled them savagely from their places and threw them away. The servants stood crying in the hall; and the strange professional nurse, who had remained with the baby, came up and offered him the child—somewhat as if it had been a Bible text, he thought. He took the little thing into his arms, piously; but the baby began to cry, and hit him in the eyes with both fists.

"It's after her he do be cryin'," said Molly.

Avery handed her the child in silence. As he turned to go up stairs, Pink ran after him.

"Papa," said Pink, "do you expect Mummer Dee to make a very *long* visit in heaven? I should fink it was time for her to come home, by supper, shouldn't you, papa?"

* * * * *

In their own rooms Marshall Avery sat him down alone. He bolted all the doors, and walked from limit to limit of the narrow space—his room and hers, with the door open between that he used to close because the baby bothered him. It stood wide open now. In his room some of his neck-ties and clothes were lying about; Jean used to attend to his things herself, even after she was ill—too ill, perhaps; he remembered remind-



HE CAUGHT HER, AND KISSED HER LITTLE HANDS AND HAIR

ing her rather positively if any of these trifles were neglected; once she had said,

"I'm not *quite* strong enough to-day."

On his bureau stood her photograph, framed in silver—a fair picture, in a white gown, with lace about the throat. It had Jean's own eyes; but nothing ever gave the expression of her mouth. He stood looking at her picture.

Presently he put it down, and came back into his wife's room. He shut the windows, for he shivered with cold, and stared about. The empty bed was made, straight and stark. The violets were drooping on the table beside her Bible, her basket, and her portfolio. He picked these things up, and laid them down again. He went mechanically to the bureau and opened the upper drawer. All her little dainty belongings were folded in their places—her gloves, her handkerchiefs, the laces that she fancied, and the blond ribbons that she wore—the blue, the rose, the lavender, and the corn.

In this drawer a long narrow piece of white tissue-paper lay folded carefully across the glove-box. He opened it idly. Something fell from it and seemed to leap to his fingers, and cling as if it would not leave them. It was a thick lock of her own long bright hair.

He caught it to his breast, his cheek, his lips. He cherished it wildly, as he would now have cherished her. The forgotten tenderness, the omitted gentleness of life, lavished itself on death, as remorse will lavish what love passed by. The touch of her hair on his hands smote the retreating form of his illusion out of him. He could not deceive himself any longer.

"Jean is dead," he said distinctly.

He threw himself down on her lounge and tried to collect himself, as he would for any other event of life—that he might meet it manfully.

"She is really dead," he repeated. "I have got to live without her, . . . and those children . . . no mother. I must arouse myself. I must bear it, as other men do."

Even as the words turned themselves like poisoned wires through his mind, the conviction that his sorrow was not like the sorrow of other men rushed upon him. What had he done to her? Oh, what had he been to her—his poor Jean?

He turned his head and thrust his face into the depths of her blue pillow. A delicate breath stole from it—the violet perfume that Jean used about her bedroom because he fancied it. He sprang from the lounge, and began to pace the room madly to and fro.

Now there rose about him, wave by wave, like the rising of an awful tide, the overlooked but irresistible force of the common life which married man and woman share—incidents that he would rather have died than recall, words, looks, scenes, which it shattered his soul and body to remember. A solemn sea, they widened and spread about him. He felt himself torn from his feet and tossed into the surge of them.

It seemed to him that every tenderness he had shown his wife was drowning out of his consciousness. But every hard thing he had ever done rose and rolled upon him—an unkind look, a harsh word, a little neglect here, a certain indifference there; an occasion when he had made her miserable and could just as easily have made her happy; a time when she had asked—Jean so seldom asked—for some trifling attention which he had omitted to bestow; the desolate look she wore on a given day; the patient eyes she lifted, heart-sick with sore surprise, once when he . . .

The worst of it was in thinking how it was when she began to be weak and ill. Jean was not a complaining woman, never a whining invalid, but resolute, sweet, and cheerful. Like an air-plant on oxygen, she existed on his tenderness. He had offered it to her when he felt like it. Well, busy, bustling man—out of his bounteous health and freedom, what comfort had he given to this imprisoned woman? The passing of his moods? The attention of his whims? The fragments of his time? The blunt edge of his sympathy?

One night he had come in late, when he could quite as well have come two hours before; he found her by the open window, gasping for breath in the cold night air, in her blue gown, with her braided hair, her lovely look, the dear expression in her eyes. She had not reproached him . . . he wished from his soul, now, that she *had* reproached him, sometimes; it would have done him good; it would have dash-

ed cold water on his fainting sense of duty to her; he was the kind of man who would have responded to it like a man. But she was not the kind of woman to do it. And she never had. And he had slid into those easy habits of accepting the invalid, anyhow; as a fact not to be put too much in the foreground of his daily life . . . not to intrude too much. And she had not protested, had not cried out against the frost that gathered in his heart.

She had trodden her *via dolorosa* alone. As she had endured, so she had died. He thought that if he had only been with her then, he could have borne it all.

His mind veered off from this swiftly, almost as if it were unhinged, and began to dwell upon what he would do for her if he had her again, living, warm, breathing, sweet. The only comfort he could get was in thinking how he would comfort her . . . now; how he would cherish her . . . now; the love he would waste, the tenderness he would invent—new forms of it, that no husband in the world had ever thought of, to make a wife happy. Oh, the honor in which he would hold her least and lightest wish! The summer of the heart in which she should blossom!—she who had perished in the winter of his neglect; she who was under the catafalque of autumn leaves out there in the gathering November storm. Terrible that it should storm the first night that Jean lay in her grave!

"God! God!" he cried. "If I could have her back for one hour—for one instant!"

* * * * *

"This way, Avery—turn your head this way. Here is the air. The window is open. Don't struggle so. It is all right. Breathe naturally," added the dentist. "Come, take it quietly. There is no harm done. The tooth is out. I never knew the gas work more easily."

Marshall Avery battled up and pushed his friend away. The cold air, dashing in from the open window, chafed his face smartly. He drank it in gulps before he could manage to speak. It was raining, and the storm wet the sill. A few drops spattered over and hit his hand.

"Armstrong!—for Heaven's sake!—if there's any mercy in you—"

"That's a large phrase for a small occasion, Avery. I haven't committed murder, you know."

"I'm not so sure of it," muttered Avery, staring about. "I don't understand. Did I have another tooth out—after all that—happened?"

"I should hope not. I must say you make as much fuss over this one molar as a child or a clergyman," answered the dentist, brusquely. "We regard those as our most troublesome classes."

"Did you give me chloroform?"

"I don't give chloroform."

"Gas, then?"

"Why, certainly, I gave gas."

"Did I ask for it?"

"Yes. You asked for it. Even if you hadn't— You don't bear pain, you know, Avery, with that composure—"

"Armstrong? Say, Armstrong. When you went over to the club with me—"

The dentist twisted his mustache.

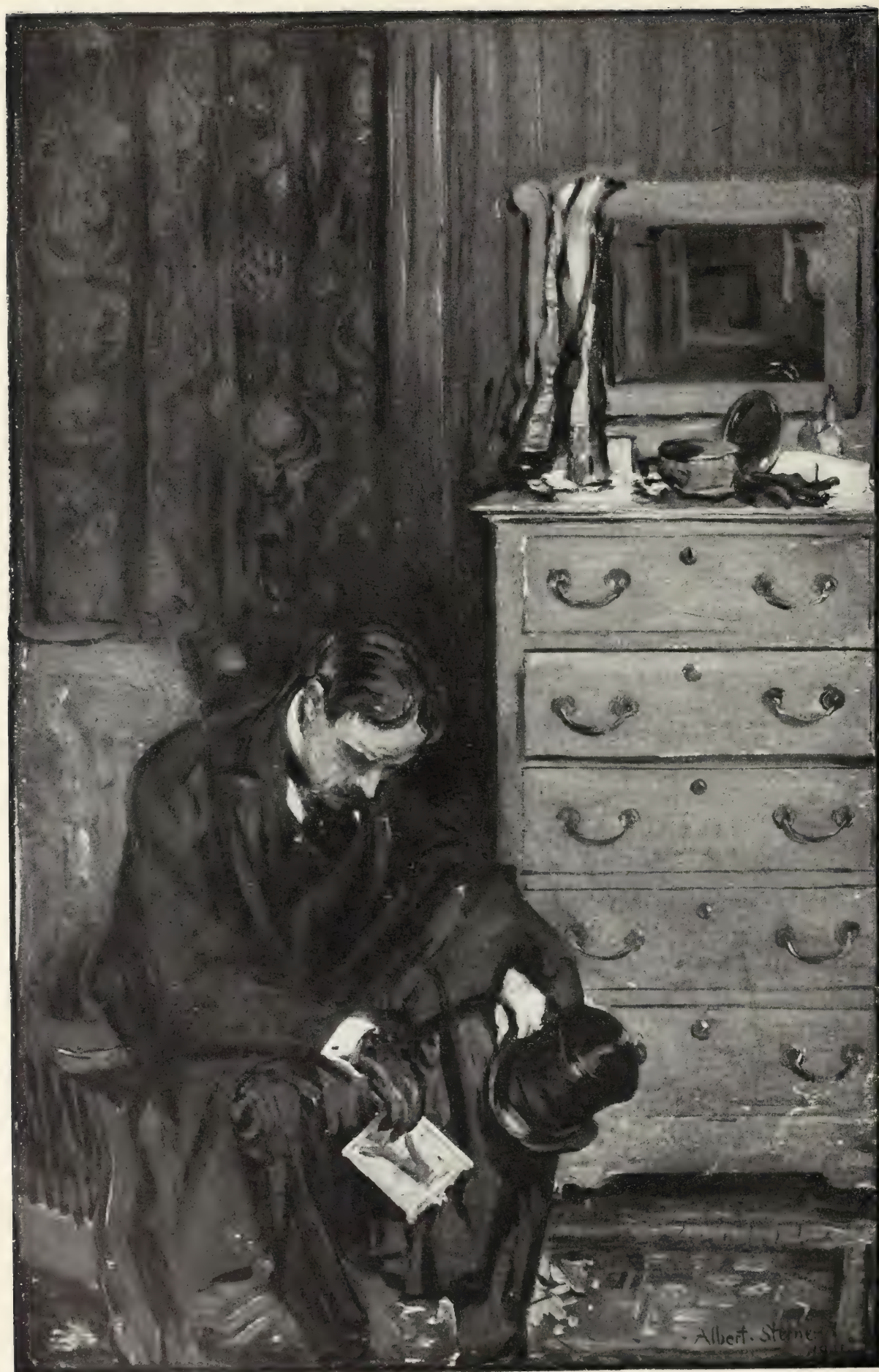
—"was Romer's yacht lying out in the river then? I seem to remember that you didn't want me to take that trip. And you didn't know it would blow a gale, either. And you didn't know that she—"

"Get up, Avery, and walk about the room. You come to slowly."

"And when the wreck got into the papers—she couldn't bear that. . . She was so ill when I left her . . . Armstrong! Was it *you* kept me here in this blanked chair while my wife was dying?"

Dr. Armstrong laughed aloud. Avery sprang towards him. He had a muddy intention of seizing the dentist by the throat. But a thought occurred to him which held him back. Now, as his consciousness clarified, he saw brilliant and beautiful light throbbing about him; he seemed to float in it, as if he were poised in mid-heaven. A scintillation in his brain shot into glory, and broke as it fell into a thousand rays and jets of joy.

"Do you mean to tell me I never went on that accursed cruise—with a fool gun—to murder ducks . . . and left my wife dangerously sick? Do you mean that Jean . . . isn't. . . Say, Armstrong, you wouldn't make game of a man in a position like mine, if you knew. . . Armstrong!" piteously, "my wife isn't *living*—is she, Armstrong?"



HER PHOTOGRAPH, FRAMED IN SILVER

"She was, the last I heard," replied the dentist, sterilizing his instruments with a cool and scientific attention. "That was when you sat down in this chair to have your tooth out."

As Avery dashed by him the dentist put out a detaining hand.

"Wait a second, Avery. I don't consider you quite fit to go yet. Here—wait a minute!"

But the horses of Aurora, flying and flaming through the morning skies, could not have held the man back. A madman—delirious with joy—he swept through the hall and flung the door open. Dr. Armstrong ran after him to give him his hat, but Avery paid no attention to the dentist.

Bareheaded, fleet-footed, with quivering lip, with shining eye, he fled down the street. Like the hurricane that had never sunk the *Dream*, he swept past the club. He saw the fellows through the window; their cigars gleamed in their mouths and in their hands; they looked to him like marionettes moving on a mimic stage; he felt as if he would like to kick them over, and see if they would rattle as they rolled. As he rushed, hatless, past the Church of the Happy Saints, an officer on night duty recognized the lawyer, and touched his helmet in surprise, but did not follow the disordered figure—Mr. Avery was not a drinking man. He was allowed to pursue his eccentricity undisturbed. He met one or two men he knew, and they said, "Hilloa, Avery!" But he did not answer them. He ran on in the rain; his heart sang:

"I didn't do it—I *never did it!* I did not treat her so. *I was not that fellow.* Oh, thank God, I was not that brute!" He hurried on till he lost his breath; then collected himself, and came up more quietly to his own door.

He felt for his latch-key, and was relieved to find it in his pocket, as usual; the impression that it lay off the Shoals somewhere at the bottom had not entirely vanished yet. He opened the door and closed it softly. The hall gas was burning. Otherwise the house was dark. It was perfectly still. The silence somewhat checked his mood, and the violence of his haste abated; with it abated an indefinable measure of his happiness. He raised

his hand to take off his hat; then found that he had not worn any. It occurred to him that he had better not waken Jean too abruptly—it might hurt her: he was going to be very thoughtful of Jean. She must not be startled. He went up stairs quietly.

In the upper hall he paused. Pink, in the nursery, was grinding her teeth in her sleep. The baby was not restless, and Molly was sleeping heavily. From his wife's room there came no sound.

Jean almost always waked when he came home late, if indeed she had slept at all before she heard his step. But this was not inevitable. Sometimes he did not arouse her. And he remembered that to-night she had been feeble, and had not got to sleep as early as usual. As he stood uncertain before her door the clock on the mantel struck eleven.

He passed on, and into his own room. He wondered if he ought to undress and go to bed without disturbing her. But he could not bring himself to do this. He was still too much agitated; and the necessity of keeping quiet did not tend to calm him. He turned up his gas, and the light rose warmly. Then he saw that the door into his wife's room was partly open. "Jean!" he said, softly. She did not answer him. Sometimes, if she were sleepy, or exhausted, she did not incline to talk when he came home.

"Jean?" he repeated, "are you awake, my darling? I want to speak to you. . . I *must* speak to you," added the husband, impetuously, when Jean did not reply.

He pushed the door wide and went in. The only light in the room came from the night-candle, which was burning dimly. It was a blue candle, and it had a certain ghastly look to him, as he stood gazing across the little table at the bed.

"After all," he thought, "I suppose I ought not to wake her—just because I've got all that to tell her."

He stood, undecided what to do.

Jean was lying on the bed in her lace-frilled night-dress, with her bright hair braided in long braids, as she wore it for the night. Something in her attitude and expression startled him. So she had lain—so she had looked—His temples throbbed suddenly. The blood froze at his heart.

"Jean!" he cried loudly. "*Dear*

Jean!" But Jean did not reply. He sprang to her, and tore open the night-dress at her throat; he crushed at her hands; they were quite cold. He put his ear to her heart; he could not hear it beat. Jean lay in her loveliness, with gentle, half-open eyes, and a desolate little smile on her sweet lips, as she might have looked when she called him and asked him to come back and kiss her good-night. And he had not come. One of her hands clasped the cord of the electric bell. But no one had heard Jean's bell.

Now, the truth smote the man like the hammer of Thor. His wandering spirit—gone, who knew how? who knew where? while the brain drifted into anæsthesia—had sought out and clutched to itself the terrible fact. At the instant when this perception reached his consciousness there came with it the familiar delusion of his vision.

"Jean cannot be dead. There must be some mistake."

He dashed to the window, opened it wide, and raised her towards the air. The sleeping maid, aroused and terrified, rushed to his help. In his agony he noticed that the children were both crying—Pink like a lady, and the boy like a little wild beast. Pink began to wail: "Mummer Dee! Mummer Dee!"

Jean did not stir.

He despatched the servants madly—one to the telephone, one for stimulants; and he himself rubbed his wife's hands and feet, and tried to get brandy between her lips in the futile fashion of the inexperienced. He could not stimulate any signs of life, and he dared not leave her. Molly reported, sobbing, that Dr. Thorne was not at home, but that Mrs. Thorne had bade her call the nearest doctor; she had rung up the one at the corner, and he was coming.

The nearest doctor came, and he lost no time about it. He was a stranger, and young. Avery looked stupidly at his inexperienced face. The physician stooped and put his ear to Jean's heart. He went through the form of feeling the pulse, and busied himself in various uncertain ways about her. In a short time he rose, and stood looking at the carpet. He did not meet the husband's eye.

"You can keep on stimulating if you

like," he said. "Perhaps you would feel better. But in my opinion it is of no use."

"For God's sake, man, aren't you going to *do* something?" demanded the husband in a voice which the nearest doctor had occasion to remember.

"In my opinion the patient is dead," persisted the stranger. He turned and took up his hat. "I will do anything you like, of course, sir," he added, politely. "But life is extinct."

Avery made no reply, and the strange physician went uncomfortably away. Avery stared after him with bloodshot eyes. He now held his wife, half sitting, against his own warm body; he had a confused idea that he could will her alive, or love her alive; that if he could make her understand how it all was, she *could* not die. She loved him too much. But Jean's gray face fell upon his breast like stiffening clay. Her pulse was imperceptible. He turned piteously to the Irish girl.

"Molly! Can't *you* think of anything more we can do for her?"

At this moment a carriage dashed to the door, and came to a violent stop.

"Mother of God!" cried Molly. "Here is Dr. Thorne!"

With a resounding noise Esmerald Thorne flung back the opening front door. With his hat on his head he cleared the stairs. Molly stood wringing her hands on the threshold of Mrs. Avery's room. He hurled the girl away as if she had been a wrong prescription left by a blundering rival. His blazing eye concentrated itself on the patient like a burning-glass. That which had been Jean Avery, half reclining, held against her husband's heart, lay unresponsive. One arm with its slender hand hung over the edge of the bed, straight down.

"Change the position!" cried Dr. Thorne, loudly. "Put her head down—so—flat—perfectly horizontal. Now get out of my way—the whole of you."

He knelt beside the bed, and with great gentleness, curiously at contrast with his imperious and one might have called it angry manner, put his ear to Jean's heart.

"It's dead she is. The other doctor do be sayin' so," sobbed Molly, who found it perplexing that Mr. Avery did not speak,

and felt that the courtesies of the distressing occasion devolved upon herself. Dr. Thorne held up an imperious finger. In the stillness which obeyed him the clock on the mantel ticked obtrusively, like the rhythm of life in a vital organism.

At the instant when he reached her side, Dr. Thorne had laid Jean's hanging hand gently upon the bed, warming it and covering it as he did so. But he had paid no attention to it otherwise till now, when he was seen to put his fingers on the wrist. It occurred to Avery that the physician did this rather to satisfy or to sustain hope in the family than from any definite end which he himself hoped to attain by it. The husband managed to articulate,

"Is there any pulse?"

"No."

"Does her heart beat?"

Dr. Thorne made no reply. He was putting a colorless, odorless liquid between her lips. His expression of indignation deepened. One might have said that he was in a rage with death. His first impulse to express that emotion noisily had passed. He issued his orders with perfect quiet and consummate self-possession, but the family fled before them like leaves before the wind. Stimulants, hot water, hot stones, fell into the doctor's hands. He took control of the despairing household as a great general takes command of a terrible retreat. Stern, uncompromising, rigid, he flung his whole being against the fate which had snatched his old patient beyond his rescue. His face was almost as white as Jean's.

"There sits the man that fights with death!" cried Molly, in uncontrollable excitement. She and the cook fell on their knees. Pink, in her night-dress, stole in, and leaned against the door; the child was too frightened to cry. The baby had gone to sleep. The house grew ominously still. The mantel clock struck the half-hour. It was now half past eleven. Avery glanced at the physician's face, and buried his own in his hands.

The doctor rose, and stood frowning. He seemed to hesitate for the first time since he had been in the room.

"Is there no heart-beat yet? Can't

you detect *anything*?" asked Avery again. He could not help it. Dr. Thorne looked at him; he seemed to treat the question as he would an insult.

"When I have anything to say, I'll say it," he answered, roughly. He stood pondering.

"A glass!" he called, peremptorily. Molly handed him a tumbler. He pushed it away.

"I said a *glass*! A mirror!"

Some one handed him Jean's little silver toilet hand-glass. The physician held it to her lips, and laid it down. After a moment's irresolution he took it up, and bending over the body, put it to the woman's lips again, and studied it intently for some moments. Avery asked no questions this time, nor did he dare glance at the glass.

"How long," demanded Dr. Thorne, suddenly, "has she been like this?"

"I found her so when I came in. It was then eleven o'clock."

"How long had she been alone?"

"I went out at twenty minutes past ten. I went to have a tooth extracted. That was forty minutes."

"Did she speak to you when you went out?"

"Yes—she spoke to me."

"What did she say?"

Marshall Avery made no reply.

"Were there any symptoms of this heart-failure then? Out with it! No. Never mind. It's evident enough."

The clock on the mantel struck the quarter before twelve.

"She has been as she is an hour and a quarter," said Dr. Thorne. His voice and manner were disheartened. He stood a moment pondering, with a dark face.

"Do you call her dead?" entreated Avery. It seemed to him that he had reached the limit of endurance. He would pull the worst down on his head at one toppling blow.

"No!" cried the physician, in a deep, reverberating tone.

"But *is* it death?" persisted Avery, wildly.

"I do not know," said Dr. Thorne.

"Do you give her up?"

"No!" thundered Dr. Thorne again. "The drowned have been resuscitated after six hours," he added between his teeth. "That's the latest contention."

At this moment a messenger summoned by telephone from the corner pharmacy arrived, running, and pealed and thundered at the door. Some one laid upon the bed within the doctor's reach a small pasteboard box. He opened it in silence, and took from it a tiny crystal or shell of thin glass. This he broke upon a handkerchief, and held the linen cautiously to Jean's face. A powerful, pungent odor filled the room. Avery felt his head whirl as he breathed it. The doctor removed the handkerchief and scrutinized Jean's face. Neither hope nor despair could be detected on his own.* Without a word he went to work again.

Not discarding, but not now depending altogether on the aid of warmth, stimulants, and the remedies upon which he had been trained to rely in his duels with death, the physician turned the force of his will and his skill in the direction of another class of experiments.

So far as he could, and at such disadvantage as he must, he put certain of the modern processes of artificial respiration to the proof. He did not allow himself to be hampered in this desperate expedient by an element of danger involved in lifting the patient's arms above her head; for Jean had passed far beyond all ordinary perils. Obstacles seemed to serve only as stimuli to his audacity. His countenance grew dogged and grim. He worked with an ineffable gentleness, and with an indomitable determination that gave a definite grandeur to his bearing.

Avery looked on with dull, blind eyes; he felt that he was witnessing an unsuccessful attempt at miracle. He began to resent it as an interference with the sanctity of death. He began to wish that the doctor would let his wife alone. The clock on the mantel struck twelve. Pink had fallen asleep, and somebody had carried her back to her own bed. The two women huddled together by the door. The physician had ceased to speak to any person. His square jaws came together like steel machinery that had been locked. In his eyes immeasurable pity gathered; but no one could see his eyes. The clock timed the quarter past midnight.

Avery had now moved round to the other side of the bed; he buried his face in his wife's pillow, and, unobserved, put

out his hand to touch her. He reached and clasped her thin left hand on which her wedding-ring hung loosely. Her fingers were not very cold—he had often known them colder when she was ill—and as his hand closed over them it seemed to him for a wild instant that hers melted within it; that it relaxed, or warmed beneath his touch.

"I am going mad," he thought. He raised his head. The clock called half past twelve. Dr. Thorne was holding the little mirror at Jean's lips again. A silvery film—as delicate as mist, as mysterious as life, as mighty as joy—clouded it from end to end.

"*Jean Avery!*" cried the physician, in a ringing tone.

Afterwards Avery thought of that other Healer who summoned his dearest friend from the retreat of death "in a loud voice." But at the moment he thought not at all. For Jean sighed gently and turned her face, and her husband's eyes were the first she saw when the light of her own high soul returned to hers.

In the dim of the dawn Avery followed the exhausted physician into the hall, and led him to an empty room.

"Rest, if you can, doctor," he pleaded; "we can call you. If she sleep, she shall do well," he added in a broken voice. The miracle was yet in his mind.

"She may sleep one hour. Call me by then," said Dr. Thorne, abstractedly. "And telephone my wife and the hospital that I spend the morning here." He turned his face to the window. Avery, glancing at it in the gray light, saw that great tears were falling unashamed down the doctor's cheeks.

"These sudden deaths are so horrible!" he muttered. "They are the felonies of Nature." Long after this, when the eminent physician met the fate which has been elsewhere recorded of him, and which those who have read his memoirs may recall, Marshall Avery remembered these words; and the expression of the man's face as he uttered them.

He went back to his wife's room, and lay down on the bed by her side. She slept like some sweet child who was tired out with a nervous strain, and would

wake, by the sanctities of nature, refreshed for vigorous life. He dared not fall asleep himself for a careless moment, but propped himself on one elbow and watched her hungrily. Her pulse beat weakly yet, but with some steadiness, and rose in volume as the day deepened. In fact, the tide was coming to the flood.

Off there on the Shoals, reaching up around the gray Cape, inch upon patient inch, the waves climbed to their appointed places. With them the vitality of the woman, obeying the most mysterious law in nature's mighty code, advanced, and held its own.

Avery looked at his wife, sleeping, as she, waking, would never see him look. All that was noble in shame, all that was permanent in love, harmonized in his eyes. Between his rapture and his reverence resolve itself seemed to escape him, like a spirit winged for flight because no longer needed in a human heart, being invisibly displaced by stronger angels whose names are known only to the love of married man and woman when ultimate fate has challenged it and found defeat.

Avery's lips moved. He spoke inaudible things. "All I ask," he said, "is another chance." He was not what is called a praying man. But when he had said this, he added the words—"Thou God!"

Jean stirred at this moment. The morning was strong in the room. Her own smile swept across her face like a wing of light.

"Dear," she said, distinctly, "did you have the tooth out? Did it hurt you very much? You poor, poor boy!"

She put up her weak hand and touched his cheek.

The doctor could not sleep. He stole in anxiously.

Jean had closed her eyes once more. They opened happily as he entered.

"Why, doctor! You here? What for?"

As if by accident Dr. Thorne's fingers brushed her wrist. The physician's face assumed a noble radiance. He looked affectionately at his old patient.

"Oh, I thought I'd drop in and see how you were getting along." He smiled indulgently. "Go to sleep again," he said, in a comfortable tone.

But Avery followed the doctor; as love has pursued the healers of all ages from the sick-room to the garrison of the utter truth.

The two men stood in the dusky hall. The physician was the first to speak.

"Well, I've done my part, Avery. Now—"

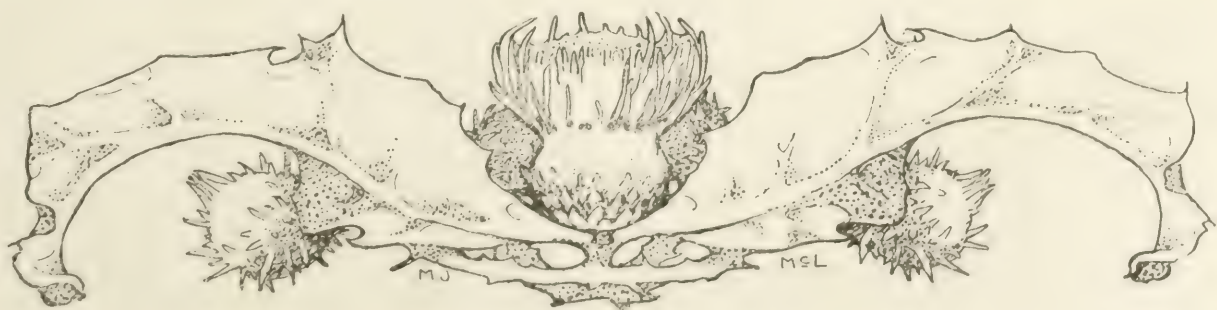
"You have wrought a miracle," said the husband, with much emotion.

"Work you a greater, then!" commanded Dr. Thorne. He did not speak gently. But a certain entreaty in the attitude of the shaken man subdued him.

"With love all things are possible," persisted the physician in his other voice. "I have always said that she was not incurable. Now the difference is—"

Avery did not reply. It was not for the doctor to know what the difference was. That was for Jean . . . only for Jean. He went back to his wife's room, and knelt beside her bed.

She seemed to have missed him, for she put out her hand wistfully; there was a touch of timidity in the motion, as if she were not sure that he would stay, or that he would be happy in staying; he perceived that she questioned herself whether she were an inconvenience to him. She tried to say something about ordering his breakfast, and to ask if she had kept him awake much. But Jean was very weak. She found it hard to talk. He remembered that she must not be agitated. He laid his cheek upon her hand, and hid his broken face.



Phenomenal Memories

BY EDWARD S. HOLDEN, LL.D

EVERY one knows that from time to time arithmetical prodigies—lightning calculators—are born. How far their marvellous feats exceed our every-day powers can only be realized by a few examples. The English mathematician Wallis writes to a friend:

“December 22nd, 1669, in a dark night, in bed, without pen, ink, or paper or anything equivalent, I did by memory extract the square root of 30000,00000 00000,00000,00000,00000,00000,00000, and which I found to be 177205,08075,68077,-29353, and did the next day commit it to writing.”

“February 18, 1670. Joannes Georgius Pelshover giving me a visit, and desiring an example of the like, I did that night propose to myself in the dark, without help to my memory, a number in fifty - three places—2468135791011214111-3151618201719212224262830232527293—of which I extracted the square root in twenty-seven places—15710301687148280-5817152171 *proxime*; which numbers I did not commit to paper till he gave me another visit, March following, when I did from memory dictate them to him.”

Zerah Colburn gave public exhibitions in the United States at the age of six, solving such questions as “how many seconds in 2000 years?” and the like. In England during the next year he raised eight to the sixteenth power mentally ($8^{16}=281,474,976,710,656$), found the square root of 106,929 ($=327$) instantly, etc., and other questions of the sort.

George Bidder the elder was born in 1806, the son of an English stone-mason. He died in 1878 a rich man, director of railways, engineer of London Docks, etc. When he was ten years old he answered in two minutes the following question: what is the interest on £4444 for 4444 days at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum? His arithmetical powers never left him. Only two days before his death he mentally and instantly solved a complex sum in multi-

plication which gave a product of fifteen digits. In Bidder's family talent is hereditary. One of his brothers was a mathematician and actuary; another was a minister with a prodigious memory for Bible quotations. His son inherited a great part of his father's special powers, and the grandsons likewise. The granddaughters have remarkable visual memories, and unusual though not phenomenal calculating powers. They see the figures of a problem set out in order in their minds almost as they might see them on a blackboard.

Karl Friedrich Gauss was born in Brunswick of poor parents in 1777, and at three years old his special arithmetical faculty was shown. At nine he was in the town school doing wonders. At eleven he entered the gymnasium, and in 1795 he was matriculated at the University of Göttingen. Here his career was one long triumph. He became Professor of Mathematics there, the leading man of science in Europe, and one of the three or four greatest mathematicians of all time. Without education his career would probably have been that of other prodigies—a quick blossoming of faculty and a sudden decay. As it turned out, his academic training led him into the very highest fields, and to the highest excellence in each field. He has had no equal among mathematicians since Newton. In the immediate family of Gauss there were some members of exceptional ability. His descendants live in the United States, and are all in good station and in responsible places; but none of them has developed, so far as I know, any special talent for mathematics.

Of the foregoing examples three are calculating-boys who became in later life eminent men of science, and only one—Colburn—is a prodigy and nothing more. The former cases are more interesting, but they are rare exceptions. Arithmetical prodigies usually are prodigies.

gies and nothing besides. They develop their special talent very early; they often lose it in a few years, and lapse into commonplace persons; or if they retain their ability it makes them calculators only, not mathematicians. As mere recitals of human performances, these stories have a high interest. We gain from them an entirely new conception of the immense range of human faculty. Let any one compare his own powers with those of Wallis, just described. The difference is enormous, almost infinite.

Psychologists find a mine of information in the records of such cases, for a careful study of them throws a flood of light on questions relating to attention, to association, to imagination, to the power of abstraction, to the complex structure of the human memory, and the like. In their largest relations such phenomena have an intimate connection with the most fundamental and far-reaching problems of science; to such a question as the origin of the moral and intellectual nature of Man, for example.

In Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace's *Darwinism* he fully accepts the doctrine of natural selection as applied to the bodily structure of Man. He admits the descent of man from an ancestral form common to man and to the anthropoid apes. The laws of variation and of natural selection, acting through the struggle for existence, have probably brought about, he says, Man's perfected bodily structure and his pre-eminence in brain-development. It is at this point that Mr. Wallace begins to differ with Darwin. Darwin's whole argument tends to the conclusion that Man's entire nature and all his faculties, moral, intellectual, and spiritual, have been derived from their rudiments in the lower animals, in the same manner and by the action of the same laws as his physical structure. With this conclusion Wallace differs, and he bases his objections upon the appearance of the mathematical, the musical, and the artistic faculties in mankind. These special faculties, Mr. Wallace believes, clearly point to the existence of something that Man has not derived from his animal progenitors—something of spiritual essence superadded to his animal nature. Everything that bears upon the question of the origin of the mathe-

matical faculty bears, therefore, directly upon the question of the origin of Man's moral and intellectual nature, and is of high interest to us all.

Just here it is curious to remark that while there are very many instances of calculating-boys, there have been very few girls gifted in the same way. Women mathematicians there have been, from Hypatia to Sonia Kovalevsky, but hardly one of them can be said to belong to the very first class. There have been no women equal to Newton, Lagrange, Gauss, Cauchy, Helmholtz, Cayley, Sylvester, and a score of others who might be named from modern times, or to the greatest men among the ancients—Archimedes, Apollonius, and Euclid, for example. Many faithful and competent calculators have also been found among women, but none so expert as very many men who might be named. Experience shows that the special arithmetical faculty (which is a very different thing from the mathematical faculty) is all but exclusively confined to boys. It is interesting to recall in this connection the singular disease *hæmophilia*, which is transmitted from generation to generation through females, but which is inherited only by males. This analogy may turn out to be the *crux* of the desired explanation of the whole matter. It is at least highly suggestive.

The supreme interest of such exceptional cases is in the light they throw on the differences between the powers of different individuals. There is no quicker way to realize the extraordinary differences in the potency of human faculty than to consider the one faculty of memory.

In ordinary language Memory is a single faculty—the faculty of preserving impressions in the mind, and of recalling and reproducing them at will. Yet even in ordinary language it is recognized that memory is not simple, but complex. We say that our musical friend has an astonishing memory for rhythms and harmonies, though not for other matters. Mozart, for example, was able to memorize the music of the *Miserere* after hearing it twice only. Yet his other memories in other fields were not especially tenacious. The memories of some painters

for color or for line have been equally remarkable. Horace Vernet could paint a portrait from memory alone. Memory is not a single faculty, but a bundle of special aptitudes.

Many of the greatest men have had phenomenal memories. Cæsar knew the names of thousands of soldiers in his legions. A modern man of science often has a prodigious memory for special terminology. Professor Asa Gray assured me that he could at once recall the names of something like twenty-five thousand plants; Professor Theodore Gill can do the same for fishes. Our memory for mere words is itself much more extensive than is generally admitted. The average well-to-do child of two years of age has a vocabulary of some five hundred words, and its father may have the command of twenty thousand or more. The ten thou-

sand verses of the *Rig-Veda* have, for three thousand years, been accurately preserved in the memories of Brahmins. Not one Brahmin alone, but thousands, can to-day recite it word for word. Thousands of Mohammedans, likewise, know the Koran by heart, as all learned Chinese know their classic books. The chiefs of Polynesia can and do repeat hundreds of thousands of words in their genealogies—taking days and even weeks for the recitation.

Hundreds of pianists can play all day, and many days, by memory; and I have myself seen Von Bülow conduct Beethoven's Fifth Symphony without a score. Chess-players have a visualizing memory; musicians have an auditive and a motor memory; while arithmetical prodigies may have any one of the three, as we shall note in a future discussion of the subject, or a combination of all.

Angus the Lover

BY ETHNA CARBERY

I FOLLOW the silver spears flung from the hands of dawn;
Through silence, through singing of stars, I journey on and on;
The scattered fires of the sun, blown wide ere the day be done,
Scorch me hurrying after the swift white feet of my fawn.

I am Angus the Lover, I who haste in the track of the wind,
The tameless tempest before, the dusk of quiet behind;
From the heart of a blue gulf hurled, I rise on the waves of the world,
Seeking the love that allures, woful until I find.

The blossom of beauty is she, glad, bright as a shaft of flame,
A burning arrow of life winging me joy and shame;
The hollow deeps of the sky are dumb to my searching cry,
Rending the peace of the gods with the melody of her name.

My quest is by lonely ways—in the cairns of the mighty dead,
On the high lorn peaks of snow—panting to hear her tread,
At the edge of the rainbow well whose whispering waters tell
Of a face bent over the rim, rose-pale, and as roses red.

Thus she ever escapes me—a wisp of cloud in the air,
A streak of delicate moonshine, a glory from elsewhere;
*Yet out in the vibrant space I shall kiss the rose in her face,
I shall bind her fast to my side with a strand of her flying hair.*

Terra Incognita

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

FOUR o'clock was sounding from a distant steeple as Littledale came to the parting of the ways. Right or left? and for the moment he amused himself by investing his decision with the dignity of a situation. And yet Littledale was bent upon nothing more important than a stroll in the Park; so long as he got back to Thirty-sixth street in time for his half past six o'clock dinner, he was free to wander where he chose. Moreover, he had purposely directed his steps to the "Ramble" (that naïvely artless creation of the landscape-architect, with its artificial caves and gas-lit labyrinths), and once arrived, he had deliberately abandoned his purpose, seizing resolutely upon his normal birthright of irresponsibility, and determined to enjoy it to the full.

The slow strokes from a distant and invisible belfry had been a disagreeable reminder that space and time still existed for him. He had stepped aside to let the world go by, but here it was four o'clock, by both the city clock and his own watch—conclusive evidence that his longitude had not materially changed. Four o'clock! and at half past six he would be sitting down to dinner in the back parlor of the boarding-house in Thirty-sixth street. "This is Tuesday night," reflected Littledale, "and our cook does understand mutton. Well, by the time I can walk over—"

He pulled up short and glanced down the left-hand path to where it joined one of the ordinary Park footways. There was a sign-board at this point for the guidance of the stranger within the Park gates. Littledale could just make out the painted hand, whose index finger pointed inexorably to the nearest exit, the Angel at the door of Paradise. Yes; there was the way clear before him; if he chose to take it, he might be buying an extra and boarding an electric car within ten minutes. He really ought to

make up his mind about that picture-frame. And he had promised again and again to drop in and pass an impartial opinion upon the Williamson baby. Allow three-quarters of an hour for a leisurely toilet, and at precisely half after six o'clock he would be sitting down to his mutton. A sensible programme, and after considering it carefully Littledale turned definitely, decisively to the right. For there are many Tuesday night dinners in life, but no man knows when he may see a perfect day again.

Let it be understood that from the point where Littledale stood, this right-hand path sauntered down a gentle declivity, turned the green shoulder of a little hill, and thence meandered through unplotted curves to a miniature *Rond Point*, where half a dozen other vagrom byways had stopped for rest and gossip. And at that precise spot, where the eye, glancing along a grassy swale, brought into casual view one of these converging paths, Littledale chanced to look up, and so caught the momentary flutter of a woman's gown.

There had not been many people in this secluded corner of the Park, even upon this day so manifestly heaven-born. During the last quarter of an hour Littledale had not seen a living person, and so that sudden apparition seemed absurdly like an intrusion upon his privacy. He realized, too, that he was likely to see this disturber of his peace at closer quarters, for their destination was plainly a common one, and they should arrive at the crossway below at nearly the same moment. Upon which consideration Littledale frowned with a resentful annoyance that took no account of its supreme unreason. He was not fond of making new acquaintance, even those of sight. It is entirely possible to go on for years exchanging hand-shakes with stupid people and be not a jot the worse for it. But

when one has fallen into the habit of promiscuously extending the knuckles, there is always the chance that the electric spark may follow. "Unpleasantly inevitable—inevitably unpleasant!" muttered Littledale. "What if I should make a bolt of it?" He halted for an instant, but he did not turn back—that would have been too ridiculous.

A plantation of forest trees and the rolling nature of the land effectually masked the two paths from each other up to a point where they approached to within a few yards of the crossway. Littledale having rejected the ignoble alternative of flight, had forthwith proceeded on his way at a steadily uniform pace, neither attempting to outfoot Destiny nor to lag behind her. And so it came about that Littledale, having counted off two hundred and four paces by way of mental discipline, lifted up his eyes and saw that the paths would meet within a dozen yards. She was hardly more than at arm's-length as they walked along, and Littledale wondered at the serene composure with which she bore herself at this, the crucial moment. The best that he could achieve was the stiff dignity of a grenadier, and he was conscious that it sat badly on him. Being a man, it was of course impossible for him to even suspect that she was inwardly quaking with a thousand apprehensions, and noting his every movement with the acute alertness of a hare lying in her form. A moment later and they had arrived at the meeting of the ways.

There were perhaps half a dozen paths opening into the circle; Littledale's former dilemma had increased threefold. But this was no moment for indecision; unquestionably she would be waiting upon him, and she would have the right to resent even the appearance of hesitation. He must choose, and at once.

Directly across the open space a leafy alley opened enticingly. A feather that had been floating about, stirred by every idle puff, suddenly found definite resolve and forthwith disappeared in the semi-darkness of the alley. A sign, an omen, an invitation! it could neither be overlooked nor rejected.

"But this is my path," said Littledale, in whimsical protest as they went on.

With half a dozen paths in plain view, needs must that each should blunder upon that self-same leafy alley. A contretemps for which both were equally responsible, but Littledale knew that he would be expected to furnish the explanation.

Humor is a great solvent of situations, and Littledale, having delivered himself of the land-grabbing absurdity just recorded, felt his self-possession returning.

"My path," he insisted, with imperturbable gravity.

"Pardon me—I did not know."

She looked him straight in the eye, but Littledale did not flinch—it was upon this test that he must stand or fall, and he bore it nobly. And she, being satisfied, went on calmly:

"Perhaps you will be good enough to overlook my trespassing until we come to the first side-path. I promise to go away quietly and leave you in undisputed possession of your own."

"That will be quite satisfactory," returned Littledale, without even the flicker of an eyelash. Neither could have ventured upon the open indecorum of a smile, and yet in some mysterious fashion they managed to create and share one between them. For remember that it was spring-time, when he who cares to listen may hear the grass a-growing, and surprise the secrets that the swallows whisper to each other.

Side by side they went down the alley, falling naturally into the slow and friendly step of comradeship. Nor did they waste any of the precious time in looking for that side-path; they knew, indeed, that none would present itself. There are no loose ends in the web that Nature herself condescends to weave.

So it was a blind alley after all! The path had ended abruptly at a pavilion of rustic-work that stood on the edge of a piece of ornamental water. Possibly an unwholesome and evil-smelling place in the height of the city summer, but at this season of new-born spring it was charming. A tiny brook discharged itself into the lake near the pavilion, and Littledale pointed out to his companion the delicate fringe of pale green that edged its banks, the first fruits of the life that slept. And here was a real treasure—a solitary hepatica growing a step away



LITTLEDALE CAUGHT THE MOMENTARY FLUTTER OF A WOMAN'S GOWN

from the path. Littledale plucked and offered it to her.

"You should not have done that," she said, reprovingly. "The flowers in the Park are sacred—it is inexcusable," she concluded, severely; and Littledale flushed redly. Then she held out her hand for the little sprig of blue, and Littledale felt an unreasonable gladness in that he had been tempted to become a law-breaker. Perhaps she guessed at this, for she stood at the entrance to the summer-house as though she would bar the way to his further progress.

"If it is your path, it is my house."

It was a petition rather than a declaration of rights, but Littledale sobered instantly.

"Your castle, if you will," he amended, gravely.

The point having been established, she was already considering how it might be got around.

"Your path and my house—it is a ruinous division of interests."

"Undoubtedly."

"We will conclude a treaty, then. Free thoroughfare for me, and for you a reasonable time for rest and refreshment. Will you come in?"

She seated herself on a rustic bench, and Littledale, having received permission to light a cigarette, stood leaning against a convenient post. Being skilled in the art of taking observations unobserved, Littledale had noted everything before he attempted to resume the conversation. The type, indeed, was easy to recognize—it was definite and unmistakable, from the smartly cocked bow of ribbon in her hat to the tip of her heavy walking-boot. He might have passed her on the avenue a score of times within the past week; there were a dozen houses at which he might drop in tomorrow for a cup of tea and find her sitting behind the steaming kettle. She was at once infinitely near and infinitely removed from him. The very fact of their common citizenship in the world within a world rose like a wall between them—a wall garnished, as to its top, with the broken bottles of convention. In all probability their lives touched at half a dozen points, could they but know it. But it is necessary to have a starting-place—one cannot begin by ask-

ing: "Do you know the Adamses? Well, then, the Bakers?"

It was a pleasantly impersonal footing upon which they now stood, but Littledale (being a very human creature) was already growing dissatisfied. The impersonal is likewise the intangible. He resolved upon an audacious stroke.

"It is my first call at your house. Perhaps I should have sent up my card."

"What! in Terra Incognita? To keep one's counsel is the indispensable condition of citizenship here, as surely you must know."

Littledale's countenance fell, but he had to assent to the proposition or at once find his position untenable. "You are quite right," he said, gravely. She smiled imperceptibly; then, with the utmost coolness:

"Isn't it true, too, that names and labels tend to discourage the habit of independent investigation?"

"Investigation!" And Littledale started slightly.

"Why not? In real life you men are presented to us already catalogued and numbered, as though you were so many specimens in a paleontological museum. And unfortunately most women are satisfied with being able to read the labels—all plainly printed and in the largest possible type."

"'The African Explorer,' 'The Amateur Chauffeur,'" suggested Littledale.

"Exactly. And, just as in chess, the appropriate conversational opening must be forthwith offered and accepted. At the end of the game the woman may be up on automobiles, and she has assuredly heard the last word from Africa. But the man himself? Either he has kept in hiding behind his maps, or the 'teuf-teuf' of the motor has made all other sounds inaudible."

"I had no idea that we had any claim to be considered *difficile*," said Littledale, with modest deprecation. "Yours is supposed to be the fickle, the incomprehensible sex. There was Virgil, now—"

"You are thinking of the epigram-makers," she interrupted, "and I admit that their task is a difficult one. A woman in ten words and without a single verb! Why, it's like trying to do up a live cat in a newspaper parcel."

"You mean—"



"MY PATH," HE INSISTED, WITH IMPERTURBABLE GRAVITY

"That a woman's mind is full of dark corners, where half the time she is hiding from herself. The game may not be worth the candle, but it cannot be successfully played without one."

"Some things," said Littledale, oracularly, "are unknowable, and others (very like them in appearance) are not worth knowing."

"Precisely. And men are such bunglers! They fancy that they have run the whole gamut of a woman's nature when, after infinite difficulty, they have finally succeeded in picking out a tune on one finger."

"But when the master arrives—he who knows how to grasp and who dares to strike the full chord—"

"He is so frightened at what he hears that he immediately runs away, never to return."

Littledale felt as though he were engaged in a duel in the dark. This preliminary measuring of sword blades had served only to strike a few ineffectual sparks; he had been kept constantly on his feet, and yet he had not advanced a single step. Well, there was always the refuge of the non-committal; he had only to step back into his corner.

Fatal error! and he realized it upon the instant. He had voluntarily abandoned the safe covert of speech, and now suddenly found himself *en plein air*, silhouetted, in lines black and cruelly distinct, against the blank wall of silence. And she was studying those lines with calm and leisurely attention.

Littledale paled a little, as indeed the best of us must do when we come in our turn to stand beneath the white light of a good woman's eyes. But there was no visible way of escape, and a moment later he would not have accepted an opening had one offered. He knew that he was being sifted like wheat, and yet he was not at all concerned about the possible proportion of chaff that the winnowing fan might reveal. And why?

It was simply that Littledale had suddenly arrived at that critical point in a man's relations with a woman when he feels an irresistible impulse to make her the confidante of his weaknesses. A blundering instinct this, and yet as often as not justified by the outcome. For remember that while the feminine eye is

inevitably attracted to gay feathers and easily dazzled by the brazen helm of Roman virtue, yet it never softens into actual sensibility at the contemplation of either. It is upon the spectacle of suffering (where she may divinely pity), or upon that of frailty (where she may as divinely seek to condone), that having looked once, she cares to look again, and each time with a deepening interest. A demi-god may be an admirably impressive personage, but it is only through his feet of clay that he becomes humanly possible to the feminine mind. It is not for theological purposes alone that man was created a little lower than the angels.

The minutes passed, and Littledale knew that he was being read like an open book. It was a delightful sensation, and he was only too glad to be of service in the turning of the leaves. Red-letter passages, erasures, interlineations, blots—she should see them all just as they came. And then of a sudden she seemed to weary of her diversion; the story had evidently ceased to hold her attention. Littledale felt as though he had been shut up with a bang. It had been merely idle curiosity, then, and my lady, having experimented to her satisfaction with her new toy, was about to cast it aside and pass on.

"One moment," said Littledale, stepping quickly in front of her, and so barring the way of egress. She realized instantly that he was determined to make reprisals in kind. Very good! the trial of strength might come as well now as at any time.

For perhaps half a minute she met his direct gaze with an amused equanimity, admirably calculated to disconcert. But Littledale, being righteously angry, was not to be put out of countenance so easily, and she was obliged to fall back upon her inner line of defences. To an indifferently assumed indifference succeeded a brief passage of defiance, and then her eyes dropped—the male creature had asserted his prerogative, and the normal balance between the sexes had been restored.

The victory had been so sharply decisive that Littledale, out of pure chivalry, could not bring himself to follow it up. And she, noting his forbearance, would fain have taken advantage of it,



LITTLEDALE KNEW THAT HE WAS BEING READ LIKE AN OPEN BOOK

but what is the generalissimo to do when there is treachery within his own particular body-guard? The arched eyebrow could not hold its indignant bow against the irresistible up-curve of the lip; it is physically impossible to keep on frowning when one has once begun to smile. She had now been defeated at every point, and Littledale was in the greatest possible danger.

A very much younger man might have saved himself at this juncture by running away, and a more experienced one would perhaps have blundered even more unpardonably—by helping himself to a seat. Littledale, being neither a boy nor a coxcomb, stood his ground in the most literal sense, quaking inwardly, it is true, but resolved upon the maintenance of his rights.

Thirty seconds later, and in a tone slightly acidulated: "Well, monsieur?"

"Madame!"

"Surely you must have arrived at your conclusions by this time, and you need not hesitate to give them voice."

"I am to speak frankly?" inquired Littledale.

"Oh, by all means! The wise woman appreciates, in the truest sense, the candid criticisms of her mirror; she proves it by taking care that no one shall get a chance to echo them. Proceed, then, without fear."

"As a picture," began Littledale, coolly; "you are eminently satisfactory."

"A thousand thanks!"

"And you have accorded me the honor of a half-hour of your society. I am grateful."

"A very proper frame of mind, m'sieu'!"

"The threshold of the unknown," continued Littledale, meditatively, "is always crowded, but few have the courage to actually step across it. You, however, have accepted the hazard, and the adventure has proved a fairly profitable one. You have seen some interesting things; without desiring to seem egotistical, I may include myself in that category."

"Oh, assuredly!"

"Primeval man in an urban Eden—what woman could forbear to take a second look?"

"You make my apologies very gracefully; the opportunity *was* an unusual one."

"I am aware of that, and consequently I can neither censure you nor flatter myself. It is this particular occasion that is responsible for all that has happened, and I count myself fortunate in having been taken up, as it were, by the Situation. I have been made picturesque, and the sensation has been novel. I am grateful to you—and to the Occasion."



[SEE PAGE 918]

"EASY, NOW, GOVE'NOR," EXPOSTULATED THE GUARD

"If you will allow me—"

"Pardon me, but it is growing late, and having exhausted the possibilities of the romance, you are about to return to your carriage, which is doubtless awaiting you somewhere on the West Drive. You will sink back upon your cushions still pleasantly exhilarated by the memory of your adventures in Terra Incognita, and a glance at your watch gives comfortable assurance that you are in plenty of time for dinner at Gramercy Square. Madame is a fortunate person; she is as perfectly served by Chance as by her own domestics."

"You find it difficult to forgive an injury," she said, slowly, almost deprecatingly.

Littledale kept his eyes fixed stubbornly upon a point some three feet above her head.

"I have no intention," he said, with chilly precision, "of putting in a claim for damages. Together we have clung to the skirts of Chance, and she has been gracious enough to lead us through flowered byways to this green resting-place. The game has been an amusing one, and there are no forfeits to be paid on either side when we finally part at the crossway below. It is not every contest that turns out so fortunately for both participants."

"Or so tamely," was at the tip of her tongue, but she crushed back the dangerous words. Littledale had bowed formally and stepped aside. The way was open.

As she picked up her muff from the rustic table, a letter fell out and fluttered to the floor. The envelope had been opened; presumably it belonged to the woman and bore her name.

One person in passing an open door is inevitably compelled to glance within; another must as certainly turn his eyes aside. Mere curiosity (its presence or its absence) has but little to do with either course of action; it is a question of temperament.

The letter was lying face downward on the floor of the pavilion, and Littledale returned it to its owner with the blank side still uppermost. The next instant he was poignantly regretting the lost opportunity; he had become intuitively aware that she would not have resented his taking advantage of the slip;

she was even incredibly anxious that he *should* take it. And yet the dropping of the letter had been the purest accident.

Impulsively he half stretched out his hand to reclaim his prize, and then as suddenly withdrew it. The gates of opportunity had closed; there remained only the unbroken front of the dividing wall.

Without another word they began retracing their steps towards the crossway. Littledale stopped as they entered the little circle.

"It was here," he said, softly, "and how long ago? A century, perhaps."

"The clocks were striking four, and it is now five. Just an hour, and in sixty minutes much may be accomplished—even a new map of Europe, if one happens to be a Napoleon."

He attempted to speak, but she held up a warning finger.

"It has passed," she said, and looked straight at him.

It was his dismissal, but he was not yet ready to accept it. With the issue of battle formally given against him, the flower of courage revived in Littledale's breast; a beaten man, he had just begun to realize how the sweets of victory might have tasted.

"Yes, it has passed, but it will be four o'clock again—to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" she echoed, absently, nor did she seem to notice how Littledale had taken both her hands in a close clasp. In the thin, clear air of Terra Incognita the mountain-peaks draw so near that one does not waste time in looking at mole-hills.

"To-morrow?" questioned Littledale for the second time, trembling and yet assured.

"Ah, my friend, and has either of us the admitted claim of even an hour upon that same to-morrow? Reflect, I beg of you. Do you think it likely that I should be allowed to venture a second time into this undiscovered country? By to-morrow I shall be shuddering at my rashness, and making sacrifices to all my gods for their protecting care. We have had to-day—is not that enough?"

"To-morrow?" he repeated, insistently, and at the same time released her and stepped back a pace. And once again he realized his mistake as she colored like a rose and turned to go. Yet at that final

moment he found the courage to meet her parting look, his lips framing the question thrice asked and thrice unanswered. But she, reading, only smiled and passed on. He watched her as she moved steadily up the little hill and disappeared around the curve. She had not looked back, but at that Littledale's heart was glad. He told himself that Lot's wife looked behind her only because she was *not* expecting to return.

It was long after seven o'clock when Littledale entered the house in Thirty-sixth street. He had walked home, and he had a vague impression that he had loitered unconscionably on the way. But what did it matter? What did anything matter? To-morrow was coming—already he was three hours nearer the moment when he should be standing again before the enchanted gates of Terra Incognita. He sat down to his mutton without the slightest suspicion that it was hopelessly overdone, the just punishment of his tardiness.

For the fortieth time Littledale glanced down at the watch lying open in his palm. He had left the office with an ample margin of time—it was truly a perverse fate that had enticed him into this particular train of the usually impeccable elevated railway system. Here it was standing motionless, stalled between two stations, and he had now but a scant quarter of an hour left out of his comfortable margin.

Unable to obtain any satisfaction from the guard, he stepped out upon the platform of the car and looked ahead. The trainmen were gathered in a little group about the disabled engine; it was quite clear that the break-down might entail an indefinite delay. What could he do?

As has been said, the train was standing midway between two stations, and in either direction it was a journey of three or four blocks along the precarious pathway of the ties. Even if he succeeded in the attempt, several more minutes

would be wasted in making the journey, and minutes were growing precious now. He looked down into the street. An active man might lower himself through the net-work of struts and girders and so reach the sidewalk. Certainly it was possible, and without hesitating an instant he jumped from the platform of the car and began to climb over the guard-railing. A strong arm held him back. Littledale struck out, blindly, furiously.

"Easy, now, gove'nor!" expostulated the guard. "We'll be starting up again inside of a couple of minutes, and the rules of the company—well, I'll leave it to the officer there."

A stout policeman stood close at hand and eyed Littledale with dull, official impassiveness.

"Don't let's have any trouble; we don't want any trouble," he said, heavily. "You're in a hurry—well, that's all right, but if I have to run you in, you'll lose more'n you'll make. Ain't that so? There! I knew you'd take it sensible. Go inside and sit down."

At fifteen minutes after four, Littledale, panting and exhausted, stood at the crossway. It was deserted. A moment later and he had reached the little pavilion. It too was empty.

The changeable April weather had turned cold again, and Littledale shivered in the cutting wind. Of a sudden he seemed to have grown unthinkably old and inert. The picture of the house in Thirty-sixth street presented itself. It was comfortable there, and unless he hurried, he would be late for dinner.

His eyes wandered to the bench where she had sat the day before. Upon it lay a sprig of withered hepatica.

For all that, one must not rush headlong to a conclusion; the Park is a public place, and to-day there were scores of the little blue flowers in bloom on every side. A tiny bit of hepatica, faded and lifeless! Yet, as he picked it up, he turned himself squarely to the East and smiled.





Truants from Heaven

BY VIRGINIA YEAMAN REMNITZ

THE lawn sloped down to the Purgatory, and the garden ran along its banks. Otherwise there would have been no garden and no lawn. For farther back from the river there was only adobe clay, which is not good for growing things.

But it is good for modelling. Thekla and Dan were behind the house and behind the clump of scrub oaks. Out of the adobe clay they were fashioning—well, the images had forked tails and horns. Any one would have recognized them at quite a distance. And the children might just as well have been making angels and dear little cherubim.

Oddly enough, the information that the minister was coming to tea had inspired these artistic efforts. Aunt Alice had told them so, and warned them that they must come in early to get dressed. But another train of thought started by the minister's name was far more absorbing. They had heard him preach the Sunday before, and had thus become acquainted for the first time with the

popular conception of evil personified. The fact that the minister seemed to repudiate this conception was quite lost upon Thekla and Dan.

The boy began it, but he caught fire from his sister.

"Let's make some devils," she suggested, "and play this is the bad place."

Dan thought it a promising game. He made an atrocious little figure, adding a tail.

"Put a couple of horns on that fellow," Thekla said, "and then see what he'll look like!"

Her dark eyes flashed as she spoke, and her cheeks blazed crimson. But Dan was cool, though ruddy. The blue of his eyes turned to cold gray, and his mouth went firmer. He glanced at his sister sideways, and a wicked little grin wrinkled up the freckles on his nose.

"All right," he said.

The effect of the horns was all that could be desired. The image looked like what Thekla had anticipated it would; and at sight of her conception mate-

rialized, a strange thrill went through her.

Dan set his creation up on a board; the children looked at one another, and then at It.

"His horns ain't big enough," Dan commented.

"And his tail ain't long enough," shrilled Thekla.

The next one had these marks of character properly emphasized. Also It wore a petticoat, and It looked a great deal more wicked than the other. When the two were placed side by side on the board, the effect was quite striking. Thekla clapped her hands and began to dance about. Dan stood grinning complacently. But the tan of his face was beginning to redden.

Then they made several little ones, each more monstrous than the last; and every addition to the family on the board was greeted by a burst of hilarious laughter. Thekla fairly quivered and flashed. Dan was losing his cherished reserve.

The sun lent its connivance to the creative conceit; but the shadows of the oaks began to grow long. One crept stealthily up over the end of the board and grasped one of the little figures in its dark clutch. But the children never noticed. Their imaginations, like the shadows, were reaching out farther and farther.

Thekla got a piece of red kindergarten paper and cut it into bits for eyes. Dan made pointed tongues of it, and adorned each image with one of the dangerous members. Out of wooden toothpicks they made pitchforks for the images. Finally they fixed the two biggest ones up on a sort of throne. And over all the hot Colorado sun beat down, baking the images appropriately.

The shadows of the oaks clutched at the skirts of the images on the throne.

"Let's make pits for 'em!" cried Thekla.

So they dug pits deep into the dry, loose soil, ornamenting the mouth of each with shining slivers of paper. When they had finished these, the weird effect was so vivid that the perpetrators danced up and down in an abandonment of unholy glee.

Suddenly, from behind the shadows,

a chill wind sprang forth. The shadows had laid dark fingers upon first one and then another of the images on the board. Now the wind swept coldly over them. The children shivered and grew still. They saw that their ally, the sun, was deserting.

Dan glanced toward Piney Peak, his time-keeper, and noted that, at the heels of the receding light, a purple gloom was creeping up its great face. Soon the summit of the mountain only would catch the radiance; then, almost before one could wink and look again, the sun would be gone, and the children of this world would be left alone with their deeds in the darkness.

Thekla and Dan stood in silence, gazing at the images. A strange transformation seemed to be taking place in these, as though the riotous life which had possessed the children were stealing out of them into the shapes they had fashioned. Fitful gleams of fire from wicked eyes lit up the gathering dusk; little flames wavered about the mouths of the pits. Was that a shadow that moved—or was it the horrid monarch on his throne? Surely the images were making faces!

"Aunt Alice said to be in early because the minister's coming to tea," ventured Thekla, gazing hard at the images. The fire in her was flickering low, and Dan's tanned face was losing its red. He grinned solemnly.

Just then a soft voice floated out to the children.

"Thekla! Dan! Where are you?"

"It's Aunt Alice," said the boy.

"She always wants us to dress up when the minister comes to tea," his sister observed, beginning the retreat. But she had to keep glancing back over her shoulder to see whether the images were making faces behind her back. She nearly caught them at it several times.

Aunt Alice met them at the door. She had on her new white dress. Also there was a flower in her hair, and a pink spot on each cheek. She always looked like that when the minister was coming to tea.

After supper every one went out on the porch. There was a moon, not quite full, but very bright. It made a shimmering bridge across the Purgatory, and wove shiny veils over the peaks of the

Snowy Range. The prairie lay all in a silver glory.

When Aunt Alice and the minister slipped away for a walk, the children were glad to see that they started toward the river. If only the images were not out there in the moonlight! And soon it would be time to go to bed.

Aunt Alice and the minister wandered along the river-bank to the end of the garden. Then they turned for a stroll back over the prairie. As they went, they talked together softly.

The minister said, "It seems like a new world to me."

And Aunt Alice answered, "To me, also."

Another phrase from their long duet ran thus:

"I can preach only about goodness and beauty hereafter. The evil I used to see has vanished. I feel that everything is good."

"And so do I," she said.

They were nearing the oak clump now. The shadows had released their grasp upon the little devils, and left them hideous under the moonlight.

Aunt Alice saw them first. She started back and clutched the minister's arm. "Why, look!" she whispered.

He looked. The renewed vision of evil took him by surprise. But he did not forget to lay his hand protectingly over hers. "Let us see what they are," he said, and forthwith led her up to the board. Then the duet began again, this new movement opening with laughter.

"They are only made of clay, you see. Idols; not realities!"

"The children did it!" Aunt Alice exclaimed.

"Of course. A childish fancy! But let us surprise the children. Let us turn their devils into angels. That is what you have done for me."

Thekla and Dan went to bed, but they could not sleep. In the first place, there was the chair beside Thekla's bed. Her mother had never understood about that chair, and she often moved it away when she came to say good-night. But Thekla always put it back in its place. For it was really for God to sit on when He came to take care of her at night.

She did not want the chair beside her now. She put it out in the hall. If she

could only keep God out of the room by shutting the door!

Thekla had never wanted to keep God out before. On the contrary, she had always drawn the chair up as close as possible by the bedside, and then would lie down, unafraid, to sleep. But now everything was different. Out there in the moonlight were the things of evil she had made. They peopled the darkness, and peeped through the moonlight. They scampered away when she opened her eyes, and grinned at her when she closed them.

Presently Thekla began to cry. When most she needed protection she dared not claim it. For such as she there could be only wrath and—and—what does happen to a little girl who has made devils? Oh, what *does* happen to a little girl who has done this, and is not taken care of at night?

Dan was not happy, either. Instead of going to sleep, he began to think—an unheard-of thing. Presently he heard Thekla crying.

A fellow doesn't mind these things, but girls are different. He'd just go and speak to her. She'd feel better then.

He put his mouth close to the aperture of his sister's door. "Say, Thekla!"

There was no answer, and Dan went into the room, standing awkwardly beside the bed.

"There ain't anything to cry about, Thekla."

Thekla began to cry still harder. "What will we do?" she sobbed.

"I'll break 'em all up to-morrow."

"But they'll be there all night!"

"Let's go break 'em up now, then!"

Thekla shivered. But anything was better than this guilt-haunted darkness. She rose, slipped on her wrapper, and stole softly out with Dan.

Aunt Alice and the minister were out of sight on the prairie when the children reached the clump of oaks. They emerged hand in hand into the open, their eyes fixed. Then they stood stock-still.

"They've turned into angels!" gasped Thekla.

Dan was silent, but his square jaw dropped.

They dared not go close up to the board. They turned and went home,

walking softly. For them the world was light. When Aunt Alice peeped into enwrapped in a wondrous beauty. And Thekla's room on her way up stairs, the so was it for the minister and Aunt Alice, child was sleeping peacefully, and the walking home slowly through the moon- chair was drawn up close to her bedside.

A Child's Garden

BY ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON

THE garden wastes: the little child is grown!
 Rank with high weeds and blossoms overblown,
 His tiny territory boasts no more
 The dainty many-colored mien it wore
 In the old time,
 When the stout toiler of the summer's prime
 Wrought in his glory, sun-flushed and bemired,
 With spade and water-can, nor ever tired,
 Yet found the bedward stair so steep to climb.

Pink and forget-me-not and mignonette,
 Red double daisies accurately set,
 We had them all by heart and more beside,
 Purple and yellow pansies, solemn-eyed
 As little owlets in their tufted bowers. . . .
 The weeds have come and driven forth the flowers.
 Summer with all her roses onward hastes.
 The garden wastes—
 This poor small garden, sweet in summers known.
 The garden wastes: the little child is grown.

How good those summers, gay and golden-lit,
 When down the walks the white-frosted form would flit,
 Laden and all-triumphant with its load!
 That narrow pleasaunce, and the spoils of it!
 The various spoils of it so proudly shown,
 So royally bestowed. . . .
 Green wrinkled cress and rosy radish node,
 The unsunned strawberry's dimly coral cone,—
 There be none such treasures now: the child is grown.

The fish-tailed merchild carved in crumbling stone,
 Wreathed with loose straggling roses, reigns alone.
 Th' abandoned idol still smiles gravely on.
 The other child is gone.
 New play, new paths, the old sweet hours disown.
 Poor graven image on your rain-worn throne,
 Smiling the foolish smile,
 Rose petals fall around you yet awhile.
 Nor may I mourn this little plot defaced,
 The bare nest whence the fledgling bird has flown,
 His garden-waste:
 The little child is grown.



Photograph by Romaides

A PORTION OF THE KERAMEIKOS CEMETERY AT ATHENS

Athenian Conceptions of a Future Life

BY DR. DANIEL QUINN

THE fact that literature represents the thought of a limited class, and in certain past ages of a very small class, has led the investigator to seek other sources of information concerning the opinions held by ancient peoples about a future state. In architectural and artistic monuments he finds an imperfect witness; for the monuments, when they date from ages of slavery and inequality, have been erected by a limited class of the people—a class somewhat more extensive than the literary one, but only a small proportion of the whole community. Makers of monuments, however, are much more conservative than are writers. And accordingly by observing the monuments we find views and ideas expressed that are much more common and nearer to the ordinary man than are those found in the books.

Large cemeteries rich in noble monuments have been discovered in other parts

of the old Greek world, as in Asia Minor and Sicily and Mykenæ, but the one of greatest interest is the Kerameikos cemetery at Athens, just outside of the ancient western gates of the city, on the road from Piræus. Here the monuments are both numerous and beautiful; and those that still remain in their ancient site are supplemented by the numerous specimens that have been gathered into the great National Museum of Athens. The survival of this old Kerameikos cemetery in its pristine shape is due to the fact that at some unknown time a good portion of it was intentionally covered up by an artificial mound of earth. A French savant, Charles Lenormant, has declared that the Roman general Sulla, who, eighty-six years before Christ, stormed the walls of Athens exactly at this point, must have caused the earth to be piled up here in order that from its top his soldiers might scale the city wall.

In this Kerameikos cemetery the Athenians used to bury both private citizens and public men. The monuments erected by the state to mark the graves of the public men, especially of those who had lost their lives in various celebrated battles in defence of their country, were costly and magnificent. Unfortunately these stood in a place not included within the area covered by the artificial mound, and prob-

ably most of them have perished. There are preserved, however, a few private monuments erected to brave men who died in arms. One of these, now kept in the museum, is that of Aristonautes, a hoplite soldier from the suburb called Halæ, who is represented in the act of char-

ging against the foe. It is characteristic of all Greek sepulchral art that when the deceased is represented on the tombstone he is usually portrayed in not unpleasant or inglorious circumstances. In the entire great collection in the museum of Athens there are only one or two monuments on which a person is represented as in the painful moment of dying. Often family surroundings or other sacred or characteristic circumstances of the deceased's past life are idealized and portrayed. Thus the monuments, when visited by the friends of the departed, recall happy memories, sober and sweet recollections, rather than inconsolable sorrow. These representations may correctly enough be called portraits, but yet the sculptor made no attempt to individualize the features of the persons represented. The ancient Greek artist never learned to individualize.

When the form of the departed person is sculptured on the tombstone, he is often represented in company with relations who have outlived him. He is usually placed in the position of honor, sitting down, while the other persons stand.

The deceased is very often represented as holding the hand of one of the other persons portrayed.

This represents the love which bound the members of the family together. It explicitly recalls neither the pain of departure nor the joy of expected reunion. Nevertheless there was a certain reference to the future, and to the continuance of this love of parent or wife or sister in

the after-life, because, according to the conception then in vogue, the entire monument stood not for the body, but for the soul, which was to live on in some way or other.

According to the vague notions which they had about the soul the Greeks formed their conceptions as to its future life. That



Photograph by Romaides

AN OLD KORINTHIAN CAPITAL FROM EPIDAVROS

the soul was a kind of airy double of the corporeal man, which continued to live in a dreamlike existence after the body had died, that it was a kind of living shadow or *umbra* of the body, and that it was a spiritual existence similar to what Christianity has conceived the soul to be, were successive views that prevailed at different times. But the last-named doctrine never became the property of the common people in olden days. It was confined to certain schools of philosophers and their disciples. The surviving part of man after death, the *umbra*, was honored by the monument placed over the grave, while the grave itself was destined for the body. After the burial of the body certain honors were paid to the monument as to the representative of the *umbra*. These honors consisted in certain rites performed at the grave or at the monument on the third and ninth and thirtieth days after the funeral, and subsequently at the monument on the anniversary of the death for an indefinite number of years.

There have been found in graves a number of beautiful vases, called "leky-

thoi," made of white pipe-clay, with illustrations on them in dark colors; and most of these illustrations are scenes connected with funerals and funereal rites, so that from these vases we learn much about what took place in this regard. On many of them are depicted scenes in which the relatives of the deceased are adorning the monument on these memorial days. On these occasions they often brought to the grave various small household objects that had been dear to the deceased while on earth, and left them near the tomb. This practice gave rise to a beautiful story, which, if not entirely true, is probably not wholly unfounded. In the winter a young girl had died in Korinth. Some time afterwards her maid gathered together various trinkets and playthings which the girl had loved, and brought them to the girl's grave. There she placed them in a basket near the monument, and placed a large square tile upon the basket to prevent the wind from overturning it. It happened that under the basket was a root of an acanthus-plant. When spring came the acanthus sprouted; but its shoots were not able to pierce the basket, and accordingly they grew around it, having the basket in their midst. Such of the long leaves as grew up against the four protruding corners of the tile on the top of the basket curled round under these corners and formed pretty volutes. Kallimachos the sculptor, walking that way one day, saw this, and immediately conceived the notion that the form of the basket with the plaque on top of it, and surrounded by the leaves and stalks of acanthus, would be a comely heading for columns in architecture. He from this idea formed the beautiful Corinthian style of capital. Such at least is the story as the architect Vitruvius told it nineteen hundred years ago.

Just as the notions of the Greeks about the soul really were very hazy, so also were those concerning its abiding-place after leaving the body, and the mode of its existence. The common opinion was that the country of the *umbras*, the gloomy world over which the unfriendly Pluto and his consort, the mysterious Persephone, swayed the sceptre, was somewhere below the surface of the earth,



Photograph by Romaides

MARBLE MONUMENT IN THE SHAPE OF A
"LOUTROPHOROS"

and therefore they called it the "under world." The guide to this region was Hermes, the "soul-escorter," as he was called, who led the *umbras* down through the meadows of asphodel until they came to the river Acheron, where the ferryman Charon stood ready to carry them over to Erebos, or the Dark Country. It was in many parts of Greece custom-

established by long custom, were performed at the tomb, it cannot be said that these rites were conducted with such mechanical and undeviating sameness on every occasion as to constitute an accepted funereal ritual. Nor is it clear that any fixed formulas of prayer, or even any impromptu supplications, were said or recited on such occasions. Literature has not recorded any such prayers, and none are preserved in the inscriptions on the sepulchres or on the white funereal lekythoi referred to above.

On the day of the funeral the friends and relations brought and put into the grave various gifts for the deceased—vases filled with precious unguents and perfumes, terra-cotta figurines representing gods or mortals, lumps of baked clay in the form of loaves of bread, and sometimes much more valuable articles. The clay gods were perhaps amulets; the figurines representing human beings were simply mementos; and the terra-cotta loaves of bread were a ritualistic survival of the more ancient custom of placing real food in the grave or near it for the needs of the departed. In earlier tombs we find that it was customary to place in the graves of heroes and wealthy chiefs costly articles of bronze and silver and gold. Such, for instance, were the rich treasures found by Schliemann in the tombs



Photograph by Athanasiou

GROUP OF DION, LYSISTRATE, AND DEXIKRATEIA

ary to place a coin in the mouth of the corpse, so that the *umbra* might have the means of paying the ferryman, and thus avoid becoming forever a wanderer in the marshes on the murky shores of the Acheron. After crossing the river, the *umbra* came to the gates of Persephone's kingdom, where stood the triple-headed watch-dog Kerberos, who never prevented any one from going in, but never let any one out.

Although certain rites, developed and

of the ancient kings of Argos at Mykenæ.

Among the vases which archæologists now find in the tombs of Attika, a frequent type is the lekythos already mentioned. Similar vases were placed at the grave on the various occasions on which the relatives visited the tomb after the funeral. Larger vases were sometimes set upright over the graves, to stay there till the permanent monument of stone could be prepared. This practice occa-

sioned the idea of making marble gravestones in the graceful shape of these vases. Accordingly there stood in the Kerameikos cemetery a number of monuments shaped like a lekythos, and others shaped like a still larger vase, or water-jar—the so-called “loutrophoros.” The loutrophoros was a large earthenware jar, which, according to old Athenian marriage customs, was always needed in the preparations that immediately preceded the nuptial ceremonies. In this loutrophoros water was brought from some favorite fountain, and with this water the virgins bathed and prepared their toilet for the wedding. If, however, a young man or woman happened to die without being married, and without leaving a name and personality to posterity—a calamity which among the Greeks, just as among many other ancient peoples, was regarded as the greatest that could befall a mortal—then a loutrophoros vase which had been destined to hold water for a nuptial toilet was sorrowfully carried to the grave of the unmarried dead, and placed upright upon it as a monument. So strong and so constant was this custom of marking the graves of unmarried young people with the loutrophoros vase that often the marble monument later erected had a loutrophoros vase sculptured on it, or, in accordance with the artistic idea referred to, the monument was itself modelled into the shape of a loutrophoros.

The Athenians were at one time very lavish of expense in their sepulchral monuments. The monument of Hegeso



Photograph by Romaides

HEGESO: IN THE KERAMEIKOS

is an example. It is thought to be one of the best pieces of sepulchral sculpture ever made. But yet it is probable that if we possessed all the monuments of the Kerameikos we should have many another group equally excellent. Hegeso's monument was made at about the time when the Athenians began in their high pride of success the long and disastrous war against Sparta, which, after nearly thirty years' duration, ended in humiliation. It shows a style of art and technique that has become familiar to connoisseurs through the celebrated Parthenon sculptures. Hegeso is represented as a seated lady; before her stands her maid, hold-

ing a toilet-box or a jewel-case; from this Hegeso has taken a ribbon or some other precious object, which she holds in her hand and looks at. She is clothed in a fine Ionic chiton, her maid in a simpler dress. The whole representation is in the pure beauty of noblest Greek art.

In consequence of the prodigal propensity to erect these expensive works of art as tombs, the state finally decided to interfere, and a law was passed forbidding such sumptuous monuments. Nothing was allowed more costly than a simple column three ells high, or a flat slab, or a marble monument in the shape of a vase. No monument was permitted that could not be constructed by ten men within three days.

Along with the belief in some kind of immortality, the Greeks gradually formed clear and positive notions about rewards and punishments in the next world. This belief, at least in an undetermined form, was as old as Homer, and older. But in the early ages of the belief more stress was placed upon the fact that the wicked run the risk of being cruelly punished than that the good and virtuous have a

respectable chance of being rewarded. For any indication of a belief that the after-life is one of joy and pleasure for such as had been virtuous on earth, one must pass on to a time at least two or three centuries later than the Homeric poems.

It was in the mysterious rites performed at Eleusis in honor of the earth-goddess Demeter and her daughter Persephone that a more elevating and worthy doctrine of future rewards for the good was widely promulgated. But a natural result of the teachings at Eleusis was that ritualistic sanctity was deemed absolutely necessary, while natural virtue and uprightness might be of no avail. According to this teaching it was necessary to be "initiated" in the mysteries, or to be attached in some special way and by special rites to some deity, in order to insure bliss after death. This gave occasion to the cynic Diogenes to complain that the noble Epaminondas would have to take a place among the neglected spirits because he had never been initiated while on earth, but that the thief Panaktion would have a very happy time because he had taken care to be initiated.

The Better Heritage

BY MARY APPLEWHITE BACON

GRAY twilight on the sea and on the land;
 The time of stars not yet, and day's sweet sky
 Bereft of sun as heart of heart's supply.
 Slow pacing still the melancholy strand,
 "O let me live," I wept, "or let me die.—
 Escape this death in life!" Then one drew nigh.
 "The fool's word,—death," he said, and took my hand;
 And ere I was aware on alien land,
 'Neath alien skies, I stood, and knew it mine.
 Awful and dear; a land of time and sense,
 Of wind-flower on the rock, and forests dense,
 Sun-radiant heights, and human eyes' soft shine;—
 Where heart might love, hands labor, soul divine,
 Flesh veiled, new splendors of Omnipotence.

The Calling of Jeremy

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

A WINTER evening came down on Swanson's Dam Camp in the woods. The tall shadows and pink sunbeams walked between glistening tree shafts. The snow was painted warmly in the forest aisles. The skidding crews came filing down the steep log roads, their peveys, musket fashion, over their shoulders. They picked their way silently in the deep-worn hoof-holes between stiffened walls of snow knee-high. As they neared the camp clearing a gray moose-bird, hopping on a tote road, called to them with jocular familiarity.

The sun set behind a bank of creamy clouds that seemed to puff forward between the last black tree trunks on the forest horizon. As the dusk filled the wood lanes like a visible exhalation, the swampers strung along, indifferently entertained by one of Jeremy's veteran stories. Then the cream faded to dull pink, and the last moose-bird gave up his tricks till sunrise.

Fumes of supper from the cook-room reached the teamsters in the cattle-shanty as they stabled their horses for the night. After eating, which was brief and vehement, came the genial circle of the dog-room.

"Women," said Jeremy, "is like chinyware. The showy-lookers ain't no good for every-day. Them boarders as sits on the piazzas down to the Beaver River House, all plumed out like peonies, they puts me in mind of my mother's figgered chiny plates. They'd crack if you looked at 'em, sure."

"There's all kinds of women," said Old Man Joe, ponderously.

The dog-room felt that his was the word of wisdom. It assented.

"Just the same as there is of hosses," went on the old man, stimulated by approval.

He had been a famous teamster in his day.

"You kin never git two alike. Cu-

r'ous creeters, hosses. They'll pick their way stiddy down into the mill-dump, with them logs pitched like the roof of a shanty, and then frighten at a Christmas card flyin' up at 'em. You never kin tell."

"I suppose there has to be women," said Jeremy, tolerantly, as if continuing Old Man Joe's train of thought, "but I was never no hand with 'em."

"You hain't never had a good shot at 'em." Eli spoke with compassion. "You ben't a married man, and it goes to follow you don't know women."

"No," said Jeremy, "I 'ain't never had no callin' to be a family man, leastways not what you might say *was* a callin'."

He gave a non-committal stroke to his iron-gray whiskers, but the modification of the statement was not lost on Paul Lawless, who took the mouth-organ from his lips to join in the conversation. He was a tall, well-made man, with a noticeably small head and a stiff blond mustache.

"We don't know nothing about Jeremy's wife," he twinkled, "but fer all that thar mought be a Miz Swinger up in Canady somewheres. He was five year with the Canucks, and, b'gosh, Jeremy 'ain't allus been the sober bird he lays out to be now."

Paul's little animal blue eyes glanced mischievously round the room.

"I've known sech as claimed not to be married having women tucked off somewheres," said Jeremy, stretching his square-cornered mouth to stern contempt, "but I don't be one of sech, Paul Lawless. When the time comes fer me to acknowledge my wife, so I'll do, not as I don't say now I've no use for them, this being the case. God bless me, I love a woman, if there is cull logs among them."

The dog-room relapsed into silence. The spruce wood crackled and split in

the stove, and above it, like withered effigies, hung the outspread, helpless mittens and misshapen coats of the lumbermen. Outside, the wind howled through the pine-tree tops.

"I 'ain't never had no callin' as *was* a callin'," repeated Jeremy, half to himself, as he filled his pipe.

The dog-room heeded him not, for upon it had settled the apathetic stupor that would only be stirred by the inspiration of going to bed. The skidding and swamping crews, who had turned in early, could be heard snoring in their bunks upstairs.

Paul put the organ to his mouth and breathed forth a plaintive strain. Jeremy's head was sunk forward, and on his leather-red face rested an expression of deep sadness.

Lawless, with little beamy eyes above his sentimental improvisation, cast up the number of logs yet to be hauled on his job. Perhaps there were one or two thoughts, like annoying flies, easily brushed away, of a certain little girl up at St. Timothée.

Then without warning the door of the shanty was opened, and a peddler, with a pack-basket on his back, appeared, and a woman, with the snow frozen on her black hair, and a little face pinched by the cold to painful red spots. The peddler was a surprise, the woman a sensation.

The men greeted the new-comers with casual nods and a dry good-evening. A lack of gush in the mountains implies no lack of cordiality. A demonstrative or even talkative welcome would have been an embarrassment. The peddler led the way to a bench before the stove, where he sat down. The woman followed, standing a moment in dazed fashion in front of the big roaring fire.

"Set down," said the peddler.

The woman obeyed.

"It's nipping out," remarked Eli.

"So it be," the peddler assented.

The woman drew off her frozen mittens and pressed her little stiffened hands together in agony. The change in temperature had blanched her face to a bluish pallor.

"Roads purty full?" said Jeremy, keeping his eyes off the woman in sympathetic discomfort.

"Up to boot-tops," the peddler replied. "Brought a passenger, ye see," he added, grinning awkwardly, and expecting an effusive exchange of sentiment between the woman and the husband she had come to meet.

By the time the peddler had drawn in the borders of his outward expectation he perceived with chagrin that something was wrong. The woman had deceived him. She had no husband at Swanson's Dam.

"Waal, do ye see him?" he turned to her with brusque disbelief.

The woman had pushed back the gray hood from her face, and her wet hair had curled in tangles around her forehead. She made a step forward, and then, as she met the relentless eyes of Paul Lawless, her hands fell to her side.

"Oh, my God!" she said, in a very low voice, and Jeremy's heart melted in pity.

She knew Paul would do it, as he had threatened if she dared follow him. He would deny her in the face of all that crowd. Paul would shame her.

The peddler was stung to anger by the awkward *dénouement*. He felt as flat as the perpetrator of an unsuccessful anecdote.

Paul Lawless, noting the receipt of his message in the woman's eyes, thrust his hands in his pockets and hummed an air. Jeremy's old face had darkened to a mahogany red. The woman sat limply by the stove, the passionate hopes of the long pilgrimage frozen to an icy lump over her heart. Was it, then, for nothing that Paul had kissed her in the woods of St. Timothée?

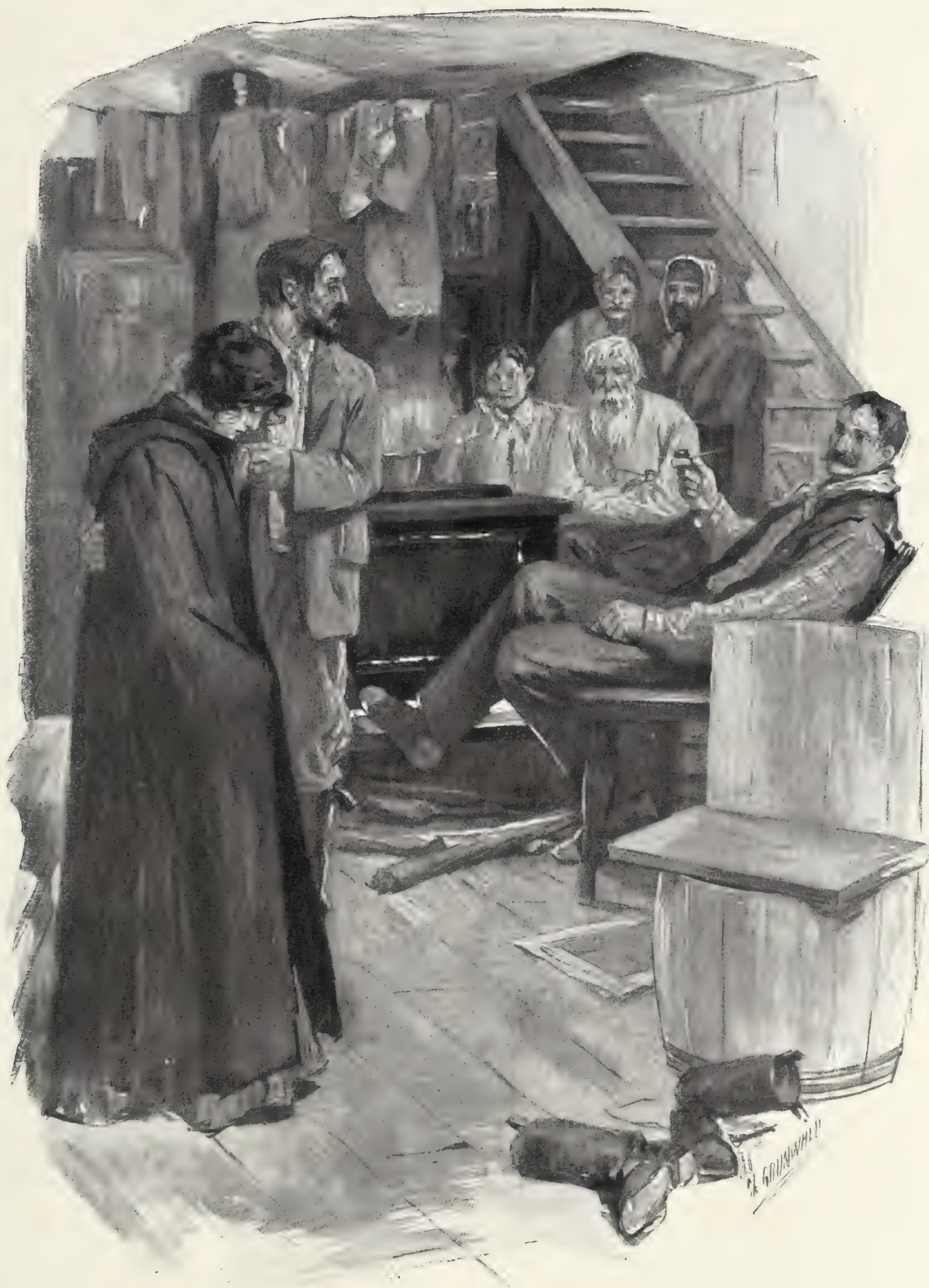
"Got some stuff to sell?" asked Lawless, hitching forward toward the peddler.

"Sure I have," replied the peddler, washing his hands of the embarrassment by turning his back on the woman. He pulled off his boots with brutal directness. "Picked her up on Jim Hoe's tote road," he remarked to Lawless with a confidential wink. "Has her reasons for coming here, I don't doubt."

He confided another, wickeder wink to Lawless. Lawless hemmed an indifferent assent.

"Whar'll she sleep?" whispered Eli to Jeremy. "Ain't it the deuce?"

But Jeremy did not hear him. Melis-



"I BE KINDER SLOW ABOUT SPEAKING UP, BECUZ SHE TOOK ME BY SURPRISE"

sa's little drooping back made a tight feeling under his chin. She was so pitifully young. His "callin'" had come to him, and it was strong. The rough, unsatisfied longing of many solitary years leapt forward and found their destiny. There was never a thought of himself nor of the lie forced upon him, but only of the woman he might save. He could hear already in imagination the scandalous gossip of the camp about this little black-eyed creature, unchampioned and unexplained in the midst of them; denied, put to shame, by the man who owed her honor.

"I'm going to bunk, boys," remarked Lawless, with the yawn of one who is safely out of a tight place.

As he rose, Melissa rose too, with a tragic look of unappeased appeal. Then Jeremy towered out of his barrel chair. The dog-room felt the approach of a climax, and was silent.

"Boys, this be my wife," Jeremy burst out.

She turned toward him, a vague hand uplifted to her forehead. Jeremy advanced and put a loose arm about her waist.

"I be kinder slow about speaking up, becuz she took me by surprise there for a few minutes, and we both of us be rather shy before strangers. Come, —."

There was a pause where a name should have been. "Come, dear."

They left the room together.

The dog-room waited till their steps reached the office, which was Jeremy's bed-room, separated from the general sleeping-room by a horse-blanket nailed across the doorway.

"He lied," said Old Man Joe, with judicial slowness. "That warn't no wife of his'n. He lied."

"Who be she, then, and what she's doing here?" Eli questioned, with glittering eagerness.

"I never seen the beat of her afore," Old Man Joe continued, "coming afoot these roads in the middle of the winter from the Lord knows where."

"And why didn't she go fer Jeremy first off?" asked Eli, "and why didn't he speak up fer her?"

"I never seen the beat of it," said the

old man. "He lied. I seen the lie fermenting in him afore he opened his mouth."

"You cayn't tell abaout Jeremy," said Lawless, biting from a plug of tobacco with sharp yellow teeth. "He's the darndest man to hang back."

Upstairs Jeremy whispered to Melissa: "My name's Jeremy. What's yours?"

"Melissy."

"And we've been married two years. Your folks wouldn't hear to the marriage, and kept you to home till now. I'll fix it up in the morning. Don't you be skeered. Good-night, dear."

A little later he appeared at the foot of the stairs, holding his boots in his hands. He scented the distrust of his comrades, and met it doggedly.

"I warn't expecting her to-day, or I'd have gone down to Hoe's with a tote-sleigh for her. But thet ain't nothing to you. She kinder stole a march on me, don't you see?"

No one joined in Jeremy's laugh, which rattled in his throat like pease.

"I'll thank ye kindly to be shy of waking her when ye turn in to bed," he said. "I'm going to sleep down here. She's clean tuckered out."

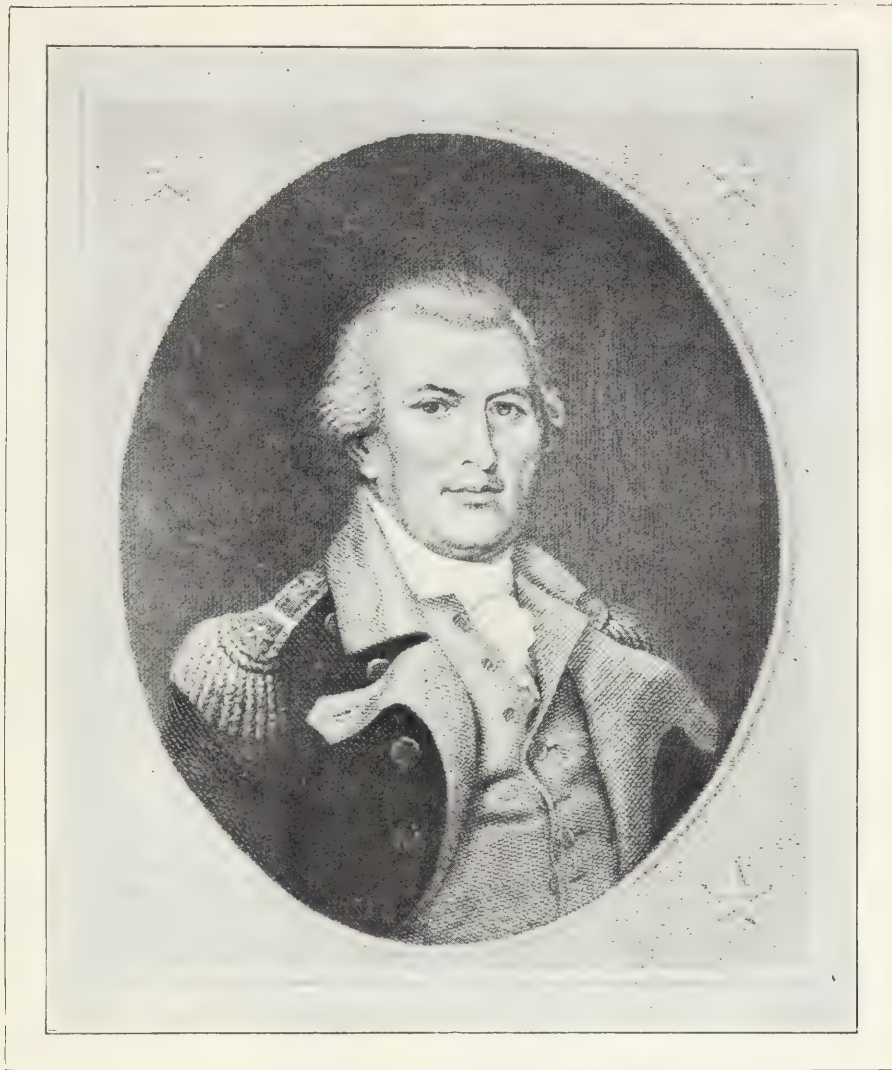
The peddler and the other men exchanged looks and crept up stairs.

The lantern against the wall began to sputter and smell oily. The fire in the stove had almost burned out. The men above dropped their boots more gently than was their wont. Jeremy heard their low burr of talk, then the thump of them on their blankets, then speedily the resonant chorus of satisfied sleep.

He tried to recall the face of the woman asleep in his little bed. Somehow there had always been a mist before his sight when he looked at her. He remembered great eyes in a white oval of face and a veil of dark hair across the pillow.

"For all the world as purty as a drawing-picture. God help me!" he prayed.

The lantern gasped and went out. Some trees in the clearing clanked like iron chains. It had stopped snowing, and one large star shone in between the icicles at the window.



MAJOR-GENERAL NATHANIEL GREENE

Colonies and Nation

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

BY WOODROW WILSON

THE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE (*Continued*)

BUT Washington's genius and the license of the British soldiery turned the tide at last, when it seemed upon the very point of becoming overwhelming. The occupation of the British, brief as it had been, had brought upon New York and the Jerseys experiences like those of a country overrun by a foreign soldiery permitted almost every license of conquest. When the ministers in England found themselves, in 1774, face to face with the revolt in the colonies, they

could count but 17,547 men all told in the king's forces; and when it came to sudden recruiting, they could obtain very few enlistments. They dared not risk conscription,—English opinion had never tolerated that, except to meet invasion. They sent to America, therefore, to reinforce General Howe, not only English soldiers as many as they could muster, but a great force of German troops as well, hired by the regiment, their trained officers included, from the Landgrave of

Hesse-Cassel and other German princes, neighbors to the German dominions of the House of Hannover. It was close upon a thousand of these "Hessians" (for the colonists knew them all by that single name) that Washington had taken at Trenton, but not until they and their comrades had had time to make every country-side from New York to the Delaware dread and hate them. The British commanders had suffered their men, whether English or foreign, to plunder houses, insult and outrage women, destroy fields of grain, and help themselves to what the towns contained almost as they pleased; and had hardened the faces of ten of the angry colonists against them for every one who made submission and sought to put himself on their side accordingly. Washington could thank them for doing more to check defections from the patriotic party than he could possibly do for himself by carrying out the orders of the Congress, to disarm all loyalists and bring recusants to a sharp reckoning.

And so the year 1777 dawned like a first year of settled war and revolution. For a little while, at the outset of the year, the Congress made Washington practical dictator in every affair that concerned the prosecution of the war. It authorized long enlistments, moreover, instead of the makeshift enrolments for three months which had hitherto kept Washington's army always a-making and to be made, dissolving month by month. The Congress had neither the energy nor the authority it needed. It could get little money to pay the troops; its agents seriously mismanaged the indispensable business of supplying the army with stores and clothing; and the men deserted by the score in disgust. Washington declared, in the summer of 1777, that he was losing more men by desertion than he was gaining by enlistment, do what he would. But these were difficulties of administration. In spite of all dangers and discouragements, it was evident that the continent was settling to its task. And the end of the year showed the struggle hopefully set forward another stage.

The military operations of that memorable year were a striking illustration of the magnitude of the task the British gen-

erals were set to accomplish, and of their singular lack of the energy, decision, and despatch necessary to accomplish it. They seemed like men who dallied and dreamed and did not mean to succeed. They planned like men of action, but then tarried and bungled at the execution of their plans. It was their purpose that year to strike from three several directions along the valley of the Hudson, and break once for all the connection between the New England colonies and their confederates. Burgoyne was to move, with eight thousand men, down Lake Champlain; Colonel St. Leger, with a small but sufficient force, along a converging line down the valley of the Mohawk, from Oswego on Ontario; and General Howe was to meet them from the south, moving in strength up the Hudson. More than thirty-three thousand men would have effectually swept the whole of that great central valley, north and south, when their plan was executed. But it was not executed. The British commanders were to learn that, for their armies, the interior of the country was impossible.

Both St. Leger and Burgoyne were baffled in that vast wilderness. It was simple enough for Burgoyne to descend the lakes and take once again the forts which guarded them; but it was another matter to penetrate the forests which lay about the upper waters of the Hudson with militiamen out of every country-side within reach of him swarming thicker and thicker about him at every step he took into the depths of the perplexing region. A thousand men he felt obliged to leave at Ticonderoga for the sake of his communications; a thousand more he lost (16 August) at Bennington, whither he had sent them to seize stores; and by the time he had reached the neighborhood of Saratoga with the six thousand left him, fully twenty thousand provincials beset him. In almost every set encounter his disciplined troops had the best of the fighting. Even in the stubborn fighting about Saratoga (19 September and 7 October), in which he had to meet men led by Benedict Arnold, with all the heroic dash and audacity that had won him fame at Quebec and before Carleton on Champlain, he was checked rather than beaten. But no succor came to him, from north or

south; he could find no safe way out of the wilderness; without aid, the odds were too great against him; and on the seventeenth of October he capitulated.

St. Leger had found the forest country as impossible as he had, and had been driven back almost in panic. Howe had moved south instead of north. He fancied that it would bring him no small moral advantage to take Philadelphia, the "capital" of the insurgent confederacy; and he calculated that it ought to be easily possible to do so before Burgoyne would need him in the north. Early in June, accordingly, he attempted to cross the Jerseys; but Washington, striking from Morristown, threatened his flank in a way which made him hesitate and draw back. He returned to New York, and put eighteen thousand men aboard his transports, to get at Philadelphia by water from the south. It was the 25th of August, and Burgoyne was needing him sorely in the northern forests, before he had got ready for his land movement. He had gone all the long way round about into Chesapeake Bay, and had made his landing at Elkton, in Maryland. Washington met him behind the fords of the Brandywine (11 September), but could not withstand him. He could only delay him. Defeat no longer meant dismay for the Americans; Washington acted in force as steadily and effectively after defeat as after victory. It was the twenty-seventh of September before Sir William entered Philadelphia. He was hardly settled there before Washington attacked him again, at his outpost at Germantown, in the thick mist of the morning of the fourth of October, and would have taken the place had not the



SIR WILLIAM HOWE

mist confused and misled his own troops. Meantime Burgoyne was trapped at Saratoga. On October third Sir Henry Clinton had begun at last the movement from New York for Burgoyne's relief which ought to have been begun in midsummer, —carrying northward a strong fleet upon the river and an army of three thousand men. But it was too late. Burgoyne's surrender was already inevitable. The net result of the campaign was the loss of his army and the occupation of Philadelphia. "Philadelphia has taken Howe," laughed Dr. Franklin, in Paris, when told that Howe had taken Philadelphia.

The long, slow year had been full of signs both good and bad. International forces were beginning to work in favor of the insurgent colonies. From the outset France and Spain had been willing to give them aid against England, their

Illumination.

COLONEL TILGHMAN, Aid de Camp to his Excellency General WASHINGTON, having brought official accounts of the SURRENDER of Lord Cornwallis, and the Garrisons of York and Gloucester, those Citizens who chuse to ILLUMINATE on the GLORIOUS OCCASION, will do it this evening at Six, and extinguish their lights at Nine o'clock.

Decorum and harmony are earnestly recommended to every Citizen, and a general discountenance to the least appearance of riot.

October 24, 1781. 3

ORDER PERMITTING ILLUMINATION OF PHILADELPHIA

traditional rival and enemy. Since the summer of 1776 they had been promised French and Spanish assistance through Beaumarchais, acting ostensibly as the firm of "Roderigue Hortalez et Cie," but really as the secret agent of the two governments; and early in 1777 the fictitious firm had begun actually to despatch

vessels laden with arms and ammunition to America. Private money also went into the venture, but governments were known to be behind it; and on January fifth (1777) Mr. Franklin had arrived in Paris to assist in bringing France into closer touch still with the war for independence over sea. As the year 1777



MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE

drew towards its close the great Frederick of Prussia had forbidden troops hired in the other German states to serve the English in America to cross Prussian territory, and so had added his good-will to the French and Spanish money. French, and even German and Polish officers, too, volunteered for service in the American armies.

The winter was deeply disheartening, nevertheless, for Washington. Having failed in the mist at Germantown, he withdrew his army to Valley Forge, whence he could watch Howe at Philadelphia, and move as he moved, and yet himself feel safe against attack; but utter demoralization had fallen upon the Congress, sitting in a sort of exile at

York, and his army was brought to such straits of privation and suffering in its exposed camp as he had never been obliged to see it endure before. There was plenty of food in the country; plenty even at the disposal of Congress and in the stores of its commissariat. The British had overrun very little of the fertile country; the crops had been abundant and laborers had not been lacking to gather them in,—especially there in thriving Pennsylvania. But the Congress had lost all vigor alike in counsel and in action. Men of initiative

had withdrawn from it to serve their states in the reorganization of their several governments and in the command of forces in the field. Sometimes scarcely a dozen members could be got together to take part in its deliberations. It yielded to intrigue,—even to intrigue against Washington; allowed its executive committees, and most of all the commissary department, upon which the army depended, to fall into disorganization; listened to censures and bickerings rather than to plans of action; lost the respect of the states, upon which its authority had depended; and left the army almost to shift for itself for sustenance. Fortunately it was a mild winter. Fortunately Washington was masterful and

indomitable, and proved equal to check-mating at a single move those who intrigued in the Congress to displace him. Despite every bitter experience of that dark and anxious season, he had when spring came an army stronger and fitter for service than it had been when he took it into winter quarters. The lengthened term of service had given him at last an army which might be drilled, and foreign officers,—notably the capable Steuben,—had taught him how to drill it.

General Howe's winter passed easily and merrily enough in Philadelphia. The place was full of people of means and influence who hoped as heartily as Mr. Galloway did for the success of the British arms. Some of the leading Quakers of the town, whose influence was all for an accommodation of the quarrel with the mother country, had been arrested the previous summer (1777) and sent south by the patriot leaders; but many more were left who were of their mind, and General Howe met something like a welcome when he came in the autumn. The fashionable young women of the town were delighted to look their best and to use their charms to the utmost at all the balls and social gatherings that marked the gay winter of his stay, and their parents were not displeased to see them shine there. But for soldiers' coats one would have thought that peace had come again.

But the minds of the ministers in England were not so much at ease. In February, 1778, Lord North introduced and pressed through Parliament conciliatory measures of the most radical sort, practically retracing every mistaken step

taken with regard to the colonies since 1763; and commissioners of peace were sent to America with almost plenipotentiary powers of accommodation. But that very month a formal treaty of alliance was signed between France and the United States; by the time the commissioners reached Philadelphia, England had a war with France on her hands as well as a war with the colonies; there was no rejoicing in the camp at Valley Forge over the news of Lord North's unexpected turn of purpose, but there was very keen rejoicing when news of the French alliance came; the Congress would not treat with the commissioners; conciliation had come too late; the aspect of the war for the colonies was too hopeful. When the commissioners reached Philadelphia they found General Clinton about to abandon it. Sir Henry Clinton had succeeded General Howe in chief command in May. His orders were to evacuate Philadelphia and concentrate his forces once more at New York. The town was as full of excitement and dismay at the prospect as it had been but a little more than a year ago from fear of the British approach. When the army began to move, three thousand loyalists abandoned the town with it, going with the stores by sea, while Sir Henry took



AN EXAMPLE OF CONTINENTAL CURRENCY

his fifteen thousand men overland through the Jerseys again.

When he moved, Washington moved also; outstripped him; caught him at a disadvantage at Monmouth Court House (28 June, 1778); and would inevitably have beaten him most seriously had not Charles Lee again disobeyed him and spoiled the decisive movement of the day. Charles Lee was a soldier of fortune whom the Americans had honored and trusted. He had disobeyed before, when Washington was retreating hard pressed from New York. This time he seemed to play the coward: it was not known until afterwards that he had played the traitor. Clinton got off, but in a sort of rout, leaving his wounded behind him. "Clinton gained no advantage except to reach New York with the wreck of his army," was the watchful Frederick's comment over sea. "America is probably lost for England." Even the seas were no longer free for the movements of the British fleets. Every month the war had lasted the English had found their commerce and their movement of stores and transports more and more embarrassed by the American privateersmen. Their very coasts at home were now and again threatened by the daring seamen out of the colonies. Now France put formidable armed fleets upon the sea to aid America. The year's movements came to nothing, indeed: the French were foiled in what they tried to do; but England's embarrassment was profound. She had absolutely no hold on America outside the lines actually occupied by her troops at a seaport or two.

When another winter came on (1778-1779), daring backwoodsmen under George Rogers Clark, the prince of forest soldiers, swept all the country of the Illinois clear of British garrisons, and made still larger the ranges of the continent remaining to be subdued again to the authority of the crown. Only in the South did British arms prosper. In December, Clinton sent thirty-five hundred men from New York to the southern coasts by sea, and Savannah was taken (29 December, 1778) with comparative ease. The town once taken, it proved an easy matter, at that great remove from the centre of the American strength, to overrun the country back of it during the

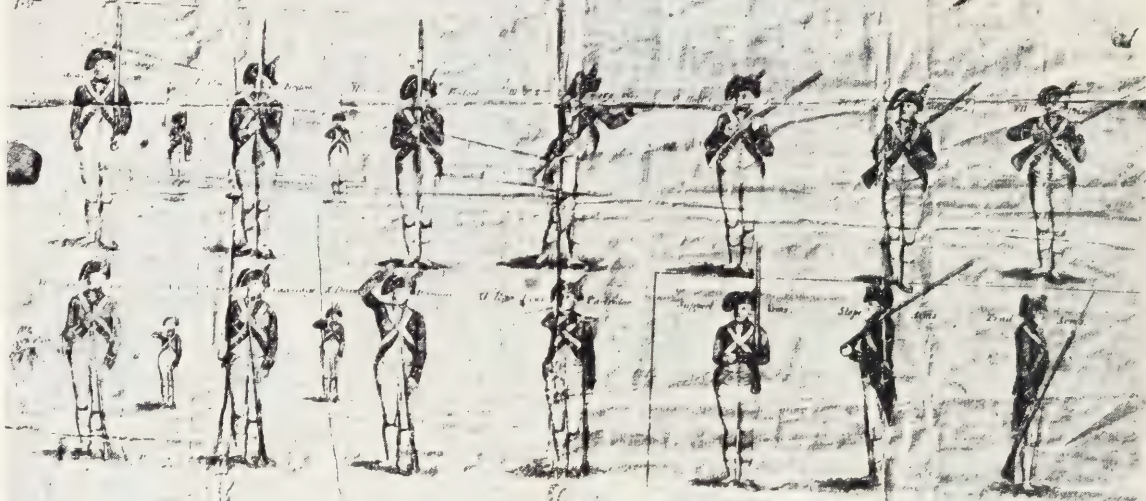
early months of 1779. But the new year saw nothing else decisive done on either side. In April, Spain made common cause with France against England; but Washington waited in vain the year through to see the fighting transferred to America. A few strategic movements about New York, where Clinton lay, were almost the only events that broke the monotony of waiting for news of the war at England's door, where the fleets of the allies threatened her. Privateersmen were as busy as ever, and as much to be feared, almost, as the French cruisers themselves; but the formal operations of war seemed vaguely postponed. Without the co-operation of a naval force it was impossible for Washington to do anything against Sir Henry at New York.

Not until midsummer, 1780, did a co-operating fleet arrive, and even then it proved impossible to use it. On the tenth of July a French squadron put in at Newport and landed a force of six thousand men under the Comte de Rochambeau; but a powerful British fleet presently blockaded the port; and Rochambeau could not prudently withdraw while the fleet was threatened. He had been ordered to put himself at General Washington's disposal; but he could not yet. Meanwhile not only Georgia but the entire South seemed lost and given over to British control. In the spring, Clinton had concentrated all his forces once more at New York; and then, leaving that all-important place strong enough to keep Washington where he was, he had himself taken eight thousand men by sea to Charleston. Two thousand more troops, already in the South, joined him there, and by the twelfth of May (1780) he had taken the place itself not only, but General Lincoln and three thousand men besides. South Carolina teemed with loyalists. Partisan bands, some serving one side, some the other, swept and harried the region from end to end. Wherever the British moved in force, they moved as they pleased and were masters of the country. In June, General Clinton deemed it already safe to take half his force back to New York; and Cornwallis was left to complete the work of subjugation.

That same month the Congress conferred the chief command in the South

TO ALL BRAVE, HEALTHY, ABLE BODIED, AND WELL
DISPOSED YOUNG MEN,
IN THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD, WHO HAVE ANY INCLINATION TO JOIN THE TROOPS,
NOW RAISING UNDER
GENERAL WASHINGTON,
FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE
LIBERTIES AND INDEPENDENCE
OF THE UNITED STATES,
Against the hostile designs of foreign enemies,

TAKE NOTICE,



THAT *Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday at Spotswood in*
Middlesex county
Reading with his music and recruiting party of *Spotswood* county attendance will be given by
Battalion of the 11th regiment of infantry, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Aaron Ogden, *company in* Major Shute's
such youth of spirit, as may be willing to enter into this honourable service.
The ENCOURAGEMENT at this time, to enlist is truly liberal and generous, namely, a bounty of TWELVE dollars, an annual and fully sufficient
supply of good and handsome cloathing, a daily allowance of a large and ample ration of provisions, together with sixty dollars a year in GOLD
and SILVER money on account of pay, the whole of which the soldier may lay up for himself and friends, as all articles proper for his subsistence and
comfort are provided by LAW, without any expence to him.
Those who may favour this recruiting party with their attendance as above will have an opportunity of hearing and seeing in a more particular
manner, the great advantages which these brave men will have who shall embrace this opportunity of spending a few happy years in viewing the
different parts of this beautiful continent, in the honourable and truly respectable character of a soldier, after which he may, if he pleases, return
home to his friends, with his pockets FULL of money and his head covered with laurels.
GOD SAVE THE UNITED STATES.

RECRUITING POSTER

Editor's Note.—The blurred inscription at the bottom of the poster reads as follows :

That tuesday, wednesday, thursday, friday, and saturday, at Spotswood, in Middlesex county, attendance will be given by Lieutenant Reading, with his music and recruiting party of ——— company in Major Shute's Battalion of the 11th regiment of infantry, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Aaron Ogden, for the purpose of receiving the enrollment of such youth of spirit as may be willing to enter into this honourable service.

The Encouragement, at this time, to enlist is truly liberal and generous, namely, a bounty of twelve dollars, an annual and fully sufficient supply of good and handsome cloathing, a daily allowance of a large and ample ration of provisions, together with sixty dollars a year in gold and silver money on account of pay, the whole of which the soldier may lay up for himself and friends, as all articles proper for his subsistence and comfort are provided by law, without any expence to him.

Those who may favour this recruiting party with their attendance as above will have an opportunity of hearing and seeing in a more particular manner the great advantages which these brave men will have who shall embrace this opportunity of spending a few happy years in viewing the different parts of this beautiful continent, in the honourable and truly respectable character of a soldier, after which he may, if he pleases, return home to his friends, with his pockets full of money and his head covered with laurels.

GOD SAVE THE UNITED STATES.

upon General Horatio Gates, who had been in command of the army to which Burgoyne had surrendered at Saratoga,—the army which Schuyler had made ready and which Morgan and Arnold had victoriously handled. Intriguers had sought while Washington lay at Valley Forge to substitute Gates for the commander-in-chief; now he was to show how happy a circumstance it was that that selfish intrigue had failed. He met Cornwallis at Camden, in South Carolina, his own force three thousand men, Cornwallis's but two thousand, and was utterly, even shamefully, defeated (16 August, 1780). "We look on America as at our feet," said Horace Walpole complacently when the news had made its way over sea.

And certainly it seemed as if that dark year brought nothing but disaster upon the Americans. It was now more evident than ever that they had no government worthy of the name. The Congress had no more authority now than it had had in 1774, when it was admitted to be nothing but a "congress of the Committees of Correspondence"; and it was not now made up, as it had been then, of the first characters in America, the men of the greatest force and initiative in the patriotic party. It could advise, but it could not command; and the states, making their own expenditures, which seemed heavy enough, maintaining their own militia, guarding their own interests in the war, following their own leaders, often with open selfishness and indifference to the common cause, paid less and less heed to what it asked them to do. It could not raise money by taxation; it could raise very little by loan, having no legal power to make good its promises of repayment. Beaumarchais found to his heavy cost that it was next to impossible to recover the private moneys advanced through "Roderigue Hortalez et Cie." The troops upon whom Washington and his generals depended were paid in "continental" paper money, which, by 1780, had grown so worthless that a bushel of wheat could scarcely be had for a month's pay. Wholesale desertion began. Enlisted men by the score quit the demoralized camps. It was reckoned that as many as a full hundred a month went over to the enemy, if only to get food and shelter and clothing. Those who remained in

the depleted ranks took what they needed from the farms about them, and grew sullen and mutinous. Promises of money and supplies proved as fruitless as promises of re-enforcements from France.

Even deliberate treason was added. Benedict Arnold, whom every soldier in the continental ranks deemed a hero because of the gallant things he had done at Quebec and Saratoga, and whom Washington had specially loved and trusted, entered into correspondence with the enemy, and plotted to give West Point and the posts dependent upon it into the hands of the British. His treason was discovered in time to be foiled, but the heart-breaking fact of it cut Washington to the quick, like a last and wellnigh fatal stroke of bitter dismay. Who could be trusted now? and where was strength to be got wherewith to carry the languishing work to a worthy finish?

It was the worst of all the *bad* signs of the times that no government could be agreed upon that would give the young states a real union, or assure them of harmony and co-operation in the exercise of the independence for which they were struggling. Definite articles of confederation had been suggested as of course at the time the Declaration of Independence was adopted; and the next year (15 November, 1777) the Congress had adopted the plan which Mr. Dickinson had drawn up and which its committee had reported July 12, 1776. But the states did not all accept it, and without unanimous adoption it could not go into operation. All except Delaware and Maryland accepted it before the close of 1778; and Delaware added her ratification in 1779; but Maryland still held out;—waiting until the great states like Virginia should forego some part of their too great preponderance and advantage in the prospective partnership by transferring their claims to the great north-western territories to the proposed government of the Confederation; and her statesmanlike scruples still kept the country without a government throughout that all but hopeless year 1780.

But the autumn showed a sudden turning of the tide. Cornwallis had ventured too far from his base of operations on the southern coast, and was being beset as Burgoyne had been when he sought to



Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

WASHINGTON AND ROCHAMBEAU BEFORE THE TRENCHES AT YORKTOWN

The scene represents the extreme right of the American line in front of Yorktown. The vessels in the distance are a portion of the French fleet assisting in the bombardment of the British works and of the English vessels riding at anchor in the York River. The smoke at the left is rising from the British intrenchments at Gloucester, opposite to Yorktown.

cross the forests which lay about the upper waters of the Hudson. Gates had been promptly superseded after his disgraceful discomfiture and rout at Camden, and the most capable officers the long war had bred were now set to accomplish the task of forcing Cornwallis to a check-mate: Nathaniel Greene, whose quality Washington had seen abundantly tested at Trenton and Princeton, at the Brandywine, at Germantown, and at Monmouth; the dashing Henry Lee, whom nature and the hard school of war had made a master of cavalry; the veteran and systematic Steuben; and Morgan, who had won with Arnold in the fighting about Saratoga, and had kept his name unstained. The wide forests were full, too, of partisan bands, under leaders whom the British had found good reason to dread. At King's Mountain Cornwallis lost twelve hundred men (7 October, 1780), as Burgoyne had lost a thousand at Bennington. He realized too late that he had come too far,—that it would be folly to attempt to cross again the forests that lay south of him. There was nothing for it but to press still further northward into Virginia. There he could move readily and safely enough, but only for a little. His watchful opponents outgeneralled him, caught his forces often in detail, made his outposts unsafe. By midsummer, 1781, Lafayette was at his front with a force strong enough to make it prudent that he should concentrate his strength and make sure of his base of supplies at the coast. By the first week in August he had taken post behind intrenchments at Yorktown, eight thousand strong.

There, upon the peninsula which he had deemed his safest coign of vantage, he was trapped and taken. At last the French were at hand. The Comte de Grasse, with twenty-eight ships of the line, six frigates, and twenty thousand men, was in the West Indies. Washington had begged him to come at once either to New York or to the Chesapeake. In August he sent word that he would come to the Chesapeake. Thereupon Washington once again moved with the sudden directness he had shown at Trenton and Princeton. Rochambeau was free now to lend him aid. With four thousand Frenchmen and two thousand of his own continentals, Washington marched all the long four hundred miles straightway to the York River, in Virginia. There he found Cornwallis, as he had hoped and expected, already penned between Grasse's fleet in the bay and Lafayette's trenches across the peninsula. His six thousand men, added to Lafayette's five thousand and the three thousand put ashore from the fleet, made short work enough of the siege, drawn closer and closer about the British; and by the nineteenth of October (1781) they accepted the inevitable and surrendered. The gallant Cornwallis himself could not withhold an expression of his admiration for the quick, consummate execution of the plans which had outdone him, and avowed it with manly frankness to Washington. "But, after all," he cried, "your Excellency's achievements in New Jersey were such that nothing could surpass them." He liked the mastery by which he had been outplayed and taken.



One Man in a Million

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

I

"DO you desire me to marry him?" asked Miss Castle, quietly.

"Let me finish," said her uncle. "Jane," he added, turning on his sister, "if you could avoid sneezing for a few moments, I should be indebted to you."

Miss Jane Garcide, a sallow lady of forty who suffered with colds all winter and hay-fever all summer, meekly left the room.

Miss Castle herself leaned on the piano, tearing the pink petals from a half-withered rose, while her guardian, the Hon. John Garcide, finished what he had to say and pulled out his cigar-case with decision.

"I have only to add," he said, "that James J. Crawford is one man in a million."

Her youthful adoration of Garcide had changed within a few years to a sweet-tempered indifference. He was aware of this; he was anxious to learn whether the change had also affected her inherited passion for truthfulness.

"Do you remember a promise you once made?" he inquired, lighting his cigar with care.

"Yes," she said, calmly.

"When was it?"

"On my tenth birthday."

He looked out of the heavily curtained window.

"Of course you could not be held to such a promise," he remarked.

"There is no need to *hold* me to it," she answered, flushing up.

Her delicate sense of honor amused him; he lay back in his arm-chair, enjoying his cigar.

"It is curious," he said, "that you cannot recall meeting Mr. Crawford last winter."

"A girl has an opportunity to forget hundreds of faces after her first season," she said.

There was another pause; then Garcide went on: "I am going to ask you to marry him."

Her face paled a trifle; she bent her head in acquiescence. Garcide smiled. It had always been that way with the Castles. Their word once given ended all matters. And now Garcide was gratified to learn the value of a promise made by a child of ten.

"I wonder," said Garcide, plaintively, "why you never open your heart to me, Hilda?"

"I wonder, too," she said; "my father did."

Garcide turned his flushed face to the window.

Years before, when the firm of Garcide and Castle went to pieces, Peter Castle stood by the wreck to the end, patching it with his last dollar. But the wreck broke up, and he drifted piteously with the débris until a kindly current carried him into the last harbor of all—the port of human derelicts.

Garcide, however, contrived to cling to some valuable floatsam, and paddle into calm water, and anchor.

After a few years he built a handsome house above Fiftieth Street; after a few more years he built a new wing for Saint Berold's Hospital; and after a few more years he did other things equally edifying, but which, if mentioned, might identify him.

Church work had always interested him. As a speculation in moral obligation, he adopted Peter Castle's orphan, who turned to him in a passion of gratitude and blind devotion. And as she bade fair to rival her dead mother in beauty, and as rich men marry beauty when it is in the market, the Hon. John Garcide decided to control the child's future. A promise at ten years is quickly made, but he had never forgotten it, and she could not forget.

And now Garcide needed her as he



"I HAVE ONLY TO ADD," HE SAID, "THAT JAMES J. CRAWFORD IS ONE MAN IN A MILLION"

needed mercy from Ophir Steel, which was slowly crushing his own steel syndicate to powder.

The struggle between Steel Plank and James J. Crawford's Ophir Steel is historical. The pure love of fighting was in Crawford; he fought Garcide to a standstill and then kicked him, filling Garcide with a mixture of terror and painful admiration.

But sheer luck caught at Garcide's coat tails and hung there. Crawford, prowling in the purlieus of society, had seen Miss Castle.

The next day Crawford came into Garcide's office and accepted a chair with such a humble and uneasy smile that Garcide mistook his conciliatory demeanor and attempted to bully him. But when he found out what Crawford want-

ed, he nearly fainted in an attempt to conceal his astonishment and delight.

"Do you think I'd buy you off with an innocent child?" he said, lashing himself into a good imitation of an insulted gentleman.

Crawford looked out of the window, then rose and walked toward the door.

"Do you think you can bribe me?" shouted Garcide after him. Crawford hesitated.

"Come back here," said Garcide, firmly; "I want you to explain yourself."

"I can't," muttered Crawford.

"Well—try, anyway," said Garcide, more amiably.

And now this was the result of that explanation, at least one of the results; and Miss Castle had promised to wed a gentleman in Ophir Steel named Crawford, at the convenience of the Hon. John Garcide.

The early morning sunshine fell across the rugs in the music-room, filling the gloom with golden lights. It touched a strand of hair on Miss Castle's bent head.

"You'll like him," said Garcide, guiltily.

Her hand hung heavily on the piano keys.

"You have no other man in mind?" he asked.

"No...no man."

Garcide chewed the end of his cigar.

"Crawford's a bashful man. Don't make it hard for him," he said.

She swung around on the gilded music stool, one white hand lying among the ivory keys.

"I shall spare us both," she said; "I shall tell him that it is settled."

Garcide rose; she received his caress with composure. He made another grateful peck at her chin.

"Why don't you take a quiet week or two in the country?" he suggested, cheerfully. "Go up to the Sagamore Club; Jane will go with you. You can have the whole place to yourselves. You always liked nature and—er—all that, eh?"

"Oh yes," she said, indifferently.

That afternoon the Hon. John Garcide sent a messenger to James J. Crawford with the following letter:

"MY DEAR CRAWFORD,—Your manly

and straightforward request for permission to address my ward, Miss Castle, has profoundly touched me.

"I have considered the matter, I may say earnestly considered it.

"Honor and the sacred duties of guardianship forbid that I should interfere in any way with my dear child's happiness if she desires to place it in your keeping. On the other hand, honor and decency prevent me from attempting to influence her to any decision which might prove acceptable to myself.

"I can therefore only grant you the permission you desire to address my ward. The rest lies with a propitious Providence.

Cordially yours,

JOHN GARCIDE.

"P. S.—My sister, Miss Garcide, and Miss Castle are going to the Sagamore Club to-night. I'll take you up there whenever you can get away."

To which came answer by messenger:

"Hon. John Garcide:

"MY DEAR GARCIDE,—Can't go for two weeks. My fool nephew Jim is on his vacation and I don't know where he is prowling.

Hastily yours,

JAMES J. CRAWFORD.

"P. S.—There's a directors' meeting at three. Come down and we'll settle all quarrels."

To this the Hon. John Garcide telegraphed: "All right," and hurriedly prepared to escort his sister and Miss Castle to the mid-day express for Sagamore Hills.

II

Miss Castle usually rose with the robins, when there were any in the neighborhood. There were plenty on the lawn around the Sagamore Club that dewy June morning, chirping, chirking, trilling, repeating their endless arias from tree and gate-post. And through the outcry of the robins, the dry cackle of the purple grackles, and the cat-bird's whine, floated earthward the melody of the golden orioles.

Miss Castle, fresh from the bath, breakfasted in her own rooms with an appetite that astonished her.

She was a wholesome, fresh-skinned

girl, with a superb body, limbs a trifle heavy in the strict classical sense, straight-browed, blue-eyed, and very lovely and Greek.

Pensively she ate her toast, tossing a few crumbs at the robins; pensively she disposed of two eggs, a trout, and all the chocolate, and looked into the pitcher for more cream.

The swelling bird-music only intensified the deep sweet country silence which brooded just beyond the lawn's wet limits; she saw the flat river tumbling in the sunlight; she saw the sky over all, its blue mystery untroubled by a cloud.

"I love all that," she said dreamily to her maid behind her. "Never mind my hair now; I want the wind to blow it."

The happy little winds of June, loitering among the lilacs, heard; and they came and blew her bright hair across her eyes, puff after puff of perfumed balm, and stirred the delicate stuff that clung to her, and she felt their caress on her bare feet.

"I mean to go and wade in that river," she said to her maid; "dress me very quickly."

But when she was dressed the desire for childish things had passed away, and she raised her grave eyes to the reflected eyes in the mirror, studying them in silence.

"After all," she said aloud, "I am young enough to have found happiness—if they had let me.... The sunshine is full of it, out-doors.... I could have found it... I was not meant for men... Still...it is all in the future yet. I will learn not to be afraid."

She made a little effort to smile at herself in the mirror, but her courage could not carry her as far as that. So, with a quick quaint gesture of adieu, she turned and walked rapidly out into the hallway.

Miss Garcide was in bed, sneezing patiently. "I won't be out for weeks," said the poor lady, "so you will have to amuse yourself alone."

Miss Castle kissed her and went away lightly down the polished stairs to the great hall.

The steward came up to wish her good-morning and to place the resources of the club at her disposal.

"I don't know," she said, hesitating at the veranda door, "I think a sun-bath

is all I care for. You may hang a hammock under the maples, if you will. I suppose," she added, "that I am quite alone at the club?"

"One gentleman arrived this morning," said the steward—"Mr. Crawford."

She looked back, poised lightly in the doorway through which the morning sunshine poured. All the color had left her face. "Mr. Crawford," she said, in a dull voice.

"He has gone out after trout," continued the steward, briskly; "he is a rare rod, ma'am, is Mr. Crawford. He caught the eight-pound fish—perhaps you noticed it on the panel in the billiard-room."

Miss Castle came into the hall again and stepped over to the register. Under her signature, "Miss Castle and maid," she saw "J. Crawford, New York." The ink was still blue and faint.

She turned and walked out into the sunshine.

The future was no longer a gray menacing future; it had become suddenly the terrifying present; and its shadow fell sharply around her in the sunshine.

Now all the courage of her race must be summoned, and must respond to the summons. The end of all was at hand; but when had a Castle ever flinched at the face of fate under any mask?

She raised her resolute head; her eyes matched the sky, clear, unclouded, fathomless.

In hours of deep distress the sound of her own voice had always helped her to endure; and now, as she walked across the lawn bareheaded, she told herself not to grieve over a just debt to be paid, not to quail because life held for her nothing of what she had dreamed.

If there was a tremor now and then in her low voice, none but the robins heard it; if she lay flung face downward in the grasses, under the screen of alders by the water, there was no one but the striped chipmunk to jeer and mock.

"Now listen, you silly girl," she whispered; "he cannot take away the sky and the sunshine from you! He cannot blind and deafen you, silly! Cry if you must, you little coward!—you will marry him all the same."

Suddenly sitting up, alert, she heard something singing. It was the river flowing close beside her.

She pushed away the screen of leaves and stretched out full length, looking down into the water.

A trout lay there; his eyes were shining with an opal tint, his scarlet spots blazed like jewels.

And as she lay there, her bright hair tumbled about her face, she heard, above the river's monotone, a sharp whiplike sound—swis-s-sh—and a silvery thread flashed out across her vision. It was a fishing-line and leader, and the fisherman who had cast it was standing fifty feet away upstream, hip-deep in the sunlit water.

Swish! swish! and the long line flew back, straightened far behind him, and again lengthened out, the single yellow and gilt fly settling on the water just above the motionless trout, who simply backed off down stream.

But there were further troubles for the optimistic angler; a tough alder stem, just under water, became entangled in the line; the fisherman gave a cautious jerk; the hook sank into the water-soaked wood, buried to the barb.

"Oh, the deuce!" said the fisherman, calmly.

Before she could realize what he was about, he had waded across the shallows and seized the alder branch. A dash of water showered her as he shook the hook free; she stood up with an involuntary gasp, and met the astonished eyes of the fisherman.

He was a tall, sunburnt young fellow, with powerful shoulders and an easy, free-limbed carriage; he was also soaking wet and streaked with mud.

"Upon my word," he said, "I never saw you! Awf'ly sorry; hope I haven't spoiled your sport—but I have. You were fishing, of course?"

"No; I was only looking," she said. "Of course I've spoiled your sport."

"Not at all," he said, laughing; "that alder twig did for me."

"But there was a trout lying there; I saw him;—and the trout saw me, so of course he wouldn't rise to your cast. And I'm exceedingly sorry," she ended, smiling in spite of herself.

Her hair was badly rumpled; she had been crying, and he could see it, but he had never looked upon such tear-stained, smiling, and dishevelled loveliness.

As he looked and marvelled, her smile died out; it came to her with a distinct shock that this water-logged specimen of sun-tanned manhood must be Crawford.

"Are you?" she said, scarcely aware that she spoke.

"What?" he asked, puzzled.

"Mr. Crawford?"

"Why, yes—and of course you are Miss Castle," he replied, smiling easily. "I saw your name in the guest-book this morning. Awf'ly glad you came, Miss Castle; hope you'll let me show you where the big fellows lie."

"You mean the fish," she said, with composure.

The shock of suddenly realizing that this man was the man she had to marry confused her; she made an effort to get things back into proper perspective, for the river was swimming before her eyes and in her ears rang a strangely pleasant voice—Crawford's—saying all sorts of good-humored things, which she heard but scarcely comprehended.

Instinctively she raised her hands to touch her disordered hair; she stood there naïvely twisting it into shape again, her eyes constantly reverting to the sun-tanned face before her.

"And I have the pleasure of knowing your guardian, Mr. Garcide, very slightly—in a business way," he was saying, politely.

"Ophir Steel," she said.

He laughed.

"Oh, we are making a great battle," he said. "I'm only hoping we may come to an understanding with Mr. Garcide."

"I thought you had already come to an understanding," she observed, calmly.

"Have we? I hope so; I had not heard that," he said, quickly. "How did you hear?"

Without warning she flushed scarlet to her neck; and she was as amazed as he at the surging color staining her white skin.

She could not endure that;—she could not face him,—so she bent her head a little in recognition of his presence and stepped past him, out along the river-bank.

He looked after her, wondering what he could have said.

She wondered too, and her wonder grew that instead of self-pity, repugnance, and deep dread, she should feel

such a divine relief from the terror that had possessed her.

Now at least she knew the worst. This was the man!

She strove to place him, to recall his face. She could not. All along she had pictured Crawford as an older man. And this broad-shouldered, tanned young fellow was Crawford after all! Where could her eyes have been? How absurd that her indifference should have so utterly blinded her!

She stood a moment on the lawn, closing her eyes.

Oh, now she had no difficulty in recalling his face,—in fact the difficulty was to shut it out, for it was before her eyes, open or shut,—it was before her when she entered her bed-room and sank into a cushioned chair by the breezy window. And she took her burning cheeks in both hands, and rested her elbows on her knees.

Truly terror had fled. It shamed her to find herself thanking God that her fate was to lie in the keeping of this young man. Yet it was natural, too, for the child had nigh died of horror, though the courage of the Castles had held her head high in the presence of the inevitable. And now suddenly into her gray and hopeless future, peopled by the phantoms of an old man, stepped a living, smiling young fellow, with gentle manners and honest speech, and a quick courtesy which there was no mistaking.

She had no mother—nobody to talk to—so she had long ago made a confidante of her own reflection in the looking-glass. And to the mirror she now went, meeting the reflected eyes shyly, yet smiling with friendly sympathy:

"Silly! to frighten yourself! It is all over now. He's young and tall and sunburnt. I don't think he knows a great deal—but don't be frightened, he is not a bit dreadful,...only...it is a pity...but I suppose he was in love with me,...and after all it doesn't matter,...only I am,...sorry...for him.... If he had only cared for a girl who could love him,...I don't suppose I could...ever!.... But I will be very kind to him...to make up."

III

She saw him every day; she dined at the club table now.

Miss Garcide's hay-fever increased with

the ripening summer, and she lay in her room with all the windows closed, sneezing and reading Anthony Trollope.

When Miss Castle told her that Mr. Crawford was a guest at the club, Miss Garcide wept over her for an hour.

"I feel like weeping too," said Miss Castle, tremulously,—“but not over myself.”

“Dot over hib?” inquired Miss Garcide.

“Yes, over him. He ought to marry a girl who could fall in love with him.”

Meanwhile Crawford was dining every evening with her at the great club table, telling her of the day's sport, and how a black bear had come splashing across the shallows within a few rods of where he stood fishing, and how the deer had increased, and were even nibbling the succulent green stalks in the kitchen garden after nightfall.

During the day she found herself looking forward to his return and his jolly spirited stories, always gay and humorous, and never tiresome, technical, nor conceited, although for three years he had held the club cup for the best fish taken on Sagamore Water.

She took sun-baths in her hammock; she read novels; she spent hours in reverie, blue eyes skyward, arms under her head, swayed in her hammock by the delicious winds of a perfect June.

All her composure and common-sense had returned. She began to experience a certain feeling of responsibility for Crawford—a feeling almost maternal.

“He's so amusingly shy about speaking,” she told Miss Garcide; “I suppose he's anxious and bashful. I think I'll tell him that it is all arranged. Besides, I promised Mr. Garcide to speak. I don't see why I don't; I'm not a bit embarrassed.”

But the days went shining by, and a new week dawned, and Miss Castle had not taken pity upon her tongue-tied lover.

“Oh, this is simply dreadful,” she argued with herself. “Besides, I want to know how soon the man expects to marry me. I've a few things to purchase, thank you, and if he thinks a trousseau is thrown together in a day, he's a—man!”

That evening she determined to fulfil

her promise to Garcide as scrupulously as she kept all her promises.

She wore white at dinner, with a great bunch of wild iris that Crawford had brought her. Toward the end of the dinner she began to be frightened, but it was the instinct of the Castles to fight fear and overcome it.

"I'm going to walk down to the little foot-bridge," she said, steadily, examining the coffee in her tiny cup; "and if you will stroll down with your pipe, I... I will tell you something."

"That will be very jolly," he said. "There's a full moon; I mean to have a try at a thumping big fish in the pool above."

She nodded, and he rose and attended her to the door.

Then he lighted a cigar and called for a telegram blank.

This is what he wrote:

"James J. Crawford, 318 New Broad Street, N. Y.:"

"I am at the Sagamore. When do you want me to return?"

JAMES H. CRAWFORD."

The servant took the bit of yellow paper. Crawford lay back smoking and thinking of trout and forests and blue skies and blue eyes that he should miss very, very soon.

Meanwhile the possessor of the blue eyes was standing on the little foot-bridge that crossed the water below the lawn.

A faint freshness came upward to her from the water, cooling her face. She looked down into that sparkling dusk which hangs over woodland rivers, and she saw the ripples, all silvered, flowing under the moon, and the wild-cherry blossoms trembling and quivering with the gray wings of moths.

"Surely," she said aloud—"surely there is something in the world besides men. I love this—all of it!—I do indeed. I could find happiness here; I do not think I was made for men."

For a long while she stood, bending down toward the water, her whole body saturated with the perfume from the fringed milkweed. Then she raised her delicate nose a trifle, sniffing at the air, which suddenly became faintly spiced with tobacco smoke.

Where did the smoke come from? She turned instinctively; on a rock upstream stood young Crawford, smoking peacefully, and casting a white fly into the dusky water. Swish! the silk line whistled out into the dusk.

After a few moments' casting, she saw him step ashore and saunter toward the bridge where she was standing; then his step jarred the structure and he came up, cap in one hand, rod in the other.

"I thought perhaps you might like to try a cast," he said, pleasantly. "There's a good-sized fish in the pool above; I raised him twice. He'll scale close to five pounds, I fancy."

"Thank you," said Miss Castle; "that is very generous of you, because you are deliberately sacrificing the club loving-cup if I catch that fish."

He said, laughing: "I've held the cup before. Try it, Miss Castle; that is a five-pound fish, and the record this spring is four and a half."

She took the rod; he went first and she held out her hand so that he could steady her across the stones and out into the dusk.

"My skirts are soaked with the dew, anyway," she said. "I don't mind a wetting."

He unslung his landing-net and waited ready; she sent the line whirling into the darkness.

"To the right," he said.

For ten minutes she stood there casting in silence. Once a splash in the shadows set his nerves quivering, but it was only a musk-rat.

"By-the-way," she said quietly over her shoulder, "I know why you and I have met here."

And as Crawford said nothing she reeled in her line and held out her hand to him as a signal that she wished to come ashore.

He aided her, taking the rod and guiding her carefully across the dusky stepping-stones to the bank.

She shook out her damp skirts, then raised her face, which had grown a trifle pale.

"I will marry you, Mr. Crawford," she said, bravely,—“and I hope you will make me love you. Mr. Garcide wishes it.... I understand....that you wish it. You must not feel embarrassed,...nor



CHARLES D. CHAPMAN

"I WANT YOU TO MAKE ME LOVE YOU," SHE SAID, FRANKLY

let me feel embarrassed. Come and talk it over. Shall we?"

There was a rustic seat on the riverbank; she sat down in one corner.

His face was in shadow; he had dropped his rod and landing-net abruptly. And now he took an uncertain step toward her and sat down at her side.

"I want you to make me love you," she said, frankly; "I hope you will; I shall do all I can to help you. But—unless I do—will you remember that—I do *not* love you?" As he was silent, she went on: "Take me as a comrade; I will go where you wish. I am really a good com-

rade; I can do what men do. You shall see! It will be pleasant, I think."

After a little while he spoke in a low voice which was not perfectly steady: "Miss Castle, I am going to tell you something which you must know. I do not believe that Mr. Garcide has authorized me to offer myself to you."

"He told me that he desired it," she said. "That is why he brought us together. And he also said," she added, hastily, "that you were somewhat bashful. So I thought it best to make it easy for us both. I hope I have."

Crawford sat motionless for a long

while. At last he passed his hands over his eyes, leaning forward, and looking into her face.

"I've simply got to be honest with you," he said; "I know there is a mistake."

"No, there is no mistake," she said, bending her head and looking him in the eyes,—“unless you have made the mistake—unless,” she said, quickly—“you do not want me.”

"Want you!" he stammered, catching fire of a sudden, "want you, you beautiful child! I love you if ever man loved on earth! Want you?" His hand fell heavily on hers, and closed. For an instant their palms lay close together; her heart almost stopped; then a swift flame flew to her face, and she struggled to withdraw her fingers twisted in his.

"You must not do that," she said, breathlessly. "I do not love you;—I warned you."

He said: "You *must* love me! Can't you understand? You made me love you!—you made me. Listen to me,—it is all a mistake—but it is too late now. I did not dare even think of you—I have simply got to tell you the truth,—I did not dare think of you—I must say it—and I can't understand how I could ever have seen you and not loved you. But when you spoke—when I touched you—"

"Please, please," she said, faintly,—“let me go! It is not a mistake;—I—I am glad that you love me; I will try to love you. I want to—I believe I can—"

"You *must*!"

"Yes....I will.... Please let me go!"

Breathless and crimson, she fell back into her corner, staring at him. He dropped his arm on the back of the rustic seat.

Presently he laughed uncertainly, and struck his forehead with his open hand.

"It's a mistake," he said; "and if it is a mistake, Heaven help the other man!"

She watched him with curious dismay. Never could she have believed that the touch of a man's hand could thrill her; never had she imagined that the words of a man could set her heart leaping to meet his stammered vows. A new shame set her very limbs quaking as she strove to rise. The distress in her eyes, the new fear, the pitiful shyness, called to him for mercy.

For a miracle he understood the mute appeal, and he took her hand in his quietly, and bade her good-night, saying he would stay and smoke awhile.

"Good-night," she said; "I am really tired. I would rather you stayed here. Do you mind?"

"No," he said.

"Then I shall go back alone."

He watched her across the lawn. When she had gone half-way, she looked back and saw him standing there in the moonlight.

And that night as her little silver hand-glass reflected her brilliant cheeks, she veiled her face in her bright hair and knelt down by her bed-side.

But all she could say was, "I love him,—truly I love him!" which was one kind of prayer, after all.

IV

A deep, sweet happiness awoke her ere the earliest robin chirped. Never since the first pink light touched Eden had such a rosy day dawned for any maid on earth.

She awoke in love; her enchanted eyes unclosed on a world she had never known.

Unashamed, she held out her arms to the waking world and spoke her lover's name aloud. Then the young blood leaped in her, and her eyes were like stars after a rain.

Oh, she must hasten now, for there was so little time to live in the world, and every second counted. Healthy of body, wholesome of soul, innocent and ardent in her new-born happiness, she could scarcely endure the rush of golden moments lost in an impetuous bath, in twisting up her bright hair, in the quick knotting of a ribbon, the click of a buckle on knee and shoe.

Then, as she slipped down the stairs into the darkened hall, trepidation seized her, for she heard his step.

He came swinging along the hallway; she stood still, trembling. He came up quickly and took her hands; she did not move; his arm encircled her waist; he lifted her head; it lay back on his shoulder, and her eyes met his.

"All day together," he was saying; and her soul leaped to meet his words, but she could not speak.

He held her at arm's-length, laughing, a little troubled.

"Mystery of mysteries," he said under his breath; "there is some blessed Heaven-directed mistake in this. *Is there, sweetheart?*"

"No," she said.

"And if there was?"

"Can you ask?"

"Then come to breakfast, heart of my heart!—the moments are flying very swiftly, and there is only this day left,—until to-morrow. Listen! I hear the steward moving like a gray rat in the pantry. Can we endure a steward in Eden?"

"Only during breakfast," she said, laughing. "I smell the wheaten flapjacks, and, oh, I am famished!"

There have been other breakfasts—Barmecide breakfasts compared with their first crust broken in love.

But they ate—oh, indeed, they ate everything before them, from flapjacks to the piles of little crisp trout. And they might have called for more, but there came, on tiptoe, the steward, bowing, presenting a telegram on a tray of silver; and Crawford's heart stopped, and he stared at the bit of paper as though it concealed a coiled snake.

She, too, suddenly apprehensive, sat rigid, the smile dying out in her eyes; and when he finally took the envelope and tore it open, she shivered.

"*Crawford, Sagamore Club:*

"Ophir has consolidated with Steel Plank. You take charge of London office. Make arrangements to catch steamer leaving a week from to-morrow. Garcide and I will be at Sagamore to-night.

JAMES J. CRAWFORD."

He sat staring at the telegram; she, vaguely apprehensive for the safety of this new happiness of hers, clasped her hands tightly in her lap and waited.

"Any answer, sir?" asked the steward.

Crawford took the offered telegram blank and mechanically wrote:

"Instructions received. Will expect you and Garcide to-night.

JAMES CRAWFORD."

She sat, twisting her fingers on her

knees, watching him in growing apprehension. The steward took the telegram.

Crawford looked at her with a ghastly smile.

They rose together, instinctively, and walked to the porch.

"Oh yes," he said under his breath, "such happiness was too perfect. Magic is magic,—it never lasts."

"What is it?" she asked, faintly.

He picked up his cap, which was lying on a chair.

"Let's get away, somewhere," he said. "Do you mind coming with me—alone?"

"No," she said.

There was a canoe on the river-bank below the lawn. He took a paddle and setting-pole from the veranda wall, and they went down to the river, side by side.

Heedless of the protests of the scandalized belted kingfishers, they embarked on Sagamore Water.

The paddle flashed in the sunlight; the quick river caught the blade, the spray floated shoreward.

V

Late in the afternoon the canoe, heavily festooned with dripping water-lilies, moved like a shadow over the shining bottom sands. The tall hemlocks walled the river with palisades unbroken; the calm water stretched away into the forest's sombre depths, barred here and there by dusty sunbeams.

Over them, in the highest depths of the unclouded blue, towered an eagle, suspended from mid-zenith. Under them the shadow of their craft swept the yellow gravel.

Knee to knee, vis-à-vis, wrapped to their souls in the enchantment of each other, sat the entranced voyagers. Their rods lay idle beside them; life was serious just then for people who stood on the threshold of separation.

"I simply shall depart this life if you go to-morrow," she said, looking at him.

The unfeigned misery in his face made her smile adorably, but she would not permit him to touch her.

"See to what you have brought me!" she said. "I'm utterly unable to live without you. And now what are you going to do with me?"

Her eyes were very tender. He caught



THE CANOE SHOT OUT INTO A VAST FLAT COUNTRY

her hand and kissed it, and laid it against his face.

"There is a way," he said.

"A way?"

"Shall I lead? Would you follow?"

"What do you mean?" she asked, amused.

"There is a way," he repeated. "That thread of a brook leads to it."

He pointed off to the westward, where through the forest a stream, scarcely wider than the canoe, flowed deep and silent between its mounds of moss.

He picked up the paddle and touched the blade to the water; the canoe swung westward.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked.

But the canoe was already in the narrow stream, and he was laughing recklessly, setting-pole poised to swing round the short turns.

"If we turned back now," she said, "it would be sunset before we reached the club."

"What do we care?" he laughed. "Look!"

Without warning, a yellow glory broke through the trees, and the canoe shot out into a vast flat country, drenched with the rays of the sinking sun.

Blue woods belted the distance; all in front of them was deep moist meadowland, carpeted with thickets of wild iris, through which the stream wound in pools of gold.

The beauty of it held her speechless; the spell was upon him, too, and he sat motionless, the water dripping from his steel-tipped setting-pole in drops of fire.

There was a figure moving in the distant meadow; the sun glimmered on something that might have been a long reed quivering.

"An old friend fishing yonder," he said, quietly; "I knew he would be there." He touched her and pointed to the distant figure. "That is the parson of Foxville," he said. "We will need him before we go to London."

She looked across the purple fields of iris. Suddenly his meaning flashed out like a sunbeam.

"Do—do you wish—that—*now*?" she faltered.

He picked up the paddle; she caught his hand, trembling.

"No, no!"—she whispered, with bent head,—“I cannot; don't take me so—so quickly. Truly we must be mad to think of it.”

He held the paddle poised; after a while her hand slid from the blade and she looked up into his eyes. The canoe moved on.

"Oh, we are quite mad," she said, unsteadily.

"I am glad we are," he said.

The mellow dip! dip! of the paddle woke the drowsing red-winged blackbirds from the reeds; the gray snipe wheeled out across the marsh in flickering flight.

The aged parson of Foxville, intent on his bobbing cork, looked up in mild surprise to see a canoe, heavily hung with water-lilies, glide into his pool and swing shoreward.

The parson of Foxville was a very old man—almost too old to fish for trout.

Crawford led him a pace aside, leaving Miss Castle, somewhat frightened, knee-deep in the purple iris.

Then the old parson came toddling to her and took her hands and peered at her with his aged eyes, saying, "You are quite mad, my child, and very lovely, and very, very young. So I think, after all, you would be much safer if you were married."

Somebody encircled her waist; she turned and looked into the eyes of her lover, and still looking at him, she laid her hands in his.

A wedding amid the iris, all gray with the hovering misty wings of moths,—that was her fate,—with the sky a canopy of fire above her, and the curlew calling through the kindling dusk, and the blue processional of the woods lining the corridors of the coming night.

And at last the aged parson kissed her and shook hands with her husband and shambled away across the meadows.

Slowly northward through the dusk stole the canoe once more, bearing the bride of an hour, her head on her husband's knees. The stars came out to watch them; a necklace of bubbles trailed in the paddle's wake, stringing away, twinkling in the starlight.

Slowly through the perfumed gloom they glided, her warm head on his knees, his eyes fixed on the vague water ahead.

A stag crashed through the reeds



CRAWFORD LED HIM A PACE ASIDE

ashore; the June fawn stared with eyes like rubies in the dark.

Onward, onward, through the spell-bound forest; and at last the windows of the house glimmered, reflected in the water.

Garcide and Crawford awaited them on the veranda as they came up, rising in chilling silence, ignoring the offered hands of greeting.

"I've a word to say to you," snarled the Hon. John Garcide, in his ward's

ear—"and another word for your fool of an aunt!"

She shrank back against her husband, amazed and hurt. "What do you mean?" she stammered; "we—we are married. Will you not speak to my—my husband?"

A silence, too awful to last, was broken by a hoarse laugh.

"You're all right, Jim," said the elder Crawford, slowly. "Ophir Steel won't slip through your fingers when I'm under the sod. Been married long, Jim?"

The Portion of Labor

BY MARY E. WILKINS

PART IX

CHAPTER XXXIII

NAHUM BEALS was a laster in Lloyd's. Late in the autumn, when Ellen had been in the factory a little over a year, there began to be a subtle condition of discontent and insubordination. Men gathered in muttering groups, of which Nahum Beals seemed always to be the nucleus. His high rampant voice, restrained by no fear of consequences, always served as the key-note to the chorus of rebellion. Ellen paid little attention to it. She was earning good wages, better than she had dared to expect in such a short time. She was satisfied with her hours of work, and personally she had nothing of which to complain. She had come to regard Beals as something of a chronic fanatic, but as she knew that the lasters were fairly paid, she had not supposed it meant anything. However, one night, going home from the factory, her eyes were opened. Abby and Maria Atkins and Mamie Brady were with her, and shortly after they left the shop Abby stopped Granville Joy, Frank Dixon, and Willy Jones, who with another young man were swinging past without noticing the girls, strange to say. Abby caught Joy by the arm.

"Hold on a minute, Granville Joy," said she. "I want to know what's up with the lasters."

Granville laughed, with an uneasy, sidelong, deprecating glance at Ellen. "Oh, nothing much," said he.

Willy Jones stood still, coloring, gazing at Abby with a half-terrified expression. Dixon walked on, and the other young man, Amos Lee, who was dark and slight and sinewy, stared from one to the other with quick flashes of black eyes. He looked almost as if he had gypsy blood in him, and he came of a family which

was farther on the outskirts of the society of Rowe than the Louds had been.

When Granville replied "nothing much" to Abby's question, Amos Lee frowned with a swift contraction of dissent, but did not speak until Abby had retorted. "You needn't talk that way to me, Granville Joy," said she. "You can't cheat me. I know something's up."

"It ain't nothin', Abby," said Granville, but it was quite evident that he was lying.

Then Lee spoke up in a sudden fury of enthusiasm. "There is somethin' up," said he, "and I don't care if you do know it. There's—" He stopped as Granville clutched his arm violently and whispered something.

"Well, maybe you're right," said Lee to Joy. "Look here," he continued to Abby; "you and Ellen come along here a little ways and I'll tell you."

After Maria and Mamie had passed on, Joy and Jones and Lee, standing close to the two girls, began to talk, Lee leading.

"Look here," he said, in a hushed voice. "We've found out, no matter how, but we've found out that the boss is goin' to dock the lasters' pay."

"How much?" asked Abby.

"Fifteen per cent."

"Good Lord!" said Abby.

"We ain't goin' to stand it," said Lee.

"I don't see how we can stand it," said Willy Jones, with a slightly interrogative tone directed toward Abby. Granville looked at Ellen.

"Are you sure?" she asked.

"Perfectly sure," replied Granville.

"What do you think about it, Ellen?"

"What are you going to do?" asked Ellen, thoughtfully.

"Strike for fifteen per cent. more before he has a chance to dock us," cried Lee, with a hushed vehemence, looking

about warily to make sure that no one overheard.

"The worst of it is, I know it all comes from Nahum Beals, and he's half cracked," said Abby, bluntly.

"He's got the right of it, anyhow," said Lee.

The two girls walked on, while the men lingered behind to talk.

"Do you suppose it is true, Abby?" asked Ellen.

"I don't know. I should, if it wasn't for that fellow Lee. I can't bear him; and that Nahum Beals—I believe he's half mad. I believe it's lucky for the Czar that he don't live in the same country with him."

"I feel the same way about him," said Ellen; "but think what it would mean, fifteen per cent. less on their wages! What right has Mr. Lloyd?"

"I suppose he'd say he has the right because he has the capital."

"I don't see why that gives him the right."

"You'd better go and talk to him," said Abby. "As for me, I made up my mind, when I went to work in the shop, that I'd got to be a bond-slave, all but my soul. That can kick free, thank the Lord."

"I didn't make up my mind to it," said Ellen. "I am not going to be a slave in any way, and I am not going to approve of others being slaves."

"You think they ought to strike?"

"Yes, if it is true that Mr. Lloyd is going to dock their wages, but I don't feel sure that it is true. Mr. Beals is a queer man. Sometimes I have thought he was dangerous."

CHAPTER XXXIV

TUESDAY evening there was one of those marvellously clear atmospheres of autumn, which seem the clearer from the contrast to the mists of the recent summer. The stars swarmed out in unnumbered hosts. Even people who were not given to star-gazing found themselves stopping and staring aloft at them.

Ellen had an errand downtown that evening. She walked along rapidly under the vast canopy of stars, about which she presently began to have a singular impression. She felt as if they were being augmented, swelled as if by con-

stantly oncoming legions of light from the space beyond space, and as if her little space of individuality, her tiny foothold of creation, was being constantly narrowed by them.

"I never saw so many stars," she said to herself. She looked with wonder at the Milky Way, which was like a zone of diamond dust. Suddenly a mighty conviction of God, which was like the blazing forth of a new star, was in her soul. Ellen was not in a sense religious, and had never united with the Congregational church, which she had always attended with her parents; she had never been responsive to efforts made toward her so-called conversion, but all at once, under the stars that night, she told herself, with an absolute certainty of the truth of it, "There is something beyond everything, beyond the stars, and beyond all poor men, and beyond me, which is enough for all needs. We shall all have our portion in the end."

She had been feeling discouraged lately, although she would not own it, even to herself. She saw Robert but seldom, and her aunt was no better. She wondered if she ought not to say positively to him that there must be no thought of anything between them in the future. She wondered if she was not wronging him. Once or twice she had seen him riding with Miss Hemingway, and thought that after all she was a girl better suited to him, and perhaps, if he had no hope whatever of herself, he might turn to the other to his own advantage. But to-night, with the clear stimulus of the frost in her lungs, and her eyes and soul dazzled with the multiplicity of stars, she began to have a great impetus of courage, like a soldier on the morning of battle. She felt as if she could fight for her joy and the joy of others, and victory would in the end be certain; that the chances of victory ran to infinity, and could not be measured.

However, all the while, in spite of her stimulation of spirits, there was that vague sense of excitement as over some impending crisis. A terror as to the supernatural was stealing over her. She felt as she had when waking in the night from some dreadful dream, though all the time she was dinning in her ears

how foolish she was. She saw the lantern of the night watchman in Lloyd's moving down across a stairway window.

She came opposite Lloyd's, and just as she did so saw a dark figure descending the right-hand flight of stairs from the entrance platform. She thought, from something in the carriage, that it was Mr. Norman Lloyd, and hung back a little, reflecting that she would keep behind him all the way to town.

The man reached the ground at the foot of the stairs, then there was a flash of fire out of the shadow underneath, and a shot rang out. Ellen did what she could never have counted upon herself for doing. She ran straight toward the man, who had fallen prostrate like a log, and was down on the ground beside him, with his head on her lap, shouting for the night watchman, whose name was McLaughlin.

"McLaughlin," she shouted. But there was no need of it, for he had heard the shot. The cry had not left Ellen's lips before she was surrounded by men, one of whom was Granville Joy, one was Dixon, and one was John Sargent.

Joy and Sargent had met downtown, and were walking home together when the shot rang out, and they had rushed forward. Then there was McLaughlin, the watchman of Lloyd's, and the two watchmen from Briggs's and McGuire's came pelting down their stairs swinging their lanterns.

They all stood around the wounded man and Ellen, and stared for a second. They were half stupefied.

"My God, this is a bad job," said Dixon.

"Go for a doctor," cried Ellen, hoarsely.

"We're a pack of fools," ejaculated Sargent, suddenly. Then he gave Granville Joy a push on the back. "Run for your life for the first doctor," he cried, and was down on his knees beside the wounded man. Lloyd seemed to be quite insensible. There was a dark spot which was constantly widening in a hideous circle of death on his shirt front, when Sargent opened his coat and vest tenderly.

"Is he—" whispered Ellen. She held one of Lloyd's hands in a firm clutch, as if she would in such wise hold him to life.

"No, not yet," whispered Sargent. Dixon knelt down on the other side, and took Lloyd's other hand and felt his pulse. McLaughlin was rushing aimlessly up and down, talking as he went.

"I never heard a thing till that shot came," he kept repeating. "He'd jest been in to get his pocket-book he'd left in the office. I never heard a thing till I heard that shot."

Sargent was opening Lloyd's shirt. "McLaughlin, for God's sake stop talking, and run for another doctor, in case Joy does not get one at once," he cried; "then go to his house, and tell young Lloyd, but don't say anything to his wife."

"Poor Mrs. Lloyd," whispered Ellen.

The sick man sighed audibly. It seemed as if he had heard. The other watchmen stood looking on helplessly.

"Why in thunder don't you two scatter, and see if you can't catch him?" cried Dixon to them. "He can't be far off."

But the words had no sooner left his mouth than up came a great Swede who was one of the workmen in Lloyd's, and he had Nahum Beals in a grasp as irresistible as fate. The assassin, even with the strength of his fury of fanaticism, was as a reed in the grasp of this great Northern giant. The Swede held him easily, walking him before him in a forced march. He had a hand of Nahum's in each of his, and he compelled Nahum's right hand to retain the hold of the discharged pistol. There was something terrible about the Swede as he drew near, a captor as unyielding and pitiless as justice itself.

"I have him," he said. "I heard him shoot, and I heard him run, and I stood still until he ran into my arms. I have him."

Nahum in the grasp of this fate was quivering from head to foot, but not from fear.

"Is he dead?" he shouted eagerly.

"Hush up, you murderer!" cried Dixon. "We didn't want any such work as this. Keep fast hold of him, Olfson."

Then there was a swift clatter of wheels, and two doctors drove up, and men came running. The space in front of Lloyd's was black with men. Robert Lloyd was among them.

He pushed through the crowd, which made way respectfully for him. He knelt down beside the wounded man. "Is he—" he whispered to Sargent.

"Not yet," whispered Sargent, "but I'm afraid it's pretty bad."

Then the doctors came and were over him.

"You here?" Robert said to Ellen.

"Yes," she answered; "I was passing when I heard the shot."

"Here, let me take your place," said Robert. He slid himself under the wounded man's head as he spoke, and Ellen arose.

"You had better run home," he said.

"Are you afraid?"

"No," said Ellen; "don't think of me."

She started to go home, when Robert called after her, and a dozen voices echoed.

Ellen came back.

"See here," said Robert, "I don't know but I am asking a good deal, but will you get into Doctor Jane's buggy, and let his man drive to my aunt's, and you break it to her. She likes you. I must stay with him. I don't want her to know it first when he is brought home."

"I will go," said Ellen.

Dr. Story whispered something to Ellen as she was getting into the buggy. Then Doctor Jane's man drove her away down the street.

There was a little black mare harnessed to the buggy, and she went with nervous leaps of speed. When Ellen reached the Lloyd house, she saw that it was blazing with light. Norman Lloyd was fond of brilliant light, and would have every room in his house illuminated, from garret to cellar.

As Ellen went up the stone steps she saw a woman's figure in the room at the right, which moved to an attitude of attention when she rang the bell.

Before Ellen could inquire for Mrs. Lloyd of the maid who answered her ring, there was a shrill cry from the room on the right.

"Who is it? Who is it?" demanded the voice.

Then, before Ellen could speak, Mrs. Lloyd came running out.

"What is it?" she said. "Tell me quick. I know something has happened. Tell me quick. You came in Dr. Jane's

buggy, and the man was driving fast. Tell me."

"Oh, Mrs. Lloyd," said Ellen. Then she could say no more, but the other woman knew.

"Is he dead?" she asked hoarsely.

"Oh, no, no, not dead."

"Did he fall in a fit?"

"No, no."

"Hurt? Oh, is he hurt?"

Ellen nodded trembling.

"How?"

"He was shot."

"Who—shot him?"

"One of the workmen. They have him. Carl Olsson found him."

"One of the workmen, when he has always been so good!"

Suddenly Mrs. Lloyd seemed to gather herself together into the strength of action.

"Are they bringing him home?" she asked Ellen in a sharp, decisive voice.

"I think they must be by this time."

"Then I've got to get ready for him. Come quick."

There were by that time a man and two women servants standing near them aghast. Mrs. Lloyd turned to the man.

"Go down to the drug-store and get some brandy, there isn't any in the house," said she; "then come back as quick as you can. Maggie, you see that there is plenty of hot water. Martha, you and Ellen come up stairs with me quick."

Ellen followed Mrs. Lloyd and the maid up stairs, and before she knew what she was doing, was assisting to put the room in perfect readiness for the wounded man.

"Get the camphor quick, Martha," Mrs. Lloyd said to the maid, who flew out with the tears streaming. Ellen stood on one side of the bed and Mrs. Lloyd on the other. Mrs. Lloyd had stripped off the blankets, and was pinning the sheet tightly over the mattress. She seemed to know instinctively what to do.

"Did you see him?" she asked Ellen in a short, dry voice.

"I was there when he—when it happened. I heard the shot, and I ran."

"Did he know you?"

"No—I—I don't know. I am not sure."

All the time Mrs. Lloyd worked she

was evidently listening. She paid no attention to Ellen except to direct her. All at once she gave a great leap and stood still.

"They're coming," said she, though Ellen had heard nothing. Ellen went close to her, and took her two fat cold hands. She could say nothing. Then she heard the roll of carriage wheels in the street below.

Mrs. Lloyd pulled her hands away from Ellen's and went to the head of the stairs.

"Bring him right up here," she ordered in a loud voice.

Ellen stood back, and the struggling procession with the prostrate man in the midst labored up the broad stairs.

"Bring him in here," said Mrs. Lloyd, "and lay him on the bed."

When Lloyd was stretched on the bed, the crowd drew back a little, and she bent over him.

Then she turned to the doctors.

"I have got everything ready. Shall I go out now?"

"I think you had better, Mrs. Lloyd," said the family physician, pityingly. He went close to Ellen. "Can't you stay with her a little while?" he whispered.

Ellen nodded.

Then the physician spoke quite loudly and cheerfully to Mrs. Lloyd. "We are going to probe for the ball," he said. "We must all hope for the best, Mrs. Lloyd."

Mrs. Lloyd made no reply. She bent again over her husband with a rigid face, and kissed him on his white lips, then she went out, with Ellen following.

Norman Lloyd lived only two hours after he was shot. The efforts to remove the ball had to be abandoned. He was conscious only a few minutes. He suddenly began to look about him with comprehension.

"Robert," he said, in a far-away voice.

Robert stooped closely over his uncle. The dying man looked up at him with an expression which he had never worn in life.

"That man was insane," whispered he, faintly. Then he added, "Look out for her, if she has to go through the operation. Take care of her. Make it as easy for her as you can."

"Then you know, Uncle Norman?" gasped Robert.

"All the time, but it—pleased her to

think I—did not. Don't let her know I knew. Take care—"

Then Norman Lloyd relapsed into unconsciousness, and the whole room and the whole house became clamorous with his stertorous breathing. Mrs. Lloyd and Ellen came and stood in the doorway. The doctor whispered to them. Then the breathing ceased, although at first it was inconceivable that the silence did not continue to ring with it, and Mrs. Lloyd came into the room.

She moved steadily close to her husband on the bed. She gazed at that profile of rigid calmness and enforced peace, which, although the head lay low, seemed to have an effect of upward motion, as if it were cleaving the mystery of space. Mrs. Lloyd laid her hand upon her husband's forehead; she felt a slight incredulousness of death, because it was still warm. She took his hands, dragged them softly together, and folded them upon his breast. Then she turned and faced them all with an angelic expression.

"He did not realize it to suffer much?" she said.

"No, Mrs. Lloyd," replied Doctor Story, quickly. "No; I assure you that he suffered very little."

"He seemed very happy before he died, Aunt Lizzie," said Robert, huskily.

Mrs. Lloyd looked away from them all around the room. It was a magnificent apartment; Norman Lloyd had had an artistic taste, as well as wealth.

"He's gone where it is a great deal more beautiful," she said to them, like a child. "He's gone where there's better treasures than these which he had here."

Robert took hold of his aunt's arm and led her quite unresisting from the room, and as she went she felt for Ellen's hand. "It is time she was home," she said to Robert. "Her folks will be worried about her. She's been a real comfort to me."

It was the first time that Ellen had ever seen death, that she had ever seen the living confronted with it. She felt as if a wave were breaking over her own head as she clung fast to Mrs. Lloyd's hand.

"Sha'n't I stay?" she whispered pitifully to her. "If I can send word to my mother—"

"No, you dear child," replied Mrs.

Lloyd, "you've done enough, and you will have to be up early in the morning." Then she checked herself. "I forgot," said she to Robert; "the factory will be closed till after the funeral, won't it?"

"Of course it will, Aunt Lizzie."

"And the workmen will be paid just the same, of course," said Mrs. Lloyd. "Now can't you take her home, Robert?"

"Oh, don't mind about me," cried Ellen.

"You can have a horse put into the buggy," said Mrs. Lloyd.

"Oh, you mustn't leave her now," Ellen whispered to Robert. "Let somebody else take me, Doctor Jane—"

"I would rather you took her," said Mrs. Lloyd; "and you needn't worry about his leaving me, dear child, the doctor will stay until he comes back."

As Robert was finally going out, his aunt caught his arm and looked at him with a radiant expression. "He will never know about *me* now," said she, "and it won't be long before I— Oh, I feel as if I had gotten rid of my own death."

That night, when they were alone, Robert turned to the girl at his side with a sudden motion. It was no time for love-making, and that was in the mind of neither of them, but the bereavement of this other woman, and the tragedy of her state, filled him with a sort of protective pain toward the girl who might some time have to suffer through him the same loss.

"Are you all tired out, dear?" he said, and passed his free arm around her waist.

"No," replied Ellen. Then, since she was only a girl, and overwrought, having been through a severe strain, she broke down and began to cry.

Robert drew her closer, and she hid her face on his shoulder. "Poor little girl, it has been very hard for you," he whispered.

"Oh, don't think of me," sobbed Ellen. "But I can't bear it, the way she acts, and looks. It is sadder than grief."

"She is not going to live long herself, dear," said Robert, in a stifled voice.

"And he—did not know?"

"Hush, yes; but you must never tell any one. She tried to keep it from him. That is her comfort."

"Oh!" said Ellen. She looked up at

the white face of the young man bending over her, and suddenly the realization of a love that was mightier than all the creatures who came of it, and all who followed it, was over her.

CHAPTER XXXV

A SHORT time after Norman Lloyd's death, Ellen, when she reached the factory one morning, met a stream of returning workmen. They swung along, and on their faces were expressions of mingled solemnity and exultation, as of children let out to play because of sorrow in the house, which will not brook the jarring inconsequence of youth.

Mamie Brady, walking beside a young man as red-haired as herself, called out, with ill-repressed glee, "Turn round, Ellen Brewster; there ain't no shop to-day."

The young man at her side, nervously meagre, looked at Ellen with a humorous contortion of his thin face, then he caught Mamie Brady by the arm and swung her into a hopity skip down the sidewalk. Just behind them came Granville Joy, with another man. Ellen stopped. "What is it?" she said to him. "Why is the shop closed?"

Granville stopped, and let the stream of workmen pass him and Ellen. They stood in the midst of it, parting it, as a rock will divide a current. "Mrs. Lloyd is dead," Granville replied, soberly.

"I heard she was very low last night," Ellen returned in a hushed voice.

Mrs. Lloyd's death made a certain hush in the ferment of revolt at Lloyd's, but a few weeks after it was again on the move. There was a strong feeling of dislike to young Lloyd among the workmen. His uncle had heaped up ill feeling as well as wealth as a heritage for him. The older Lloyd had never been popular, and Robert had succeeded to all his unpopularity, and was fast gathering his own.

Robert was undoubtedly disposed to follow largely his uncle's business methods. He had admired them, they had proved successful, and he had honestly seen nothing culpable in them as business methods go; so it was not strange that he tried to copy them when he came into charge of Lloyd's. He was inclined to meet opposition with the same cool

inflexibility of persistency in his own views, and was disposed to consult his own interests and carry out his own plans with no more brooking of interference than the captain of a man-of-war. Therefore when it happened, shortly after his aunt's death, that he conceived a dissatisfaction with some prominent spirits among union men, he discharged them without the slightest reference to the fact that they were old and skilful workmen, and employed non-union men from another town in their places. It happened also, a month later, when he began to see that business had fallen off considerably, and he could no longer continue the same scale with the same profits, that instead of assembling the men in the different departments, communicating the situation to them, and submitting to them a reduced wage-list for consideration, as was the custom with the more pacific of the manufacturers in the vicinity, he posted it up in the different rooms with no ado whatever. That had been his uncle's method, but never in the face of such brewing discontent as was prevalent in Lloyd's at that time. It was an occasion when the older man would have shut down, but Robert had, along with his arbitrary impetuosity, a real dislike of shutting down, on account of the men, for which they would have been the last to give him credit. "Poor people," he told himself, standing in the office window one night, and seeing them pour out and disappear into the early darkness beyond the radius of the electric lights, "I can't turn them adrift without a dollar in mid-winter. I'll try to run the factory a while longer on a reduced scale, if I only meet expenses."

He saw Ellen going out, descending the steps with the Atkins girls, and as she passed the light, her fair head shone out for a second like an aureole. A great wave of tenderness came over him. He reflected that it would make no difference to her, that it was only a question of time before he lifted her forever out of the ranks of toil. The impulse was strong upon him to go to see her that night, but he had set himself to wait three months after his aunt's death, and the time was not yet up. He had a feeling that he might seem to be, and possibly actually would be, taking advantage

of his bereavement to go sooner, and that Ellen herself might think so.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THERE was a driving snow-storm the next day. When Ellen started for the factory the white twilight of early morning still lingered. Everywhere were the sons and daughters of toil plodding laboriously and noiselessly through the snow, each keeping in the track of the one who went before.

When Ellen reached the end of the cross-street where the Atkins girls lived, she heard the sound of a cough. Abby and Maria were coming toward her through the snow. Maria was coughing violently, and Abby was scolding her.

When Abby caught sight of Ellen she hastened forward, while Maria, still coughing, trailed behind, lifting her little heavy snow-bound feet wearily.

"Ellen, I wish you'd tell Maria to turn around and go home," she said. "Just hear her cough, and out in all this snow, and getting her skirts draggled. She hasn't got common-sense; you tell her so."

Ellen stopped, nodding assentingly. "I think she's right, Maria," she said. "You ought not to be out such a morning as this. You had better go home."

Maria came up smiling, though her lips were quite white, and she controlled her cough to convulsive motions of her chest.

"I am no worse than usual," said she. "I feel better than I generally do in the morning. I haven't coughed any more, if I have as much, and I am holding my dress up high, and you know how warm the factory is. It will be enough sight warmer than it is at home. It is cold at home."

Ellen pressed close to Maria, and pulled her thin arm through her own. "Look here," she said, "don't you think—"

Then Maria burst out with a pitiful emphasis. "I've got to go," she said. "Father had a bad spell last night; he can't get out; and we can't let John Sargent do everything. He's got a sister out West he's about supporting since her husband died last fall. I've got to go to work—we've got to have the money, Ellen; and as for my cough, I have always coughed. It hasn't killed me

yet, and I guess it won't yet awhile." Maria said the last with a reckless gaiety which was unusual to her.

Abby trudged on ahead with indignant emphasis.

The moment Ellen reached the factory she realized that something unwanted had happened.

When they entered the room where they worked, there was a sullen group before a placard tacked on the wall. Ellen pressed closely and saw what it was, a reduced wage-list. Then she went to her machine.

Ellen was exceedingly childlike and primitive in her deductions. She reasoned with a New Testament clearness of impartiality. She was capable of uncompromising severity, since she brought such a clear light of youth and childhood to bear upon even those things which needed shadows for their true revelation. Everything was for her either black or white. She had not lived long enough, perhaps she never would, for a comprehension of half-tones. The situation to her mind was perfectly simple, and she viewed it with a candor which was at once terrible and cruel, for it involved cruelty not only to Robert, but to herself. She felt the most unqualified dissent and indignation, and all the love which she had for the man only intensified it.

Ellen worked on, with her fingers flying and her forehead tense with thought.

Once she knew, although she did not see him, by some subtle spiritual disturbance of the atmosphere, a little commotion which was perfectly silent, that Robert Lloyd had entered the room. She knew when he passed her, and she worked more swiftly than ever. After he had gone out there was a curious inarticulate sound like a low growl of purely animal dissent over the room; a note of blasphemy sounded above the din of the machines. Then all went on as before, until the noon whistle blew.

Ellen ate her luncheon with Maria and Abby. Willy Jones came up timidly when they were nearly finished, feeling his way with a remark about the storm, which was increasing.

"All the cars are tied up," he said, "and the noon train isn't in."

He leaned, with a curious effort at

concealment from them all and himself, upon the corner of the bench near Abby. Then a young man passed them, with such an air of tragedy and such a dead white face that they all stared after him.

"What in the world ails you, Ben Simmons?" called out Sadie Peel. But he did not act as if he heard. He crossed vehemently to the other side of the room, and stood at a window, looking out at the fierce white slant of the storm.

"What in creation ails him?" cried Sadie Peel.

"I guess I know," Willy Jones volunteered, timidly.

"What?"

"He was going to get married, and this cut in the wages is going to put a stop to it. I heard him say so this morning."

"Married! Who to?" asked Sadie Peel.

"Floretta Vining."

"It seems as if they might get along," ventured Willy Jones, "as if they might do with less for a while."

Then Ellen turned on him unexpectedly. "There's no use in talking about doing with less, when every single cent has had to count," said she, sternly. "Ben Simmons has his taxes and insurance, and a steady doctor's bill for his sister, and medicines to buy. He can't have laid up a cent, for he's slow, though he's a good workman. You can't do with less when you haven't any more than enough."

"That's so," said Abby. Then she turned a tender, conciliating, indulgent gaze on the young man at her side. "If I were Floretta Vining," said she, "or if Ellen were, we would go without things, and never know it. We'd go to work; but Floretta, she's different. We went to school with Floretta Vining."

"Floretta Vining is dreadful fond of men, but she wouldn't go without a yard of ribbon for one if he was dying," said Sadie Peel, conclusively. "It's awful hard on Ben Simmons, and no mistake."

The snow increased all day. When the six-o'clock whistle blew, and the workmen streamed out of the factories, it was a wild waste of winter and storm. The wind had come up, and the light snow arose in the distance like white dancers of death, spinning furiously over the level, then settling into long grave-

like ridges. Ellen glanced into the office as she passed the door, and saw Robert Lloyd talking busily with Flynn and another foreman by the name of Dennison. As she passed, Robert turned with a look as if he had been watching for her, and came forward hastily.

"Miss Brewster," he called. "Please step in here a moment, Miss Brewster," he said, and colored a little.

Ellen followed Robert into the office, and he bent over her, speaking rapidly, in a low voice.

"You must not walk home in this snow," he said, "and the cars are not running. You must let me take you. My sleigh is at the door."

Ellen turned white. Somehow this protecting care for herself, in the face of all which she had been considering that day, gave her a tremendous shock. She felt at once touched and more indignant than she had ever been in her whole life. She had been half believing that Robert was neglecting her, that he had forgotten her; all day she had been judging his action of cutting the wages of the workmen from her unswerving childlike unshadowed point of view, and now this little evidence of humanity toward her in the face of what she considered wholesale inhumanity toward others made her at once severe to him and to herself, and she forced back sternly the quick leap of pleasure and happiness which this thought of her awakened. "No, thank you," she said, shortly; "I am much obliged, but I would rather walk."

"But you cannot, in this storm," pleaded Robert, in a low voice.

"Yes, I can; it is no worse for me than for others. There is Maria Atkins, she has been coughing all day."

"I will take her too. Ellen, you cannot walk. You must let me take you."

"I am much obliged, but I would rather not," replied Ellen, in an icy tone. She looked quite hard in his face.

Robert looked at her, perplexed. "But it is drifting," he said.

"It is no worse for me than for the others." Ellen turned to go. Her attitude of rebuff was unmistakable.

Robert colored. "Very well; I will not urge you," he said, coldly. Then he returned to his desk, and Ellen went out. Robert was very far from realizing the

true reason for the child's attitude. She caught up with Maria Atkins, who was struggling painfully through the drifts, leaning on Abby's arm, and slipped a hand under her thin shoulder.

"I expect nothing but she'll get her death out in this storm," grumbled Abby. "What did he want, Ellen?"

"Nothing in particular," replied Ellen. Uppermost in her mind at that moment was the charge of cruelty against Robert for not taking her hint as to Maria. "He can ask me to ride, because he has amused himself with me, but as for taking this poor girl whom he does not love, when it may mean life or death to her, he did not think seriously of doing that for a moment," she thought.

Maria was coughing, although she strove hard to smother the coughs. Granville Joy, who was plodding ahead, turned and waited until they came up.

"You had better let me carry you, Maria," he said, jocularly, but his honest eyes were full of concern.

"He is enough sight kinder than Robert Lloyd," thought Ellen; "he has a better heart." And then the splendid Lloyd sleigh came up behind them and stopped, tilting to a drift. Robert, in his furlined coat, sprang out and went up to Maria.

"Please let me take you home," he said, kindly. "You have a cold, and this storm is too severe for you to be out. Please let me take you home."

Maria looked at him, fairly gasping with astonishment. She tried to speak, but a cough choked her.

"You had better go, if Mr. Lloyd will take you," Abby said, decisively. "Thank you, Mr. Lloyd; she isn't fit to be out." She urged her sister toward the sleigh, and Robert assisted her into the furlined nest.

"I can sit with the driver," said Robert to Abby, "if you will come with your sister."

"No, thank you," replied Abby. "I am able to walk, but I will be much obliged if you will take Maria home."

Robert sprang in beside Maria, and the sleigh slid out of sight.

CHAPTER XXXVII

WHEN Ellen started for the factory the next morning, the storm had

not ceased; the roads were very heavy, although the snow-plough had been out at intervals all night, and there was a struggling line of shovelling men along the car-track, but the cars were still unable to penetrate the drifts.

"What do you think the men will do?" she said to Abby when they came in sight of Lloyd's, shaggy with fringes and wreaths and overhanging shelvings of snow, roaring with machinery, with the steady stream of labor pouring in the door.

"Do?" repeated Abby, almost listlessly. "Do about what?"

"About the cut in wages?"

Abby turned on her with sudden fire. "Oh, my God, what can they do, Ellen Brewster?" she demanded. "Haven't they got to live? Hasn't Lloyd got it all his own way? How are men to live in weather like this without work? Bread without butter is better than none at all, and life at any cost is better than death for them you love. What can they do?"

"It seems to me there is only one thing to do," replied Ellen.

Abby stared at her wonderingly. "You don't mean—" she said, as they climbed up the stairs.

"I mean I would do anything at whatever cost to myself to defeat injustice," said Ellen, in a loud, clear voice.

Several men turned and looked back at her, and laughed bitterly.

"It's easy talking," said one to another.

"That's so," returned the other.

The people all settled to their work as usual. One of the foremen (Dennison), who was anxious to curry favor with his employer, reported to him in an undertone in the office that everything was quiet. Robert nodded easily. He had not anticipated anything else. In the course of the morning he looked into the room where Ellen was employed, and saw with relief and concern her fair head before her machine. It seemed to him that he could not bear it one instant longer to have her working in this fashion, that he must lift her out of it. He still tingled with his rebuff of the night before, but he had never loved her so well, for the idea that the cut in wages affected her relation to him never occurred to him.

As he walked through the room none of the workers seemed to notice him, but worked with renewed energy. He might have been invisible for all the attention he seemed to excite. He looked with covert tenderness at the back of Ellen's head, and passed on. He reflected that he had adopted the measure of wage-cutting with no difficulty whatever.

"All it needs is a little firmness," he thought, with a boyish complacency in his own methods. "Now I can keep on with the factory, and no turning the poor people adrift in midwinter."

At noon Robert put on his fur-lined coat and left the factory, springing into the sleigh, which had drawn up before the door with a flurry of bells. He had an errand in the next town that afternoon, and was not going to return. When the sleigh had slid swiftly out of sight through the storm, which was lightening a little, the people in the office turned to one another with a curious expression of liberty, but even then little was said.

At the end of one of the work-rooms, backed against a snowy window clung about with shreds of the driving storm, stood Ellen Brewster, with some other girls around her, and a few men on the outskirts, and a steady curious movement of all the other workmen toward her, as of iron filings toward a magnet, and she was talking.

Her voice was quite audible all over the great room. It was low-pitched, but had a wonderful carrying quality, and there was something marvellous in its absolute confidence.

"If you men will do nothing, and say nothing, it is time for a girl to say and act," she proclaimed. "I did not dream for a minute that you would yield to this cut in wages. Why should you have your wages cut?"

"The times are pretty hard," said a doubtful voice among her auditors.

One or two men looked rather uneasily back toward Dennison and Flynn and two more foremen who had casually come forward.

"It ain't as though we had something to fall back on," said a man's grumbling voice. "It's easy to talk when you 'ain't got a wife and five children dependent on you."

"That's so," said another, doggedly.

"That has nothing to do with it," said Ellen, firmly. "If I were a man—"

She paused a minute. When she spoke again her voice was full of childlike enthusiasm; it seemed to ring like a song.

"If I were a man," said she, "I would go out in the street and dig, I would beg, I would steal, before I would yield, I, a free man in a free country, to tyranny like this!"

There was a great round of applause at that. Dennison scowled, and said something in a low voice to another foreman at his side. Flynn laughed, with a perplexed, admiring look at Ellen.

"The question is," said Tom Peel, slouching on the outskirts of the throng, and speaking in an imperturbable, compelling, drawling voice, "whether the free men in the free country are going to kick themselves free, or into tighter places, by kicking."

"If you have got to stop to count the cost of bravery, and standing up for your rights, there would be no bravery in the world," returned Ellen, with disdain.

"Oh, I am ready to kick," said Peel, with his masklike smile.

"So am I," said Granville Joy, in a loud voice. Amos Lee came rushing through the crowd to Ellen's side. He had been eating his dinner in another room, and had just heard what was going on. He opened his mouth with a motion as of letting loose a flood of ranting, but somebody interposed. John Sargent, bulky, and irresistible in his steady resolution, put him aside, and stood before him.

"Look here," he said to them all. "There may be truth in what Miss Brewster says, but we must not act hastily; there is too much at stake. Let us appoint a committee and go to see Mr. Lloyd this evening, and remonstrate on the cutting of the wages." He turned to Ellen in a kindly, half-paternal fashion. "Don't you see it would be better?" he said.

She looked at him doubtfully, her cheeks glowing, her eyes like stars. She was freedom and youth incarnate, and rebellious against all which she conceived as wrong and tyrannical. She could hardly admit, in her fire of enthusiasm, of pure indignation, of any compromise or arbitration. Still she yielded. "Per-

haps you are right," she said to Sargent. She had always liked John Sargent, and she respected him.

"I am sure it is the best course," he said to her, still in that low, confidential voice.

It ended in a committee of four, John Sargent, Amos Lee, Tom Peel, and one of the older lasters, a very respectable man, a deacon in the Baptist church, being appointed as a committee to wait on Robert Lloyd that evening.

When the one-o'clock whistle blew, Ellen went back to her machine. She was very pale, but she was conscious of a curious steadiness of all her nerves. Abby leaned toward her, and spoke low in the roar of wheels.

"I'll back you up, if I die for it," she said.

But Sadie Peel, on the other side, spoke quite openly, with a laugh and shrug of her shoulders. "Land," she said, "father'll be with you. He's bound to strike. He struck when he was in McGuire's. Catch father givin' up anything! But as for me, I wish you'd all slow up, an' stick to work, if you do get a little less. If we quit work, I can't have a nearseal cape, and I've set my heart on a nearseal cape this winter."

CHAPTER XXXVIII

ELLEN resolved that she would say as little as possible about the trouble at home that night. She did not wish her parents to worry over it until it was settled in one way or another.

But when she went down to breakfast the next morning, her mother stared at her sharply.

"Ellen Brewster, what is the matter with you?" she cried.

"Nothing. Why?"

"Nothing! You look like a ghost."

"I feel perfectly well," said Ellen. She made an effort to eat as much breakfast as usual, in order that her mother should not suspect that she was troubled. When at last she set out for the factory, in the early morning dusk, she was chilled and trembling with excitement.

The storm had quite ceased, and there was a pale rose and violet dawnlight in the east, and presently came effects like golden-feathered shafts shooting over the sky. The road was alive with shovel-

ling men, construction-cars of the railroad company were laboring back and forth to clear the tracks, householders were making their way from their doors to their gates, clearing their paths, lifting up the snow in great glittering blue-white blocks on their clumsy shovels. Everywhere were the factory employees hastening to their labor; the snow was dropping from the overlaid tree branches in great blobs; there was an incessant shrill chatter of people, and occasional shouts. It was the rally of mankind after a defeat by a primitive force of nature. It was the eternal reassertion of human life and a higher organization over the elemental. Men who had walked doggedly the morning before now moved with a spring of alacrity, although the road was very heavy. There was a new light in their eyes; their cheeks glowed. Ellen had no doubt whatever that if Robert Lloyd had not yielded, the attitude of the employees of Lloyd's would be one of resistance. She herself seemed to breathe in resistance to tyranny and strength for the right in every breath of the clear crisp morning air. She felt as if she could trample on herself and her own weakness, for the sake of justice and the inalienable good of her kind, with as little hesitation as she trampled on the creaking snow. Yet she trembled with that deadly chill before a sense of impending fate. When she returned the salutations of her friends on the road, she felt that her lips were stiff.

"You look dreadful queer, Ellen," Abby Atkins said, anxiously, when she joined her. Maria also was out that morning.

"Have you heard what they are going to do? What did John Sargent say when he got home last night?"

"Well," Abby replied, reluctantly, "I believe Mr. Lloyd wouldn't give in. Ellen Brewster, for Heaven's sake, don't look so!"

Ellen walked on, her head high, her face as white as death. Maria clung closely to her, her own lips quivering.

"What are the men going to do, do you think?" asked Ellen presently in a low voice.

"I don't know," replied Abby. "John Sargent seems to think they'll give in.

He says he doesn't know what else they can do. The times are hard. I believe Amos Lee and Tom Peel are for striking, but he says he doesn't believe the men will support them. We simply can't go without work all winter. It is better to do with less, than with nothing at all. What can a man like Willy Jones do, if he hasn't any work? He and his mother would actually suffer. What could we do?"

"I don't think we ought to think so much about that," said Ellen.

"What do you think we ought to think about, for goodness' sake?"

"Whether we are doing right or not, whether we are furthering the cause of justice and humanity, or hindering it. Whether it is for good in the long-run, or not. There have always been martyrs; I don't see why it is any harder for us to be martyrs than for those we read about."

All went to their tasks as usual. In a minute after the whistle blew the great pile was in the full hum of labor. Ellen stood for a few moments at her machine, then she left it deliberately, and made her way down the long room to where John Sargent stood at his bench cutting shoes, with a swift faithfulness born of long practice. She pressed close to him, while the men around stared.

"What is going to be done?" she asked, in a low voice.

Sargent turned and looked at her in a troubled fashion, and spoke in a pacific, soothing tone as her father might have done. He was much older than Ellen.

"Now look here, child," he said, "I don't dare take the responsibility of urging all these men into starvation this kind of weather. The times are hard. Lloyd has some reason—"

Ellen walked away from him swiftly, and went to the row of lasting-machines where Amos Lee and Tom Peel stood. She walked up to them, and spoke in a loud, clear voice.

"You are not going to give in?" said she. "You don't mean to give in?"

Lee turned and gave her one stare, and left his machine.

"Not another stitch of work will I do under this new wage-list, so help me God."

Tom Peel stood for a second like an

automaton, staring at them both. Then he turned his back to his post.

"I'm with ye," he said.

The lasters for some occult reason were always the most turbulent element in Lloyd's. In less than three minutes the enthusiasm of revolt had spread, and every laster had left his machine. In a half-hour more there was an exodus of workmen from Lloyd's. There were very few left in the factory. Among them were John Sargent, the laster who was a deacon and had formed one of the consulting committee, Sadie Peel, who wanted her near-seal cape, and Mamie Brady, who would do nothing which she thought would displease the foreman Flynn.

CHAPTER XXXIX

THAT was one of the strangest days which Ellen had ever passed. The enforced idleness gave her an indefinite sense of guilt. She tried to assist her mother about the household tasks, then she tried to sew on the wrappers, but she was awkward about it, from long disuse.

"Do take your book, and sit down and read, and rest a little, now you've got a chance," said Fanny, with sharp solicitude.

She said never one word concerning it to Ellen, but all the time she thought how Ellen had probably lost her lover. It was really doubtful which suffered the more that day, the mother or the daughter. Fanny had that strange vicarious affection for her daughter's lover, and a realization of her state of mind, of which a mother alone is capable. It is like a cord of birth which is never severed. Not one shadow of sad reflection passed over the bright enthusiastic face of the girl but was passed on, as if driven by some wind of spirit, over the face of the older woman. She reflected Ellen entirely.

As for Andrew, his anxiety was as tender, and less subtle. He did not understand so clearly, but he suffered more. He was clumsy with this mystery of womanhood, but he was unremitting in his efforts to do something for the girl. Once he tiptoed up to Fanny and whispered, when Ellen was in the next room, that he hoped she hadn't made any mis-

take, that it seemed to him she looked pretty pale.

"Mistake?" cried Fanny, tossing her head, and staring at him proudly. "Haven't you got any spirit, and you a man, Andrew Brewster?"

"I ain't thinking about myself," said Andrew.

That afternoon Robert went to see Ellen. He could not wait until evening.

Fanny greeted him at the door, and there was the inevitable flurry about lighting the parlor stove, and presently Ellen entered.

She had changed the gown which she had worn at her factory-work for her last winter's best one. Her young face was pale, almost severe, and she met him in a way which made her seem a stranger.

Robert realized suddenly that she had, as it were, closed the door upon all their old relations. She seemed years older, and at the same time indefinably younger, since she was letting the childish impulses, which are at the heart of all of us untouched by time and experience, rise rampant and unchecked. She was following the lead of her own convictions with the terrible unswerving of a child, even in the face of her own hurt.

She bowed to Robert and did not seem to see his proffered hand.

"Won't you shake hands with me?" he asked, almost humbly, although his own wrath was beginning to rise.

"No, I would rather not," she replied, with a straight look at him. Her blue eyes did not falter in the least.

"May I sit down?" he said. "I have something I would like to say to you."

"Certainly, if you wish," she replied. Then she seated herself on the sofa, with Robert opposite in the crushed-plush easy-chair.

The room was still very cold, and the breath could be seen at the lips of each in white clouds. Robert had on his coat, but Ellen had nothing over her blue gown. It was on Robert's tongue to ask if she were not cold, then he refrained. The issues at stake seemed to make the question frivolous to offensiveness. He felt that any approach to tenderness when Ellen was in her present mood would invoke an indignation for which he could scarcely blame her, that he must try to meet her on equal fighting-ground.

Ellen sat before him, her little cold hands tightly folded in her lap, her mouth set hard, her steady fire of blue eyes on his face, waiting for him to speak.

Robert felt a decided awkwardness about beginning to talk. Suddenly it occurred to him to wonder what there was to say. It amounted to this: they were in their two different positions, their two points of view—would either leave for any argument of the other? Then he wondered if he could, in the face of a girl who wore an expression like that, stoop to make an argument, for the utter blindness and deafness of her very soul to any explanation of his position was too evident in her face.

"I called to tell you, if you will permit me, how much I regret the unfortunate state of affairs at the factory," Robert said, and the girl's eyes met his as with a flash of flame.

"Why did you not prevent it, then?" asked she.

"I could not prevent it," replied Robert, in a low voice.

Ellen said nothing.

"You mistake my position," said Robert. It was in his mind then to lay the matter fully before her, as he had disdained to do before the committee, but her next words deterred him.

"I understand your position very fully," said she.

Robert bowed.

"There is only one way of looking at it," said Ellen, in her inexpressibly sweet, almost fanatical voice. She tossed her head, and the fluff of fair hair over her temples caught a beam of afternoon sunlight.

"She is only a child," thought Robert, looking at her. He rose and crossed over to the sofa, and sat down beside her with a masterful impatience. "Look here, Ellen," he said, leaving all general issues for their own personal ones, "you are not going to let this come between us?"

Ellen sat stiff and straight, and made no reply.

"All this can make very little difference to you," Robert urged. "You know how I feel. That is, it can make very little difference to you if you still feel as you did. You must know that I have only been waiting—that I am eager and impatient to lift you out of it all."

Ellen faced him. "Do you think I would be lifted out of it now?" she said.

"Why, but, Ellen, you cannot—"

"Yes, I can. You do not know me."

"Ellen, you are under a total misapprehension of my position."

"No, I am not. I apprehend it perfectly."

"Ellen, you cannot let this separate us."

Ellen looked straight ahead in silence.

"You at least owe it to me to tell me if, irrespective of this, your feelings have changed," Robert said, in a low voice.

Ellen said nothing.

"You may have come to prefer some one else," said Robert.

"I prefer no one before my own, before all these poor people who are a part of my life," Ellen cried out suddenly, her face flaming.

"Then why do you refuse to let me act for their final good? You must know what it means to have them thrown out of work in midwinter. You know the factory will remain closed for the present on account of the strike."

"I did not doubt it," said Ellen, in a hard voice. All the bitter thoughts to which she would not give utterance were in her voice.

"I cannot continue to run the factory at the present rate and meet expenses," said Robert; "in fact, I have been steadily losing for the last month." He had, after all, descended to explanation. "It amounts to my either reducing the wage-list or closing the factory altogether," he continued. "For my own good I ought to close the factory altogether, but I thought I would give the men a chance."

"What if you do lose money?" said Ellen.

Robert stared at her. "I beg your pardon?" said he.

"What if you do lose money?"

"A man cannot conduct business on such principles," replied Robert. "There would soon be no business to conduct. You don't understand."

"Yes, I do understand fully," replied Ellen.

Robert looked at her, at the clear rosy curve of her young cheek, the toss of yellow hair above a forehead as can-

did as a baby's, at her little delicate figure, and all at once such a rage of masculine insistence over all this obstinacy of reasoning was upon him that it was all he could do to keep himself from seizing her in his arms and forcing her to a view of his own horizon. He felt himself drawn up in opposition to an opponent at once too delicate, too unreasoning, and too beloved to encounter. It seemed as if the absurdity of it would drive him mad, and yet he was held to it. He tried to give a desperate wrench aside from the main point of the situation. He leaned over Ellen, so closely that his lips touched her hair.

"Ellen, let us leave all this," he pleaded; "let me talk to you. I had to wait a little while. I knew you would understand that, but let me talk to you now."

Ellen sat as rigid as marble. "I wish to talk of nothing beside the matter at hand, Mr. Lloyd," said she. "That is too close to my heart for any personal consideration to come between."

CHAPTER XL

THAT was a hard winter for Rowe. Aside from the financial stress, the elements seemed to conspire against the people who were so ill-prepared to meet their fury. It was the coldest winter which had been known for years, coal was higher, and the poor people had less coal to burn. Storm succeeded storm; then, when there came a warm spell, there was an epidemic of the grippe, and doctors' bills to pay, and quinine to buy, and quinine was very dear.

The Brewsters managed to keep up the interest on the house mortgage, but their living expenses were reduced to the narrowest possible limit. In those days there was no wood laid ready for kindling in the parlor stove, since there was neither any wood to spare nor expectation of Robert's calling. Ellen and her mother sat in the dining-room, for even the sitting-room fire had been abolished, and they heated the dining-room, whenever the weather admitted it, from the kitchen stove, and worked on the wrappers for their miserable pittance.

The repeated storms were in a way a boon to Andrew, since he got many jobs clearing paths, and thus secured a trifle toward the daily expenses.

Mrs. Zelotes watched the butcher-cart anxiously when it stopped before her son's house, and she knew just what a tiny bit of meat was purchased and how seldom. On the days when the cart moved on without any consultation at the tail thereof, the old woman would buy an extra portion, cook it, and carry some over to her son's.

Times grew harder and harder. Few of the operatives who had struck in Lloyd's succeeded in obtaining employment elsewhere, and most of them joined the Union to enable them to do so. There was actual privation. One evening, when the strike was some six weeks old, Abby Atkins came over in a pouring rain to see Ellen. There were a number of men in the dining-room that night. Amos Lee and Frank Dixon were among them. It was a singular thing that Andrew, taking as he had done no active part in any rebellion against authority, should have come to see his house headquarters for the rallies of dissension. Men seemed to come to Andrew Brewster's for the sake of bolstering themselves up in their hard position of defiance against tremendous odds, though he sat by and seldom said a word. As for Ellen, she and her mother on these occasions sat out in the kitchen sewing on the endless seams of the endless wrappers. Sometimes it seemed to the girl as if wrappers enough were being made to clothe not only the present, but future generations of the daughters of toil. She seemed to see whole armies of hopeless, overburdened women all arrayed in these slouching garments crowding the foreground of the world.

That evening little Amabel, who had developed a painful desire to make herself useful, having divined the altered state of the family finances, was pulling out basting-threads, with a puckered little face bent over her work.

When the side door opened, Ellen and her mother thought it was another man come to swell the company in the dining-room.

"It beats all how men like to come and sit round, and talk over matters; for my part I 'ain't got any time to talk; I've got to work," remarked Fanny.

"That's so," rejoined Ellen. She looked curiously like her mother that night,

and spoke like her. In her heart she echoed the sarcasm to the full. She despised those men for sitting hour after hour in a store, or in the house of some congenial spirit, or standing on a street corner, and talking, talking, she was sure to no purpose. As for herself, she had done what she thought right; she had, as it were, cut short the thread of her happiness of life for the sake of something undefined and rather vague, and yet as mighty in its demands for her allegiance as God. And it was done, and there was no use in talking about it. She had her wrappers to make. However, she told herself, extenuatingly, "Men can't sew, so they can't work evenings. They are better off talking here than they would be in the billiard-saloon." Ellen, at that time of her life, had a slight, unacknowledged feeling of superiority over men of her own class. She regarded them very much as she regarded children, with a sort of tolerant good-will and contempt. Now suddenly she raised her head and listened. "That isn't another man, it's Abby," she said to her mother.

"She wouldn't come out in all this rain," replied Fanny. As she spoke, a great wind-driven wash of it came over the windows.

"Yes, it is," said Ellen, and she jumped up and opened the dining-room door.

Abby had entered, as was her custom, without knocking. She had left her dripping umbrella in the entry, and her old hat was flattened on to her head with wet, and several damp locks of hair straggled from under it and clung to her thin cheeks. She still held up her wet skirts around her, as she had held them out-of-doors, but she was gesticulating violently with her other hand. She was repeating what she had said before. Ellen had heard her dimly through the door.

"Yes, I mean just what I say," she cried. "Get up and go to work, if you are men! Stop hanging around stores, and corners, and talking about the tyranny of the rich, and go to work, and make them pay you something for it, anyhow. This has been kept up just long enough. Get up and go to work, if you don't want those belonging to you to starve."

Abby caught sight of Ellen, pale and

breathless, in the door, with her mother looking over her shoulder, and she addressed her with renewed violence. "Come here, Ellen," she said, "and put yourself on my side. We've got to give in."

"You go away," cried little Amabel, in a shrill voice, looking around Ellen's arm; but nobody paid any attention to her.

Abby passed through the room, sprinkling rain-drops from her drenched skirts, and went into the kitchen with Ellen. Fanny cast an angry glance at her, then a solicitous one at her dripping garments.

"Abby Atkins, you haven't got any rubbers on," said she.

"Rubbers!" repeated Abby.

"You just slip off those wet skirts, and Amabel will fetch you down Ellen's old black petticoat and brown dress. Amabel—"

But Abby seated herself peremptorily before the kitchen stove and extended one soaked little foot in its shabby boot. "I'm past thinking or caring about wet skirts," said she. "Good Lord, what do wet skirts matter? We can't make wrappers any longer. We had to sell the sewing-machine yesterday to pay the rent or be turned out, and we haven't got a thing to eat in the house except potatoes and a little flour. We haven't had any meat for a week. Nice fare for a man like poor father and a girl like Maria! We have come down to the kitchen fire like you, but we can't keep it burning as late as this. The rest went to bed an hour ago to keep warm. Maria has got more cold. She did seem better one spell, but now she's worse again. Our chamber is freezing cold, and we haven't had a fire in it since the strike. John Sargent has ransacked every town within twenty miles for work, but he can't get any, and his sick sister keeps sending to him for money. He looks as if he was just about done, too. He went off somewhere after supper. A great supper! He don't smoke a pipe nowadays. Father don't get the medicine he ought to have, and that cold spell he just about perished for a little whiskey. The bed-room was like ice with no fire in the sitting-room, and he didn't sleep warm. It's one awful thing after another happening. Did you know



See "The Portion of Labor," page 971

"I WISH TO TALK OF NOTHING BESIDE THE MATTER AT HAND, MR. LLOYD," SAID SHE

Mamie Brady took carbolic acid last night?"

"Good land!" said Fanny.

"Yes, she did. Ed Flynn has been playing fast and loose with her for a long time, and she's none too well balanced, and when it came to her not having enough to eat, and to keep her warm, and her mother nagging at her all the time—you know what an awful hard woman her mother is—she got desperate. She gulped it down when the last car went past and Ed Flynn hadn't come; she had been watchin' out for him; then she told her mother, and her mother shook her, then run for Doctor Fox, and he called in Doctor Lord, and they worked with a stomach-pump till morning, and she isn't out of danger yet. Then that isn't all. Willy Jones's mother is failing. He was over to our house last evening, telling us about it, and he fairly cried, poor boy. He said he actually could not get her what she needed to make her comfortable this awful winter. It was all he could do with odd jobs to keep the roof over their heads, that she hadn't actually enough to eat and keep her warm. It seemed as if he would die when he told about it. And that isn't all. Those little Blake children next door are fairly starving. They are going around to the neighbors' swill-buckets, it's a fact, just like little hungry dogs, and it's precious little they find in them. Mrs. Wetherhed has let her sewing-machine go, and Edward Morse is going to be sold out for taxes. And that isn't all."

Abby lowered her voice a little. She cast an apprehensive glance at the door of the other room, and at Amabel.

"Mamie Bemis has gone to the bad. I had it straight. She's in Boston. She didn't have enough to pay for her board, and got desperate. I know her sister did wrong, but that was no reason why she should have, and I don't believe she would if it hadn't been for the strike. It's all on account of the strike. There's no use talking: before the sparrow flies in the eyes of the tiger, he'd better count the cost."

Fanny, quite white, stood staring from Abby to Ellen, and back again.

Amabel was holding fast to a fold of Ellen's skirt. Ellen looked rigid.

"I knew it all before," she said, in a low voice.

Suddenly Abby jumped up and caught the other girl in a fierce embrace. "Ellen," she sobbed, "Ellen, isn't there any way out of it? I can't see—"

Ellen freed herself from Abby with a curious imperative yet gentle motion, then she opened the door into the other room again. The loud clash of voices hushed, and every man faced toward her standing on the threshold, with her mother and Abby and little Amabel in the background. "I want to say to you all," said Ellen, in a clear voice, "that I think I did wrong. I have been wondering if I had not for some time, and growing more and more certain. I did not count the cost. All I thought of was the principle, but the cost is a part of the principle in this world, and it has to be counted in with it. I see now. I don't think the strike ought ever to have been. It has brought about too much suffering upon those who were not responsible for it, who did not choose it of their own free will. There are children starving, and people dying, and breaking their hearts. We have brought too much upon ourselves and others. I am sorry I said what I did in the shop that day, if I influenced any one. Now I am not going to strike any longer. Let us all accept Mr. Lloyd's terms, and go back to work."

But Ellen's voice was drowned out in a great shout of wrath and dissent from Lee. He directly leaped to the conclusion that the girl took this attitude on account of Lloyd, and his jealousy, which was always smouldering, flamed.

"Well, I guess not," he shouted. "I rather guess not. I've struck, and I'm goin' to stay struck! I ain't goin' to back out because a girl likes the boss."

Andrew and the young laster rose and moved quietly before Ellen. Tom Peel said nothing, but he grinned imperturbably.

"I 'ain't had a bit of tobacco, and the less said about what I've had to eat the better," Lee went on, in a loud, threatening voice, "but I ain't goin' to give up. No, miss; you've het up the fightin' blood in me, and it ain't so easy coolin' of it down."

The door opened, and Granville Joy entered. He had knocked several times,

but nobody had heard him. He looked inquiringly from one to another, then moved beside Andrew and the laster.

Dixon got up. "It looks to me as if it was too soon to be giving up now," he said.

"It's easy for a man who's got nobody dependent upon him to talk," cried Abby.

"I won't give up!" cried Dixon, looking straight at Ellen, and ignoring Abby.

"That's so," said Lee. "We don't give up our rights for bosses, or bosses' misses."

As he said that there was a concerted movement of Andrew, the laster, and Granville. Granville was much slighter than Lee, but suddenly his right arm shot out, and the other man went down like a log. Andrew followed him up with a kick.

"Get out of my house!" he shouted, "and never set foot in it again. Out with ye!"

Lee was easily cowed. He did not attempt to make any resistance, but gathered himself up, muttering, and moved before the three into the entry, where he had left his coat and hat. Dixon and Peel followed him. When the door was shut, Ellen turned to the others, with a quieting hand on Amabel's head, who was clinging to her, trembling.

"I think it will be best to talk to John Sargent," said she. "I think a committee had better be appointed to wait upon Mr. Lloyd again, and ask him to open the factory. I'm not going to strike any longer."

"I'm sure I am not," said Abby.

"Abby and I are not going to strike any longer," said Ellen, in an indescribably childlike way, which yet carried enormous weight with it.

Ellen had not arrived at her decision with regard to the strike as suddenly as it may have seemed. All winter, ever since the strike, Ellen had been wondering, not whether the principle of the matter was correct or not, but if the action taken was wise. She used to sit for hours up in her chamber after her father and mother had gone to bed, wrapped up in an old shawl against the cold, resting her elbows on the window-sill, and her chin on her two hands, staring out into the night, and reflecting. Her youthful enthusiasm carried her like a leaping-pole

to conclusions beyond her years. "I wonder," she said to herself, "if after all this inequality of possessions is not a part of the system of creation, if the righting of them is not beyond the flaming sword of the Garden of Eden?" She reflected that the world was very old—thousands of years old—and inequality was as old as the world. Might it not even be a condition of its existence, the shifting of weights which kept it to its path in the scheme of the universe? And yet always she went back to her firm belief that the strikers were right, and always, although she loved Robert Lloyd, she denounced him. Even when it came to her abandoning her position with regard to the strike, she had not the slightest thought of effecting thereby a reconciliation with Robert.

For the first time, that night when she had gone to bed, after announcing her determination to go back to work, she questioned her affection for Robert. Before, she had always admitted it to herself with a sort of shamed and angry dignity. "Other women feel so about men, and why should I not?" she had said; "and I shall never fail to keep the feeling behind more important things." She had accepted the fact of it with childlike straightforwardness as she accepted all other facts of life, and now she wondered if she really did care for him so much. She thought over and over everything Abby had said, and saw plainly before her mental vision those poor women parting with their cherished possessions, the little starving children snatching at the refuse-buckets at the neighbors' back doors. She saw with incredulous shame, and something between pity and scorn, Mamie Bemis, who had gone wrong, and Mamie Brady, who had taken her foolish, ill-balanced life in her own hands. She remembered every word which she had said to the men on the morning of the strike, and how they had started up and left their machines. "I did it all," she told herself. "I am responsible for it all—all this suffering, for those hungry little children, for that possible death, for the ruin of another girl." Then she told herself, with a stern sense of justice, that back of her responsibility came Robert Lloyd's. If he had not cut the wages,

it would never have been. It seemed to her that she almost hated him, and that she could not wait to strive to undo the harm which she had done. She could not wait for morning to come.

She lay awake all night in a fever of impatience. When she went down stairs her eyes were brilliant, there were red spots on her cheeks, her lips were tense, her whole face looked as if she were strained for some leap of action. She took hold of everything she touched with a hard grip. Her father and mother kept watching her anxiously. Directly after breakfast Ellen put on her hat and coat.

"What are you going to do?" asked Fanny.

"I am going over to see John Sargent, and ask him to get some other men and go to see Mr. Lloyd, and tell him we are willing to go to work again," replied Ellen.

Ellen discovered, when she reached the Atkins house, that John Sargent had already resolved upon his course of action.

"The first thing he said when he came in last night was that he couldn't stand it any longer, and he was going to see the others, and go to Lloyd, and ask him to open the shop on his own terms," said Abby. "I told him how we felt about it."

"Yes, I am ready to go back whenever the factory is opened," said Ellen. "I am glad he has gone."

Ellen did not remain long. Abby promised to go over and let her know the result of the interview with Lloyd.

It was not until evening that Abby came over, and John Sargent with her. Lloyd had not been at home in the morning, and they had been forced to wait until late afternoon. The two entered the dining-room, where Ellen and her mother sat at work.

Abby spoke at once, and to the point. "Well," said she, "the shop's going to be opened to-morrow."

"On what terms?" asked Ellen.

"On the boss's, of course," replied Abby, in a hard voice.

"It's the only thing to do," said Sargent, with a sort of stolid assertion. Evidently in yielding he was resisting himself.

"You don't think there will be any

danger," Fanny said, anxiously, looking at Ellen.

"Oh no, there's no danger for the girls, anyhow. I guess there's enough men to look out for them. There's no need for you to worry, Mrs. Brewster."

However, before they left, John Sargent spoke aside with Andrew, and told him of a plan for the returning workmen to meet at the corner of a certain street, and go in a body to the factory, and suggested that there might be pickets posted by the Union men, and Andrew resolved to go with Ellen.

The next morning the rain had quite ceased, and there was a faint something, rather a reminiscence than a suggestion, of early spring in the air.

"I declare, if I didn't know better, I should think I smelled apple blossoms," said Maria.

"Stuff!" returned Abby. She was marching along with an alert, springy motion of her lean little body. She was keenly alive to the situation, and scented something besides apple blossoms. She had tried to induce Maria to remain at home.

Andrew had insisted upon accompanying Ellen in spite of her remonstrances.

All the returning employees met, as agreed upon, at the corner of a certain street, and marched in a solid body toward Lloyd's.

They all marched along with no disturbance until they reached the corner of the street into which they had to turn in order to approach Lloyd's. There they were confronted by a line of pickets, stationed there by the Union, and the real trouble began. Yells of "Scab, scab" filled the air.

Many young men among the returning force had stout sticks in their hands. Granville Joy was one of them. Andrew, who was quite unarmed, pressed in before Ellen. Granville caught him by the arm and tried to draw him back.

"Look here, Mr. Brewster," he said, "you keep in the background a little. I am young and strong, and here are Sargent and Mendon. You'd better keep back."

But Ellen, with a spring which was effectual because so utterly uncalculated, was before Granville and her father, and them all. She reasoned it out in a

second that she was responsible for the strike, and that she would be in the front of whatever danger there was in consequence. Her slight little figure passed them all before they knew what she was doing. She was in the very front of the little returning army. She saw the threatening faces of the pickets; she half turned, and waved an arm of encouragement like a general in a battle. "Strike if you want to," she cried out, in her sweet young voice. "If you want to kill a girl for going back to work to save herself and her friends from starvation, do it. I am not afraid! But kill me, if you must kill anybody, because I am the one that started the strike. Strike if you want to."

The opposing force moved aside with an almost imperceptible motion. Ellen looked like a beautiful child, her light hair tossed around her rosy face, her eyes full of the daring of perfect confidence. She in reality did not feel one throb of fear. She passed the picket-line, and turned instinctively and marched backward, with her blue eyes upon them all.

The pickets were gradually left behind; they were in truth half-hearted. Many of them had worked in Lloyd's, and had small mind to injure their old comrades. They were not averse to a great show of indignation and bluster, but when it came to more, they hesitated.

Presently the company came into the open space before Lloyd's. Robert and Lyman Risley and several foremen were standing at the foot of the stairs. The windows of the other factories were filled with faces, and derisive cries came from them. Lloyd's tall shaft of chimney was plumed with smoke. The employees advanced toward the stairs, when suddenly Amos Lee, Dixon, and a dozen others appeared, coming with a rush from around a corner of the building, and again the air was filled with the cry of "Scab." Ellen and Abby linked arms and sprang forward before the men with an impetuous rush, with Joy and Willy Jones and Andrew following. Ellen, as she rushed on toward the factory stairs, was conscious of no fear at all, but rather of a sort of exaltation of courage. It did not really occur to her that she could be hurt, that it could be in the heart of Lee, or Dixon, or any of

them, actually to harm her. She was throbbing and intense with indignation and resolution. Into that factory to her work she was bound to go. All that intimidated her in the least was the fear for her father. She rushed as fast as she could that her father might not get before her and be hurt in some way.

They were at the foot of the stairs, when Robert, watching, saw Lee with a pistol in his hand aim straight at Ellen. He sprang before her, but Risley was nearer, and the shot struck him. When Risley fell, a great cry, it would have been difficult to tell whether of triumph or horror, went up from the open windows of the other factories, and men came swarming out. Lee and his companions vanished.

A great crowd gathered around Risley until the doctors came and ordered them away, and carried him in the ambulance to the hospital. He was not dead, but evidently very seriously injured.

When the ambulance had rolled out of sight, the Lloyd employees entered the factory, and the hum of machinery began.

Fanny and Andrew stood together before the factory after Ellen had entered. Andrew started when he saw his wife.

"You here?" he said.

"I rather guess I'm here," returned Fanny. "Do you s'pose I was goin' to stay at home, and not know whether you and her were shot dead or not?"

"I guess it's all safe now," said Andrew. He was very pale. He looked at the blood-stained place where Lyman Risley had lain. "It's awful work," he said.

"Who did it?" asked Fanny, sharply. "I heard the shot just before I got here."

"I don't know for sure, and guess it's better I don't," replied Andrew, sternly.

Then all at once as they stood there a woman came up with a swift gliding motion and a long trail of black skirts straight to Fanny, who was the only woman there. There were still a great many men and boys standing about. The woman, Cynthia Lennox, caught Fanny's arm with a nervous grip. Her finely cut face was very white under the nodding plumes of her black bonnet

"Is he in there?" she asked, in a strained voice, pointing to the shop.

Fanny stared at her. She was half dazed. She did not know whether she was referring to the wounded man or Robert.

Andrew was quicker in his perceptions. "They carried him off to the hospital in the ambulance," he told her. Then he added, as gently as if he had been addressing Ellen: "I guess he wasn't hurt so very bad. He came to before they took him away."

"You don't know anything about it," Fanny said, sharply. "I heard them say something about his eyes."

"His eyes!" gasped Cynthia. She held tightly to Fanny, who looked at her with a sudden passion of sympathy breaking through her curiosity.

"Oh, I guess he wasn't hurt so very bad; he *did* come to. I heard him speak," she said, soothingly. She laid her hard hand over Cynthia's slim one.

"They took him to the hospital?"

"Yes, in the ambulance."

"Is—my nephew in there?"

"No; he went with him."

Cynthia looked at the other woman with an expression of utter anguish and pleading.

"Look here," said Fanny; "the hospital ain't very far from here. Suppose we go up there, and ask how he is? We could call out your nephew."

"Will you go with me?" asked Cynthia, with a heart-breaking gasp.

If Ellen could have seen her at that moment, she would have recognized her as the woman whom she had known in her childhood. She was an utter surprise to Fanny, but her sympathy leaped to meet her need like the steel to the magnet.

"Of course I will," she said, heartily.

"I would," said Andrew—"I would go with her, Fanny."

"Of course I will," said Fanny; "and you had better go home, I guess, Andrew, and see how I left the kitchen fire. I don't know but the dampers are all wide open."

Fanny and Cynthia hastened in one direction toward the hospital, and Andrew toward home; but he paused for a minute, and looked thoughtfully up at the humming pile of Lloyd's. The battle

was over, and the strike was ended. He drew a great sigh, and went home to see to the kitchen fire.

CHAPTER XLI

LYMAN RISLEY was very seriously injured. There was, as the men had reported, danger for his eyes. When Robert was called into the reception-room of the hospital to see his aunt, he scarcely recognized her. Her soft white hair was tossed about her temples, her cheeks were burning. She ran up to him like an eager child and clutched his arm.

"How is he?" she demanded. "Tell me quick!"

"They are doing everything they can for him. Why, don't, poor Aunt Cynthia!"

"His eyes, they said—"

"I hope he will come out all right. Don't, dear Aunt Cynthia." The young man put his arm around his aunt and spoke soothingly, blushing like a girl before this sudden revelation of an understratum of delicacy in a woman's heart.

Cynthia lost control of herself completely; or rather the true self of her rose uppermost, shattering the surface ice of her reserve. "Oh," she said—"oh, if he—if he is—blind, if he is—I—I—will lead him everywhere all the rest of his life. I will, Robert."

"Of course you will, dear Aunt Cynthia," replied Robert, soothingly.

Suddenly Cynthia's face took on a new expression. She looked at Robert, deadly pale, and her jaw dropped. "He will not—die," she said, with stiff lips. "It is not as bad as that?"

"Oh, no, no; I am sure he will not," Robert cried, wonderingly and pityingly. "Don't, Aunt Cynthia."

"If he dies," she said—"if he dies, and he has loved me all this time, and I have never done anything for him, I cannot bear it; I will not bear it; I will not, Robert!"

"Oh, he isn't going to die, Aunt Cynthia."

"I want to go to him," she said. "I will go to him."

Robert looked helplessly from her to Fanny. "I am afraid you can't just now, Aunt Cynthia," he replied.

Fanny came resolutely to his assistance. "Of course you can't, Miss Len-

nox," she said. "The doctors won't let you see him now. You would do him more harm than good. You don't want to do him harm!"

"No, I don't want to do him harm," returned Cynthia, in a wailing, hysterical voice. She threw herself down upon a sofa, and began sobbing like a child, with her face hidden.

A young doctor entered and stood looking at her.

Robert turned to him. "It is my aunt, and she is agitated over Mr. Risley's accident," he said, coloring a little.

Instantly the young physician's face lost its expression of astonishment and assumed the soothing gloss of his profession. "Oh, my dear Miss Lennox," he said, "there is no cause for agitation, I assure you. Everything is being done for Mr. Risley."

"Will he be blind?" gasped Cynthia, with a great vehemence of woe, which seemed to gainsay the fact of her years. It seemed as if such an outburst of emotion could come only from a child all unacquainted with grief, and unable to control it.

The young doctor laughed blandly. "Blind? No, indeed," he replied. "He might have been blind had this happened twenty-five years ago, but with the resources of the present day it is a different matter. Pray don't alarm yourself, dear Miss Lennox."

"Can you call a carriage for my aunt?" asked Robert. He went close to Cynthia and laid a hand on her slender shoulder. "I am going to have a carriage come for you, and perhaps Mrs. Brewster will be willing to go home with you in it."

"Of course I will," replied Fanny.

"You hear what Dr. Payson says, that there is nothing to be alarmed about," Robert said in a low voice, with his lips close to his aunt's ear.

Cynthia made no resistance, but when the carriage arrived, and she was being driven off, with Fanny by her side, she called out of the window, with a fierce shamelessness of anxiety, "Robert, you must come and tell me how he is this afternoon, or I shall come back here and see him myself."

"Yes, I will, Aunt Cynthia," he replied, soothingly. He met the doctor's curious eyes when he turned. The young

man had a gossiping mind, but he forbore to say what he thought, which was to the effect that—why under the heavens, if that woman cared as much as that for that man, she had not married him, instead of letting him dangle after her so many years? But he merely said,

"There is no use in saying anything to excite a woman further when she is in such a state of mind, but—" Then he paused significantly.

"You think the chances of his keeping his eyesight are poor?" said Robert.

"Mighty poor," replied the doctor.

Robert stood still, with his pale, shocked face bent upon the carpet. He could not seem to comprehend at once the enormity of it all; his mind was grasping at and trying to assimilate the horrible fact, with infinite pain. Then all at once he thought, with keen anxiety, of Ellen. Who knew what new tragedy had happened? "I must go back to the factory," he said, hurriedly. "I will be back here in an hour or so, and see how he is getting on. For Heaven's sake, do all you can."

Robert was desperately impatient to be back at the factory. He was full of vague anxiety about Ellen. He could not forget that the shot which had hit poor Risley had been meant for her, and he remembered the look on the man's face as he aimed. He found a carriage at the street corner, and jumped in, and bade the man drive fast.

When Robert entered the great building, and felt the old vibration of machinery, he had a curious sensation, one which he had never before had, and which he had not expected. For the first time in his life he knew what it was to have a complete triumph of his own will over his fellow-men. He had gotten his own way. All this army of workmen, all this machinery of labor, was set in motion at his desire, in opposition to their own. He realized himself a leader and a conqueror. He went into the office, and Flynn and Dennison came forward, smiling, to greet him.

"Well," said Dennison, "we're off again." He spoke as if the factory was a ship which had been launched from a shoal.

"Yes," replied Robert, gravely.

Nellie Stone, at the desk, was glancing

around, with a half shy, half coquettish look.

"How is Mr. Risley?" asked Flynn.

"He is badly hurt," replied Robert. "Have they found the man? Do you know what has been done about it?"

"They've got all the police force of the city out," replied Flynn; "but it's no use. They'll never catch Amos Lee. His mother was a gypsy, I've always heard. He knows about a thousand ways out of traps, and there's plenty to help him. They've got Dixon under arrest, and Tom Peel; but they didn't have any fire-arms on 'em, and they can't prove anything. Peel says he's ready to go back to work." Flynn had a somewhat seedy and downcast appearance, although he fought hard for his old jaunty manner. His impulsive good-nature had gotten the better of his judgment and his own wishes, and he had gone to Mamie Brady and offered to marry her out of hand if she recovered from her attempted suicide. The night before he had watched, turn and turn about, with her mother. He gave a curious effect of shamefaced and melancholy virtue. He followed Robert to one side when he was hanging up his hat and coat. "I'm going to tell you, Mr. Lloyd," he said, rather awkwardly; "maybe you won't be interested in the midst of all this, but it all came from the strike. She's better this morning, and I'm going to marry her, poor girl."

Robert looked at him in a dazed fashion. For a moment he had not the slightest idea what he was talking about.

"I'm going to marry Mamie Brady," explained Flynn. "She took carbolic acid. It all happened on account of the strike. I'll own I'd been flirting some with her, but she'd never done it if she hadn't been out of work too. She said so. Her mother made her life a hell. I'm going to marry her, and take her out of it."

"It's mighty good of you," Robert said, rather stupidly.

"There ain't no other way for me to do," replied Flynn. "She thinks the world of me, and I suppose I'm to blame."

"Everything is quiet now," said Dennison, with his smooth smile. Robert made no reply, but entered the great

work-room. "He's mighty stand-offish, now he's got his own way," Dennison remarked in a whisper to Nellie Stone. He leaned closely over her. Flynn had followed Robert. The girl glanced up at the foreman, who was unmarried, although years older than she, and her face quivered a little, but it seemed due to a surface sensitiveness.

"I want to know if you've heard that Ed is going to marry Mamie Brady after all," she whispered.

Dennison nodded.

She knitted her forehead over a column of figures. Dennison leaned his face so close that his blond-bearded cheek touched hers. She made a little impatient motion.

"Oh, go 'long, Jim Dennison," she said, but her tone was half-hearted.

Dennison persisted, bending her head gently backward until he kissed her. She pushed him away, but she smiled weakly.

"You didn't want Ed Flynn. Why, he's Roman Catholic, and you're Baptist, Nell," he said.

"Who said I did?" she retorted, angrily. "Why, I wouldn't marry Ed Flynn if he was the last man in the world."

"You'd 'nough sight better marry me," said Dennison.

"Go along; you're fooling."

"No, I ain't. I mean it, honest."

"I don't want to marry anybody yet awhile," said Nellie Stone; but when Dennison kissed her again she did not repulse him, and even nestled her head with a little caressing motion into the hollow of his shoulder.

Then they both started violently apart as Flynn entered.

"Say!" he proclaimed; "what do you think? The boss has just told the hands that he'll split the difference, and reduce the wages five instead of ten per cent."

CHAPTER XLII

WHEN Robert Lloyd entered the factory that morning he experienced all at once one of those revulsions which come to man in common with all creation. As the wind can swerve from south to east, and its swerving be a part of the universal scheme of things, so the incon-

sistency of a human soul can be an integral part of its consistency. Robert, entering Lloyd's flushed with triumph over his workmen, filled also with rage whenever he thought of poor Risley, became suddenly, to all appearances, another man. However, he was the same man, only he had come under some hidden law of growth. All at once, as he stood there amidst those whirring and clamping machines, and surveyed those bowed and patient backs and swaying arms of labor, standing aside to allow a man bending behind a heavy rack of boots to push it to another department, he realized that all his triumph was gone.

Not a man or woman in the factory looked at him. All continued working with a sort of patient fierceness, as if storming a citadel—as indeed they were in one sense—and waging incessant and in the end hopeless warfare against the destructive forces of life. Robert stood in the midst of them, these fellow-beings who had bowed to his will, and saw, as by some divine revelation, in his foes, his brothers and sisters. He saw Ellen's fair head before her machine, and she seemed the key-note of a heart-breaking yet ineffable harmony of creation which he heard for the first time. He was a man whom triumph did not exalt as much as it humiliated. Who was he to make these men and women do his bidding?

He spoke to Flynn, who could not believe his ears, and asked him over.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said.

"Go and speak to the engineer, and tell him to shut down," said Robert.

"You ain't going to turn them out, after all?" gasped Flynn. He was deadly white.

"No, I am not. I only want to speak to them," replied Robert, shortly.

When the roar of machinery had ceased, Robert stood before the employees, whose faces had taken on an expression of wonder and menace. They anticipated the worst by this order.

"I want to say to you all," said Robert, in a loud, clear voice, "that I realize it will be hard for you to make both ends meet with the cut of ten per cent. I will make it five instead of ten per cent., although I shall actually lose by so doing

unless business improves. I will, however, try it as long as possible. If the hard times continue, and it becomes a sheer impossibility for me to employ you on these terms, without abandoning the plant altogether, I will approach you again, and trust that you will support me in any measures I am forced to take. And, on the contrary, should business improve, I promise that your wages shall be raised to the former standard at once."

The speech was so straightforward that it sounded almost boyish. Robert, indeed, looked very young as he stood there, for a generous and pitying impulse does tend to make a child of a man. The workmen stared at him a minute, then there was a queer little broken chorus of "Thank ye's," with two or three shrill crows of cheers.

Robert went from room to room repeating his short speech, then work recommenced.

"He's the right sort, after all," said Granville Joy to John Sargent, and his tone had a quality of heroism in it. He was very thin and pale. He had suffered privations, and now came additional worry of mind. He could not help thinking that this might bring about an understanding between Robert and Ellen, and yet he paid his spiritual dues at any cost.

"It's no more than he ought to do," growled a man at Granville's right. "S'pose he does lose a little money?"

"It ain't many out of the New Testament that are going to lose a little money for the sake of their fellow-men, I can tell you that," said John Sargent. He was cutting away deftly and swiftly, and thinking with satisfaction of the money which he would be able to send his sister, and also how the Atkins family would be no longer so pinched. He was a man who would never come under the grindstone of the pessimism of life for his own necessities, but lately the necessities of others had almost forced him there. Now and then he glanced across the room at Maria, whose narrow shoulders he could see bent painfully over her work. He was in love with Maria, but no one suspected it, least of all Maria herself.

Ellen had stopped work with the rest



[SEE PAGE 976]

"IF YOU WANT TO KILL A GIRL FOR GOING BACK TO WORK TO SAVE HERSELF FROM STARVATION, DO IT"

when Robert addressed them. Then she recommenced her stitching without a word. Her thoughts were in confusion. She had so long held one attitude toward him that she could not readily adjust herself to another. She was cramped with the extreme narrowness of the enthusiasm of youth.

When she went home at night the news had preceded her. Fanny and Andrew looked up eagerly when she entered. "I hear he has compromised," said Andrew, with doubtful eyes on the girl's face.

"Yes; he has cut the wages five instead of ten per cent.," replied Ellen, and it was impossible to judge of her feelings by her voice. She took off her hat and smoothed her hair.

"Well, I am glad he has done that much," said Fanny, "but I won't say a word as long as you ain't hurt. I'll go and get supper."

With that she went into the kitchen, and Ellen and Andrew heard the dishes rattle. "Your mother's been dreadful nervous," whispered Andrew. He looked at Ellen meaningly. Both of them thought of poor Eva Tenny. Lately the reports with regard to her had been more encouraging, but she was still in the asylum.

Suddenly, as they stood there, a swift shadow passed the window, and they heard a shrill scream from upstairs. It sounded like "Mamma, mamma." "It's Amabel," cried Ellen. She clutched her father by the arm. "Oh, what is it—who is it?" she whispered, fearfully.

Andrew was suddenly white and horror-stricken. He took hold of Ellen and pushed her forcibly before him into the parlor. "You stay in there till I call you," he said, in a commanding voice, the like of which the girl had never heard from him before; then he shut the door, and she heard the key turn in the lock.

"Father, I can't stay in here," cried Ellen. She ran toward the other door into the front hall, but before she could reach it she heard the key turn in that also. Andrew was convinced that Eva had escaped from the asylum, and thus made sure of Ellen's safety, in case she was violent. Then he rushed out into the kitchen, and there was Amabel clinging to her mother like a little wild thing, and Fanny weeping aloud.

When Andrew entered, Fanny flew to him. "Oh, Andrew! oh, Andrew!" she cried. "Eva's come out; she's well; she's cured. She's as well as anybody. She is. She says so, and I know she is. Only look at her!"

"Mamma, mamma," gasped Amabel, in a strange little pent voice which did not sound like a child's. There was something fairly unhuman about it. "Mamma" as she said it did not sound like a word in any known language. It was like a cry of universal childhood for its parent. Amabel clung to her mother not only with her slender little arms, but with her legs and breast and neck; all her slim body became as a vine with tendrils of love and growth around her mother.

As for Eva, she could not have enough of her. She was intoxicated with the possession of this little creature of her own flesh and blood.

"She's grown; she's grown so tall," she said, in a high panting voice. It was all she could seem to realize—the fact that the child had grown so tall—and it filled her at once with ineffable pain and delight. She held the little thing so close to her that the two seemed fairly one. "Mamma, mamma," said Amabel again.

"She has—grown so tall," panted Eva.

Fanny went up to her and tried gently to loosen her grasp of the little girl. In her heart she was not yet quite sure of her. This fierceness of delight began to alarm her. "Of course she has grown tall, Eva Tenny," she said. "It's quite a while since you were—taken sick."

"I ain't sick now," said Eva, in a steady voice. "I'm cured now. The doctors said so. You needn't be afraid, Fanny Brewster."

"Mamma, mamma," said Amabel. Eva bent down and kissed the little delicate face, then she looked at her sister and at Andrew, and her own countenance seemed fairly illuminated. "I 'ain't told you all," said she. Then she stopped and hesitated.

"What is it, Eva?" asked Fanny, looking at her with increasing courage.

"I 'ain't got to go through anything more," said Eva, still with that rapt look over Amabel's little fair head. "He's—come back."

"Eva Tenny!"

"Yes, he has," Eva went on, with such an air of inexpressible triumph that it had almost a religious quality in it. "He has. He left her a long time ago. He—he wanted to come back to me and Amabel, but he was ashamed, but finally he came to the asylum, and then it all rolled off, all the trouble. The doctors said I had been getting better, but they didn't know. It was—Jim's comin' back. He's took me home, and I've come for Amabel, and—he's got a job in Lloyd's, and he's bought me this new hat and cape." Eva flirted her free arm, and a sweep of jetted silk gleamed, then she tossed her head consciously to display a hat with a knot of pink roses. Then she kissed Amabel again. "Mamma's come back," she whispered.

"Mamma, mamma," cried Amabel.

Andrew and Fanny looked at each other.

"Where is he?" asked Andrew, in a slow, halting voice.

Eva glanced from one to the other defiantly. "He's outside, waitin' in the road," said she; "but he ain't comin' in unless you treat him just the same as ever. I've set my veto on that." Eva's voice and manner as she said that were so unmistakably her own that all Fanny's doubt of her sanity vanished. She sobbed aloud.

"O God, I'm so thankful! She's come home, and she's all right! O God, I'm so thankful!"

"What about Jim?" asked Eva, with her old proud, defiant look.

"Of course he's comin' in," sobbed Fanny. "Andrew, you go—"

But Andrew had already gone, unlocking the parlor door on his way. "It's your aunt Eva, Ellen," he said as he passed. "She's come home cured, and your uncle Jim is out in the yard, and I'm goin' to call him in. I guess you'd better go out and see her."

CHAPTER XLIII

LLOYD'S had been running for two months, and spring had fairly begun. It was a very forward season. The elms were leafed out, the cherry and peach blossoms had fallen, and the apple-trees were in full flower.

"Spring has really come," Ellen said to Abby.

"Yes," said Abby; "it seems more like spring than it did last night somehow." Abby had gained flesh, and there was a soft color on her cheeks, so that she was almost pretty, as she glanced abroad with a sort of bright gladness, and a face ready with smiles. Maria also looked in better health than she had done in the winter. She walked with her arm through Ellen's.

Suddenly a carriage driven rapidly passed them, and Cynthia Lennox's graceful profile showed like a drooping white flower in a window.

Sadie Peel came up to them with a swift run. "Say!" she said, "know who that was?"

"We've got eyes," replied Abby Atkins, shortly.

"Who said you hadn't? You needn't be so up an' comin', Abby Atkins; I didn't know as you knew they were married, that's all. I just heard it from Lottie Snell, whose sister works at the dress-maker's that made the weddin' fix. Weddin' fix! My land! Think of a weddin' without a white dress and a veil! All she had was a gray silk, and a black velvet, and a black lace, and a travellin' dress!"

Abby Atkins eyed the other girl sharply, her curiosity getting the better of her dislike. "Who did she marry?" she said, shortly. "I suppose she didn't marry the black velvet, or the lace, or the travelling dress. That's all you seem to think about."

"I *thought* you didn't know," replied Sadie Peel, in a tone of triumph. "They've kept it mighty still, and he's been goin' there so long, ever since anybody can remember, that they didn't think it was anything more now than it had been right along. Lyman Risley and Cynthia Lennox have just got married, and they're goin' down to Old Point Comfort. My land, it's nice to have money, if you be half blind!"

Ellen looked after the retreating carriage, and made no comment.

She was pale and thin, and moved with a certain languor, although she held up her head proudly, and when people asked if she were not well, answered quickly that she had never been better. Robert had not been to see her yet. She had furtively watched for him a long time,

then she had given it up. She would not acknowledge to herself or any one else that she was not well, or was troubled in spirit. Her courage was quite equal to the demand upon it, yet always she was aware of a peculiar sensitiveness to all happenings, whether directly concerned with herself or not, which made life an agony to her, and she knew that her physical strength was not what it had been. Only that morning she had looked at her face in the glass, and had seen how it was altered. The lovely color was gone from her cheeks, there were little faint downward lines about her mouth, and, more than that, out of her blue eyes looked the eternal, unanswerable question of humanity, "Where is my happiness?"

It seemed to her when she first set out that she could not walk to the factory. That sense of the full presence of the spring seemed to overpower her. All this revelation of beauty and sweetness seemed a refinement of torture worse to bear than the sight of death and misery would have been. Every blooming apple bough seemed to strike her full on the heart.

She looked after the carriage which contained the bridal party; she thought how the bridegroom had almost lost his eyesight to save her, and her old adoration of Cynthia seemed to rise to a flood tide. Then came the thought of Robert, how he must have ceased to love her, how some day he would be starting off on a bridal trip of his own. Maud Hemingway, with whom she had often coupled him in her thoughts, seemed to start up before her all dressed in bridal white. It seemed to her that she could not bear it all. She continued walking, but she did not feel the ground beneath her feet, nor even Maria's little clinging fingers of tenderness on her arm. She became to her own understanding like an instrument which is played upon with such results of harmonies and discords that all sense of the mechanism is lost.

After the carriage had passed out of sight, Abby came close on the other side of Ellen and slid her arm through hers.

"Say!" she began.

"What is it?" asked Ellen.

Abby blushed. "Oh, nothing much,"

she replied, in a tone unusual for her. She took her arm away from Ellen's, and laughed a little foolishly.

Ellen stared at her with grave wonder. She had not the least idea what she meant.

Abby changed the subject. "Going to the Park opening to-night, Ellen?" she asked.

"No, I guess not."

"You'd better. Do go, Ellen."

"Yes, do go, Ellen; it will do you good," said Maria. She looked into Ellen's face with the inexpressibly pure love of one innocent girl for another.

The Park was a large grove of oaks and birch-trees which had recently been purchased by the street railway company of Rowe, and it was to be used for the free entertainment of the people, with an undercurrent of consideration for the financial profit of the company.

"I'm afraid I can't go," said Ellen.

"Yes, you can; it will do you good; you look like a ghost this morning," said Abby.

"Do go, Ellen," pleaded Maria.

However, Ellen would not have gone had it not been for a whisper of Abby's as they came out of the factory that night.

"Look here, Ellen, you'd better go," said she, "just to show folks. That Sadie Peel asked me this noon if it was true that you had something on your mind, and was worrying about—well, you know what—that made you look so."

Ellen flushed an angry red. "I'll stop for you and Maria to-night," she answered quickly.

"All right," replied Abby, heartily; "we'll go on the eight-o'clock car."

Ellen hurried home, and changed her dress after supper, putting on her new green silk waist and her spring hat, which was trimmed with roses. When she went down stairs and told her mother where she was going, she started up.

"I declare I'd go too if your father had come home," she said. "I don't know when I've been anywhere; and Eva was in this afternoon and said that she and Jim were going."

"I wonder where father is?" said Ellen, uneasily. "I don't know as I ought to go till he comes home."

"Oh, stuff!" replied Fanny. "He's

stopped to talk at the store. Oh, here he is now."

"Andrew Brewster, where in the world have you been?" she began as he entered; but his mother was following him, and something in their faces stopped her. Fanny Brewster had lived for years with this man but never before had she seen his face with just that expression of utter, unreserved joy; although joy was scarcely the word for it, for it was more than that. It was the look of a man who has advanced to his true measure of growth, and regained self-respect which he had lost. All the abject bend of his aging back, all the apologetic patience of his outlook, were gone. She stared at him, hardly believing her eyes. She was as frightened as if he had looked despairing instead of joyful. "Andrew Brewster, what is it?" she asked. She tried to smile, to echo the foolish width of grimace on his face, but her lips were too stiff.

Ellen looked at him trembling, and very white under her knot of roses. Andrew held out a paper and tried to speak, but he could not.

"For God's sake, what is it?" gasped Fanny.

Then Mrs. Zelotes spoke. "That old mining-stock has come up," said she, in a harsh voice. "He'd never ought to have bought it. I should have told him better if he had asked me, but it's come up, and it's worth considerable more than he paid for it. I've just been down to Mrs. Pointdexter's, and Lawyer Samson was in there seeing her about a bond she's got that's run out, and he says the mine's going to pay dividends, and for Andrew to hold on to part of it, anyhow. I bought this paper, and it's in it. He never ought to have bought it, but it's come up. I hope it will learn him a lesson. He's had enough trouble over it."

Nothing could exceed the mixture of recrimination and exultation with which the old woman spoke. She eyed Fanny accusingly; she looked at Andrew with grudging triumph. "Lawyer Samson says it will make him rich, he guesses; at any rate he'll come out whole," said she. "I hope it will learn you a lesson."

Andrew dropped into a chair. His face was distended with a foolish smile like

a baby's. He seemed to smile at all creation. He looked at his wife and Ellen; then his face again took on its expression of joyful vacuity.

Fanny went close to him and laid a firm hand on his shoulder. "You 'ain't had a mite of supper, Andrew Brewster," said she; "come right out and have something to eat."

Andrew shook his head, still smiling. His wife and daughter looked at him alarmedly, then at each other. Then his mother went behind him, laid a hard old hand on each shoulder, and shook him.

"If you *have* got a streak of luck, there's no need of your actin' like a fool about it, Andrew Brewster," said she. "Go out and eat your supper, and behave yourself, and let it be a lesson to you. There you had worked and saved that little money you had in the bank, and you bought an old mine with it, and it might have turned out there wasn't a thing in it, no mine at all, and there was. Just let it be a lesson to you, that's all; and go out and eat your supper, and don't be too set up over it."

Andrew looked at his wife and mother and daughter still with that expression of joy so unreserved that it was almost idiotic. They had all stood by him loyally; he had their fullest sympathy; but had one of them fully understood? Not one of them could certainly understand what was then passing in his mind, which had been straitened by grief and self-reproach, and was now expanding to hold its full measure of joy. That poor little sum in the bank, that accumulation of his hard earnings, which he had lost through his own bad judgment, had meant much more than itself to him, both in its loss and its recovery. It was more than money; it was the value of money in the current coin of his own self-respect. He looked at them for a moment; then he said, in a strained, solemn voice, "'I withheld not my heart from any joy, for my heart rejoiced in all my labor, and this was my portion of labor.'"

Mrs. Zelotes turned very pale. "For the land's sake, Andrew Brewster," cried she, "be you out of your senses, quoting Scripture about an old gold-mine?"

"He learned his quoting Scripture from his mother, so I don't see what call

you have to say he's out of his senses," Fanny said, hotly.

"How much did he dig in that mine, I'd like to know?"

"He put money into it that he'd earned by hard work in the shoe-shop," said Fanny.

"It's all labor, and the Portion of labor," said Andrew, still in his exalted voice.

His mother shook him again, but rather gently. "Get up this minute, and go out and eat your supper," said she; "and then I don't see why you can't go with Fanny and me to the Park opening. They say lots of folks are goin', and there's goin' to be fireworks. It'll distract your mind. It ain't safe for anybody to dwell too much on good luck any more than on misfortune. Go right out and eat your supper; it's 'most time for the car."

Andrew obeyed.

CHAPTER XLIV

THE new park, which had been named, in honor of the president of the street railway company, Clemens Park, was composed of a light growth of oak and birch trees. With the light of the full moon, like a broadside of silvery arrows, and the frequent electric lights filtering through the young, delicate foliage, it was much more effective than a grove of pine or hemlock would have been.

When the people streamed into it from the crowded electric cars, there were exclamations of rapture. Women and girls fairly shrieked with delight. The ground, which had been entirely cleared of undergrowth, was like an etching in clearest black and white, of the tender dancing foliage of the oaks and birches. The birches stood together in leaning white-limbed groups, like maidens, and the rustling spread of the oaks shed broad flashes of silver from the moon. In the midst of the grove the Hungarian orchestra played in a pavilion, and dancing was going on there. Many of the people outside moved with dancing steps. Children in swings flew through the air with squeals of delight. There was a stand for the sale of ice-cream and soda, and pretty girls blossomed like flowers behind the counters. There were various rustic adornments, such as seats

and grottos, and at one end of the grove was a small collection of wild animals in cages, and a little artificial pond with swans. Now and then, above the chatter of the people and the music of the orchestra, sounded the growl of a bear or the shrill screech of a parouquet, and the people all stopped and listened and laughed. This little titillation of the unusual in the midst of their sober walk of life affected them like champagne. Most of them were of the poorer and middle classes, the employees of the factories of Rowe. They moved back and forth with dancing steps of exultation.

"My, ain't it beautiful!" Fanny said, squeezing Andrew's arm. He had his wife on one arm, his mother on the other. For him the whole scene appeared more than it really was, since it reflected the happiness of his own soul. There was for him a light greater than that of the moon or electricity upon it, that extreme light of the world—the happiness of a human being who blesses in a moment of prosperity the hour he was born. No trees of the Garden of Eden could have outshone for him those oaks and birches. No gold or precious stones of any mines of earth can equal the light of the little star of happiness in one human soul.

Fanny, as they walked along, kept looking at her husband, and her own face was transfigured. Mrs. Zelotes also seemed to radiate with a sort of harsh and prickly delight. She descanted upon the hard-earned savings which Andrew had risked, but she held her old head very high with reluctant joy, and her bonnet had a rakish cant.

Ellen with Abby and Maria walked behind them.

Presently they met Jim Tenny and Eva and Amabel. They were walking three abreast, Amabel in the middle. Jim Tenny looked hesitatingly at them, although his face was widened with irrepressible smiles. Eva gazed at them with defiant radiance. "Well," said she, "so luck has turned?"

Amabel laughed out, and her laugh trilled high with a note of silver, above the chatter of the crowd and the blare and rhythmic trill of the orchestra. "I've had an ice-cream, and I'm going to have a new doll and a doll-carriage," said she.

"Oh, Ellen!" She left her father and mother for a second and clung to Ellen, kissing her, then she was back.

"Well, Andrew!" said Jim. He had a shamed face, yet there was something brave in it struggling for expression.

"Well, Jim!" said Andrew.

The two shook hands solemnly. Then they walked on together, and the sisters behind, with Amabel clinging to her mother's hand. "Jim's goin' to work, if he *has* had a little windfall," said Eva, proudly. "Oh, Fanny, only think what it means!"

The girls behind were loitering. Abby turned to Ellen and pointed to a rustic seat under a clump of birches.

"Let's sit down there a minute, Ellen," said she.

"All right," replied Ellen. When she and Abby seated themselves, Maria withdrew, standing aloof under an oak, looking up at the illumined spread of branches with the rapt, innocent expression of a saint.

"Why don't you come and sit down with us, Maria?" Ellen called.

"In a minute," replied Maria, in her weak, sweet voice. Then John Sargent came up and joined her.

"She'll come in a minute," Abby said to Ellen. "She—she—knows I want to tell you something."

Abby hesitated. Ellen regarded her with wonder.

"Look here, Ellen," said Abby; "I don't know what you're going to think of me after all I've said, but—I'm going to get married to Willy Jones. His mother has had a little money left her, and she owns the house clear now, and I'm going to keep right on working; and—I never thought I would, Ellen, you know, but—I've come to think lately that all you can get out of labor in this world is the happiness it brings you, and—the love. That's more than the money, and—he wants me pretty bad. I suppose you think I'm awful, Ellen Brewster." Abby spoke with triumph, yet with shame. She dug her little toe into the shadow-mottled ground.

"Oh, Abby, I hope you'll be real happy," said Ellen. Then she choked a little.

"There he is now," whispered Abby. She rose as Willy Jones approached,

laughing confusedly. "I've been telling Ellen Brewster," said Abby, with her peremptory air.

Ellen held out her hand, and Willy Jones grasped it, then let it drop, and muttered something. He looked with helpless adoration at Abby, who put her hand through his arm with a reassuring air.

"Let's go and see the animals," said she; "I haven't seen the animals."

Ellen, left alone, looked for a minute after Abby and Willy, and noted the tender lean of the girl's head toward the young man's shoulder; then she started off to find her father and mother. She could not rid herself of a sense of desolation.

She rushed on alone through the merry crowd. The orchestra was playing a medley. The violins seemed fairly to pierce thought. A Roman-candle burst forth on the right with a great spluttering, and the people, shrieking with delight, rushed in that direction. Then a rocket shot high in the air with a splendid curve, and there was a sea of faces watching with speechless admiration the dropping stars of violet and gold and rose.

Ellen kept on, moving as nearly as she could in the direction in which her party had gone. Then suddenly she came face to face with Robert Lloyd.

She would have passed him without a word, but he stood before her.

"Won't you speak to me?" he asked.

"Good-evening, Mr. Lloyd," returned Ellen.

Then she tried to move on again, but Robert still stood before her.

"I want to say something to you," he said, in a low voice. "I was coming to your house to-night, but I saw you on the car. Please come to that seat over there. There is nobody in that direction. They will all go toward the fireworks now."

Ellen looked at him hesitatingly. At that moment she seemed to throw out protecting antennæ of maidenliness; and besides there was always the memory of the cut in wages, for which she still judged him; and then there was the long neglect.

"Please come," said Robert. He looked at her at once like a conqueror and a pleading child. Ellen placed her hand

on his arm, and they went to the seat under the clump of birches.

Robert, seated beside her, looked at her earnestly. "I am going to put back the wages on the old basis to-morrow," he said.

Ellen made no reply.

"Business has so improved that I feel justified in doing so," said Robert. His tone was almost apologetic. Never as long as he lived would he be able to look at such matters from quite the same stand-point as that of the girl beside him. She knew that, and yet she loved him. He never would know her feeling, and yet he loved her. "I have waited until I was able to do that before speaking to you again," said Robert. "I knew how you felt about the wage-cutting. I thought when matters were back on the old basis that you might feel differently toward me. God knows I have been sorry enough for it all, and I am glad enough to be able to pay them full wages again. And now, dear?"

"It has been a long time," said Ellen, looking at her little hands clasped in her lap.

"I have loved you all the time, and I have only waited for that," said Robert.

Later on Robert and Ellen joined Fanny and the others. It was scarcely the place to make an announcement. After a few words of greeting the young couple walked off together, and left the Brewsters and Tennys and Mrs. Zelotes standing on the outskirts of the crowd watching the fireworks. Granville Joy stood near them. He had looked at Robert and Ellen with a white face, then he turned again toward the fireworks with a gentle, heroic expression. He caught up Amabel that she might see the set piece which was just being put up.

"Now you can see, Sissy," he said.

Eva looked away from the fireworks after the retreating pair, then meaningly at Fanny and Andrew. "That's settled," said she.

Andrew's face quivered a little, and took on something of the same look which Granville Joy's wore. All love is at the expense of love, and calls for heroes.

"It 'll be a great thing for her," said Fanny in his ear; "it 'll be a splendid thing for her—you know that, Andrew."

Andrew gazed after the nodding roses on Ellen's hat vanishing toward the right. Another rocket shot up, and the people cried out, and watched the shower of stars with breathless enjoyment. Andrew saw their upturned faces, in which for the while toil and trial were blotted out by that delight in beauty and innocent pleasure of the passing moment, which is, for human souls, akin to the refreshing showers for flowers of spring; and to him, since his own vision was made clear by his happiness, came a mighty realization of it all, which was beyond it all. He thought of the hard winter which had passed, of the toilsome lives of those beside him, of all they had done with their poor knotted hands, of the tracks which they had worn on the earth toward their graves with their weary feet, of the futile plans of their eager minds, and suddenly he seemed to see that labor is not for itself, not for what it accomplishes of the tasks of the world, not for its equivalent in silver and gold, but for the growth of the character of the laborer.

"That is the Portion of Labor," he said to himself.

Another rocket described a wonderful golden curve of grace, then a red light lit all the watching people. Andrew looked again for Ellen and Robert, and saw the girl's beautiful face looking backward over her lover's shoulder. She nodded and smiled to her father.

Andrew quoted again from the saying of the old King of Wisdom: "'Live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest all the days of the life of thy vanity which He hath given thee under the sun, all the days of thy vanity; for that is thy portion in this life, and in thy labor which thou takest under the sun.'"

Andrew spoke in a low, solemn voice, and nobody heard him except his wife and mother. His mother gave a side-wise glance at him, then she folded her cape tightly around her, and stared at the fireworks; but Fanny put her hand through his arm, and leaned her cheek against his shoulder.

THE END.

Death and a Child

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

TO us who watched thine earliest days,
Who knew so well thy childish ways,
Strange, strange it seems that Death should turn
That gloomy face so gauntly stern
Aside to thee,—thou wert so young,
And to thy childhood language clung
A touch of that strange spirit tongue,
That softer language of the skies,
God's angels spoke in Paradise.

Did Death grow envious that we
Should half forget His majesty?
Deep did He strike, to make us feel
He still expected we should kneel.
We dreamed not He would deign to come
And strike such childhood babbling dumb.
Such pitiable small speech as thine
Had never led us to divine
Death hearkened closely to each word
Thy brooding mother scarcely heard.
Was it her own o'er-wistful gaze
First drew Him from His wonted ways
To that sad wall of angels' wings
That guarded thy last slumberings,
Where He, half tired of coquetry
With those who bowed the willing knee,
No longer in mere dalliance smiled,
But showed His power, and took a child?

Thy little hand has clutched His hand,
And we no longer understand
How once we deemed Death so austere.
The old-time face we used to fear
Has lost its ancient horror now,
Since that inexorable brow
Once smiled and bended over thine.
Yes, lighter-hearted Proserpine,
To us those glooms where thou art gone
Can never more be Acheron,
And one weak, childish hand has hurled
The terrors from that underworld!



THE BEND OF THE RIVER

A Winter Ramble

BY SADAKICHI HARTMANN

Illustrated from photographs by Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr.

A LONG walk in the brisk air of a winter's morning when the mercury touches zero is one of the most exhilarating of pastimes, one that imparts health and strength to one's frame, and is worth an entire summer at the sea-shore. Winter is, furthermore, the most intellectual of all the seasons—that is, it is the time of the fullest and freest flow of thoughts and bright ideas. Has Hawthorne not asserted that “there is an influence productive of cheerfulness, favorable to imaginative thought, in the atmosphere of a snowy day”? Even the melancholy poet of Olney—Cowper—forgot his sorrows while walking through the woods and fields when Nature had donned

her garb of spotless white. Let us also seek the woods and fields! It is not, however, the object of our exploration to depict the poetry of winter, which our New England authors have so often and successfully done in their familiar representations of country life, but rather to describe a quiet stroll, and make some observations on the frozen paths and byways of familiar haunts.

The morning air makes the tips of our ears tingle as we walk merrily along the frozen furrows of the fields, which ring with a silvery sound beneath our tread. How still it is! The noises of busy day are all hushed, nothing disturbs the white silence, not even the dis-



A DECEMBER MORNING

tant jingle of sleigh-bells is heard. No sound but the cawing of crows, and no motion but the black figures far overhead. They probably have their roost in some neighboring wood. As we wander on we discover in the snow the narrow light path of a fox, and the tiny tracks of the wood-mice, who have paid a visit

overnight to this patch of golden-rod, run up their withered stalks, and robbed the spikes of their seeds; but of animal life we discern nothing, save, perhaps, a rabbit leaping across the fields, or a squirrel venturing forth from its home in some hollow tree.

The morning breeze starts up. How



THE LENGTHENING SHADOWS

it sighs through the high tree-tops and the low bushes, now quite gently, and then again threatening, as if another snow-storm were brewing in the North! Strange that I can never see a cluster of pine-trees in a tract of rocks and underbrush without associating an Indian in war-paint and circlet of eagles' feathers with the scene.

The sun—the outlines of the disc almost lost in the hazy atmosphere—casts his pale golden rays across the swelling hills and dim receding valleys, and every tree and stalk throws its bluish, ghost-like shadow on long parallel lines towards the west. There is something

strangely primitive, and yet spiritual, about this scene of flitting shadows. We feel as if we were lifted into space, far away from the tumults of life, into some fairyland where only the silent and beautiful miracles of nature envelop us.

Is there anything in nature more purely lovely than the snow? Looking at a handful of feathery flakes, that melt almost as soon as we have gathered them, we comprehend more fully why snow was always regarded by man as an emblem of absolute purity. The crystals can bear no touch of earthly matter, and even if undisturbed they are perfect in form and construction only when freshly

fallen. The snow crystals a short time after falling break, the crystallization is destroyed, and the fragments freeze together. How little we know about these delicate hexagonal formations! The question of the cause of their various forms, which frequently change in the same snowfall, has never been satisfactorily answered. We only have observed that a low temperature favors the formation of tabular crystals, and higher temperature that of star-shaped crystals. Highly interesting are also the formations of two crystals merging into one, and which can easily be observed after a fresh snowfall. Nature among her most gorgeous treasures has nothing more nobly beautiful than this raiment of white stars, with which the "ruler of the inverted year" adorns our landscape in midwinter.

True enough, it seems as if this impenetrable shroud were hiding all vegetation from our eyes, but the true lover of nature—and he would be the only one to express regret—knows only too well that Nature even in her dormant moods is never fully at rest, and that her activity can be watched in many a strange phenomenon hardly perceptible to the ordinary eye.

In summer we are so intoxicated with the wealth of flowers and leaves that we seldom worry ourselves about those structural forms which are necessary for the support of all this loveliness; but now, when every stem and stalk is clearly outlined against the snow, we realize that these simpler expressions of Nature are not less beautiful than her more lavish ones. A snow-covered patch, interspersed with light sprays nodding in the wind, is a picture of weird beauty almost *Japanesque* in its simplicity and suggestiveness. And from each twig snowflakes are continually falling down with a soft crackling sound. More beautiful still this scene appears when the sunlight strikes the transparent crystals with which the stems are studded after a thaw. They shimmer and glitter then like opals and diamonds, like gems growing in some fairy garden.

And to what strange vagaries of form the snow is subjected! No human architect would ever dream of constructing such quaint fortifications and embank-

ments as the wind builds upon the open plain, or heaps up against the top of some hill, when the air is cold and dry. And how often do we encounter in the midst of a stretch of deep, even snow, through which no undulation of the soil is visible, some moundlike formation or smoothly scooped-out cavity! I wonder if Rodin the sculptor has ever contemplated the primary forms which the fierce spirit of the North reveals in the wild fancies of his snow-drifts? Rodin's dreams in marble have something of the softness and spontaneity of those which the wind fashions from the *Pentelicus* of nature.

Another field of observation is presented by the banks of the brook, which, with their sparkling frost-work, seem to the lover of winter as gay as with their fringe of summer flowers. When the snowfall has been steady and the rain has glazed the snow, the banks form one solid, glistening mass, the incrustated surface of which is strong enough to bear one's steps. But usually they are broken with many grooves and furrows, and the ragged edge near the water is soiled with the muddy earth below. When the horizon is shrouded in a curtain of fog, and the damp dulness of thawing weather weighs one's shoulders down, the brook changes into a delicate arctic scene, and affords a miniature display of the annual struggle of ice and water in spring.

The pressure of the water underneath the frozen surface becomes too strong. Little cakes of ice float in the pondlike opening, one struggles in this, another in that direction, some pieces give up the fight, become top-heavy, turn, and slowly sink to the bottom. It is as if some invisible hand guided their movements. Gradually the ice cracks in all directions, and small fields float along in the stream, passing each other with a soft crunching noise, or come to a halt, form hummocks, and thereupon continue their journey. But our stroll along the brook has brought us to the entrance of the woods. Like a row of spectres the trees extend their branches. The mossy trunks are cased as in pure crystal, and from the long low bough now and then a drop of melted snow, although the day is cold, drips down with a monotonous sound. Repeated at intervals all over the edge



LATE AFTERNOON IN WINTER

of the woods, it forms a quaint little melody which enhances the solitude, and mingles with the murmuring of the wind, which scarcely stirs the branches.

As I look about, the black rings disclosing the soil around the bases of the tree trunks attract my attention. I often wondered how they were produced. Is it not strange that the snow should melt more rapidly there than in the rest of the wood?

True enough, we have all observed the hollows that at moderate snowfalls become visible around denuded stalks; but they are produced merely by the elasticity of the stems, which allows the wind to sway the same in all directions. At times also the wind blows the snow away from one side of the tree and heaps it up on the other. But the snow is too deep to-day and not dry enough to allow of such an explanation; moreover, the rings are all evenly scattered, and sometimes several inches wide.

Are they caused by the melting snow on the branches which trickled down the tree trunk? This is barely possible, as the snow has only just begun thawing, and as the rings are also visible about trees whose branches grow in a direction slanting toward the ground. That the soil at the base of the trunk has been exposed to greater warmth than the rest of the surface seems to be the true explanation for this phenomenon. And as the sun, far down in the south, has shown very sparingly during the last month, the warmth can have been derived from no other source than the trunk itself.

As every animate object in which the sap of life is circulating must necessarily have its store of warmth, this will hardly appear extraordinary to us—even if we had never heard of the observations made in this direction by some German professor, who, applying a thermometer to holes bored into trees in midwinter, discovered that the temperature inside the trunks was higher than in the surrounding air. It is most interesting to investigate how the trees retain their higher temperature. In every vegetable body there exist different chemical combinations, which operate as producers of heat. But the principal source must necessarily be the soil. The heat which it has accumulated during the preceding

summer serves to warm and nourish the trees during winter, and prevents their succumbing to the cold. The roots serve as mediums for transferring the heat of this natural furnace to the trunk, and from thence, as by a system of radiating pipes, to the upper and outermost branches and twigs.

The deeper the roots reach into the ground, and the more thoroughly and extensively they are distributed, the more warmth can be accumulated by the tree. The bark takes the place of a heat-mantle, which hinders this most important factor of life from escaping; and the buds, which sit on the end of every twig, like a cap on the head, are covered with scales to collect all rising warmth and keep it captive.

Here and there, where a branch has been injured, and its inner cells exposed to the air, the effect is at once visible in the rather stunted development of the buds. For that reason, also, gardeners wait with the clipping until the cold months are over, as it would otherwise necessitate the covering of all wounds with grafting-wax.

Young trees are much more in danger of succumbing to excessive cold than older ones. The ailantus-trees here are scarcely three or four years old, and if the cold continues, they will be frozen within a few days. Some of the buds on the lower branches are already chilled, for if a tree dies from cold, the lower extremities are apt to suffer first, as the cells conduct heat upwards more easily than sideways.

We now begin to understand why trees in warmer climes grow to a greater height than in the North. It is not only because the winter is milder, and the soil is capable of absorbing more heat during a longer and more intense summer, but because the roots of trees extend farther into the soil in the tropics than in more northern regions. The palm in her native home soars to dizzy heights, but in our climate she cannot prosper, as the upper strata of our soil do not contain sufficient warmth to sustain her for a whole winter. In this way we are able to determine the climate of a country by the height of its trees. The more northward we travel, or the higher we ascend into the mountains, the smaller



DESERTED

the trees become, until we reach at last those regions where the plant life is actually dwarfed.

The coniferous trees, as we all know, stand cold much better than the deciduous ones. One might at first be led to believe that the needles utilize most of the warmth, but just the opposite seems to be the case. The needles are not only bad conductors of heat, but are another example of the manifold precautions which Nature has taken to protect plant life against the severities of winter. Look at these pine-trees. They are covered all over with snow for the larger part of the winter. Their evergreen twigs and their hard and yet elastic needles seem purposely made to catch the falling flakes, and as snow is also a bad conductor of heat, it forms in conjunction with the needles one of the best heat-preservers that are known in the vegetable kingdom. The only disadvantage ensues from the weight of the heavy mantle

of snow in which they wrap themselves from the autumnal equinox to the vernal. They bend to the ground and sleep in that position during the long winter months, and when at last the time of blossoms and green leaves reappears, they find it impossible to assume their former soaring attitude, and are frequently doomed to crawl along the earth for the rest of their existence. After our great blizzard hundreds of trees, haggard and bent down, as if by old age, could be seen in the vicinity of New York, which proved beyond doubt the truth of this theory.

How pure the air seems among these branching pines! If one steps from the open plain into a thicket of fir-trees, one notes at once the difference, and it is indeed not imagination only that the atmosphere is milder. Every gardener knows that certain tender plants will brave the winter in the immediate vicinity of fir-trees more successfully than



NOON OF A WINTER'S DAY

otherwise. And not only coniferous trees possess this power; the smallest patch of forest-land can prove to you that the atmosphere is always milder where trees are growing, for trees growing in groups protect each other. The heat which they exhale despite all protective measures is not lost, as is the case with trees that stand solitary.

But this brings us into the realm of agricultural meteorology, and that is too large a field for speculation. Much of interest could be told, but my wisdom is at an end, and my patient reader is probably long tired of his excursion.

Our ramble through the woods has shown that not alone human beings util-

ize the energy of the sun rays accumulated in the soil for heating purposes. Plant life is also dependent on it, and apparently better provided for than we. We gain the energy of the sun principally in the form of coal, and this treasure will not always and not everywhere be at the disposal of future generations. The vegetable world is not restricted to gifts which Nature has hoarded in subterranean strata during millenniums, and which she cannot renew either in the present or in the future. The chlorophyl is in the favorable position to find ample provisions for its sustenance during the winter in the heat which the sun lavishly spends each preceding summer.

Just Like Love

BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY

I

THE cruel east wind blared and bounded across the country. The world was full of ugly cries, of pensive groanings. Every growing thing hung a head. At the house door the girl's head hung until her chin rested on the tumbled finery of her bodice. She said at last, with petulant misery, but also with a subtle note that redeemed the words from common complaint:

"I've—I've come to the end. Do you know what that means? I'd rather die than work hard all my days and—and be—shabby."

The last word came between agitated drawings of the breath. It was the dominant word. To be shabby! That was the keen edge of her misery. She was a woman, and as she looked up at the man, a dawning, half-conscious preference slipped into her stealthily glancing eye. Then she looked down again, and something between a sob and a savage protest grew in her throat as she saw her faded skirt, the threadbare edge of her sleeves, the forlorn wreck of a frock that had once been elegant. And then she looked wildly about her, and made sharp turning movements—like a trapped thing.

If only she might get away; get back, beyond; be lapped again in the smooth life. She lifted her hands and shoulders, seemed to tilt on her toes—making movements for flight; perhaps hoping that the strong east wind might pick her up and carry her—sometimes an enemy did one an unexpected good turn.

Her eyes, fever lighting threatening tapers in them, roved over the bare hard earth, saw all the pinched plants in the garden borders; the ugly riot of triumphant weeds she was afraid of bounced across the open land, seeming to hint at coming miseries, and keener. She began again:

"To-day's the last. I can't wake up

and go on and keep on—always the same. I'll do—anything. I'll go—anywhere. I'll—die. But I won't bide here."

Mark Gosling was shocked by the glib murmurs of her tongue. She voiced outrageous sentiments. He could not understand. *He* had no quarrel with anything but the east wind—it threatened the farmer. That was all. For the rest, had they not the old house and land, and wholesome food, and—and each other! Life had taken on a garland of promise since Damaris came home. What was amiss with the simple days, the narrow round of the peaceful house? He asked himself all this, and more, in his plain way.

He had thought she looked so happy in the dairy: peeps at her as he passed the door of that cool dim place always stirred a troubled, new feeling in him—of delight so keen that it was a danger. Hers was a woman's day, a woman's part, on the farm—to milk and churn; to feed the dependent animals; to cook the plain food; to minister. What else was woman?

He twisted his feet and laced his helpless hands—helpless for her healing. He looked at her, his eyes attaining the wonderful eloquence of a dog's. His glance was lingering and anguished. What could he do? What was there to be done? Damaris was a strange woman—not to be understood. He surveyed her—as he would have done a new plant, startlingly different, raising its head through the corn.

"What ails you?" he asked at last, sinking his voice. "Has mother nagged?"

"Oh, Mark—Cousin Mark," Damaris said, more softly still—"it isn't that. Aunt Martha's kind, though she's deaf—and dull company, poor soul. But—see here."

She shot out her hands hysterically—pink, a little rough, fine black lines stippling the finger-tips.

"You can't get the dirt out," she said, with a choke in her voice. "They was as white as Lady Mary's in London. And—and this was a pretty frock. You'd never think it."

His face fell. It came to him as a tremendous shock—the knowledge that Damaris had the common taint of the time: preferred towns. He looked with a champion's valiant eye at the old, yellow-washed house of his birth. It was tucked away at the end of a green lane, proudly withdrawn from the common complexity of city life.

"You didn't want to come back to us?"

"Want! Why, it broke my heart. I'm moped to death. I—I like a bit of life. Every time I shut my eyes I see London, always moving; the color and the shine! I had pocket-money—everything. My room was so pretty—so soft. It was like—like being stroked. Waited on hand and foot, and Lady Mary so kind!"

"She threw you off like an old gown from her back," he retorted, his moody eye fixing on that red patch in the distance—the roof of the "great house."

He hated this lady at the Hall, who for a whim had taken pretty Damaris out of her station, and from weariness had sent her back—spoiled.

"It was good of her to give me a holiday, and I—I never thought to come back. I forgot all about this place. I hoped—I don't know. But I—Mark, help me. Go to the Hall. Tell her I'm dying—for London!"

She suddenly began to laugh, her head against the jamb of the door. She kept on—a low, silly sound, more ominous than the wind. She swayed as if the east wind swung her, as it did the garden things. He put his arm round her. His face was so close that he could see the fever in hers, and read the desire of her poor wild eyes.

The town, curse it, had blighted Damaris!

A not infrequent story—but this time with a tragic turn. Staring hard at Damaris, with his helpless glance of devotion, he seemed to see madness and death in the fever of her. Madness and death! The wind cried the words.

He was trembling with alarm, and the exotic pleasure of holding her. Her hands, plucking at his fingers, had the

bite of kindled coals. She was aflame—for towns; for the destroying ease of idle women.

"My head's queer," she gasped. "Something—*gives*. Help me! Hold me! I want it back—pretty things and tasty food, and—all that. Go to her! Tell her!"

"Damaris"—he spoke slowly, looking steadily—"she has gone abroad. You mind that? We thought, me and mother, you was so happy to be back."

"I'm eat up with misery," she told him, fiercely. "Look!" Snatching her hands free, she tore apart the top hook of her gown, and then shot her chin to the leaden sky. "See how thin I am—and all haggard and peaked in the face."

Her fallen throat, her bony arms, filled him with remorse. The waste of her, the whiteness of her, accused him.

"I'm going to be ill," she said, slowly—the slowness of effort; the last struggle for sanity; the final rebellion at delirium. "I—I want to die. I won't wake up—to this."

She gave her last glance at the melancholy garden; at the unkind sky; at the rolling land, unbroken by chimneys.

Her head dropped; her helpless body leaned at his shoulder.

"Mark, I thought you was fond of me. Take me back."

Her lips seemed to lock—finally. Her face changed. It wore the inscrutable expression that the dead wear. She would speak no more—that day at least—in her passionately rebellious way; in her mincing voice of acquired gentility, which dropped now and then into slow country drawls and phrases.

Mark remembered those last words of hers. They chimed in his head long after the whole memory of that hysterical scene at the house door had departed. All the wild words and movements of that morning he attributed to physical ill. He had not eyes to see the helpless writhing of a spirit. He was simple, his plodding devotion to Damaris his sole leaven of romance and fancy. Going backwards and forwards on the farm, he looked ever at her closely curtained window.

II

Damaris, still in the room to which they had carried her, was now promoted

from bed to couch; the visits of the doctor, once the event of the day, by which she had wistfully marked time, ceased. She was coming back, in the dreamy manner of the convalescent, to the working world, but all impressions reached her brain through a baffling mist.

She was surrounded by luxury. The thick-piled carpets flung over the uneven oak boards, the rugs and cushions of her sofa, the bright dressing-gown in which she cased her weak body, she accepted without asking why or how.

She delighted herself by looks and touchings of her wan hands, so soft and colorless. All her hair was cut off, and that made a birdlike lightness of the head. Her head! The constant teasing pain at one spot had gone. This relief was so great that local sensation still remained—of pleasure. She snuggled in her pillows, reading a little. There were new books on a new table—books stiff in the binding, and paper smelling.

She did not talk much. Aunt Martha moving about the room—always in her best gown; doing service grudgingly, because she wore her best gown—was simply part of the great healing comfort. Also, this elder woman breathed apart in the silent, pathetic world of deaf persons. Damaris timidly felt that if she raised her voice she might break the delicious spell of present things.

Color and flash were in her face when Mark paid his first visit. He too wore his best clothes—Sunday broadcloth. He looked newly washed and brushed, and came in with a sheepish air, fearing to tread. He paused, not knowing what first to say; then, waving his large hand about the room, seeming to sweep in all that was new by that gesture, he said,

“No doubt you’re wondering—why.”

“Why?”

Her expression, so calm and vague before, so empty, changed to one of nervous apprehension.

“I—I don’t know what you mean.”

“Why—the—the money to buy these things. They cost a deal.”

She threw a quick glance round her. Memory woke in her widening eyes.

“Yes,” she said, slowly, letting the words hiss in her teeth; “I remember.

Yes. The dairy, the pigs, the— My frocks—wearing out. I didn’t know where the next ’ud come from.”

She turned her head away so that he should not see the starting tears. She remembered. A terrific melancholy possessed her; a helpless rebellion.

Mark dropped before the gaudy sofa.

“It’s all right,” he said. “Don’t you fret, Damaris dear. We’ve come into a fortune.”

“A fortune!”

She sprang round and up. Instantly she was her old gleeful self—Damaris before London caught her in its fang. She clapped her hands. It was like the quick rustle of swallows’ wings.

He looked at her, the slow love-thrill stirring him. How pretty she was, and soft! He looked with idolatry at the small shorn head on the gay cushions, at the baby growth of yellow hair, adorably curling.

“A fortune! How much?”

“Oh, thousands.”

“Thousands!” The delighted whistle of her indrawn breath filled the room. “We’ll be gentry.”

It was characteristic of her that she did not ask how the fortune came; that was Damaris, weak and luxury-loving. She looked at him with brightly bantering eyes—an awkward big figure in badly cut clothes; an honest face, irradiated with passionate admiration.

“Good luck don’t suit you,” she said, with a small pout. “You look so glum.”

“Money sobers a man.”

“Of course.” She gave him a gay nod of comprehension. “What to put it in? But I only want to spend. I must come down stairs. I must—”

He laid a hand on her moving arms.

“No,” he said, straining for carelessness. “Not yet. The doctor won’t have it. And you’ve all you want here. There’s everything, isn’t there?”

He looked respectfully at the gewgaws of the room.

“Everything, everything. You’re right, Mark. I’ll lay up a bit longer. I shall be able to think. I want to think. It seems too good to be true. Let me bide alone a bit now.”

She was glad to be alone; to lie quietly panting on the pillows, too tired to make wonderful schemes. She was very weak

—weaker than before Mark came. He had been too sudden. He had not broken it gently. He had blurted out his tale of good luck before he was well in the room.

Day followed day. She took the fact of wealth passively. She listened vaguely to country sounds without—drifting, dreamy. She floated idly on a golden future. She was so much alone. Aunt Martha and Mark seemed to avoid her.

In her loneliness the four walls of her room, the window, giving light, began to live, were companionable. Above all, she relied on the window. It told of the outside world—that world to which, when she was stronger, she would return with such pomp.

The window! At night she had it uncurtained, and wonderful things floated serenely by or lingered. She was watched by the great steadfast eyes of the moon, twinkled at by cunning stars. This moon, these stars, how much they had seen, how old they were! They knew everything. When she met the full calm glance of the moon she was rested and awed. London was a young, new place to the moon. She fell asleep to the lullaby of rain. The sun streamed in, shooting gold showers from ceiling to floor. Birds rustled without, darkened the room for a second as they crossed the pane. Every day the sun grew stronger, the birds more noisy. She watched the wake and break of summer. She had so much time to notice everything. Her room had the repose of a cell. She felt herself too frail for daylight contact with places and people. She would have been content to stay always in that quiet room, watching through the window the enthralling facts of nature. The simple mother-world of growth and productiveness! It won her back. London became a dream—wicked, captivating, out of proportion; a mere disturbing patch in a troubled night.

One day she opened her door. This was the beginning of unsettlement. She opened her door—and let her languid peace fly out.

She could hear the downstairs sounds—swill of water, clink of pail, raking of cinders—all the domestic movements, which turned her sick with reminiscence, and made her heart thud sorrowfully—

until she remembered that Mark had come into a fortune.

She strained her ears for whispers. She became suspicious, in the idle person's way. She conjured up slights, plots, neglect—in nothing. An unusual sound, a deviation of the routine, excited her, frightened her—she knew not why. Any new thing downstairs made her heart leap. There seemed a league against her. There was most certainly a callousness. And she so wanted to see Mark. Each time he came into the house for meals she waited for his foot on the stair, but it fell away on the flags—and out into the open world. He never came until evening—when he wore his Sunday suit and looked so serious.

Money had spoiled him. Once with terror and temper and tears she remembered that she was only a cousin, had no legal right to participate in his fortune. They were plotting to shut her out. This theory gave the key to many little mysteries—movements, voices, which she had not understood.

One afternoon she was lying as usual, the door open, her ear tuned for listening. Below, the teacups clinked, and Mark's slow deep voice took turn with his mother's, which was shrill. There seemed to be something of a difference, and at last Aunt Martha said, sulkily,

“Well, she's got to know some time.”

III

After that pregnant sentence Damaris listened to no other word. She hid in her cushions, afraid to breathe, her eyes strained, her lips dry and parted. What did it mean? Not money? Her flimsy suspicions died. She felt—she knew—that she was on the threshold of something deeper; was about to touch the gravest issue of her light existence. Money at last took its rightful value in her eyes—a trivial incident of life, no more.

“She's got to know some time!” Know what? Know when? Know—now!

The room was no longer a soothing cell, but a prison: the window—mere glass and wood; the speaking walls—again dumb.

She heard Mark get up and go. Then all was silent. Outside, the sun slid into the west, and dusk crept stealthily.

Damaris, afraid, chill, yet determined, stood on her feet at last, resolved to touch drama.

She stole across the floor, her fluttering heart a match for her weak feet. Feet in shapeless invalid shoes of wool, very soft and stealthy on the floor. Out into the passage and down the stairs. How strange things looked! How rigorously washed! How poor!

She was on the last step. At one side of her opened the parlor, at the other the kitchen. Straight in front was the house door, widely set back. Through it she saw the height and color of the garden; saw the wide other world, which for weeks she had only seen in a frequently changed patch through the window space. The arrogant size of the border plants was so startling that she nearly cried out. How puny they had been in the east wind that morning when she set her racked head against the jamb of the door and felt her senses slip!

She peered into the kitchen. The slopped cups and tea-tray were yet on the table. Meals in the kitchen for folk of fortune! Before the low fire Aunt Martha sat—asleep. She wore her old gown. Suddenly Damaris remembered how carelessly the Sunday one had been fastened, as if put on in haste.

The cat brushed her leg; looked furtively at her with its round green eyes. Bracing herself, she stepped across the ledge of the outer door and stood under the sky. Her eyes, after such long leisure, had eager sight for everything. She marked the new ruby shoots on the holly-tree. All her senses were alert; her nose caught the sweet smell of lilacs, of the delicious honey, and of the fragile rockets. The many birds clamored shrilly at her ear.

She stopped midway down the path, enchained by a beauty that seemed absolutely new; that created a satisfaction greater than anything had ever done before. She was taken captive by the misty May night. She was the slave of summer; awed, uplifted, by the promise of this month; by luminous haze, half-opened leaves, blossoms, birds. For a moment she forgot the mystery and loneliness of her position.

Then she remembered, and went away round the house, and through the gate

into the lush meadow, crying, with anger and fear, for Mark—calling to him softly for caution, and constantly for dread. The rising fright, tremble, rage, and longing of her rang in her throat.

“Mark! Mark!”

Trembling through it all was the delicious thought of him—as a prop, a solver. Half shy, half pettishly, she strained her eyes through the mist for him, as she walked on, knee-high in the grass that was standing for hay.

“Mark!”

The name evoked memories. Her agitation grew with every one. A flood broke over her—of sensations half realized. When she was ill she had dreamed of him. When she was ill—had she talked of him; had her incautious tongue confessed her daring thoughts?

“Mark!”

Where was he? At her bidding, even of a finger, she held he should come.

She was high in grass, in sorrel, in buttercups and daisies, when he opened the garden gate and saw her, with the mist creeping up to the flat, close-lying rings of her newly grown hair. Pretty fancies came to him—rare with this earnest young man. She was etherealized by the vaguely mournful night.

She saw him too; saw his first glance at the window, and how much it told: her window, high up, the window which must always to her be something more than masonry. It had held her confidence; the varying troubles of her uncertain heart; through it had filtered all the wonders of dawn, noon, and dusk—quiet marvels of her winning. She regarded London now with a kind of shamed horror and dislike, although she had done no wrong there. But it was like a half-forgotten sin. That quick glance of his! Anxious, amorous—explaining so much, atoning in full for those many times when his foot had fallen away from the stair.

“Mark!”

The stealing mist lapped her. She looked in her red gown like a gaudy flower cast from the garden. For once the farmer in Mark died to the lover, and he trod through the meadow, trampling the standing grass.

The moment of explanation which he had dreaded was swallowed by the mo-

ment for which he had hardly dared dream. Damaris was in his arms—willing, conscious, responsive. After this, it was so easy to tell her about the fortune—that did not exist. The sweet night helped smooth confession.

He had been nervous for the issue of his wife. Once or twice, committed, he had looked fearfully back. Would he, instead of saving, utterly destroy Damaris by this tender lie, which, just like love, was so fanciful, so transparent, so short-seeing?

"And you pretended? Oh, Mark!"

"Dearie, you said the rough life killed you. And the doctor, he said—his very words, Damaris—that you must lead a lady's life—all you was fit for. I thought if we could get your strength up first, it 'ud come easy after."

"You bought the pretty things? You chose—this?" She touched the poppy-colored gown.

"I did the best, as I thought. And we aren't set for money, Damaris. You shall have a servant. You needn't soil

your pretty fingers. You shall live idle, like gentry."

She shook her head. "I don't want to. I've—I've learnt a many things, up there." She looked with a kind of holiness at the window.

"Gentry!" she rucked her faint dun brows. "They don't make you feel at home. Lady Mary was kind, but—but you dursn't move or speak for fear o' making a mistake. And you do the wrong when you mean the right. And—and you may strive, but you're never the same as them."

They wandered up towards the garden. Mark remembered the grass and planted his great feet gingerly.

"It's a poor crop," he grumbled, looking down. "Don't know as ever I knowed sech an onkind spring."

"The east wind!" Damaris shuddered—remembering.

Then she pressed his arm, and gave word to her last soft woman's regret:

"At Lady Mary's I had a silk frock. If you could ha' sin me then!"

Woman in Emotional Expression

BY LUCY C. BULL

SEVERAL writers of the present moment—curiously enough, not all of them men—maintain that the feminine mind, in power of imagination and in capacity for emotion, is inferior to the masculine. The inference is that women cannot create works of art of a high order, least of all in music; and man's very fickleness and inconstancy toward womankind is accounted for on the ground of his superior imagination. A man's ideal is a loftier, or at any rate a livelier, thing than a woman's; hence the shock of disenchantment is to him wholly insupportable. Experience, more than fiction, teaches that man, not woman, is the true *varium et mutabile*—if I may translate *mutabile* by *emotional*. Lombroso even argues that women cannot feel; and the conclusion that they will never rise above a certain level in music, whatever their attainments in po-

etry, in sculpture, in painting, seems irresistible.

In all ages women have had as many opportunities for composing music as—to take an example at random—for practising magic. Yet, ignoring the former as a field for the imagination, they have clung to the latter; and from the Witch of Endor down to Meg Merrilies (no myth in personality and influence) they have felt more at home in it than men. How far family cares may have interfered with the designs of the Witch of Endor we are not told; but it is certain that, living in an age when the emancipation of woman had not been broached, she secured a degree of isolation for carrying on her work, some appreciation from high quarters, and a name in history. For all we know to the contrary, she may have been equally noted for musical utterance—in the Sibyl of Virgil and

in Meg Merrilies the two things went together.

But the art of music remains a kind of Bluebeard's closet, calculated to stimulate not so much the higher mental faculties as the curiosity of the more jealous and keenly observant sex. From time to time man enters, closing the door carefully behind him. For hours he remains plunged in meditation, save that now and then an inarticulate wail or half-muffled cry finds its way through the plugged key-hole. When he comes out his eyes are luminous with the strange influences he has been under; and even when he appears most absorbed in the incidents of the hour, it is evident to the feminine observer that his mind is still turning in the direction of the mysterious apartment.

Now and then, it is conceded, if by any chance the key is put into her hand, woman ventures on tiptoe a little way into the aforesaid apartment. But as this is done only at the risk of losing her head—a loss to which, in the opinion of the other sex, she is peculiarly liable—she soon falters in her determination, and, overcome by warnings from without and from within, leaves the “bower that is guarded by word and by spell,” with a feeling of relief at finding herself once more in the world of common things.

The friendship, beginning in music and ending in marriage, between Robert Schumann and Clara Wieck, is to me curiously illustrative of almost every contribution that women have made to art.

In the first place, Clara Wieck threw that spell over her lover which many women and most men regard as the only one a woman will ever be able to work in the realm of art. I mean, of course, that mixture of exaltation and melancholy which inspired at least two sonatas of Beethoven and “every phrase of Chopin”—the same that oftentimes hath inspired “the happiest moments of the best minds,” if, indeed, some influence of the sort is ever absent from them. Both the “Kreisleriana” and the haunting “Arabesque” were composed in the bitterness of an enforced separation between Schumann and Clara, the latter work being the outgrowth of a dream in which he believed her dead; and to her, as all the world knows, no less than a hundred and forty of his songs were dedicated.

At the age of fourteen her powers of improvisation reached their full development; on a theme given her at a court concert, and on the spur of the moment, she was able to compose a long and brilliant fantasia. Her concerto and other works are probably the high-water mark of what a woman of culture has been able to do in music. Whether any woman will ever go beyond is another question. There may be more spontaneity, and hence a more permanent value, in some serenade or other melody by a later composer, like Mlle. Chaminade.

But ever since I began writing this essay, a fresh little air, a phrase of a dozen notes, nothing more, has been running in my head with the caressing insistence of small things. It consists of the question



followed by the answer



It is found in Schumann's piano-forte works (Opus 5), and is a variation upon a theme by Clara Wieck. Does this seem a slight thing?

Nor was the series of impromptus from which this score is taken Schumann's last experiment in this line; in a grand sonata we come upon “variations on a theme by Clara Wieck,” and the motto prefixed to the “*Davidsbündler*” is duly accredited to the same source. But the grand sonata and “*Davidsbündler*” were written in all the fervency of an avowed passion, whereas the impromptus serve our present purpose all the better for being a purely intellectual performance, a tribute paid by one artist to another before their hearts have mingled, and while Schumann is still more than half committed to Ernestine von Fricken. The experiment may even be regarded as a turning-point in his effort to master the art of composition, for up to that time he had only been trying his wings.

Editor's Easy Chair.

MAIN difficulty with the Eternal Womanly has always been that she has to be temporally provided for. The care falls not only upon her, but upon her brother, the Secular Manly, who has a good deal to do in looking after himself in a sphere where he finds her intruded while awaiting her apotheosis. He does not complain of it; she is an agreeable guest, and he has a fine faith in the poet's notion that she will draw him beyond, draw him onward and perhaps upward, when she goes. But it is natural that he should be somewhat excited in looking out for her wants and tastes, and imagining occupations and amusements for her; and not unnatural that in certain circumstances he should be willing to let her do something to pay for her board. Where she greatly outnumbers him, as in the State of Massachusetts, it is almost inevitable that he should be so; and what was at first an unhandsome necessity of the case has become not merely a virtue of it but a grace. Women are there as well educated as men if they like. Elsewhere they are coeducated at least, and everywhere the modern will and deed has been to make them as independent as they could wish; sometimes, more independent.

I

It is the fatality of every good to present itself, for purposes of identification, as it were, together with its opposite evil, and woman's independence has now gone so far that it impeaches the value of her education. The very agents of her tremendous intellectual development are beginning to feel a subtle mistrust of their work in the presence of its attendant disadvantages, which the least and first of is that it has made her too wise if not too good, and so too unwholesome, for human nature's daily food. If we are to believe some of the scientific witnesses, civilization is finding the woman of the higher education the most indigestible morsel which it is obliged to assimilate; and the mere critical observer of its lighter society aspects has noted that they want a perfect gayety from the fact that the girls seem to know more, or at any

rate to have read more, and are altogether brighter and quicker, than the young men they meet. They make the best of it, poor things: they adapt their conversation to these lower minds, and their behavior to these ruder tastes. They not only dance gladly, but they golf, they paddle, they bathe, they ride, they climb with these inferior natures; they camp and cruise with them when they can; in the last resort they marry them.

The last resort is not ordinarily the summer resort, where the spectacle of the numerical disparity between the sexes is much more dramatic than it is in the census, and is adverse to the final mating. The intellectual, or cultural, disparity is doubtless not really so great; at any rate, in the sympathetic vacuity, the wide, generous inanity, in which the summer resort conditions all life, it is not so noticeable. But even there it is impossible not to feel that the young girls, not to mention the old girls, who swarm in the ideal proportion of sixteen to one upon the undergraduate youth and post-graduate age of the other sex, are their hopeless superiors; hopeless, in what a dark, double sense!

It is grotesque, of course, and one smiles, but it is tragical, and the question as to what shall be done with the women, or what they are going to do with themselves, is palpitating in the thoughts of many who are most reverent of the problem. The cold science of statistics represents that only about one out of three, or four, or five, educated or coeducated women marry, and of these as few again become mothers, or, if they do, survive the cares and duties of maternity. Perhaps because in such an inquiry one can proceed only by exclusions, the statisticians do not seem to concern themselves with the uneducated, or unco-educated woman, and we do not know what proportion of these become wives and mothers. It is not credible that the multitudes who moil in mills, and fag in factories, or wear their young womanhood out in shops, have a hopeful outlook in matrimony and maternity; but their case seems to be set aside, or postponed to

the consideration of what civilization has accomplished in the case of those women for whom it has done its best, not its worst. This is apparently so little, or so mistakenly much, that the old doubt whether women should be allowed to learn the alphabet is forcing itself into the foreground again in different amiable disguises; and we have prismatic glimpses of the educated woman as she presents herself to the serious doubt or the polite despair of some who have helped most to make her what she is, whether they would or not.

This is saying it roughly, and we must wish to refine still farther as to the involuntary part that the educators of the educated woman have had in her education. They are not singular in largely accepting a tendency and serving it, rather than devoting themselves to an ideal. Men work with what is at hand; and tendencies are often on the ground, while ideals are almost as often in the air. It is only some original thinker who has the courage or the fear to question the tendencies as well as their effects, and we have had to wait till a very few months ago for such a thinker in the president of Clarke University, who then opened his mind to a reporter in abhorrence of the actual method of woman's education.

II

We need not suppose that Dr. Stanley Hall is perfectly represented in the interview which resulted. No one ever is, in any interview, however faithful; for those who think closely think pen in hand; and the interview is a net which lets slip many precious things that one would have said, and keeps much rubbish that one did say. But upon the whole the quality of the interview with Dr. Hall is so good that we may suppose it largely his mind upon all the matters treated. These were the present methods of teaching by text-books, and the methods of instruction or of suggestion by the teacher himself, which ought to replace the books; the cart-before-the-horse system of giving the reason of things first instead of the things; the non-literariness of all schooling; the mistake of teaching boys and girls together after they cease to be boys and girls; the failure of women's colleges because the education they

provide does not include the strength for wifehood and motherhood; the physical break-down of most educated American women with the birth of one child; the small families that are now the rule among Americans.

Napoleon, as we all know, told Madame de Staël (she perhaps needed the snub) that the mother of the most citizens was the greatest woman. He was always anxious, the dreadful little man, that the provision of *chair à canon* should not fail him, and doubtless there was earnest in his irony. Of course Dr. Hall's opinions accuse him of no such insolence or inhumanity; they are, on this point, so far from solely his that they may be considered apart from his other ideas.

He will certainly not be inculcated by any denial of the exclusive virtue of large families, which were so well in their way and their day. Much may still be said in their praise, as that the children in them helped to bring one another up and to take the nonsense out of one another. They enlarged the boundaries of the home, which, however, did not perish with them in this intensely domesticated nation, and they were the fulfilment of a scriptural injunction. But if, as John Fiske so luminously taught, the prolongation of infancy in the tender vigilance of its guardians is the nursery of civilization, then the small family is better for the race; for every child in it can receive that devoted care which every child has a sacred right to from those who called it out of the cosmic unconsciousness into this being, pleasing or anxious, or both, as the witness chooses.

In any case, the small family has apparently come to stay, and so far as it is involuntary it may be a farther fulfilment of the divine purpose, a refinement upon the simple, crude obedience of the large family, which often made an inadequate drudge of the mother, even when an eager one, and a hopeless slave of the father, even when a happy one. In spite of all the cant and all the conscience about it, there are no signs of its coming back. The substitution of the old-fashioned hearth and brass andirons for the gloomy stoves of the early small-family period failed to effect the recall of the large family; a scattering child or two gathers before the open fire, as beside the air-

tight stove, and hangs its solitary socks at Christmas from the chimney-piece where once a score or a dozen dangled. A few enthusiasts in the cause have succeeded in restoring here and there a fleeting resemblance of the large family of the colonial times, or the first years of the republic, just as they popularized the reproduction of claw-footed furniture; but one feels a touch of amateurishness in their work; it is a pose, a fad; and it is safe to say that unless the State can abolish want, or the fear of want, or society can make itself less agreeable to young married people, the American large family must remain a thing of the past.

But why should the "girls' colleges educate primarily and chiefly for motherhood," as Dr. Hall is said to have said? Should the boys' colleges educate primarily and chiefly for fatherhood? The notion seems to be the same in both cases, and in either form a little offensive. It is more than a little grotesque in the case of the girls' colleges, and ignores the actual conditions with what seems at the last a touch of cruelty.

Girls' colleges were imagined measurably out of dissatisfaction with the young ladies' schools that taught the accomplishments; but still more largely they arose from the sad sense of the necessity, the generous perception of the propriety, of qualifying girls to earn their living with their heads, since they were too proud to earn it with their hands, and seemed to have a lessening chance to earn it with their hearts. Now when that chance has dwindled to the vanishing-point for so many more of them, shall they be bidden go to, and get ready to be married, as the main end and aim of their education? "First catch your hare," the thoughtful author of the recipe for jugging it premised; and the girl who has no hope of the husband in the bush cannot be expected to qualify herself to meet the exigencies of wifehood and motherhood as she who has him in the hand. To require this of her as a chief and primary part of her education is to insult her modesty, to wound her just pride of self-helpfulness, and to suggest as unwholesome an ideal as could well be. Words either mean something or they mean nothing, and the inevitable implication of any such require-

ment is that the mind of the student shall be fixed upon her bridals instead of her books. The consciousness of it must spread electrically from the teachers to the taught, and the girls' colleges, however vigilantly kept against man, must become as rife with the purposes of matrimony as the worst enemies of any co-educational institution imagine it to be.

It can be said that this is in the scheme of Nature, who demurely winks her other eye at all attempts to keep the minds of the sexes off each other, and that it is well authoritatively to recognize that men and women are in the world for their reciprocal sakes, and that they should be strong and well, no less than learned and wise, in their mutual interest. But besides objecting that the burdensome consciousness of the fact should be left altogether to the women, we wish to make the friends of this ideal observe that we are facing conditions in which it would be ludicrous and oppressive to realize it. After a girl's education has chiefly and primarily fitted her for wifehood and motherhood, and she suddenly finds herself in a world where there is little, and seems to be less and less, marrying and giving in marriage, would not she think it had been kinder and truer if she had been primarily and chiefly fitted to teach school, or keep books, or study art, or journalism, or medicine, or law? The chances are even that she will have more use for her education in those directions than in rearing a family, and not because she *will* not marry any one, but because there is no one for her to marry.

This is the fact which the critics of the actual college education of women ignore; and it is not changed by the fact that there are plenty of nice stupid young fellows for the girls to marry if they had not been educated over and above them.

III

Women used to be told, when they ventured into some public fields where they are now such familiar figures, that their place was the fireside, the family altar (typified by the cook-stove and the wash-tub in most houses), and, in fine, the *home*. We do not remember that they were in the habit of openly retorting, "Whose home?" but surely their advisers were open to some retort. It is because

women have, in the hideously egoistic and erroneous development of our commercial civilization, been obliged so often to *make* the homes they were bidden keep to, that we now find them the rivals (alas! sometimes the victorious rivals) of men, not only in the graces, but the industries, the arts, the sciences. The part they play (it is very like working) has been less chosen than forced upon them by the brutal and entirely man-made conditions of the life which prevails throughout the world ironically calling itself Christendom; and their schools cannot do better than continue to fit them for it, until their brothers shall imagine some gentler and juster economy, in which they shall each be chosen a wife by a husband worthy of her, and dwell with him in a home of their common creation, safe from want and the fear of want.

Even this millennial vision should not involve any obligation to matrimony as to a state more honorable or more ideal than celibacy. The Apostle had something to say for that which will always commend itself to consideration, and no one can have lived long in the world, or met many maturely unmarried women, without questioning the right of matrimony to hold itself as the only holy estate, or the holiest. It is holy if the married pair behave themselves; and if they do not, why, celibacy seems rather preferable. In millennial conditions, even, it is doubtful if it ought to be commended as the chief and primary motive in woman's education. In this premillennial epoch (we now all know that A.D. 2000 is the *true* millennium) it certainly should not be suffered to bring ignominy upon any of the occupations in which women find prosperity.

IV

On the other hand, it should not be disparaged or discouraged (it might not be possible to discourage it), for it is one of several fields of usefulness in which woman shows her superiority. It cannot be limited without hardship to her, and no fact of our recent commercial expansion has perhaps given true patriots more pleasure than the prodigious success of the American female industry of marrying English noblemen. This has been so signally an achievement of the

American woman's genius that we may justly credit her with far the greater honor in it, though it must be allowed that her social enterprise and personal charm have, in every case, been solidly backed up by the financial resources of the American woman's father. He has stood nobly, some say ignobly, by her in those matters of settlement on which the high-born English lover keeps at least one impassioned eye in his wooing; and it may be safely said that without this backing not one of the matches which have shed such lustre upon the national name would have been effected. At the same time it must always be recognized that no amount of money would have alone sufficed, probably, if the American woman had not been so admirably equipped for conquest, so accomplished beyond all her insular rivals, so richly dowered with the gifts that win and the graces that fetch. This at least is what our whole proud nation believes; wherever the society column penetrates, it carries the conviction; the faith palpitates everywhere in the hearts of heiresses of millionaires yet only in the way of being, who think they would look well in coronets. It is not only in their beauty and their naïveté (with the gold lining) that they expect to vanquish, but also in the array of that peculiarly personal American breeding which they understand is preferred by English noblemen to the conventional manners of their own women. No one who loves and honors these heroic girls (as their countrymen all do) can help wishing them success, or trembling for their failure, and probably a thrill of tender anxiety mixed with hot resentment ran through the whole length and breadth of this fair land of ours (as the political orators call it) when it was lately cabled from London that one of the most unquestioned points of the American woman's superiority had been attacked in *The Dancing Times*.

Mr. Walter Humphrey is their critic, and he is as much enabled as disabled by the fact that he is not only the editor of *The Dancing Times*, but is the proprietor of a dancing-academy. If we taste a certain savor of self-interest in his censures, we cannot deny him the grounds of judgment when he says: "Englishmen cannot admire the art of the ball-room as taught

in the United States. It violates every principle of graceful motion. American ladies are especially ridiculous when they try to dance." But we do not suppose that Mr. Humphrey here wishes to imply that American ladies are otherwise ridiculous. He is probably confining his criticism in his mind if not his language to their dancing alone, which he faults in every particular. "Their vertical demonstrations are exaggerated, not to say grotesque. Their bodies sway about absurdly, and they attempt to lead rather than follow their male companions. American ladies never dance acceptably in smart circles in London without first getting instruction at the hands of capable teachers. Englishmen find it quite impossible to follow their vigorous and complicated gyrations. English ladies permit their gentlemen partners to lead absolutely. . . . They preserve an easy rigidity of body, and glide through the figures instead of leaping and hopping excitedly."

We do not know whether this is the whole body of Mr. Humphrey's offence; but it was quite enough to dash for the moment the pride of the republic in the dancing of our women. The attack was promptly repelled by several patriotic journals, but it cannot be denied that it has left wounds. Hereafter none of us can exult as before in this dancing with the strong faith that how bad soever our women's voices and manners might be, their dancing was as unimpeachably superior as their dressing. An odious picture remains of their jumping up and down (for it must be this that Mr. Humphrey means by their "vertical demonstrations"), of the absurd swaying about of their bodies, and their bold desire to lead rather than follow their male companions; of their total failure to preserve an easy rigidity, as English ladies do, and to glide through the figures instead of leaping and hopping. Whether the fact that the dancing-academies of London are full of American women struggling to unlearn "the terpsichorean vulgarisms picked up in the United States," as obliquely reported from Mr. Humphrey, will avail to blot the sight, time alone can tell.

What is certainly consoling, however, is that our women are qualifying them-

selves for success in London by even the sacrifice of national pride, if they are making the effort ascribed to them. Their behavior shows them to be truly *business* in this as in all other things; and we may trust them to practise the meekest obsequiousness to their male companions in the dance, and the easiest rigidity of body, if that is what is wanted, in order to be in with the first at the coming coronation festivities. Some "new movements" are announced by the London dancing-masters, who profess alone to be in the secret of them; but we venture to believe that these will cross the ocean and be taught in all our own academies long before Edward VII. wears the crown which has bound the brows of so many of the wise and good in the past.

There is a suggestion in all this which is more hopeful than anything we had expected to reach with respect to the education of women. If it is not quite practicable to make wifehood and motherhood the primary and chief ideal in women's education, why should it be impossible to embody something like it on a limited scale? Our girl's colleges might continue to educate our women to earn their living; but there might be post-graduate schools in telepathic touch with London which should teach the branches necessary to the American woman's success in English society. The American woman might be trusted to study these with a zeal which would eventuate in the eclipse of all her English sisters. The danger would of course be that the English lover might miss in these proud victresses, bearing themselves with an easy rigidity in all the exigencies of social life, something wild and sweet that he fancied in the unconventional product of New England, or California, or the great Middle West, or the New South. It is a danger that could be guarded; and the Easy Chair is not pretending that it is a serious aspect of the educated-woman question. This may perhaps be safely left to the educated woman herself. She was not a fool to begin with, in most cases, and it is to be doubted if her college has made a fool of her. It has looked honestly after her mind, and in the favor which athletics now find among our students, it seems not to have ignored the fact that she "is not wholly brain."

Editor's Study.

I

THE strongest appeal to the human imagination is that which answers its deepest questionings, its large curiosity. Things merely hidden on the earth or beneath it, or that—like the sources of the Nile or the north pole—have for generations baffled all attempts at their disclosure, are in themselves minor and superficial mysteries, the interest in whose solution has dignity only through association with economic, historical, or scientific problems. Sometimes not the thing sought is found, but something greater; not the philosopher's stone, but the great realm of chemistry; not the new road to India, but the American Continent.

The most marvellous disclosures of our time, and those most profoundly affecting our imagination, are the result of scientific investigation. These disclosures are psychical as well as physical, as was shown in Dr. Stanley Hall's article in our October number on "The New Psychology"—the new aspects of that science arising from its connection with physiology, and particularly with neurology. Dr. Hall has become an adept in philosophical as well as in scientific deductions in this field. It is only a few years since psychology began to be illuminated from experiments in the laboratory. Some of the earliest experiments were those conducted by Michael Foster, the eminent English physiologist, with special reference to his own science, but having important psychological bearings. He made an exposition of weariness, showing that the exertion of every organ, including the brain, precipitated poison, thus giving to exhaustion a toxical character, and finally, from its oppression, inducing sleep.

All the phenomena of sleep are of psychological interest. Even in ordinary sleep, as was shown in the Hon. John Bigelow's work entitled *The Mystery of Sleep*, there is something more than its reparative function. Mr. Bigelow illustrated his theme from striking Biblical instances, in which spiritual revelations were communicated in sleep. Modern in-

stances, in which the hypnotic sleep and the trance play an important part, seem to suggest a state quite different from that of ordinary sleep. The scientific importance of the subject has led us in this Magazine to give place to articles by Professor Hyslop and Dr. J. D. Quackenbos; and Dr. Joseph Jastrow has promised one dealing with this class of phenomena in the strictly scientific manner so characteristic of all his work.

There can be no explication of a mystery, but the co-ordination of facts may help us to divine the implication, and only this divination will clear our psychical vision and convict jugglers.

II

And in the field of physics and biology it is the implication we are seeking—the largest co-ordination. An explanation of the universe is a futility. We can make no equation even in which the known quantities shall balance the unknown; nor can we define the creative power in terms of the sensible phenomena, and by what a vast range do the evidences of this power lie beyond our sensible perception! By various devices we have enabled our observation to transcend the ordinary limitations of our senses; but whatever our scope, we are dealing for the most part with processes and facts so wholly unlike the phenomena of our own consciousness as to seem alien, and untranslatable into familiar speech.

Even the data of consciousness are disguised by consciousness itself, and are delivered as notions rather than as reals, and the psychological classifications that co-ordinate them must lay as much stress upon the analysis that separates as upon the generalization that unites. Professor Holden, in his brief essay on "Phenomenal Memories," published in this number, shows the insistence of this analysis, so that we speak of several memories—the musical memory, the mathematical memory, etc. Memory itself is treated as a separate faculty, whereas it is inseparable from any conscious perception or action. We shall

hear from Professor Holden again on this subject.

The material world is obviously more remote from us than these psychic phenomena, yet since its disclosure to us is through our senses, so that we see and touch and handle it, it somehow seems more real. But this sensibility is a disguise of that world, which has no sound but in the ear, no color but in the eye; and our notions of it, based on our sensations, are a further disguise. Here too we classify, uniting only what we have first analytically discerned. The true co-ordination of physical phenomena is something quite different, involving a creative imagination like that which Clerk-Maxwell brought to bear upon the world, finding beneath the dead side turned to us the pulsations of its life. It was in this way that he co-ordinated light and electricity. With each new imaginative construction we come nearer to the conception of a living universe. This was the original conception, the denial of which came near being as fatal to Anaxagoras at Athens in the nascence of Greek science as was the promulgation of unorthodox theology to Bruno in the Middle Ages; and this conception retained its hold even in the mind of Kepler. It was of old entertained in a crude form, the life of the world being conceived in a manner suggested by physiological analogy; but after its banishment from three centuries of science, it seems likely to be revived in a new form as the result of current investigation. The experiments made by Professor J. J. Thompson, of Cambridge University, England, and of which he gave an account in the September number of this Magazine, tend to revolutionize theories hitherto held concerning the constitution of matter. We see, in his investigation of the cathode rays, that the process going on is that of force taking material embodiment, and thus that all matter is simply energy at work, an embodiment thereof in varying forms, from that of cathode particles to that of physiological incarnations. Other investigators in this field—like Becquerel, Naudon, and Curie—are still to be heard from as to their experiments relating to the mysterious property of radiation.

We may as a result of these novel dis-

closures revise our theories as to light and electricity, reverting perhaps to those of Newton and Franklin, but we are not likely to adopt the conclusion reached by Mr. Joseph Battell in his recent philosophical novel, repudiating evolution, and reverting to the doctrine of special creations. Rather we shall see that what we call evolution is simply a continuous creative specialization in a living universe.

Professor Bruce Halstead, in a recent report to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, gives an exposition of what he calls a "new geometry," which denies Euclid's axioms and postulates: such as, That parallels infinitely extended never approach, That the sum of the angles of every triangle is equal to two right angles, etc. When Professor Newcomb or some equally authoritative specialist shows our readers what this contradiction means, we shall see that this apparently paradoxical position is not properly that of a "new," but of a *real*, geometry—real, as opposed to *notional*. In the real, living world there are no straight lines or right angles; these and our propositions concerning them are of purely mental conception, and our notional assumption serves the purposes of calculation within a limited range—so well, indeed, that we predict an eclipse of the sun or moon with almost absolute accuracy. It seems a paradox to assert that what we call a straight line must, if indefinitely projected, return to its starting-point. Yet in the "real" geometry this is the truth, and to a mind like Lord Kelvin's, for example, would not seem absurd. In like manner we must distinguish between the notional postulates of physical science and the real facts in a living universe.

That force known to us as the attraction of gravitation has never been co-ordinated with other forces. This may be the accomplishment of the twentieth century. We may hope for important disclosures concerning both magnetism and gravitation from experiments at extremely low temperature like those of Professor Dewar at the Royal Institution in England, of which we shall have the account by Dr. H. S. Williams in an early number. It is not the liquefaction of gases that is most interesting in the

progress of these investigations—that is a mere means to the end in view, the approach to absolute zero, and a consideration of the physical phenomena peculiar to that condition.

III

The unnumbered æons of the realm of physics make its wonders vast and impressive; but those of the organic kingdom, whose cycle is so limited that it includes an infinitesimal island in the ocean of Time, have for us—since it is our own island—a nearer interest, more varied and complex as well as more intimate. The marvellous vegetable and animal types of the prehistoric world are striking by way of contrast, and Professor Beecher of Yale has promised us for the Magazine an interesting consideration of this world of the mastodon. The wonders hidden in the lowest depths of the sea are treated by Professor C. C. Nutting, of Michigan University, in the present number.

The period of human history is a small arc of the biological cycle, and even of that we know very little. Archæological researches are constantly redeeming precious fragments of the lost record. How much do we owe to the Egyptian embalmers' preservative art; to the royal tombs that, reverently hidden, have preserved treasures nearly seven thousand years old—as Dr. Flinders-Petrie showed in his article on Abydos in our last number; to the dust and débris of centuries that imbedded ancient cities and monuments; to the volcanic lava that swallowed up and hermetically sealed Pompeii; and even to artificial structures, like the mound that, for whatever reason, was raised above the Kerameikos Cemetery at Athens, whose monuments, recently unearthed, are described by Dr. Quinn in the pages of the present number! Deletion, neglect, and oblivion have as surely protected the record they seemed to efface as palimpsests have preserved ancient scripts that regarded with solicitous care must have perished.

The probable advent of Norsemen in America four or five centuries before Columbus has been much discussed on a definitely archæological basis; but it remained for Dr. Fryer, in his article in our July issue, to indicate the affiliation

between the art and religion of the Aztecs and the cult of Buddha as the result of a Buddhistic mission to America a thousand years before the discovery by Columbus. This hypothesis has been further confirmed by discoveries made in Costa Rica since Dr. Fryer wrote his article. Andrew Lang challenges the truth of this theory, seeing only an accidental likeness where Dr. Fryer suggests affiliation. No contribution in this field has for many years excited such interest in both continents. America is really the older continent, and we shall not be quite content until we find how and when what we call the Old World was discovered by prehistoric Americans.

Certainly now we are not only taking fresh possession of that world across the Pacific by our enterprise, but discovering it anew in the light thrown by recent archæological researches upon the earliest civilizations. The new knowledge of oldest Babylonia will be conveyed to our readers by Dr. Hilprecht as soon as his material for pictorial illustration is in presentable shape. Other contributions from special writers, availing of new discoveries, will illuminate Old Testament literature. Dr. Charles Waldstein will make novel disclosures concerning the Parthenon sculpture.

In the American field, the latest word about the old mound-builders will be spoken in an authoritative article by Harlan Ingersoll Smith on the Great American Pyramid.

IV

The reader who has in these pages just perused Mr. Hartmann's delightful "Winter Ramble," and been impressed by Mr. Eickemeyer's illustrations, will feel the approach of a new year—not the chill or the shadow, we trust, but the far-shining brightness. With this number the Magazine's year is concluded. We have said something of its recent work in the various departments of science, but only as incidental to a theme, though it is not a mere accident that a consideration of the new and vital points of interest in a field so important should in this way find its natural illustration. But we are looking forward, not backward, and while this is not the place for the publishers' formal announcements to

the public, yet it is the place (as well as the appropriate season) for confidences between the editor and the reader as to the work and aims of the Magazine.

We hope in our fiction to make an even stronger appeal to the reader's imagination than in those surprises that pique or satisfy what we have called its "large curiosity" concerning physical and psychical mysteries. Those who have read Henry Harland's delightful novel, *The Cardinal's Snuff-Box*—and they are many, though it is not "a quarter-of-a-million" book—will be pleased to learn that this author will contribute a romance of equal charm, entitled "The Lady Paramount," to begin in an early number. Later in the year will be given a new novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward, the appearance of which will be as eagerly awaited by every cultivated reader in America and England as were the supreme triumphs of George Eliot a generation ago. Both of these serials will be illustrated by artists whose work with the brush will worthily accompany the text of each and enhance its charms. The short stories in the Magazine—a never-failing source of pleasure to its readers—will be brought as near as possible to the high level of these great literary productions, and every resource of art at our command will be spent in their embellishment. A foretaste of the charming possibilities in this line our readers have already had, but we hope in each successive issue to more nearly approach the ideal of our aims—a reasonable expectation when we consider the number of able writers, old and new, from Mark Twain to the latest promising aspirant, who are pledged to this high purpose.

New developments in lines that during the past year have been experimentally followed—in the brief sketches and essays that add so much to the variety and entertainment of each number—will, we hope, yield greater intellectual satisfaction, which is as much our aim as is the appeal to emotional sensibility through other forms of literature.

We lay stress upon these brief contributions—stories, sketches, and essays—believing them to be the most essential features of that type of magazine which it has always been the proper aim of *Harper's* to set forth and bring to per-

fection. The aim of this kind of magazine becomes ever more and more distinct from that of the book, and the time will come when the serial publication in it of fiction or of history will be an exceptional thing. We are confident that even the conventional short story—that elaborate structure formerly deemed necessary—will disappear from its contents, its place being taken by the vivid, suggestive sketch, with an even stronger appeal to the normal emotional sensibility. What used to be known as the "article" has already been transformed, to use George Eliot's pregnant phrase, from a diagram into a picture. The essay, as we are using it in these pages, is not the formal and extended treatment of a subject, but an expression of some phase of thought concerning an interesting theme that, limited as it may seem, has through its suggestiveness an indefinite expansion.

The briefer the contributions to the Magazine the greater its variety. But brevity should not be sought at the sacrifice of literary art. The brief sketch or essay or story should not be a fragment. Brevity is comparative; twenty pages may be short, and a single page tediously long. The artistic requirement is the economy; there must be no waste.

Among the themes of large importance to be presented we may mention further portions of Woodrow Wilson's forthcoming "History of the People of the United States," and a series of five papers on "American Life and Letters" to be contributed by Professor George E. Woodberry. These papers will treat characteristic phases of American life as affecting American literature at different epochs and in different sections of the country, and will be accompanied by illustrations of special significance.

The artistic interest of the Magazine will be heightened by important contributions from Edwin A. Abbey, R. A., who has ready for publication his series of drawings illustrating *The Deserted Village* of Goldsmith.

But enough of the far look ahead. Just now we are intent upon our immediate next, in which we count upon a Christmas greeting to our readers which will fully repay them for their loyal regard of us and the favorable reception they have accorded our past efforts.

Mrs. Pellet's Pies

BY ARTHUR COLTON

A SCORE of years ago the Pellet family was noted for two things—the eight-ton monument erected by Grandfather Pellet over the remains of Grandmother Pellet, and Mrs. Burton Pellet's extraordinary pies. Grandmother Pellet is said to have been a "nagger." The monument may have come from vanity, or respect, or because nothing once under it would seem likely to get up again.

Other women in Preston Plains made good pies—tart, pumpkin, squash, apple, lemon, and various berry; Bozilloa Armitage's wife made notable custard pies, very thick, with crimps on the edges. Mrs. Tucker's raspberry pies were her specialty, made of black and red raspberries mixed; but no one could rival Mrs. Pellet in all-round excellence, or in the specialties of mince and tart—such pies as involved combination and intricacy distantly foreseen.

Preston Plains is three miles from the Wyantenaug River. The Tuckers lived in the village, the Pellets east of it, and beyond them came the Sanderson Smiths with their red tobacco-barn, John Russ, Heber Catlin and his mother, an elderly woman with a certain obscurity of speech, and Bozilloa Armitage, whose place lay along the bottom-lands by the river. The winding yellow road from Preston Plains to the river is a road of antiquity and character. Preston Plains used to be considered a quarrelsome place and without dignity, but it was never denied that it had character.

On ordinary days pies are made for the gratification of the family. Thanksgiving pies are made for the criticism of relatives. Mrs. Catlin was engaged to entertain on Thanksgiving day Catlins and Catlin connections to an extent that caused her resentful uneasiness. One may provide turkey and cranberries; one may grow celery in the garden and apples in the orchard, red and mellow; one may fricassee chickens and be a good hand at plain pudding, but if one's mince pies are a failure it cannot be made up with squash, and, as Mrs. Catlin bitterly reflected, "A person had better be a millstone and be tied around her neck."

She would not have attempted it if it had not been for Heber. It was not ambition in Heber. It was Rebecca Tucker. Mr. Tucker being a Catlin connection, the Tuckers would all come to the Thanksgiving dinner, and Mrs. Tucker, Mrs. Catlin reflected, "would

sniff at the pies, especially the under crusts, although she was a Pellet by birth and her mother a nagger, and some people knew Henry Tucker was not half so anxious as she was, knowing her to be a snappish woman."

The mediocrity of the Catlin pies was a sad thing, for there was no better judge of pies than Heber, or one more enthusiastic over genuine achievement. He was dutiful, but he would not eat his mother's under crusts, though he never commented. Mrs. Catlin's resentful uneasiness was not known to him, otherwise he might have gone about it more diplomatically.

"It's too much for you to do," he said. "We'll get Mrs. Pellet to make the pies;" and Mrs. Catlin's resentment remained.

Heber was a diffident man. There were two things the matter with him, diffidence and Rebecca Tucker. That small modicum of action known as a proposal seems simple enough, considered from afar. It is only when most immediate that it grows complicated. These twenty centuries have observed how many that dance in Cupid's alley do their steps but indifferently.

Heber could not have told what the difficulties were, but they loomed before him, and were not to be persuaded. When Rebecca looked at him with serene gray eyes, she seemed to him something so flawless, so irreproachable, that he fell into confusion and made apologies—not for anything especial, but because he felt in some way that his whole being called for excuse. If she would only look a trifle upset; but she would not; and when one puts a lady on a pedestal, how shall he venture to climb the pedestal unless she modifies her divinity by a caper? The Thanksgiving dinner did not offer any definite point to be gained, but it had the air of a large stratagem and comforted him.

Mrs. Pellet came from Salem. People born in Preston Plains are not so easy-going. She was good-natured, a buxom, come'y-looking woman. She put her hands on her hips and laughed loud and long. "Surely, Heber! Why don't you ask Rebecca?"

Heber backed widdly from the door, but Mrs. Pellet followed him remorselessly.

"Ask her to make pies for you, Heber. She makes good ones," she called after him, and went back to her kitchen fire in high spirits, considering herself a masterly hand at rallying young folks. Rebecca entered an hour later and increased her pleasantness.



"AUNT SARAH, I WON'T BE LAUGHED AT!"

"I'm making pies for the Catlins's Thanksgiving. That's what you ought to be doing, Rebecca Tucker. Why aren't you, Rebecca?"

"I haven't been asked," said Rebecca, and then blushed judiciously at the double meaning. Mrs. Pellet thought it a pity that Heber was not there to see, and fell at once into a reflective mood. Most kind-hearted folks like to make up little parcels of happiness for Cupid's post delivery, and tie all the knots themselves but one. Mrs. Pellet punched her dough and considered. Rebecca's serene gray eyes displayed a slight tendency to wink as she looked at Mrs. Pellet. Mrs. Pellet, looking up, saw it and laughed.

"You're no fool, are you, Rebecca?"

"No, Aunt Sarah."

"Well, that's a comfort," went on Mrs. Pellet, thoughtfully. "Foolishness is an extravagance. Suppose you make the pies, Rebecca. You wouldn't be taking private lessons from your old aunt, you designing girl, would you? You wouldn't join a scandalous plot? No! Rebecca Tucker, I'm shocked!"

Then both Mrs. Pellet and Rebecca laughed aloud, Rebecca saucily, Mrs. Pellet uproariously.

Mrs. Pellet's pies were not so much a question of recipe as of fine sympathies and

delicate intuitions. She could not have taught Rebecca much if Rebecca had not had gifts. What she imparted was a working method, certain obscure points of experience touching spices, a large faith in the perceptiveness of the palate, and little technical tricks, such as are individual to every true artist and may or may not be useful to another.

Toward human nature one feels happier in an attitude of respectful astonishment. Pies purporting to be Mrs. Pellet's and twelve in number were brought in the morning of the day before Thanksgiving by Heber, who then went away upon other affairs. It is only to be stated with respectful astonishment that Mrs. Catlin transferred those pies to other tins, washed Mrs. Pellet's tins, and with a morose expression prepared and baked in Mrs. Pellet's tins an equal number of pies of the same kind, all marked in the centre with a cross, as Mrs. Pellet's pies invariably were marked; afterward she stated to Heber that she was sure every one had something to be thankful for, and that the Baxters were very respectable people.

Heber entered Mrs. Pellet's kitchen at six o'clock on the afternoon of Thanksgiving

day at the back door with a basket of tins. "Mrs. Pellet, I—" Here he vanished, leaving Mrs. Pellet standing with a pan of water in her hands and her mouth open, and Rebecca entered at the side door, saying, "Aunt Sarah, I shall burst!"

Mrs. Pellet flung the water, pan and all, into the sink and exclaimed,

"So shall I!"

Rebecca sat on the table and swung her feet in a primitive manner, talking very fast, without any serenity.

"Would you believe it! They didn't bring on my pies at all, not one of them, and what's more—"

"Oh—" Mrs. Pellet caught sight of a coat sleeve outside the open door. "What's more?"

"They were in your tins, and they had your cross on top!" Rebecca's indignation was merging on tears. "Didn't I glare at Mrs. Catlin! But it didn't bother her a bit."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Pellet. "How'd you know they weren't your pies?"

"How did I know! Gracious, Aunt Sarah! The under crusts were wet paper and the mince-meat was hash, and you said yourself the ones I made were as good as your own. As if it wasn't bad enough to set one's cap and bake pies at a man, without having one's feelings walked over like that! Aunt Sarah, I won't be laughed at!"

Heber peered once around the edge of the door, gazed at the back of Rebecca's head

with astonished eyes, then crept softly away. Mrs. Pellet sat down quickly and laughed a whole minute by the dissipated-looking clock, on whose face six o'clock was quite obliterated, and five o'clock nothing to speak of. Rebecca looked at her in hesitating wrath, but Mrs. Pellet refused to deliver her joke.

Heber walked slowly home, filled with bewildering thoughts. He observed his mother sweeping the front porch in the energetic manner of one giving violent blows to something—maybe an accusing conscience. He went around to the back door and entered the pantry. Twelve pies stood in a row on the shelves. He discovered that they were all loose in the tins, extracted one, retired cautiously to the barn, and there in the company of ruminating cows ate the entire pie with a smile that increased with his progress.

At last he rose, slapped his leg with decision, and returned to the house, put on his black suit with the ominous coat tails, brushed his hair with composure, and took the road westward. Opposite Mrs. Pellet's he stopped, chuckled loudly, and slapped his leg again. The full-orbed moon rose over the crest of the Cattle Ridge. Heber smoothed his face with his hand.

"That was a rattling good pie," he said, gravely; then with one look, full of sentiment, at the broadly smiling moon, he entered the village of Preston Plains.



IN THE ARK

NOAH, "That's a fine pair, but why didn't I think to bring along a few for Thanksgiving purposes?"

The Name and the Dame

BY ALBERT LEE

SCENE. — *A white and gold drawing - room;
a table littered with papers.*

Monsieur de Verdoux

May.

VERDOUX.

Sweet May, you seem to be put out;
Why purse your pretty lips to pout?
Can love. . . .

MAY (*holding a paper aloft*). See here!

VERDOUX. That is. . . ?

MAY. A verse.

'Tis ill, monsieur. . .

VERDOUX. It might be worse!

MAY.

My plaint has naught to do with rhyme,—
Let *that* rest for another time. . .

VERDOUX.

What is it, then, that you oppose?

MAY (*petulantly*).

'Tis ill of you to rhyme to Rose.

VERDOUX (*laughing*).

Oh, Rose! Ah, jealous, fickle May!
I see now;—you have been at play
Among the papers lying there
Upon my table. Maid, beware!
For fable tells of how a cat,
Too curious once, was killed for that.
But tell me what you find amiss
In verse of mine.

MAY. Sir, pray read this.

VERDOUX (*reads*).

"Who's fairer than Rose
In all the gay garden?"

I'm sure no one knows

Who's fairer than Rose.

Wherever she goes,

Why,—begging your pardon,—

Who's fairer than Rose

In all the gay garden?

MAY.

Sir, *why* say you that Rose is fair?
Have I not better eyes and hair,
A slimmer waist, and daintier feet?
And are my lips not just as sweet?

VERDOUX.

My troth, dear May, to prove me this
You'll have to let me try a kiss!

MAY.

A kiss? Well,—yes;—but *only* one!
(I would not win as Rose has won.)

VERDOUX (*kissing her*).

Come, listen, little jealous heart,
And let me show you how you start
By far too rashly to conclude.

MAY.

To what, perchance, do you allude?

VERDOUX.

'Tis not of Rose, the maid, I sing;
But rose, the flower,—foolish thing!

MAY.

An you would really let me see
What you can do,—why, sing to me.

VERDOUX (*sits down and writes*).

May asks for a rhyme

And watches me write it;

She gives me no time,—

May asks for a rhyme

Rather gay than sublime;

I'm bound to indite it,—

May asks for a rhyme

And watches me write it.

MAY (*snatching the paper*).

To Rose I'll take this, if you please,—
'Twill make her feel quite at her ease!

[*Runs away laughing.*]

VERDOUX (*alone*).

Ah, May, if you show that to Rose,

Again I'll quibble, I suppose.

I'll swear I sang the *month* of May,—

And earn another kiss to-day!

SUCCESSFUL NUPTIALS

VERBENA, the colored cook, asked permission to bake a cake for the wedding breakfast of one of her friends. The next day her mistress said to her,

"Well, 'Bena, how did the wedding go off?"

"Law, Mrs. L——," Verbena replied, "it war a mos' pow'ful fine weddin'. De breck-

fus war mos' appetizin', 'specially de cake you done gib me; an' wid all de guests wearin' der bes' clo's. an' behavin' mos' impressive. An' de bride sutainly did look beautiful in her white satin gownd wid de long white veil an' de orange blossoms."

"And how about the bridegroom, 'Bena?"

"Dar!" exclaimed Verbena, her eyes flashing, "de low-down, no-count niggah nevah come a-nigh!"

D. C. A., JR.



THE GAZELLE—AN IMITATION



THE RELIEF PARTY

GRANDMA. "Why should I take another chair, Thomas? Don't you think I am comfortable here?"
TOMMY. "Yes, grandma, but—but our little kitty ain't. She's there too!"

LIQUID AIR

THE trouble with most of us scientists is that ordinary persons cannot understand us when we use the language in which we love to express our burning thoughts. Of course we think we know what we mean when we say, Eliminate space, which is the ascription of a perfect mathematical reason for a coexisting plurality, and all thought is resolved into a synthetic unit which will necessarily find for its ultimate habitat the bosom of the great Logos; but what does that truism really convey to the mind of the layman? Echo chortles, What, indeed?

My idea here is to explain in popular language some of the great scientific truths. Take liquid air, for example. Of course, any child can tell you that liquid air is simply the liquidity in which the particles move freely among themselves, but remain in one mass, or gob, so to speak, brought about by the application of pressure and condensation to the combination of oxygen, nitrogen, argon, aqueous vapor, carbon dioxide, ammonia, ozone acid compounds of nitrogen and sulphur, and other gases which form the atmospheric envelope of the mundane sphere.

In other words, to make liquid air all you have to do is to take some common air and liquefy it. You can find the air almost anywhere outside of large cities. Having procured a quantity of it, take it home

with you and subject it to extreme pressure. A sufficient amount of pressure will sometimes make a man liquidate his debts, but that is a different kind. In applying the pressure to the air it is well to confine it in some vessel from which it cannot escape. War-ships and merchantmen are not proper vessels for this purpose, and they are expensive for the amateur to keep in his laboratory. The main thing is to squeeze the air so tight that it will shrink like a woollen under-garment in the wash, only more so. Don't be afraid to squeeze too hard. You are not likely to injure the air, and if you should ruin a little you can always procure more. If you only press hard enough, the air will give in. Having tried various plans, we may say without hesitation that the common clothes-press will not do for this purpose. A New York inventor who is addicted to the liquid-air habit and who has made a machine for manufacturing it in large quantities, says that it is "nothing but air with the heat taken out of it," but he gives no directions for extracting the heat, and leaves one in doubt as to whether he uses a corkscrew or speaks coldly to it, and he doesn't say what he does with the heat so removed. Possibly he keeps it in barrels for winter use.

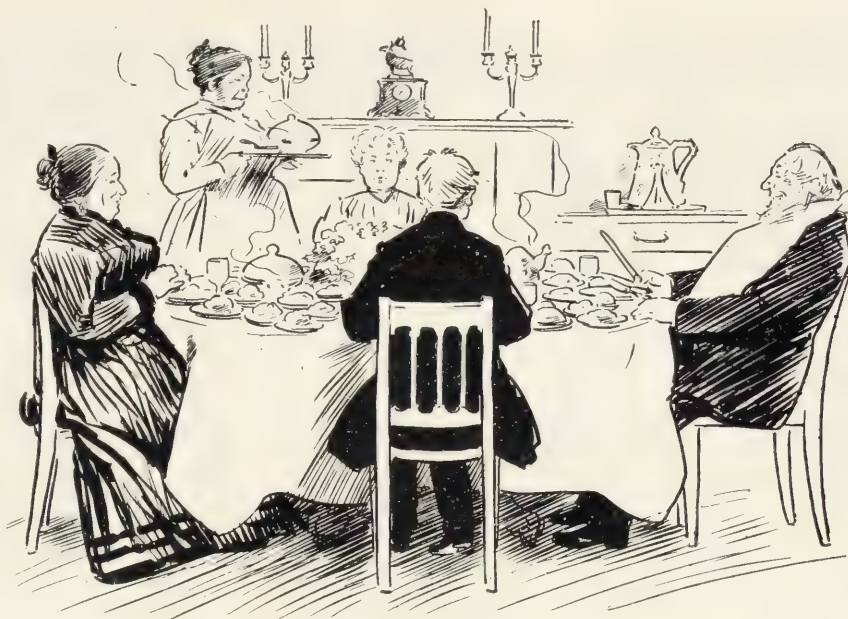
You can easily tell, however, if you have squeezed all the heat out of your liquid air by simply putting your finger in the vessel containing it. If sufficient heat has been

kidnapped, your finger in a second will be frozen stiff, and may be easily broken off by hitting it a sharp blow with a hammer. This is a very interesting experiment, and when performed cleverly at an evening party never fails to cause surprise. Never use the same finger twice for this purpose. It may add to the merriment of the party if you persuade some other person to lend you his finger to experiment with. His amazement when you break it off and pass it around the company for inspection is sure to be unusual.

A common tin dipper thrust into a can of liquid air becomes so brittle that it may be broken into many pieces by simply letting it fall to the floor. A common beefsteak may be frozen so hard by putting it in liquid air that it may be broken into 843 pieces. (The aforesaid inventor says a thousand, but it is well for us scientists to be accurate in all things, and 843 is correct.) To break the steak hit it hard with a hatchet or a flatiron. Then gather the pieces into a heap on the floor, put them in a pan with some chopped potatoes, a little salt and pepper, and you can make hash. Be sure to thaw out the steak and cook it before eating.

Mercury may be frozen so hard with liquid air that it—the mercury—may be made into a hammer to drive nails. It is doubtful, however, if mercury hammers will ever displace the ones made of iron and steel now in common use. In hanging pictures, the common hammer, the heel of a shoe, or the edge of a soap-dish is still preferred by many to drive nails in the wall. A mercury hammer is too flabby in warm weather to be useful. It might be used to nail a flag to the north pole, but it won't do to keep in the tool-chest.

A little liquid air poured into a glass of spirits will freeze the liquor solid in a few



THE DINING-ROOM OF OUR FOREFATHERS
Everything on the table—Nothing on the walls



OUR DINING-ROOM
Nothing on the table—Everything on the walls

seconds. Of course if you prefer your liquor that way, it is strictly your own business, but it will never become popular. Liquid air is more explosive than dynamite. This may be easily demonstrated. All you have to do is to procure a ten-inch rifled cannon, fill it with liquid air, close up the muzzle and seal it, and wait. The cannon will explode with a loud report. It is well to keep this experiment for the last in giving a lecture in a drawing-room on liquid air. It is so convincing that the company will not take much interest in anything which follows.

N. A. JENNINGS.

The Dachshund. By Oliver Herford



THE Dachshund is the Longest Dog
In the whole Canine Catalogue.
He is so Long, To show him Here
He must in Serial Parts appear.
This is Part One. Observe his Air
Of Lackadaisical Despair.
I fear he finds it does not Pay
To Wag a Tail so Far Away!
He is so very Long and Low.
And yet he was not Always so.
The Dachshund Once was Tall and Fleet
As Any Dog you'd wish to meet.
Alas! He met a Fearful Fate
One Day—but We Anticipate.



And now, Dear Reader, we must go
Back some Six Thousand Years or So
To Eden's Lovely Garden, where,
With an Historic Happy Pair,
Lived The First Dachshund, Tall and Proud
The Sign that reads, "No Dogs Allowed,"
Hung not in Eden's Garden Bright,
And all was Joyous till One Night
The Faithful Dog awoke in Dread,
To find The Happy Pair had fled.
Madly he searched The Garden round,
But not a Trace of Them he found,
When, Suddenly, he saw a Sight
That made him Howl with Grief and Fright.



He saw, with mingled Grief and Fear,
His Master and his Mistress Dear
Thrust through the quickly closing Gate.
He sprang to join them, but too late!
In vain he tried to leap The Wall;
Only One Hope was left—to crawl
Beneath the gate. It happened here
By just an inch or two to clear
The ground. With Supercanine strength
He squirmed and squeezed, until at length,
When half-way Through, unhappy luck!
He could not move—in short, was stuck.
Here we must leave him, to pursue
The fortunes of the Other Two.



Unhappy Pair! Left to their Fate
In a Strange World, Outside the Gate
Without a single Friend. But hark!
What is that dear familiar Bark?
They pause a Moment in their Flight
And see their Faithful Doggie's plight.
With Willing Hands, and Patience too,
At last They pull him safely through.
But, Oh, the Difference! No more
The Tall and Shapely Hound of Yore
This Strange, Flat Dog with Crumpled Feet.
But let us draw a veil discreet
Upon that meeting. . . . Now we know
Why the Dachshund is Long and Low.

